Ernestly!

Happy Yesterdays

ERNEST NEUFELD

The outside back cover:

First row *A Detail, unrelated, sketch of an early Mennonite preacher; Polonia and environs, Catherine (the Great), Tsarina of all the Russias.*

Second row *The Nazarene and Stride of the USSR. Saskatchewan partial front page of the Saskatoon Post, c. 1940, the Union Jack + Cooperative typeface.*

Third row *Schematic of Wynnyard & Baker plains press Bloor-Bay district, downtown Toronto, c. 1965. facsimile of an IBM chipboard, typesetting machine matrix in Autumn by Wynnyard, with 1 insert.*

Fourth row *Premier T. C. Douglas at opening face-off Wynburn Colosseum. Saskatchewan's provincial flag; Gore Community arms at the Wynburn Reserve; Stylized coat of arms the Canadian Flag.*

Hitch row *Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Wynburn CCM press-manager a plaque above Wynburn Reserve logo translated "50" of printing and publishing to end all.*

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By ERNEST NEUFELD

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By Ernest Neufeld

Published by Neufeld Publishing Ltd.
and Ernest Neufeld
Box 640, Weyburn Saskatchewan, Canada, S4H 2K4

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Printed in 1990 by The Weyburn Review (1982) Ltd.
Box 640, Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada, S4H 2K4

for Irene

who made it all possible

Acknowledgments

The author gratefully acknowledges the kind assistance of Dr. John Archer, O.C., Regina, as the chapter on Saskatchewan; Phil Farnell of the Weyburn Review for cover artwork; Deakins Printers Ltd., Steinbach, Man., for the loan of photographs and art from "Reflections on Our Heritage" and other publications; the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Chicago, for the sketch used on the front cover; and Jim Shrade on the header of the Weyburn Review's "Etcetera" column; the Weyburn Public Library and staff for a variety of assistance; the Toronto Transit Commission for photos supplied; the Communications Workers of America for background material on the International Typographical Union; to the authors of publications cited in Chapter 6 as reference sources; and to all on the staff of the Weyburn Review who have suffered material for this volume manifesting itself in every department and usurping unreasonable blocks of computer memory; and finally to Irene, for patient and tactful assistance.

Foreword

When one has spent nearly half a century as an industry I suppose it is almost inevitable that thoughts turn inward, leaving a record of events, expectations, people encountered and challenges addressed of successes and disappointments. When three decades of that period have been devoted to publishing a community newspaper it is obvious that much of the record — from comments on personal experiences to pontifications on the larger scene — has already been noted as it evolved, while memory was fresh and perceptions current, if not necessarily valid and that the components have been preserved on non-fertile pages and microfilm.

My first impulse after succumbing to my own temptation and the initial direction of my reflections, was to gather a representative collection of editorials, columns and features classify them under broad headings, and publish the result with a minimum of comment. It quickly became apparent that personal background and many experiences that have affected attitudes, biases and convictions, and which have contributed significantly toward the whole of one's recorded expression are neither nice or entirely set only hinted at vaguely.

The logical next step seemed to be crafting memoirs on the various phases of my life, and the times and places of its evolution, and to use the recovered items to enhance clarify and punctuate, or to take the place of most narrative.

Most where to start? The beginning is always a logical place, but then I thought it appropriate to reach back to religious movements and ethnic migrations going back to medieval Europe this seemed too far removed from the main thrust of my ideology and experiences; the latter two-thirds (more or less) of the twentieth century. As many of our lives — my wife's and mine — have been absorbed with the Western Review as a business, a community institution and a personal calling, the newspaper became the obvious place to start.

The first and longest division of the book, then, is a series of crude sketches in which creating a larger newspaper a predictable one and to have the satisfaction in the present (this is followed by progressively broader perceptions of Northern the province of Saskatchewan Canada and the world of our time, explained in editorial comments made from time to time. After that I backtracked to family origins my memories of a childhood in a Manitoba village, through my years into the newspaper and printing world as a "printer's devil," and the several stages that ultimately brought us to Northern Saskatchewan. Following this a collection of features and columns on visits to a score of interests and closing [illegible] with an assortment of columns and editorials not readily classified under existing subtitles.

Because the writing and production processes are spread eighteen months I could not resist adding a final chapter of columns and editorials printed in this very significant period in our world in our nation and respecting an important Southeastern Saskatchewan initiative the Rafferty-Alameda Dams project.

If you need defend the presumption to publish memoirs and an anthology of personal writings, I offer the following: Firstly if I were told that an ancestor of mine had spent half a century at the

communications however at any level or in any medium; and had left no record of it that person would swear my sanity. Secondly the twentieth century has been the most astonishingly literate, both politically and technologically, and surely there cannot be two many tweenies of the transition from a horse-and-buggy world to a universe of space travel. Finally, my personal experience and background does have consequence: there are probably one thousand or more living individuals in North America who are or have been roughly contemporaries, and in the group by Cumulants and yes are there so one or two thousand, realize this more acute to those with a Mormonish background, and it must obviate to less than one hundred. Further limit the category to those who grew up in the totally intolerable community and here is a family of refugees from the Russian Revolution, and the atmosphere becomes pretty chilly. The place of residence, I assure you of, is that I was held for a year or two as an itinerant preacher.

In a Nonfield genealogy I received recently, it was recorded of Herman Nonfield, the family patriarch who emigrated to Boston from Prussia in 1868 or thereabouts, that he had the following possessions: one wagon a fifty percent share in a plow: two harness, seventeen head of cattle, fifteen sheep, 145 measures of corn, and twenty-seven books of law.

I believe this catalogueing was not so much an effort to establish his status, as a way of saying more of him than that he was born, married, begot and died. I have some of the foregoing commodities to report, but three hundred and some pages of manuscript are my main possession.

Selecting a name for this volume presented an obvious challenge, and I finally settled, for openers, on "Eternally", which has served as the honorary or slug for my weekly column for almost a quarter of a century. The subsidiary title is a marriage of a phrase used by English poet William Wordsworth to an appearance common, I am told, in evangelical circles: "Wordsworth's *The Excursion*. Intention is made of a "man of shameful yesterdays." "Shameful yesterdays" appealed to me as an apt description of largely pleasant memories, but the word "shameful" seemed a trifle loshly. Attorneys are said to prefer to a good hearing — obviously with tongue in cheek — as any hearing from which one walks away. Partnered on this, unveiled at the entrance of the twentieth century, colored and of somewhat mixed body, could reasonably be described as a good — or happy — heading. For it all together and we have "*Eternally Happy's* yesterdays."

Some of the experiences covered in a lifetime and in a career are personals and encounters with extraordinary figures. Describing them unavoidably also involves some individuals less than flatteringly I have tried, as much as possible, to screen identities to the extent that elements of embarrassment or even personal resentment. But in no case have I in this book to underscore or defame.

It begins streaking at the outset, as it is stressed at several points in the text that this is not a history and while I have not deliberately unrepresented facts o events neither have I undertaken exhaustive research. My memories are just that and may rely on flawed memory. Counterpresentations or even downright ignorance on my part. Print columns and editorials reprinted here originally may have been the products of limited understanding of and bias toward the circumstances or conditions and people commented upon.

With these strong caveats I invite the reader to find herein something of interest and of redeeming social or literary value.

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1. A community newspaper

A publisher at last

The sense of accomplishment mounts as the first wave of staffers heads noisily for the door for an all-too-brief reunion before nothing time. A few minutes later the more serious ones exit: those who dawdle 'a dozen of leaving the premises and instead loiter five p.m. no matter how much there dragging this or that. Finally the downstairs is completed, so those who will not leave until the job in hand is in some sorts of finality walk toward the door with perhaps a deferential nod at my direction.

I am overwhelmed by the realization that I am all alone in the building except for a young clerk capable of doing no more than answering the telephone telling a wrong set at the counter or receiving a subscription. Almost panicking I fight the impulse to run into the street and shout after the departing staffers "Hey fellows! Fellows. Don't you know you're leaving me all alone and there's so much to be done even though it seems to think? Please, please come back!"

It is at this moment that the full weight of my new status slowly makes as I have finally received the last push that makes me irrevocably over the line that divides employee and employer: wage-earner and entrepreneur.

As this is what it feels like. By the clock, my final days as publisher has ended but I know that I will be working a long as my wits my body and humanhood mind endure. As of this realization hit I strongly, I am haunted by mounting momentum of privilege, holidays and other privileges taken for granted, without a thought of appreciation or sympathy for the owners and students who had made them possible. This was true before I had fully mastered the well-left-of-centre political orientation and non-fossilized trade unionism I had developed in my years in big city composing rooms in Canada and the United States.

But more of that later.

Change of ownership

news item *July 3 1956*

With the issue of the Review the paper will pass into new hands.

It is with a great deal of regret that I make this announcement for after having been the editor and publisher for more than 25 years the paper has become enshrined in my heart almost as a child and of course and growth almost a part of me.

But there comes a time when friends must part. For every paper there is an end, for every relationship a time when it is advisable to let others carry on the work. And having spent around 40 years in printing, and more than three decades editing and publishing papers in western Canada I will realize this seems as

later the work must be handed over to others better qualified to handle it.

The decision has not been an easy one to make, and among the disappointing of recent things has been most emphatically the heart and like a good personal interest, here is a thing which means as much to me as anything in my life.

I have the confidence will have set for the advantage of the paper, and in framing a case to the new owners I feel that this will be so. In leaving, over a newspaper connections must be given to qualifications of the people conducting it. While in private ventures, it is nevertheless a community exercise, entering the business and possessing the interests of the people. Both the senior partners in the new firm are more well qualified to keep printing and newspaper publishing having had long experience on Deeside, Speyside, Banffshire and Buchan, who will be editor and publisher was born in Macduff and started in printing when only 13 years of age in 1941, working with Davidson Printers until 1945 when the many other partners he succeeded in the management of newspaper and travelled nationally for a few years, during which time he worked in many senior newspaper offices in the United States. In 1950 he returned to his home town of Stonehaven and assumed there, those of Evening Reviews. His other principal interest is in the Stonehaven Review Ltd. He has been in Toronto for six years, working on the Toronto Star Reporting in Saskatoon two years and he joined the Scotsman family again, taking over the sports page and other duties before two-and-a-half years ago.

Mr Davidson is one of Clarkson Davidson who went to Stonehaven in 1912, taking over the Post there in 1926, bringing up it finally to the printing and weekly newspaper business. He founded the Aberdeen Evening Express in 1906 and this paper is also published in the offices along with the Post. Young was brought up in this environment and together with his own other brothers

ERNEST SHUFELDT

I would like to take time to thank all those connection, advertisers correspondents, purchasers of printing and others with whom I have done business for their loyal support and co-operation and to assure a continuance of the pleasant relations with my successor

E.G. QUICK

On the morning that one takeover of the paper was announced to the staff I called a little meeting and declared my intention of turning the Review into the best weekly newspaper in Canada. I was sure my voice rang with sincerity. I think the staff by now has a talking about doing it within a year and I might the accomplishment rather exchanged. Actually it was modest enough to expect the transformation to take two or three years. By best I should explain, I meant winning the national Better Newspapers Competitions for our circulation class.

Even my inexperience did not blind me to some of the values in facts about my new circumstances. And I was soon struck by the realisation that I was facing challenges beyond my experience to prove abilities that it would require all the new skills I could hope to absorb to carry out the considerable task ahead of me. The shop had fallen into mechanical disrepair the staff had slipped into unacceptable practices and the combination of the two had reduced profitability to zero at best. Sales would have to be increased both in more account than deficiencies and to improve the editorial quality to an acceptable level, let alone that envisioned by the ideal I had tried to share that myself. And all this would have to happen in a community to which I was a complete stranger.

The dizzying problem of priorities had been solved for me by Bruce Jackson my absentee partner. A salesman both by calling and instinct he had told me before wishing me luck, and giving me his blessing, a dozen times if more, that there was nothing wrong with the Northern Review that couldn't be solved by more advertising sales and that this must be my first undertaking.

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY TO-DAY

Accordingly, in my methods speech to Review staffers I had also informed them that small newspapers not permitted the hiring of an ad salesman, I would be making sales call myself and that this would entail many hours of absence from the office. My unspoken message was that I expected everyone to work as diligently as though I were there myself to supervise.

Under the old management deliverance had been expected to bring in their own advertisements except that Mr Quick made personal sales on a few accounts that demanded this consideration. The latter we calm policy probably backed back to a long-gone era when personal advertising constituted a severe portion of advertising revenue, and it may have been considered a compromise of an editor's integrity and/or dignity to go around soliciting revenues from local merchants.

As well until after World War II few weekly newspapers in Canada had competing local media. Because as a result, four of many to me when I learned that Weyburn not such had a radio station but that it had been established been there one year earlier. My marriage, wages and my improvements, I realized with dismay would have to come from a front that now must be shared with a competitor.

The immediate situation transformed the mistake of former's judgment, as I soon forth and said. By did I tell about. Rarely presented Canadian was because of the discovery of the radio station and its recent genesis. I next learned like the owners were a group of about 20 of Weyburn's leading businessmen many of them eminently heavy advertisers. They now had a strong incentive to spend their dollars with radio. A few chain operators were encouraged by authorities, who were shareholders in the station, and most of them had little difficulty convincing themselves that it was in the best interest of their employers to spend the advertising dollars at the latter with the station.

The non-advertisers to be won over fell into three categories those who had decided a long time ago that they need not and would not advertise, and were not about to change their minds those who had low sales resistance and agreed to advertising without fully realizing the cost and those who had long their exhausted their credit and were only too happy to buy advertising space for which they had no intention of paying.

The first group, of course, I was unable to touch the second approved modest-sized ads, agreeing that they probably had been overlooking this aspect of business to their own detriment, then explained and withheld future advertising when they received their first billings; the third helped boost the first month's lineage well above the corresponding month a year earlier and helped raise my spirits for the moment, although not I wished was ever received from those dead-beats.

If the foregoing sounds like an unbroken glory reception, I must stress that there were many people hostile, aloof, restless and consistently leaden, with every sort of their way to offer sincere excuses, make modest welcome and to compliment me on my improvements and efforts. Both negative and positive reactions were successful components in my business training. In retrospect I see think of nothing worse than if I had received formulaic advertising support from the entire business community. I quickly learned that I would have to improve the product in order to increase sales, and that it would all require hard work. Quick's competitive administrative, integrity craftsmanship and everything else also goes into a community newspaper worth its salt.

Another challenging experience, to use the kindest possible term, was my introduction to the staff through which current and possible must be achieved. Having never been responsible for even a small department, ever hired or fired anyone, my confidence is for taking control of a group of sixteen people for any purpose were most conspicuous through their absence.

The Review of 1946 had several dedicated, competent and hard working individuals who would have been a credit to any organization anywhere. There were also a few grumbling layabouts, plus a handful of rotting cadavers who paid about their ability and performance, mixed in with a few more paid at a rate greatly in excess of their performance or the level of medium city.

There must have been a time when Mr Quick was intelligent, shrewd thrifty and courteous individual, but details comparable to any in the industry but the years and somewhere and taken

than sell. He had given up on trying and called an embargo recruited from the marketplace — and on 1938, in Saltaisbeurn, it was a seller's market.

Over the years the crew to which I had fallen into had developed work habits for which "diversity" is not to be taken words. Typesetting machines were not interrupted until a part started squeaking, metal shavings created by the trimmer would be allowed to accumulate until the piles interfered with the operation of the machine or the resulting pore were short of metal; type was left unattended. All of these habits were penalized, with the result that all the compositors worked with hands and arms that were pinky and black. Water paper was thrown on the floor even if there was a washbasin only a few feet away. After all, there was a janitor coming in at night.

Some of these practices were corrected through repetitive insistence. With some I came in at night and did not tell the janitor job myself — sweeping up shavings, washing inky printing forms, picking up discarded, balled-up proofs — until my point had been made. Others never changed until we switched to offset printing in 1963. Habits die hard and bad habits can be almost indestructible.

My initial interest was each — nurtured by my innate background (acquired, not inbred) — that I told a relative who stopped by during my first week, and who may have unkindly suggested that staff changes might be my newly powerful for me that I hoped I would never have to fire anyone. He look of those astonishment is etched in my mind forever "Lots of luck!" was all he said

Then particular retribe was minutes examples of what assistance into the business would many until Murray operated an office supply and furniture store a block away and he came across a few days after my arrival, washed in a large, open-warming-tank, and he asked me a take pick for new furniture for my office He was nothing of not a good salesman and would have succeeded in a handsome ads except for two failures: first, I didn't have excellent to spare, and, I knew it secondly for all my pretensions I knew that my first priority as a female business establish would have to be modernization of the Herter's establishment

However I assured him that the present in had existed were valid, and would be remembered when the time came to beautify and modernize the office. Then I added with what I hoped was just the right touch of humorous irony my expertise that he would die remember that I had run in business. He just dropped and he assumed a defeated voice "Oh I suppose you know?"

While I was still wondering why a way that I was supposed to know his statement use the salesman that he was calling printed matter in accordance with the Book of Rules, those local printers tended to regard their tasks as sacred territories, shown almost by flat, and not fair game for competition They had thousands of dollars worth of printing in salesmen boxes that no longer received but could not stomach a local stationer selling printing and farming it out Murray's doing so had caused a feud blend between him and M Rjrob he was absolutely certain the same would happen with me and he had struck quickly in the hope of nipping his pride before I became his enemy

For back to stuff

When I visited the Herter office to negotiate the purchase about a month before taking over I spent a few minutes in the Herter office A handsome young man about my own age, and obviously a salesman came in from the shop floor. He was introduced to me in quick succession, and gave me a bouncing little smile.

I have always told Herter Herter that at the moment I had promised myself that this smart aleck would be the first to go. I really didn't grow my general views on firing, but I did resent that bouncing look and vowed to get rid of him as soon as my I'm glad I didn t, because Herter became my first favourite, an utterly dependable fellow worked of prodigious energy and many skills a treasured and true friend, and the Herter's sales manager for many years until he retired just a few months short of thirty years later

Herter was one of the finest line-operators I have ever met, and I have met hundreds. He was also a self-taught machinist who could always coax a broken typesetting machine to keep producing until the paper was cast and permanent repairs could be effected

Herter would do everything willingly except work evenings At a time when Tuesday night

overtime was an accepted part of weekly earnings per file, Hector resented it for himself if a row of running in early. He fought stuck grudgingly an hour or two after five, but usually he would manage evening work to others and repair to the beverage room for a few hours before going home as early refreshment. He would come to an early in the morning on the work load required — and I mean as early as four — and pinned out type at considerable speed. By the time I came in at eight, all items and ad copy had been pre-verified to type properly and was waiting to be proofread.

Another real asset was Ray Winters, a young green-eyes-nose working for some minimum wage. When the casualty-on came and half the staff resigned, Ray was promoted to journeyman status. He was soon promoted to reporter and two years after that became plant foreman a short the same time the Hector became sales manager. Twenty years later he was still holding this position competently mainly dependably and functionally, a word you can only understand if you have utilized it personally more than once in a while.

Yet another legacy of the Quick administration was Phyllis Kanzky a short, plump, cheerful fresh and quick-witted English war bride, who nominated the duties of office manager without the title to common security pay.

The Review of 1956 was housed in the Mitchell Block at Santa Antonio and Second Street, in premises almost exactly four wide and 100 feet deep. Office and composing room were on the main floor and the press room and linotype in the basement. The ground-level offices were reserved from the composing room by a swinging door not drawn at about shoulder level to prevent customers

Whenever Phyllis had a demand, request or complaint for Hector and this might be a dozen times a day, she would bark for the composing room at quick-minute pace calling his name in a long, high-pitched scream — "HUBERTOOOOCK-TAAAAAAR!" — that began in the manner she turned her back to the counter and called when she reached the lines about thirty feet into the shop.

A year after I took over Phyllis became my first sales manager and held this job for several years until she and her husband and son moved to British Columbia. She was good at the job: personable cheerful and intelligent — and sometimes unbelievably ambitious. We had one major advertiser who could never be depended upon to know his ad copy ready for publication on Friday and not as to hold a full page — but On Tuesday or night still he waiting, and calling his office only to learn that he was out of town and that he knew his neighbor Joe Blow bought boxes in Tuesday afternoons or even Wednesday and work out the ad with Phyllis as Hector as he might not show up at all. Having run a big sale on the Phyllis several times when this was desperate would go to the advertiser's house while he was eating breakfast and have him dictate the copy amber between mouthfuls of eggs and toast. He still speaks highly of her.

It was Phyllis also, who on one of the rare occasions in some forty years financial policies that men make or break a new enterprise with minimal capitalization. Left to myself and unfortunately enamored of a shrinking bank account I might have fallen into the common trap of putting all the paying o bills until the deserved situation improved. Phyllis, schooled in Mr. Quick's hint business ethics, never asked me if I wanted to pay an account at that time. She clutched invariably two copies and brought them to me for signing: looked at the total and when she brought them, as though afraid cash from that I might shoot at her refuse to sign the cheques as many breaks into tears. Shocked I might have been tempted on some occasions to put off signing a cheque that would almost wipe out the bank account. I couldn't bring myself to destroy her trust however temporary. The upshot was that I learned to solve an present financial difficulties with my banker instead of allowing the issue of my creditors

Would that every rookie entrepreneur had a Phyllis to set him straight.

These first steps people on a run-down paper that had no legacy. Its power and there were also a few appearances who became employees of strong degree of value at the Review and elsewhere. What brought down the average was a handful of journeymen whose average competence on energy and above average in wage rates. Mostly they had been hired for exceptionally busy periods and stayed on when work slowed off. Unfortunately a few of these

ess, through example, Isolde had work before them. «me is to launch the establishment long after they have gone their way

Among those was Ed, an amateur tradesman who would get unsolicitating assistance to foil completely and talk your ears off with excuses and were suggestions. He was also a "saving collector" and blepharoscope, and had more curiosity than a shampoo cat. There was no area behind the downstairs washrooms filled with treasures she had "found. This included a section of four or five electric saws to be positioned that they would be taken for a washing area for the handymen. Ed had many cans of unusual penetrating oils which had been "given" him by previous employers. I have often wondered what I "gave" him when he left.

On one of my first evenings at the Rowers' Team setting up my office going through piles and piles of news releases correspondence and past photo junk that completely filled the room. The desk drawers were crammed those were last-high piles covering the entire desk except for a tiny working space there were piles two feet high along the walls I set aside every possible minute to shine through all that for the commercial document or letter that had to be built with, and to create some badly needed working space for myself.

Ed stopped at the door of my office to see what I was doing, and remarked unsympathetically on the job set out for me I agreed, and held up a broken door lock that had been knocked from one of the drawers

Jean look at the "I exclaimed "Now why would anyone want to keep that?" Ed chuckled his baritone sympathetically and continued that like. Quick would keep anything. I found the pieces of junk into the wastebasket, when suspen. Ed must "If you're throwing it out anyway do you mind if I take it? Might just come in handy some day "

Thursday was party time

Breaking on the Job was another bad operation that had to be celebrated. I don't know how I would have handled it, but fate and Bruno's genuine capacities in dealing with people turned this problem around for me before I could even think about what I was going to do about it.

In true summer, Jeans lodge in Weyburn that once the paper had been put to bed it was party time at the Review Press Thursday noon staff the assistant would had been performed in 5 minutes alcoholic hate This was my initiation, that set were screwed about It even before we took over.

It happened that on Thursday and Friday of the week before the takeover Bruno and I were there to do preliminary work such as stocktaking. At one point, Bruno went downstairs for one reason or another and was just to toast to see one of a charged of journeymen hitting a step from a ladder. I don't know how Bruno might otherwise have handled it, but one of the journeymen played into his hands by offering him a flask

Bruno accepted the bottle took a healthy pull, smacked his lips appreciatively and said "Thanks... then was very good But for God's sake don't ever let Ernie see you Who knew that a right there "There would very soon become one of the most famous hadn't threatened anyone and would even grow on he around I hadn't said anything to they couldn't hold the takeover and would even come to be around I hadn't been warned I never saw a warning signs on But they knew they could never say they hadn't been warned I never saw a battle around except for the occasional" gang down. I mentioned myself on special occasions.

Years later Hector and I got into the best habit of sharing a whiskey in my office on Wednesday afternoons, after the paper had been put to bed and the shop staff had gone home These are times we had our most of whose turn it was to trust and both soon "around After several such exchanges developments, with each inviting at least and hearth these about to the wind we reluctantly agreed to keep our little indulgence

Having mentioned some of the shortcomings of staff I inherited, I must confess that my own introduction to staff recruitment brought disasters of its own. It hadn't taken me very long to realize that I could not employ handicapped persons advertising newsmen, with some stories and

addresses, take pictures, cover news events, sign cheques and handle all the surprises associated with management, and work on the lines several evenings a week. Admirably. It was with some relief that I decided to have someone to do the mailing out, only reducing my workload (really forming it into other areas) and my time away from the office, but also relieving me of a duty that was not really my strength.

By first (and probably only) applicant was Sam Evans K. who supposedly had said all secretarial and/or printing experience. He was a tall, lumbering, most individual with a tousled mop of brown in his face. He brought in very few ads, spent hours at his little corner studying the mail services (books of advertising illustrations), then proudly brought bundles of advertising layouts to show me. Trouble was, they were not layouts for the retailers from whom we were soliciting advertising; they were all house ads advertising printing and advertising. I couldn't seem to get through to him that I expected him to sell space for the paper, not to design ads for it.

Every evening I would see him standing motionless inside the window of the Sea Hotel where he had taken a room, smiling his smile and for all the world looking like someone inspecting mendelssohn company. Perhaps that is hindsight, because a day or two after I terminated the arrangement, how can I read a London story almost one Ernest H. who had been charged unwanted and sent in prison for defrauding an employer of something like $60. I the same time; concurrent visits not encouraging.

In the field between H. to H. and I thought I had it licked. He was young, good-looking, pleasant and quite keen and looked as you with sheer eyes that beside almost everyone. Likeable bastard.

Mike was in attached as the newspaper business the two years I led it he might write some new version Around that idea would be most appropriate. He came to Eagle at its inception every almost a farmhouse five near a neighboring village where several people and been served by the because of our individual.

Mike was always on the go which was encouraging, even though he did not bring in very much new advertising. Such Christmas approaching, I suggested he contact not only our regular advertisers for greetings but the mayor and aldermen and merchants in nearby towns and villages. It was gratifying to see the Christmas advertising line grow and particularly the success he was having in selling outdoor Lucas ads to the small town merchants. He told me a friend had lent him a car to go to these towns.

Then one day the radio station manager Keith Baker came to see me, and asked me in private if Mike B. was no longer working for me. I assured him he was, and he suggested I do some checking because Mike was also driving for the local taxi company. He said media several complaints to the radio station and when asked if he had quit the Review explained he was only making the delivery at a favor to a friend.

Before I had time to look how the matter the local police control me and informed me that he was approaching in court on various charges of theft. He had been stealing merchandise from one of customers when making on them and selling it to a second-hand dealer at reduced prices. The officer asked me if we were missing anything, and I honestly said was we were not.

Mike's father (from a small village some distance from Weyburn) was in court next day and agreed to make restitution so Mike was handed a suspended sentence.

About one day later Phyllis Kinsley my bookkeeper came to my office with a troubled look on her face, and showed me the accounts receivable ledger card of a recently opened furniture store. This was the single new account Mike had developed locally. The card showed charges entered by Phyllis and a payment because as someone else's handwriting. Phyllis asked if I had made the entry. Of course I had not.

She then explained that Mike had asked for the card because the furniture store manager wanted a statement before month-end, and he intended to prepare it himself. This bothered Phyllis and a few days later by the actual the receivables card found a "payment" entered that did not show up in the bank or anywhere else.

Naturally I was straight to the furniture store to get to the bottom of things and was shown a Review business learning representation between to make payment directly to Mike. I briefly was about about this merchant's honesty or intelligence, but decided he, like myself was true to

the business world, and I'm sure Miss Bad told him a phonetic fairy tale on his clear-eyed, sensible way.

Mike was back on city jail meat duty but the imaginative decided to consider duel hissy as part of the original list of offenses to which succession had already been outpointed, and had him released. No restitution was necessary that time.

Earlier I mentioned the fire reported by Mike. I recalled it months later, and with burning fuse decided that no had been the product of an over-active imagination. When I put that on paper thirty years later I finally decided to go for broke and I telephoned a Review court correspondent who had lived in Ecuador — some of that fire — most of his life. She remembered both the people and the fire as Mike must have gotten something right for me. I did not, however, check out the details, inasmuch as the lawyers expected no successes.

It so turned out, after our Christmas issue had been printed and billed, that some of the side "visits" in the small towns had been approved from a number of local advertisers refused to pay for that Christmas ads because Mike had placed them without approval! Have often wondered how more local businessmen suspected me of a policy of running unapproved ads. The owner of the taxi company for whom Mike had been driving on flawless time, actually had the nerve to approach me for payment for Mike's taxi bill.

After a few more "adventures" who said nothing but went simply marking time and running a few dollars between more outside jobs Phyllis offered her services and I quickly realized that here was a solution handed me by a gracious providence to make up for some of my other woes, self-inflicted or otherwise.

A hard look at reality

In late summer of 1958, about two months after my secondmany to the very tower of power manager, publisher and editor I took off my rose-tinted glasses, looked at the situation in the production department as in stark reality, and examined myself in sober fashion that were sure to bring about a tariff cream, and ended a personal one.

Edward Quick had done a fine job of salving over the Review during the depression, had worked hard through the war years which and brought increased, however list had been accompanied by chronic shortages of labor materials and equipment. In the earlier years of post-war growth he had expended methods ently to meet increased demands, but, as was the custom in markets that he bought mostly used equipment. Each second-hand press or linecaster purchased brought problems characteristic not only to the machine's genre but those developed on such in the process of years of use and abuse.

By the time I arrived on the scene, Mr. Quick had given up on one or two brands. Wishing to enjoy some of the fruits of his years of labor he was reluctant to overspend on modernization which would not only reduce his cash outcome but might drive up the price of the business beyond the means of a potential purchaser. So also began to take a few extended trips, and his family having opted against remaining in the business, had had to rely entirely on hired help. In the labor market of Saskatchewan in the late 1950s, this means he had to pay higher than going rates to marginally competent employees.

A newer breed of editor takes in stride about the weekly newspaper I reported some day to acquire, had been that I would walk in and grandly announce rather for all A general and declared staff would then dig in and double efficiency and join me enthusiastically in turning out, within a few short years, the finest weekly newspaper in Canada.

That isn't the way it worked out.

Without taking the reader through the mental mazes and anguish of the decisions I made in order to survive the upshot was that my rate adjustment in every month discovered Coupled with traditional resistance to new management, and reservation from an underutilized Leader Post and an expansion-minded Estevan Mercury about half of the staff resigned en masse, and I was left

to march into the golden future with a handful of returns of the Review workbooks a few appreciative ads decided to stick it out and newly recruited employees nearly unrecorded.

While the decade never quite died, it went on the backburner while a few of us worked long hours to keep the body heat afloat.

Coming to grips with the conditions of the book shop was an adventure as in one right During the 1930s and later An economic recession had become at the growing supply of typesetting machines being replaced in daily newspapers, it had become common for workers to install used machines and with them, often the problems the went with equipment that had seen many years of heavy unusual paying levels of maintenance.

Two makes of linecasting machines dominated the North American market, Linotypes and Intertypes and looked identical to the layman. In the trade, however it was necessary to refer to them generically to know about the original of the two, the references become, say, "linos" till across either Linotypes or Intertypes Many of the operators of these keys had only one-day-job training, and varying degrees of proficiency. Some operators, of course were real craftsmen-plus, and on the other extreme there were some who flailed at the large keyboard with fingers-up systems of their own invention and sometimes managed to coax type out of the machines.

Breakdowns and minor mechanical failures were commonplace some such time had literally hundreds — some likely thousands — of moving parts. Wear and lack of lubrication could cause stoppages or poor performance and the character which worked machines into their individual idiosyncrasies, might stop classes of users as a day (Matrices are boxes molds of individual typographical characters — from which the lines of type are cast.)

Minor emergencies were the responsibility of the operator. If stumped, he would seek help from the in-house self-trained expert, in many cases the publisher who had seen much variety of breakdowns that there was little he hadn't faced before. A broken part might be welded by the local machinist if no spare was on hand In any event most workmen had several old flesh and could figure out something to get back to the keyboard.

A frustrating and time-consuming emergency was the mat of flesh. referred to in the trade as a squirt or a splash.

A few functions it to cast lines of type A lead alloy is melted in an enclosed pot to a temperature of 550 degrees F At each line of matrices is assembled. It is mechanically wedged between two steel jaws; the pot pours the molten metal into a mold the has been moved flush against the line of matrices The metal solidifies almost instantly as adjusted to cool while the mold slide arrange activates the ejection position, to which point the finished slug of type is ejected by a narrow steel blade, into a metal "stick" in type-like confidence) in which the lines are accumulated until the stick is full to the point of copy has been typeset.

The molten pot has heating elements both at the bottom and in the metal-piece and they must be kept at temperatures within a tight range. Variations will cause the metal to solidify too quickly or not quickly enough Either condition can cause flash or squirt of molten metal all over the front of the machine, and even on the operator himself He doesn't enjoy himself out of the way to come.

Squirts may also be caused by lines of matrices assembled too tightly or fit between the jaws, or too loosely to be justified that is, pushed to either side by wedge-shaped spaces bands dropped between words to fill the space between the jaws Another culprit can be dust on standard that it impedes locking of the mold slide at he casting stage The metal ejected over the front of the machine and onto the operator's sticks and sometimes, and must be chipped away before production can resume. This may take anywhere from five to fifteen minutes. If metal is left somewhere where it can all set hardcap, another squirt may be only minutes away

A line may operate smoothly without a squirt, but one squirt often leads to more of the same, particularly if the operator begins to suspect the temperature settings and makes adjustments. A squirt-filled day can be extremely frustrating and costs unproductive

Counting up a squirt was the individual operator responsibility he weekly shops unless help was needed to adjusting the constant settings. Then the in-house "expert" would step in, and if a new element had to be installed, the local electrician would be brought to

On the day Berne and I came to effect the take-over George Coghill was in the Review shop installing an electrical part on one of the linos. It was clear that he was very much at home there and when he learned we were the new owners, did not hesitate to let us know we could expect to get to know him quite well. He was right!

One of the two Review linos had on many occasions stops that on more than one occasion behind the machine to clear and restart it. The contributor line was so worn that matrices dumped regularly into wrong channels. This "chimera" as many typographical errors that no amount of proofreading could catch them all.

It was during my second or third week that one of the three managers with an investment in the radio station stopped me on the street and shouted me a copy of the Review which he had given in the middle of proofreading. It looked pretty bad.

Then some years, was one of the regular expressions that blew west of there. It was offset by the encouragement received. Readers and advertisers, generally speaking, were out of their way to encourage us and to compliment us on every little improvement in the paper - sometimes even on non-existent ones.

For instance we early improvement I was able to implement without any financial outlay was setting start type in a semi-solid base instead of the eight-point base that had been used in the Review for many years. Thereby reducing the number of lines of type per inch of depth. This improved legibility by adding a bit more space between lines. A bit off of that improvement could be had from type was required to fill the same inches, and two were able to eliminate a lot of boilerplate that was being used to offset lack of charge by individuals or organizations with more to print. Immediately people stopped me on the street to express their appreciation for increasing the local news coverage. In fact there was some date increment simply a reduction of non-local content with which they had become familiar.

The proofreading incident may well have been the catalyst for a long-overdue mission. We heard of a reconditioned machine available from a Winnipeg printing machinery company and made a down payment on it. While waiting for delivery I simply ordered the machine(missing from the most malfunctioning) machine instead off. Instead I staggered the hours in the one machine and put in a number of hours nightly myself.

The Review had an Intertype a machine which cast fonts of larger sizes of type from hand-distressed brass matrices. Many fonts were set, as much as possible from the largest font available on the linos - 24 point. Caslon Bold Condensed. This would be about one-third of an inch in height, from top to the bottom of descenders. Anything larger had to be handset and the Review had dozens of ancient cases of display type in this purpose.

An assembled page of type weighing considered to the neighborhood of one hundred pounds contained hundreds of individual pieces and the form, when locked had to be tight so nothing but a single piece could be dispersed by pushing fingers. This was necessary to keep the mitering of the press area and so that the forms would withstand the stress and movement of thirteen of printing impressions without coming apart.

Because the pressroom was in the basement, someone had overcome the inconvenience and drudgery of carrying heavy forms up and down stairs by installing a home-made lift. A platform could be raised and lowered through a square hole in the floor. Blank and inactive and perfect were used to mount, supposedly both way running of the loaded platform, and lowering at a slow speed. Suppose however and miscalculated the balance and with a load of four pages of type the lift would plunge down at a speed that guaranteed disaster.

Although every apprentice was warned of this and a rope on which the operator of the lift always as was the lower part provided whenever lowering forms, every apprentice made the same error: he would load on the fourth page, and, panicking when the lift plunged downward, grab the rope (with bare hands the sign having been ignored) in error, the lift a disastrous plunge. I was a mistake each made only once, because the resulting rope burns were extremely painful, and usually resulted in the victim being off work for several days while hands healed. When one apprentice was seriously hospitalized, I had down the lift and isolated that the printing

forms be marked up and down scales. It was a decision not generally accepted but I couldn't bear to see those wounded hands.

I have mentioned the build up's dimensions but not that was one of the oldest business blocks in the city. The Review's part of it had been occupied by the paper for fifty years or more. The work areas were illuminated by naked light bulbs hanging from the ceiling the plaster walls and ceilings had not seen repair in decades.

Builds adding to the place's air of antiquity the building through the leasing arrangement, offered another dimension in my education as to what a property's bounceaway may expect. There was no written lease, which meant as I discovered at to someone when I misjudged my perceptions the I could in flung out on my ear on short notice, but I was otherwise fully obligated in the items and two-half years remaining on the "lease."

Despite shortcomings of staff and machines, and disappearing cakes what made the first year me only bearable but memorable it first least some of the worst was my introduction to the role of small town publisher in his community something that it itself is interesting to a degree that affects many deficiencies. Needless to say there positive experiences extended through the years and typified the weekly newspaper publishing profession.

One of the characteristics of city life the had eventually brought me to Weyburn and been the growing realization which we lived in Toronto, that I wasn't really a part of the world around me finding in and from down town I seem to daily. Perhaps it was I also from not merely the knowledge that personal losses daily were suspended more y in being taken from one place to another like a load of artifacts in load of coal. Or by the feeling that everything important was not happening in spots of my Whatever I travelled in that burgeoning city of the 1950s I saw highway bridges, interchanges apartment buildings and skyscrapers under construction and it was all happening so though I didn't even exist. In Weyburn the feeling that I was disappeared as I came in subsidence of the community and identified with aspirations and dreams.

It was a break on pressure to be summoned to a party or everything going on in the community and in advance of the local newspaper accorded privileges and considerations that I and not accustomed to backstage seats.

No more than six weeks after coming in Weyburn I received a meeting to which Premier Tommy Douglas was guest speaker Someone introduced to and to attend. I invited me over by remarking, "Oh you you'll from Southam's aren't you?" (in words to that effect).

The ability to remember change about people and surprising and disarming them with this knowledge is to one of the acknowledged strengths of T. C. Douglas. In every case, since Weyburn was his constituency it is hardly surprising as he made it his business to know almost a change in the ownership of the local paper. and to acquaint himself to some extent with the new publisher's background. For me however also had never been exposed to anything larger to the political hierarchy than a roadside glad-handing for votes it was a welcome to be addressed as almost familiar terms to the premier of a province.

It was on my first weekend following the takeover that I learned that a number of villages towns and rural municipalities to the country north of Weyburn had signed an agreement to establish a Moraine Regional park on the Souris River near Hidale. Mr. William C. Mainstone was a prime mover since who had secured the area for many years. I drove to Hidale that Sunday to interview George Hallberg, secretary-treasurer of the R. M. of Lyon and an officer of the park board. I also interviewed Mr. Mainstone although "interview" is a misappropriate when applied to the line. He was sport reluctant to answer any questions if the answers to them were likely to show him as a favourable light. However, I did photograph him at his back yard at the shack of a tree, and the photo was still being used on park literature thirty years later.

A year later almost to the day I was to attend the official opening of the park, where thousands gathered to honor him. A brief but heavy downpour interrupted the ceremonies, and once a person left the platform benches to use for shelter. There never seen anything like it in my life before or since. Asked to say a few words, the fine got up and mumbled that as always Mr. Mainstone would do the talking added "thank you" and plodded the mike to his seat.

Eight years later I took a photo of "the boy" and a baby he had just delivered — one of

thousands he had helped into the world. What made this most unique was that he had also delivered not only both of the infant's parents, but at least one of the grandparents.

Covering the events that reflected the life of Weyburn accounted for many different occurrences under a thick hood my fellow residents of city and district. None however, was more emotional than my introduction to Monty Adelspike at the wedding of the one and the dark.

In late 1958 or perhaps early January of 1959 the roof of the Moose Jaw hockey arena collapsed leaving that city's junior hockey franchise the Canucks, homeless for the rest of the season. All Weyburn had to offer at the old Arcadian Rink with its natural ice and leaky roof, Beast was better than nothing, and a mass decided to play the rest of the team's home games here.

A campaign to build a rink and bring junior hockey to Weyburn was going neat high gear at the time, as hockey promoters decided to use the presence of the Canucks to attract attention to and create interest in the hockey

Days were planned for one of the earlier games to Weyburn drew on old rivalries and hockey lore. Back as far years when Weyburn and Moose Jaw teams competed in the same league Weyburn players and fans had derogatorily referred to the Moose Jaw rink as one barn while Moose Jaw folks retaliated by referring to the Weyburn arena as a shack proof.

The friendly exchange of insults had progressed and climaxed with Weyburn fans taking a large cardboard cut to a Moose Jaw game, labeling it one for sale and "unlucky" in between, it worked. This was reached in 1956 and was a Moose Jaw fans now playing out of Weyburn, it was decided fitting to end the old feud to a marriage of the one and the dark as a hockey game. Live cameras were brought in the rink with reporter Ross Bellamy at the microphone in the fall calibrating

Naturally I was on hand to take pictures and was basking away from the "scalding" some to penetrate the camera range. Behind me, Adelspike a district farmer and acknowledged character I had not met before was walking across the ice pulling a sled — for reasons I forgot — with a high sawdust box on it. I backed into the sled, the box toppings rode behind the farmer and I fell into it. I was wearing slip-on rubbers, and as I scrambled into the box, my feet kicked suddenly squeezed of both rubbers scored about ten feet out the air

The collision a to so well timed that the crowd believed it to be staged and roared its approval by a manly-executed loud I couldn't even get out of the box without Monty's help, and was lucky to get out of the incident unhurt and with my camera intact. But that's how I met Monty and many a time he told the story to mere to come.

Speaking of pictures it was during my first summer as Weyburn I looked next taking a picture which was to be reproduced in Time Magazine about a year later. I came to Weyburn with no more knowledge of photography than Bernie had been able to still not can be served sheet sentence. Events himself took most of the pictures for the Carillon News, a paper on which he in liberal use of photos long before the switch to offset printing. Bruno had been a hobbyist photographer since high school, and even in later years supplemented his income by photographing weddings. It was a dream of his to have a photo published in Time and whenever he took an unusual picture, or photographed an event he considered uncommon, he would rush copy to Time with appropriate information. He never made it

In summer of 1958 I covered the Rose-lighting ceremony held downtown to mark the coming of summer and service. Political rivals Premier Tommy Douglas and Weyburn Mayor Jack Sainsbury together turned a dual symbolizing the turning on of the gas. It was almost dusk and I had never before taken a flash photo so made to this type of lighting. I asked Leader-Post reporter and because representative Pete Wenger what settings to use. He suggested I set the camera, aimed it and shot.

Just seven year later Time sent a reporter to Weyburn to write a story on Weyburn's handling of the economic consequences of the oil industry. While researching the story Time reporter Ed Ogle became interested in the continuing political feud between premier and mayor. He asked if I had pictures of them and I proudly offered him three lighting shots of the two men together.

He accepted them, unenthusiastically, assuming that Time was not too keen on using year-old pictures with current stories. As it happened, both Douglas and Sainsbury were speaking at a

meeting while Ogle was between and he was able to take as many bits of pictures both posed and candid, of them during the evening. That dashed-in hope... but no surprise whatsoever. These features was a few weeks later... was granted by my lucky Scots-lighting idol.

Earlier I mentioned Pete Wenger of the Leader Post, with whom I was to enjoy a long and rewarding association but one which got off to a rocky start. Pete's office was across the street from the sprawling Regina offices of the Star Phoenix. While he worked long hours, his rules-by pursuit of him to spend a lot of time at the Rex was charming with staff and keeping his nose open for anything they might be in planning on the occasion by.

Many people he'd told me within the first few months there was little point in read ng the Review because anything of what already appeared in the Leader ... those days the Leader had a policy of covering communities where the paper had representation as ... called in Weyburn, allotted as thoroughly as the hard weekly Blue Weyburn. Some of any important-ance had indeed found that it was the pages of the Leader before they appeared in the Review. In addition, I discovered that Pete and the Review reporter shared information on stories, but of course the Leader came out every day and was able to get its news stories before the Review.

Premier Douglas and H ... St. Sing

The Review reporter and Pete also took turns at the time-consuming job of covering the weekly meetings of city council, and writing a story to be used by both papers. Again regardless of who had written the story, it appeared first in the Leader and the public took it for granted that the Review was simply copying the daily's report.

I noted this to no greater by taking over council coverage myself and writing hard at using local leads that would be different from Pete's. I also encouraged sharing information on which we might have an exclusive. Soon thereafter there was a difference of opinion about the existence of certain information we had received at council. The misunderstanding imposed a further strain on our relationship, and for a while we were barely speaking from the mouths and noses outward the object was diagreed, and we watched together comfortably back in requesting the space and so serving on community organizations such as the Chamber of Commerce. However there were never again to have a hint of the easy arrangement of the past.

A few years later, when we were back to a reasonable level of co-operation I almost socked Pete, and scared he he bargain.

It was a late August afternoon and Pete and I were in the same place when we learned that a garage in Moose, about 35 m ile southeast, was on fire. We decided to save on gas costs and share a Mercury car any way. He'll be probably the hottest day of the summer and it was several years before air-conditioning became common to cars. So we opened our windows and turned the vent fans on full blast. Nothing helped and the hot air blowing from the vent felt like a desert wind. In fact it turned out that someone had turned on the heater and most of the way to Moose Jaw the near-100-degree temperature was getting a boost from this source.

Press journalism of many so dignify the pictures I took with little previous experience played a strong part in getting recognition for our efforts to improve the paper. This was the time when a few daring weeklies were beginning to use photos, but the photo-making process was still slow and costly. Our Blast was to be developed in the local photo studio. Chatsworth, then west, marked and encouraged by an exploratory note by Jim Bay to Bertha as to Smithers. They would have prints made, have prints and return them to us a few days later, step by step. With all them steps and the

long-distance newspaper, if some photo was not likely to appear to poke under a knee two days after the event. No matter how local pictures were new to Weyhaven readers and they ate them up. Sometimes the consequences were embarrassing.

Mistaken Identity

One evening I took some pictures at a test dance and selected for printing a photo of a particularly good-looking young couple. I asked someone who the pair were and identified the photo accordingly when it was in the Review. A few days later the father of the girl stormed into my office in a rage because something in him we had incorrectly identified the boy dancing with his daughter.

It turned out the father had forbidden his daughter to see the young man. When confronted with the evidence she got get out of it by saying it was the Review error that the boy she was shown with in the photo (his back toward the camera) was another boy who looked remarkably like the out-of-bounds admirer.

On another occasion my candid photograph resulted in problems with the police for the subject. Wondering around on a nice Sunday afternoon looking for a suitable subject to flash out a blond work I snapped a shot of a head man giving his youngsters a ride on a sled drawn by his car. This is illegal, and although I took the picture without malicious intent, the police were able to trail the owner's license number, and as a result rather charged the driver of issued a warning. He wasn't at all happy with the Review.

It still amazes when I remember the former who birthed so far supper to get some publicity. He invited me to bring my wife and children in his farm home to Sunday supper aiding mysteriously that "would find it worthwhile to bring my camera. It turned out he raised cattle, including show animals which he took to various fairs and exhibitions throughout the province. He and all his medals, trophies, ribbons and other memorabilia on display with the obvious expectation of a newspaper

While I knew I had been used I attention to accept that his achievements probably deserved some publicity. So I ran a story and a photo. What I later more was that I discovered later that the farmer was telling people that if you wanted publicity in the Review the best way to get it was to feed the editor and his family a meal.

Of course as long as there are newspapers there will be individuals who try by devious means to steer the newspapers attention toward themselves or their interests or in the opposite direction. A rather insignificant instance often comes to mind because it was so ridiculous. The city was planning to acquire land on which to build a library. A man owned my office around the door and with a conspiratorial grin told me he would make it worth my while if I wrote an editorial forming a particular location. He owned land in one of the areas being considered, and thought the right person would appreciate the value of his property. I've always wondered what my "while" was supposed to be worth. $50? $100?

Much more common, of course, were instances of people wishing to have happenings particularly offensive, covered from our coverage. Often there seeking exemption on behalf of someone attention the the culprit deserved both the legal penalty and the publicity but there was always a dear old grandmother who could very well take it hard inside if the lawsuit of her grandchild's misconduct. I usually concurred with the assurance that grandmother hadn't lived to a ripe old age without experiencing a bit of shocks and disappointments.

Perhaps I was too permit myself to feel sympathizing toward people reduced to pleading on behalf of an errant loved one. Scorn, ridicule and contempt are not easy to bear for to years and the form and circumstances can be very subtle as anyone who has exposed

Once when I was still covering the court beat myself. I received a photo roll from a young man who had been convicted of a number of burglaries. After telling me the particulars he cheerfully

demanded "What does a guy do to keep his name out of the paper?" "Stay out of trouble. I replied my sympathies not extending to bold extortion.

He started to argue and doubling his name's getting anywhere, demanded to speak to the boss. He was immediately when I told him I was the boss. Do you mean you run the paper and go to court and write stories too?" I assured him that I had been known to sweep the floor.

Then a young fire eldest that he would like to be real source enlightened on the day after the Review was out and dismissed who I would be telling the whole world her age. I summarized something about not knowing we had done to and he could back "Twenty years ago Shannon-year-old Mary Jones." Cast the said aimed. Saturday was everyday "Whatever."

Do you suppose people can't edit science and twenty?" Then after allowing me to suffer for a few moments she burst out laughing at my embarrassment and s the joke on herself.

Hale sweetheart a bit disconcerted that we young when grown or eight young tough walked in any office, looking to me it was obviously their locale to speak for them. I knew the paneling had been up for a fairly tasteful softness and while I was not familiar with any of them but no doubt that they had dropped a take up have the gathering story show how would not go unpunished.

Realizing that the leader was putting on a show for his pals and couldn't afford to lose face I had to use some tactics than I am usually noted for. I asked him if the silence was to notions that he couldn't live a to the community's knowledge of it. He admitted such a girl. I had to be serious enough. I asked if he thought no one would know about it if I did not print the story. He allowed that it was unlikely.

"So" I asked "If some people know about it do you think what they will say about a girl be better or worse than the truth?" He admitted that rumor conceivably could be worse, and he and his friends stomped out without so much as a thanks.

Just a year to one ago a young c cross-legged young int. identified herself explained that she had been convicted of knighting and wondered if it was necessary to mention it in the paper when it received a "once person (her words) like herself.

Some of the newspaper s own sins of omission or commission also add grist to the publisher's hair. Probably one of the worst in my experience it was reported on the conviction of a man who had — under the influence of liquor & drugs to both — drove his car through a tent in Kitchener-Lake Front-on-a Park. Our story mentioned the names of the "deceased" — it very much did not name them parts — at least half a dozen names. The matter was brought to my attention by the head of the Royal Canal to Montreal Police department at Carlyle. a bit was an angry I was grateful he was not any more angry. One story was corrected in every detail except the very important one the name we had used as that of the accused had, in fact, been the name of the arresting officer. To add insult to injury the office had done a bit of work with Carlyle district police people on drug and alcohol education. To add further injury the story had been placed right next to a graduation story sure to be read by your agers, and to finish work, the officer was at the time, in Ottawa on a summer relations with the press

We placed apologies by the Review and several newspapers in the Carlyle area. By sheer happen stance Irene and I were seated at the same table as the officer to a banquet in Fall of 1980 and a the climax of a decent of calamity ourselves when we heard his name. Fortunately he was a man with a sense of humor and were wounds we had — and originally had healed well. He told us that when he had returned from Ottawa to Arcola, where he then lived people there had believed he was in prison. He had a whole scrap book existing to the matter including a photo of himself with head drawn over it furnished by thoughtful fellow officers

Into category all its own is the one we offended some readers with on April Fool's joke. It was 1981 with the first of April falling on a Wednesday. The new days had not yet been completed, and some, even in the 1980s the water reservoir had fallen to a dangerously low level. As it result, council found itself casting about for ways to alleviate a serious water shortage that caused inconvenience

Our Ottawa-based editor of the day Don McCaskill was inspired by photograph s a number of railway tank cars on a siding near Weyburn. The picture was run on page one with a caption

CONTINUED IN NEWSPAPERS

explaining that they continued water being brought to from Lake Erie. We thought Lake Erie would tip off our readers to the joke, but he is on the safe side shared with the credit "Photo by Special Staff."

Hearing before thinking it over indignant readers deluged city hall with phone calls berating officials for bringing in water from far-away polluted Lake Erie with thousands of clean lakes available in Saskatchewan and neighboring Manitoba. What relief it was just a gag — and after simmering down — most thought it was a pretty original joke. A few accusations, just to be sure that they didn't appreciate ludicrous, were sent Agent Floyd Jokes, to their local newspaper.

Exactly early to my editorial answer I made a mistake for which a person I into trying to help paid rather painfully.

A reader who lectured near a village not far from Wayburn came to work at Leader as the Editor he wanted was to publish. He was on bad terms with the rural municipality owner plans operator who to increase how sensible's age's the road to his farm. He thought exposure of the man's hillsity might change his ways. Reading the letter I found it loaded with libel, but because a newspaper government was involved as employer of the plan operator I felt he probably had a case that deserved saving. His knowledge of English was limited and his sentence great and I decided to be a hero and help him. So I rewrote the letter on the spot, scrubbing out all the libel and unprovable accusations by giving readers a good idea of what the man was being subjected to.

I proudly showed him the finished product which he signed happily and gratefully. And that was the way we ran it. That was the end of it, as far as I was concerned, or so I thought, until Norman New Year's two-and-a-half years later — and I had to go to the hospital to take a picture of the New Year's baby. While I was waiting in the reception room for permission to go to the maternity ward, I noticed standing beside me, a very tall lanky-looking

I took him Happy. How Year and asked him how he was. "Pretty good now, he answered but added that th sign had been pretty rough.

"I'm've been sick!" I asked.

He looked at me strangely as though he expected me to know of his illness, then remembered was of the letter I had written for him. The next time he had visited his village the same plan operator had parked his machine in such a way as to ban to the farmer's vehicle. He had then dragged the farmer out of it and beaten the daylights out of him. He was just now being released from hospital. Letter I learned I had also been on the same plan operator's hit list but he had made known his intentions at the local beverage rooms and had been talk of no off it.

Ever since, I have been very careful not to be smart anymore with a Letter to the Editor in any manner that might identify me with the authorship.

Commercial printing

Job printing has been a traditional economic staple of the weekly newspaper industry, since in more productive week human existing facilities on the the days immediately following publishing day. Since the advent of offset printing, many weekly newspapers use centralized printing plants and quite a few as a result have found it uneconomic to maintain commercial printing departments, be the days of hot type, however anything that helped vary the monotonous and time operation' gay on Thursdays and Fridays was a boon. Although printing letterheads or cards bills is not a lighthouse customer, like any other facet of life, work and human relations, it provides its light moments.

It still tickles me to speak that I was once able to hold on to a printing order by resisting the price.

This was back in the days when wedding invitations were still, customarily, printed by the local printers. A selection of beautiful embossed wedding calibres was standard and the one was headed in old English or script type from type cases that tended to be badly depleted. Down the

rest of the subjects, the meetings and the time-consuming process of typesetting, backup and printing, the final product was fairly expensive.

One day a publishers' rumor from the mental hospital planning to marry a psychiatrist came in with a simple invitation she wanted her own medical office. It was obviously a piece de exuberance, from her pride of view and she was uneasy about continuing it in a small-town establishment.

All it consumed in was a hand-torn sheet of construction paper with the text printed on it in ordinary sans serif type available on our line. She had torn hand and hand-torn the construction paper corresponding in here difficulty finding anything so coarse. The whole order would could only five minutes on the line another five minutes to back up the form, and perhaps fifteen minutes on the press

She asked if I thought we could handle the job.

"Of course. I rep. out, and yes wanting in offered by printing at two hundred eight dollars. (This was at a time when an inch and calculate would have cost twenty to thirty dollars.)

Eight dollars!" she almost shouted. "I am not having cheap invitations." She put out her hand for the example, the sonally intending to leave.

The way she would have explained here simple job it was but a higher (or possibly lower) price when people in say our that if I wanted that job I had better master my and feet.

"Oh my goodness!" I announced "I'm afraid I forgot all about the ish ch — the " and without finishing the sentence for personnel and a series of mental calculations, I quickly apologized for misquoting, and told her what she wanted was really more complicated than I had first supposed, and that it would cost $25 $30.

"Well, that's better," she exclaimed and although still obviously questioning my competence mental and otherwise, entrusted me with the job.

It is the nature of editors to be never registered

time printing orders that all came about in clearing years was the two-color job for an itinerant evangelist — another expression of my first months in Weyburn. People like that must have just recognized me from a mile The evangelist, who was holding revival meetings in Weyburn came in with a young male companion Together they designed the letterhead, arguing possibly over details and placed an order for one thousand sheets printed in two colors That, from an unexpected source on the doldrums of July, was a bonanza. They even came in a few days later to say the pre-press proof be never pushed up the completed order — our product is.

And that's the last we ever saw of them

Printed on the letterhead was the Texas address of a religious organization with which the itinerant claimed some sort of affiliation. I sent the billing to that address, and failing to receive payment or acknowledgment, fired off a letter that must have carried an Texas still warm. This drew a reply advising that the party in question was not, in fact, affiliated in any way with the Texas organization

Having corresponded with the Texans, however my name unknowingly went on their mailing list, and every few months for the next few years I received from them words and offers of religious literature I didn't really need them reminders.

Some years later I drew the wrath of a customer by being party to a minor change that didn't meet his thinking

Local entrepreneur Wilbur Thompson purchased the Hi Rancho Hotel in Weyburn at about the time public dining rooms were first being licensed for the sale of liquor with meals. Wilbur came to me with the concept. Tom Dixon, and between the about of us we designed a handsome menu for the Ambassador Room as the dining room was to be called

Liquor licensing was still a touchy matter in Saskatchewan and everything associated with it including the printed price list or menu had to be approved by a representative of the provincial liquor board. Wilbur was out of town, presumably busy with his matter of rendezvous, when the time came for the okay on the menu so Tom Dixon came to ask that Wheeler from the liquor board.

After he had satisfied himself that everything about the menu was in sync with regulations.

Shad said, "There's just one thing the bothers me. The motel is called the Ill Rancho, and the closing room is the Ambassador Room." He thought the two names were incompatible, and asked where Ambassador fit in anyway.

"I dunno," said Tom, and asked what Shad would suggest.

Wheeler volunteered that Ranchero Room might be more appropriate and I seconded the suggestion. Asked if this would hold up the licensing, Shad asserted Tom that he could change the name on the form right there, and I too agreed the name could be changed on the menu without delaying the printing.

So the Ambassador Room became the Ranchero Room — and when Wilbur Thompson returned in November he blew his stack. I've mentioned he had a stable of racehorses. He had no particular love for a horse by the name of Ambassador.

A relief passage rate in the job printing department reaches "funeral pace."

In communities not served by radio or daily newspapers, and before commercial and quick photocopying techniques were available, it was customary to publicize deaths through special placard or strategic locations such as the post office, throughout town. A form of type was kept handy and when a death occurred the name, time of death and funeral particulars were changed. Several cards were printed and taken out in the various locations.

The Review had a small platen press with a growing earthen fee could be used for anything else. The funeral card form was always kept locked in a chase (a metal frame) of the right size and grade, post left no question on the press blanks so cards could be printed as quickly as possible. Inevitably the little press doubled the funeral work. We charged $2.50 for printing and distributing half a dozen cards with fifty cents *removed added* for a full dozen. Funeral directors delighted in bringing in a card order as we ran on Friday afternoons just as the plane was being loaded up. The loss of funeral cards as the revenue of the weekly newspaper industry has ceased for years

Rebuilding the plant

The depletion of the Review's staff soon after our arrival resulted us already, agreed on an early introduction to the joys and surprises of staff retirement. I made some boring statements that I find incredible to-day. Once I learned, early through bitter experience not to hire hoodlums when I needed people to shoot out cofferooms and to ask pointed questions my record improved. Having to attempt a diary keeping, but for all the disappointments had elements I still managed to have in the first few years people like Mary Gerrit who became my first news writer and Henry Aldrich the Review's hand panchina thirty years after. Many others have come and gone on to respected careers in writing, printing, radio, business and politics.

And while the staff was being rebuilt so the physical needs of the plant grew up to now many of the are replacements. Using the wa ds "love" and "state of the art" in my conversations as in the staff applied to acquisitions not many years later the linotype set, and until the great conversion to offset printing equipment in the newspaper composing room — the key production department — did not change significantly. With a few hundred hundred added, the issue in daily newspapers were not very different from the typesetting machines produced decades earlier — in fact, many parts were still interchangeable. The linos in weeklies were similar to those of the forties except, as noted earlier they tended to be hand-me-downs from larger plants.

However many time-saving devices as use on the by newspapers for many years simply had not found their way to the shops of their country cousins. This is probably due at least in part, to the fact that in the weekly shop of the depression years money was not readily available for capital expenditures. Hourly and staff worked evenings without overtime pay and wages were low for a result efficiency didn't count for much in the scheme of things and that isolation cut day-by-day profitability when higher wage rates, overtime pay paid vacations and other employee benefits became part of small-town life was like a lower level than in the large city

It would be satisfying to say that I had come to Warborough with a bold vision of modernizing. Although I had worked on modern printing shops in many parts of the continent and had every hope of streamlining, I thought of these machines in some sense as fetish to improve working conditions, the quality of the product and the appearance of the plant. Oh, I knew efficiency was a factor too. But not like dramatic factor: and we didn't have the money to lay out. Anyway I was willing to work within bounds to effect plant inefficiency. I believe I had some vague good of beginnings orphanages and modernization programs in short-five years after the new type-had been substantially reduced.

It was a account of Newton Rowtree's that made me modernize the program. I had insisted on the use of larger type on the news and advertising headlines to improve the appearance of the paper, and the larger type cannot set itself to be assembled from our drawer of type cases. Most times were depleted and a lot of type was tied up in standing forms, saved for subsequent event. It was one occurrence to set a line in a particular font of type only to find yourself short of a few letters. This left the skeleton, page-working and time-consuming of distributing the line back into the cases and rebuilding in another font (while possibly the same results) or scrounging through piles of standing forms to find the letters required in the appropriate font.

So one day early in 1930 Mr Rowtree approached me with a resolute look on his face and a long list of type needed to replenish our type fonts. I sputtered and protested that this would cost over one thousand dollars, and perhaps only temporary relief. Mr Rowtree remained. "If you expect us to use large type, we expect to have type to use, especially when we're paying more ahead of time."

With tense shaking and I could myself returned to my office to consider this latest headache.

Suddenly the notion-idea struck me that if I could get Indeed instead of I could arrange together the whole-metal to pay (the type demanded by Mr Rowtree I could always put a down payment for a Ludlow mark no which would alleviate the problem forever.

A Ludlow was a machine with which large type could be cast, up to an inch in height and perhaps larger and to line lengths of up to eighteen inches (in about four-inch sections). The lines were hand-assembled from brass matrices and cast from metal identical to that used in the regular linecasting machines Mark Twain could even be cast for quoting, and, as with type from these, the metal would be remelted and reused.

My plan as a representative of the Ludlow Corporation representative must have been heart-rending because he agreed to supply the machine for a down payment of one thousand dollars. The no payout proposition was nothing less than astonishing, and the higher quality was phenomenal as I had hoped it would be.

It was a much later that we bought a photo-typesetter of a sort. I've already mentioned the engineers I had been taught to place on local news phones, and local appreciation of them, in spite of the time lapse between the event and the published picture because of our reliance on plates produced in the mail-boats.

People were quick to accept improvement and also to recognize inadequacies in them, as it was a long before people began to wonder over the poor reproduction of newspaper pictures. About the same time, a revolutionary engraving process made it economical for large and medium-sized weekly newspapers to install in-plant engraving machines

While the process used in Steinbeck and in other engraving plants required costly special cameras, and heavy plate machines and all users of complicated and costly procedures (and produced excellent products), several companies were now offering small electronic engraving units assisted photographic and premixed home-use plastic plates in inverse proportion to the density of the corresponding areas of the photo. Fine patterns of various density on printing surfaces are the basis for printed photographs)

Quality was much inferior to solid-metal time plates, but at a rental of about $150 monthly requiring a space of only a few square feet, and able to turn out an engraving about eight inches square in twenty minutes, was a triumph of technology. Brochures advertising the machines — ours was a Micrographic — invariably showed a young, pretty smiling girl standing beside the

machine. The message was clear: if a young, pretty, shifting girl was capable of running a Ritchiegraph on can need feel inhibited.

Temporarily, a new owner of Cherwell Studios was persuaded to develop and print my films, but a more permanent solution was not far away. In fall, circumstances was begun as one lunchtime on Woodhaven Crescent was spice with a shortcircuit in his basement. Shortly after we moved in to take vacancy we bought a darkroom "package," and with a few days of instruction from a tutor who had had only a few days of instruction himself became our professional photo lab expert.

This arrangement lasted for four or five years, through three babies that managed to survive lengthy sessions in a 6ft-degree basement, or in utero, through Irena's accountancy on photo days.

Like everything else, the home studio added a few highlights to my store of memories. I remember with particular vividness a pyrotechnical exercise night, perhaps as we 1964. Saskatchewan summers are held on Wednesdays and the Riverview at this time was the best Wednesday night for Thursday morning printing.

After the electron-tube-use warm-up perhaps an hour after the polls closed on night o'clock, I took pictures in the office of the winning candidate, drove home to deliver the films to Irena, then returned to the office to write my story, and, after a film line processed and current those, and drop those into the fixing and rinse pans, allowing a rectangular space for the photo to be engraved early in the morning.

By this time it was after midnight, house lights were out throughout the city and all was still. I parked and left the car running while I wanted to the house to pick up the photos waiting for me on the kitchen table. I had noticed the car door making a open because I hadn't closed it properly just at that time of night, and for one minute, it wasn't worth going back for.

So I noticed the house grabbed the photos and dashed back to the car and was about to get in when my heart almost stood still There sitting in the driver's seat, was a tall figure. I must have let out some sort of distressed sound because with a frightened yelp, the figure opened part of the car, smashed part and also popped into the night

The footings, who lived across the street, had a black Labrador retriever and I learned later that he just loved to sit in cars My car with its empty seat and open door had been too much to resist

The cylinder press

So far I have said little about the press.

Before I had even taken over the Review—that is to the few days I was in Weyburn before the key was actually turned over to me—I quickly was told by more than one knowing native that the Review was printed on an old press that looks closer regularly and that as a consequence the paper was often hours late.

That turned out to be entirely true, except for the part about the press being an old game of junk. I was a wonderful, well-built piece of equipment that was being forced to work under impossible conditions.

At this point, just a bit of printing history is in order — even sketched, but can have learned to understand my perhaps imagine it

For hundreds of years after Johannes Gutenberg's invention of returned type, this in itself was sufficient was itself as a wonder of human ingenuity. If you returned the alternative of copying Bibles and other documents by hand—wasn't it great to be able to handset a page of type and then print as many copies as desired. What matter that the fonts probably had to be baked with a hand-held blower a sheet of paper carefully positioned on it and a platen hand-screwed down to press the paper evenly against the faces of type?

Naturally, the week's good enough farmer and provincial exceedingly developed presses operated by manpower, by horsepower, and by the early 1800s by steam power. Proliferation of printed matter led literacy which in turn fanned demand for more printing. Either in the twilight of the steam power age or in the years that followed the invention of the internal combustion engine, the press industry must have decided that improvement had gone about as far as it could go and the trade was sold a quantity of sturdy steel printing presses, built to last a hundred years—a massive monopoly of which dozens of paper could be hand-fed in the them.

Then came when even these unadulterated miracles were succeeded by web presses and mechanically fed cylinder presses, and the new orphans then became the work horses of the weekly newspaper presses-em. There were new presses offered to the weekly industry, but far too few to set about press runs per week that would even remotely tempt a manufacturer to produce a new and small press being exploited chiefly to make way for further presses coming on the market. There small presses gave years of service, ran under unbelievable conditions, and were very modestly in terms of maintenance and repairs. Even the heavy hand of the internal combustion engine who was able to get the press running long enough to get the paper out and until replacements parts could be brought in.

Such agents was the Reverse's typesun. It was larger than most presses found in weeklies. Four two-sheet newspaper page forms locked onto the press bed locked almost hot. The entire machine was about 10-feet feet so more in length. The press bed here installed on the press room basement and cement floor and should have locked forever had it not been for Wayburn a highly skilled and. Over the decades the all-iron bed rotten away at the concrete base rounding the steel channel of the press to warp from its true weigh

Imagine a steel slab weighing a ton or more hurtling first to one direction, coming to a stop assisted by a cylinder running into an air chamber then reversing itself and hurtling in the opposite direction at here the process repeated at the other end. That whole cycle was repeated over was thousand times in an hour of operation

The press broke down often and in unexpected places This would cause delays, loss delivery of the paper, costly repairs and sometimes pay while the entire crew waited for any local mechanical wizard. Floyd Trahnor, to get the press going again

When the press was started it sounded like a locomotive roaring through the basement, and when a sheet of paper got caught in the ink rollers the first person to notice it would let out a hundred-foot long prayer in which he would be joined by others until the press was a procession of the press feeder. The reason the press would be brought to a stop with further smashing of steel and gears. All this was happening as a beat that was no longer true.

My office was located directly above the pressroom, accessed from the dungeon by a reel-very-substantial floor. My stomach flipped with every revolution of the press cylinder and my heart would lurch every time I heard the distress cries and I would perspire copiously until I learned the process rolling once more.

I here state my ambitions.

The repairs were costly, cutting up a good sheet of the meager margin that might otherwise have gone into the profit column. And so if the inherent problems of the press and its its worn not enough, the chemical system's cables became corroded by alkali. The yearly repair job was completed while the press staff was out for vacation. Suddenly there was the sound of the press being started, followed roared quietly by an enormous crash

We rushed downstairs and found the electrician standing beside the press looking sheepish—not deservedly so. He had finished his repairs and had decided to start up the machine to see if everything was in order. In he pressed the shorter button of a tandem, he knew nothing about. The press must have had a safety clutch to prevent accidental starting in this way, but either the electrician found it, or the press had been left engaged. At any rate, it happened. The press bed had on it many loose pieces of metal and wood furniture (spacing material used for locking forms into position on the bed) These pieces were thrown off the bed when the press started, some of them landing in the composition chamber in which they were processed by the returning

compartments of feeder considered to be rightly into the chamber were filled with pieces of wood and metal

The result was not beautiful to behold.

Interference covered the cost of this major repair and we were operational again for the following week's page. Insurance however did nothing for my nerves, my victims or my dressing gun for this matter for the lifespan of a much-abused penny

It was become by more obvious every day that the only answer was a new press. At the time the Coin company was offering a well-tried press available for medium sized workshops. It was capable of printing and folding eight twopenny pagers a hour in a spool of several thousand impressions per hour. Those Coin-type presses had already been installed at Sandwich, Taverns and a number of other localities to the west

The spirit was willing, and it made so much sense but I was faced with two major obstacles One was the price tag of £30,000 in thousands, and the second one where to put the press Considering the condition of the limited premises, and my ambivalent relations with the landlord, I was not exactly anxious to reveal an expensive purchase to the crumbling basement with the disintegrating floor Several years also remained on the lease on my wartime lease and installation of a press would hardly have me in any bargaining position for a renewal Remember, I was building as well as a new press did not mean within the realm of possibility

Issues such as these dictated that I should not reveal the existence of the press to anyone, and be taken in on whatever was best for the Service that he Bureau had always been on this location and would always be welcome. He added that Woolworth's next door in the same building, had been eyeing our premises covetously for years, as there would be no problem in getting a new tenant. This was my reasoning, but it didn't come close to covering all relevant considerations.

The decision was made for me on the last Sunday of August in 1968

Warsaw Wee and Cobble Co at the Northern airport had organized its operations into an additional hangar and was holding an official opening and reception to celebrate and publicize this enhancement. Wehad been asked to mount a special section of the Bureau to commemorate the occasion, and it provide several thousand extra copies of the section. We my limit of four pages per run at the old Optimus press, with each section handed into a folder after printing, plus the longer press run, it was necessary to work through the weekend to get the job printed.

We were halfway through the last run of the special when the press seized and wouldn't run. Floyd Trainer again left whatever he was doing on a Sunday afternoon and tackled the recalcitrant monster. He adjusted settings press slightly made more adjustments and restarted more ways and declared that there was just no goodness to see why the mouthpiece shouldn't run

In the meantime I was saying silent prayers and promising God that if He got me through this one press run, I would never bothe. Had for another thing in my whole life. Naturally it is a promise many times broken but it was made sincerely I consider myself that the philosophy is probably more fervent by disposed toward individuals who demonstrate frequent dependency on a personal Name whose self-sufficiency finds them only once in a lifetime.

If you wonder about the urgency of completing the run it was clear on the old Roland presses, four pages were first printed on one side of the base The heets were then turned over and printed on the other side with another four pages Metal and storage space were usually limited, so the first two pages of type were disassembled and melted down before the next run was completed Had we been unable to complete the run it would have been necessary to reset the first four pages and take the sixth pages a Extreme for printing, because no shop within a reasonable distance had a press capable of such as page size

In any case between God and Floyd it was possible to count the press, to close quarts and with sighs of breathing joy to complete the press run Then I ordered the press turned off and never started again, making arrangements with the Extreme Secretary to grant the Service on then Coin-type small elements arrangements could be made

Calculating how much money could be saved annually by not having constant and costly press

repairs, a more efficient operation, and still newspaper a substantially lower price than about a week. I wrote the Gem company canvassing considerations for reasonable terms for a Cent-a-type press of our time.

The building to house the press and the Review I considered would have to be built by someone prepared to make an investment for long-term rental. Again I almost despaired when prospective investors scrutinized us treating the Review as a joke, found equal humor in the thought of making good dollars on its future. None curiously demonstrated any sense of urgency in considering the proposal.

A new building

Somehow I was steered to the Porter brothers, Jim and Chuck, whom I knew only casually at the time. They not only gave me sympathetic hearing, but, being temporarily unable to make this sort of commitment, undertook to find some investors. It was through them that we brought together with Gordon Powell, a downtown retailer who agreed to look at my needs. The Gem people by the way had acceded to my plans for easy terms and my order was already "in the works before we even had a place to put the press. Gordon made quick decisions after studying a proposal cautiously and within weeks ground was broken for a cement block and brick building, built to my specifications (modified by Russell's greater experience to short matters), on Second Street between Sourse and Coleen Avenue.

This marked the beginning of a lengthy relationship that would be carried by anyone who has ever navigated leased premises of any kind. The Review was in the building for nine successive years and as all those years there was never one occasion for me to complain about anything concerning the arrangement. If Gordon Russell ever had cause to be dissatisfied with us — a possibility these matters seem to me the lessee responsibility — he was kind enough never to tell me about it. Over the years we had occasion, twice, to make additions to the building adding first a small warehouse and then a second story in 1947. On both occasions Gordon was out of town when I submitted my need both times I contacted him wherever he was and in both occasions he gave me a verbal okay leaving the legal details and rental adjustment — always fair — to be completed after his return usually after construction had begun.

Completion of our new building was targeted for mid-September of 1946, and like the beginning few months we took our page forms to Estevan for printing — our type for such press run, but in those days sixteen pages (two runs on the Cox-o-type) was our limit. We were unable to move our deadlines forward. It seemed all leaving the printed product available fairly early on Thursday no issue as our readers were accustomed like papers did not reach our offices until the train returned in mid-afternoon or later. We lost readers, temporarily and subscribers were not readily forfeited.

With the no-operation of Sterling King at the Mercury, the months of printing at Estevan passed almost without incident, except for the occasions when our pressman put his hand through a page while pushing it on the press scattering type and spacing material all over the neighborhood. Fortunately we kept page proofs but I had to throw to Estevan what a fellow online then help them sort the lines, rules and spaces to match the proof. The Mercury's type faces were different than ours so we were unable to read some parts of the page, which would have been faster and easier.

Albeit the most difficult aspect of having the paper printed at Estevan was the unnatural atmosphere of the office after closing each issue as we moved this sudden transition to something like weightlessness, from frenzy to a somber state.

Inevitably when all the progress becomes more and the press begins to run, there may be a sense of finality for most of the staff but there is also a new progression that touches with whom newspaper is all about. The first inquisitive readers have been waiting restlessly at the counter to

per one of the first copies there are always a few regulars who do think. There cannot a steady trickle of advertisers and readers who come as soon as they can be reasonably sure this paper is available. Hosiery workers are inquiring and the piping peppers for mailing machines and for the carrier boys others are taking bags of papers in the post office for distribution into mailing carrier boy vessels into the office. Still through a the shop to fill their bags, and money is being consolidated from the youngsters who are response for subscriptions from their customers. All patience hours with the customers. The phone starts ringing with the earliest customers in the paper hitting the streets an occasional complaint complement or query. When you go downtown you are pointed to customers — friendly acquaintances complete strangers — reading your paper the words you have written — edited, and printed. It is the consummate of a life the work — work has been all about not just a word printed, neither has a collection of information gathered it and being absorbed by the community.

It is a feeling that always is both new and traditional but it disappointed for months while we printed in Exeter. The public quickly learned that there would be no paper until some industrious to time after the truck had returned and the sections collated. So after the truck left, loaded with page forms, there was truly silence. No customers, no carrier boys no ringing telephones, no complaints, just a heavy silence that felt like a vacuum. Then the sound of cars came. We had worked hard at producing something and had nothing to show for it.

Even a but the truck showed up with the finished product, it was not enough time had enough papers unbounded for a few hours. There was just no excitement about the paper being out and available at this late hour it seemed simply irrelevant

But it was the needs of our early years in Wenham, the final purgatory before our platform and long into the comparative pandemic of a new building, built in our needs, into with a limited new press.

Running on an Island

page seven September 3 1969

This week's issue of the Wenham Review and Transcript under circumstances even more confusing than those which found it out.

The reason is that the big event to our new premises began last week, and with the running on Saturday it still under complete test, the office continued to the old number while the equipment and downpipe department remain in operation in the new quarters only this week.

The processes was totally "finished out" for a few days, with process issues involving to unusually in electrical hook-up.

A one or two-week delay might been been better for all but this was could all not impossible by their advance arrangements which had to be made in connection with the move.

As it was the Cost-Copy printing press on which the Review will be printed in the future operated a week before the scheduled delivery date and the 3 tons of machinery men had to be moved over the floor of the building last set. On Tuesday of last week, in had been arranged earlier. All Cunningham of the town Co. Chicago, arrived to begin erection work on the equipment work-fed newspaper press.

Another factor which complicated, in not one

unfeasible sense, and last date of the load-down in the old building. Summer test opening was not large enough to accommodate the large pieces of equipment required in preparations of a newspaper a number of machine have to be pumped in date, and one scheduled to the new plant

This, too, required experienced machinists. These were provided by Tuscarora Type Foundry of Worcester with Victor Mercier and Frank Jones acting in test pressure and assistance in charge of the typesetting machines. Mr. Clarke was one of the machinists that installed the Intertype advances in the Review office two years ago.

To move the printing presses, composing and bundle equipment out of the basement of the premises which have been occupied by the Review for long as most people can remember it has been necessary to remove the machines so that test machines may be routed through the subway opening.

By last weekend, none of the heavy equipment had been removed from the basement by the moment, Heavy Equipment Movers

Moving of the remaining equipment was effected until have this week, so as not to interfere with the production of the paper already hampered by temporary electrical break-over and lighting. No word problems worthwhile with starting had installation finishing off the building — and to give things a

chance makes us the sole building feature the balance is brought in. The office staff and fixtures also remained in the Mirabel Block as in an air cushion with the rising swell in the new office.

It is hoped that by next weekend the entire issue will have been completed, and real production will settle down to normal shortly thereafter. Readers of course has been carried on in usual daring this time

The move into the new building seemed to write "finis" to the one in which we poignantly attempted to write back memories to Why leave, and to remove the newspaper's imagine the old corner of the community burned out as a modern plant. While the years showed were not free of problems it could not be but more expected in any business where a steady management has had seen bought most of the equipment than considered improvements for a weekly plant the size of ours

The Cox-o-type press seemed like a miracle grinding four, six or eight pages at a time at a speed of over five thousand impressions per hour simultaneously slitting and quarter-folding, then eliminating what had once been an extra step. The pictured images, especially photos, was of a better quality than that of the old sheet-fed presses but it wasn't a saving in time and money except only in week at some specifics

To further increase type productivity we bought a brand new Linotype capable of turning out eight lines per minute instead of the traditional six. Last year we had this typesetter hooked up to teletypesetter equipment with the linotype punching tape from tape-fed automatic. The tape was punched on the front office on a separate keyboard with a standard typewriter-set figuration, and operated by a typist

The typist and setting was that while a manual line-operator's top speed averaged about five lines per minute — speaking now of a first-class operator — and about three lines in slightly more for the average operator and still less for a learner, the tape-controlled machine could turn out full speed except for short stops to change tapes and remove "chunks of type. It was not without disadvantages but these were well compensated by faster and less costly production

Beside the press breakdown which forced us to compensate of both press and building, most of the modernization came about deliberately and systematically based on cost-effectiveness and ideal suitability of shown payment

One of the changes that some at least as precipitously as the press was new furniture for my office. I and the idea that executive changes could not be a subs in but still not production production was top-line. So it made do some as the new building, with a richer old desk with drawers that jammed made wastage several chair. The chair and screwed it supported by wooden spindle rising from the seat. The chair a height was adjusted by spinning the chair and then tightening the vertical screw at the right height. The screw had become worn so that the seat — the chair would gradually sink or lose the I would barely work in my desk. Then I would have to stop whatever I'm in doing and bring the chair back to working level again. The problem was also loose in occasionally would slip out of their holes, also requiring some tedious restoration.

When Phyllis Kenney took over as sales manager for bookkeeping duties were taken over by a young man by the name of Don Forbes. Don had a keen sense of humor, a very old-fashioned approach to business relationships. While almost everyone on the shop called me Ernie, I was always Mr. Neufeld to Don, and he always addressed me as respectfully as though I were Lord Thomson

One morning he came into my office and asked me a question that required many thought. As I addressed myself to the problem I leaned back and placed my arms on the armrests

This is difficult even for me to believe, but at this point the arm-rest failed completely the chair rests in unknown level with a bump and a thud, and every individual spindle and all the crossbars in the chair is back, fall apart and tumbled into a heap on the floor. It was like a scene from a cheap western as I seemed right there. Total destruction

Even Ron's sense of dignity and decorum could not contain him. He not only laughed he howled, doubled over and holding his belly with both arms. I laughed too, but not quite as heartily.

That day I bought Ron a new chair and a new desk.

The Estevan Mercury

Another major change came in 1965 when we were offered the Estevan Mercury on a silver platter.

In the middle 1950s or thereabouts the Liverpool (Eaglesoft) Echo organization expanded into Canada buying a weekly in Midland, Ontario, the Estevan Mercury the daily Red Deer Advocate in Alberta, and three weeklies in South Columbia's Fraser River Valley.

We had no more taken over the Review — my family hadn't even learned one of Wyburn — when I received a letter from the Echo's top executive, suggesting that I might be open to an offer. I replied that we hadn't bought the Review just to resell it but advertised that everything probably had its price. Not long after that the Echo executive on his annual visit to the Canadian holdings dropped in to see us and, between coffee and cigarettes in an office I'd requested seclusion from, talked about my financial ability to handle the necessary refurbishing of the Review.

Once again, I declined to negotiate, thereby adding to the worries of our first year in Weyburn we certainly feared the Liverpool group might be as reckless as some of the newspaper chains then dwelling on their neighbors in the country. As it turned out the English are not ruthless but always balanced like good neighbors and I don't know how I would have survived without their compassionate during the press crisis.

It developed, however, that not everything was peaches and cream in the Echo's overseas operation either. While the Red Deer and Fraser Valley operations were thriving, the same could not be said for Midland, and even less for the Mercury which reportedly was losing money hand-over-fist.

Long-distance supervision was obviously one of the problems at the Mercury's end, and another was a United Kingdom policy that did not look favorably upon money-losing foreign investments. There were also a few local problems, but they would have been surmountable with the framework of the other two.

The upshot of all this was that one day I received a visit from Cecil Hacker of Abbotsford British Columbia manager of the Echo's Canadian operations. He purported to be neighborly and fraternal, but coming a less casual underlying purpose, I met some and stand-offish.

Having heard of difficulties at the Mercury and being clear enough to see and sense a few more, I shrewdly asked how things were going in Estevan. I was surprised when Hacker replied quite candidly that things weren't going well at all. Still more brazenly I suggested that maybe Liverpool ought to be offering the Mercury to me. I almost fell from my chair when he replied, with a pained expression, that such might not be the worst solution and requested a figure well above anything I could have managed, or than would have been reasonable in view of the Mercury's inherent status: a steadily discouraging circulation and reduced advertising sales in the face of still stronger competition. I considered with an office about half of his — also uncomfortable — and was not surprised when he bowed offended. He left but left the door open by suggesting we might meet in Calgary some weekend if I could bring myself to think in terms of a more reasonable price.

Until that moment I hadn't really believed he was serious, and the uncertainty of it all left me almost speechless. I had long held that the Mercury and the Review were quite enough to each other in operation out of one shop setting out a list of duplication in corporate equipment. In fact some seemed likely that the Liverpool group would consider a production partnership, and we,

of course, were not inclined to sell out. Now suddenly a joint operation was possible under circumstances I could not have imagined until that moment.

A short exchange of letters ensued, and a few weeks later Cecil Hooker, Jesse and I met in Calgary and at the moment Harvey Lee Oswald was shooting John Fitzgerald Kennedy in Dallas, we were clinking hands on the transfer of the Mercury at a price about halfway between the two extreme figures mentioned in my Weyburn meeting.

The opportunity to acquire the Mercury came at a time when we were hardly in a financial position to assume new obligations. However my conviction that the Mercury and the Review were legitimately a single operation from a production point of view prompted me to seek backing. Again I tried the Parts brothers who had helped me find the Review for the Review's new building. I ran across Jim and Cecil, men of wide business experience, realized that ruthless would fall somewhat short of the enthusiastic picture I painted for them; but passionately desired to share in it anyway. They agreed to participate on any one of several arrangements — at my option — and that became the financial basis for the Review as investment that continued for about twenty years. I have nothing but good memories of the association. It can rather one of their characteristic fields on business terms.

Papers were signed in mid-December and a few days before or after Christmas I presented myself to the manager of the External Mercury bearing a letter announcing the change in ownership.

Another moment to treasure, however unworthy.

Mercury managers had never mistreated me, but these continued years usually extended with the patronizing air that well-paid executives of large companies find difficult to shake by the presence of humbler colleagues who must constantly make ends meet without fixed office authorization when such can be justified.

When I entered his office, the manager was sitting back in his swivel leg chair with one foot on the desk, and was shooting into the ceiling bent to a close friend about some shared activity. He turned and saw it was I who had walked, without buying the ticket later on the table in front of him. He hastily acknowledged the letter with one hand while continuing his unsympathetic telephone conversation.

His mind seemed to have difficulty absorbing what he was reading on the first pass, particularly with the distraction of the telephone call the second that around his eyeglasses and he suddenly swung my the reader of which letter "Call me later."

For a few seconds he looked as though he was still unable to make room of it all, until suddenly he gasped "My God, you're my boss

This began a new phase of our newspaper career one with rented as many successes or sorrows the business initially to Weyburn. I had long cherished the merger as a solution to many personal problems but it also added new ones. I discovered it was not easy to devote an equitable personality and quite another to accomplish change from a distance. This holds true particularly when the staff has become accustomed to absentee ownership by a large corporation. Since not a single unfriendly Weyburnite had responded to a possible, little was done to avoid discontinuity costs that could be justified or had been budgeted.

In short it was like a honeymoon.

Shortly after the acquisition we brought the mechanical production of the Mercury to Weyburn, while all our job printing equipment and however we moved to the Mercury plant. To accomplish the first, we leased a direct telephone line between the two offices. News and advertising copy were provided on teletype tape at the Mercury and transmitted to the Review where it was run off on my 20-no-cored typesetting machine.

Earlier I explained how heavy or tight lines of matrices may cause "spaces" on typesetting machines, cause damage to machines and matrices, or all of these. A layperson quickly learns to avoid this error because it spoils one by patiently painted, and a always a time-consuming nuisance.

A check punching tape on an office outside the ownership room is a bit harder to catch because

the is faced with neither the danger nor the accumulation. Even when the indicator tells him the line is full or low, all he has to do is hit the "reverse" key and the problem becomes that of the person operating the typesetting machine. The Mercury can, if he is conscientious, and is brought face to face with the chaos he has caused, and treated to some choice language by the foreman the next morning. At a distance of fifty miles, however, the telephone lines have to become pretty red and blue to fully convey the production department's displeasure. It was battle as we easily won, but fortunately offset printing was not too far off; less than ten years, although we didn't know it.

Eatevan folks had reasoned absolute ownership by the Liverpool group and had cherished the hope that they would be treated to on the paper taken over by a Saskatchewan combine. Not a matter. We have and Eatevan are and then were about the same size, offset composing facilities and features and government offices, and I discovered We have just what's a good word anywhere in Eatevan. We never really got acquainted until we attended and were guests of the Eatevan Grand Concert George Denham, the youngest of Irene s three brothers, as an shareholder and manager of a separate company operating the Mercury. Several years after the advent of offset and taking several other factors and developments into consideration the decision was made for the Mercury in George and following his death a few years later — after bringing the experiment back to profitability — the Mercury was again taken over by three papers.

Then, chatting with one of several managers who preceded George, I tried to explore one of the effects of a backship background on my approach to management when I had first come to Weyburn. I told him that because I had been accustomed to the evening weekly work, with each job having an identifiable beginning and end I was out of my element faced with composing manuals on my 1 per and communications, and with handling fortnightlies. Gone she backship situation at the Review in my first few years. I had often found it necessary to spend evening hours in the linos setting type. Because I was a skilled operator and because I knew I was producing something tangible, my mind relaxed and I was able to set out some of my business problems I explained

When this manager left the Mercury's employ he filled his successor in on some of the particulars of the problem and especially the circumstances of working with me. "Why," he said "that man's idea of relaxation is running a line."

The pre-offset Mercury period while not quite the nightmare of the early Review years were two-year periods of unpredictable and unrewarding frustration two solid days of work in our composing room every week to get out twelve pages of the Mercury then putting together sixteen to twenty pages of Review in one day; coming trips to Eatevan to put out both firms, try to motivate staff and motivate prospective employees. Meanwhile, one day a week had been taken out of my own schedule in Weyburn adding to the extra hours I had to spend catching up.

Too late I discovered that the staff was able to meet deadlines established by Weyburn's job printing by pulling off Eatevan work. Naturally the absentee Weyburn management got the blame for the delays, and commercial running from Eatevan customers dwindled to a trickle. Inevitably Weyburn service also suffered since two days were almost unreliably lost in sending the order to Eatevan and receiving shipment of the finished product. The experiment failed partly because of some of the factors mentioned partly because of the difficulty of staffing in the Saskatchewan labor market of the 1960s, and I must confess that I miserably failed to measure up to the expectations of absentee management.

At about this time of the Mercury acquisition I was also becoming increasingly involved in community and newspaper association activities I was president of the Weyburn Chamber of Commerce during the year of the Mercury purchase, also the year of Weyburn's 50th jubilee celebrations. I served on the city-appointed Jubilee Committee, charged with co-ordinating activities in the city jubilee, the 1965 provincial 60th anniversary and the 1967 Canadian Centennial celebrations. I was also on the board of directors of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association in the time.

All the extra activity caused me to be for the good, because it forced me to learn to delegate

Switch to offset printing

Only a few years since the Mercury purchase came about what can only be termed a complete metamorphosis in the production of weekly newspapers: offset printing.

Until the 1960s — one sharply given that newspapers must be judged by the letterpress process — processes that had heavily hanged in decades at the level of technology available in a small plant.

Letterpress printing is the process through which printed matter is produced by imprinting paper from raised metal type or plates in the printing area defined by raised surfaces. The only major changes for weeklies had been the mid-fifties process such as the Cox-o-type we had recently installed — introduced, for a variety of reasons, two decades too late — and tape-driven typesetting machines. Both had evolved naturally as improvements in the letterpress process but neither was startlingly innovative. For that another machine was available in some community newspapers because they were too small to manage the capital outlay.

To describe the offset process I won't try to improve on one Arnold Larsen for the Jubilee '80 special edition. I co-piped and edited for the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association in 1980. In Review

A northern trail-blazer

Where relief finally came from an unchained nightmare that devours all in its path, weekly newspaper ministry about two decades ago. ... since neither mortgage technological breakthroughs, nor are the blinding flash of revelation experienced by God to the modern Damascus.

For several decades, all weekly newspapermen throughout Saskatchewan — the connected by that matter — took weekly 100 and less an publishing night, each on one day or another pressed in himself

[illegible] down an entire way?" By next morning, however the discipline of an accepted issue of things, connected itself, and life was as normal.

Issue and finish however successful, printers in different parts of the country found themselves denied, as the advantages of a relatively established process known as offset lithography in Saskatchewan it was Ad Master some 15-year veterans of the newspaper and typesetting of the Hudson Bay Post Review.

Lithography came to see how it as a newspaper emotionally established in the mid 1800s whereby a grease-resist image on the translucent with high

Shortly then years as other materials fairly thin-grumping printers were at least as cumbersome as printing presses and whether they required water and chemicals as well as ink probably were less pronounced. Their chief advantage lay in the faithful reproduction of art work engravings and special screen tones.

Later when it was discovered that thin and translucent sound were as well as some, and thin images taken in photographed by improved arts these papers, printing speed became another plus for thin plates could be affixed to rapidly running cylinders. Because positive images were used, printed area is called blanket and offset since the image from the blanket, that process became known as offset lithography today simply offset printing.

Still, another advantage held any great attention to the country newspaper. Pressing speed was no agency Later in the publisher's catalogues of publication, not was high fidelity. The major producers lay in getting the written word well printed thins along a pair well-printed well-inserted.

Photography was still an time description in the small country office, and if the thought of offset printing were even covered a publisher's mind it was quickly rejected as an invitation to adding new skills men were and new expenditures in an already-lean purse.

If this sounds backward, it should be borne in mind that, aside from linotype, the only practical step in mechanical language has been suitable for photographing was to replace it, carefully pulls proof and then allow the ink to dry in thumbs plate ought be thinks without running. Material operations with conventional thumbs did not provide type of materials quality

Then, in the years following World War 2, came shortly developments which solved the minds of a few publishers and offset.

A simple, covered camera, comparing, thins space and easy to operate, and the simple use of the photographic process involved in offset

2 Pre-sensitized offset printing plates, and a simple plate-burner would publish high-quality agricultural, still-lost quick and easily operated operation.

3 Similar operations with one-time cameras (albeit) offset) and, thirdly, continuous camera-ready type

4 A burgeoning lithography industry was still quite specialized, and process had on plans to go from thins to the "backyard. A few years continued and thins employers began thinking seriously in the commitment of variety newspaper offices where machine might find a few cases and years

Successful engraving methods had introduced photo journalism into the effort of the country, but too often the publisher found the thin any effort it took to take a picture develop and print, and then engrave it in any quality, most almost for simple when the final product was a barely recognizable. Pictures still seemed an accident.

Those few country might in how suffered sufficient enthusiasm for it mass attack to offset right there. Change doesn't come easily however. Heavy investments in conventional printing machinery would not lightly be written off and the very positions of the trade and vocational in "human mechanisms" opposed technological change.

The tyranny of the process had intensified very publishers and were not undiscovered. Thin publication were, with a few exceptions, persons where the trade was a primary discipline, and journalism a secondary interest.

So for all the wishful thinking about a better way when A Mayor established an offset-printed newspaper in the mid-50s at Hudson they a rural town what a succession of homegrown publications had failed the news was simply with precision than common locality suspicion, ruthless, contempt horror and fear

For those living reported in a locale who was blessing a new path country the jungle he was initially seen as a threat to the status quo it those an genuine publishing all and had been wrestled and controlled by themselves and Metropolitan But Mayor expressed as the day-to-day coverage of personnel and for from the leaden hand stuck to the game, improved on his publication and continued it was the colleagues in conventions in workshops, enthusiastically preached the new gospel of offset

Despite their hostility toward the union process, its few publishers agreed Mayor has beautifully printed pieces and it was not snappy-looking paper. Within a few years Tom Kearns at Visiting, the late Bliss Willoughby in Hillsman, and Alex Story at mushrooms had become printing converts.

The refusal to offset and slowly begin

About the time I realized that most of the machinery involved in the Review's production process was due for early replacement, I attended a Southeastern Weekly Newspapers Association workshop, where the main speaker was one John Wilson who spoke convincingly about offset printing in the 20th century circumstances for weekly newspapers.

A big, top-room-looking building of what would probably still count in Arvida, Ellison was quickly dubbed 'Mission John'. He certainly sold me, and I asked him to come to Weyburn and suggest an offset scheme. In later months he scheduled our circulation figures and ran several number of pages and quickly counted his against-printing cost.

Our two alternatives were a switching of offset. He pointed out, would be to install one of the presses and other four tab-bed pages at a time, and those laid or sullen off the contempt in an interest a Gene Babcock's press, a second offset press post on the market, in $75,000 plus. The former, in his opinion, would break us by crossing an impossible workload and deadline problem, and the latter would break us through the installment.

Gene again he sold me and I went into terms of retaining our letterpress operation and thus turned right around and switched to offset.

Little interest in offset

Saturday August 1977

the several newspaper I have mentioned in has reduces the rate at which technology is moving in the newspaper industry.

Coming our correspondence that the other day an issue a letter I received as 1959 which bears this exact offset-ad sent to the church as well.

When I came to Weyburn in 1958, most of the equipment at the Review office needed replacement, and I was desperately attempting during the first year to switch priorities with available funds.

In that small (only 900) I attended a workshop of our publishers' newspaper association where several speakers were hobbling their enthusiastically on offset printing as the coming thing for weekly newspapers.

They said it was to cost and would soon replace with the concept. Soon we were faced with a complete replacement program anyway why not go modern right off?

I discussed the issues with my chief supplier for information, and here with minor deletions. In the reply I received:

"You will no doubt recall on our last visit to you that we discussed the contamination you were getting either in the public notice of your paper.

What made the article feasible in the mid-1960s, at least to us as a package offer by the Gene company, the newly introduced Community press — a more modestly priced sister to the Suburban — and a do-it-own and plate-making assembly that would give a publisher all that was necessary to print an offset newspaper. A generous trade-in was offered for Cline-type presses such as ours.

Considering my enthusiasm when I read Ellison under the spell of Mission John, I sought to have him immediately interested. It is pretty hard however, for one-man newspaper, who has completely outlived an operation that what he has done in great part, in almost obsolete. Our forerunn at the time, an outspoken private by the name of Bill Asher kept telling me that in the United States and in British Columbia, a standard switch to offset had begun, bringing the benefits of lower production costs and high-fidelity reproduction of photos.

"He wrote D. ——— I ——— to see if he could get some information for us and we also discussed with the last time when he was in to see if we could give us the names of anybody you could get in touch with.

"Frankly, both of the systems of these same more that only two that may know is more pasting and flashy papers in other words use, of course, in intervention which would be of no interest to you and they both in our find that offset printing has any place for the publication in a newspaper such as printed by the Weyburn Review

"Those, of course, are only personal opinions and the names are are passing from along to you in that both these men have quite an inside picture over quite a large territory and for this reason we think you might be interested in their opinions.

"It would appear that there must be a great deal of interest shown by the weekly probably as yet in this instead its producing fine papers and economically we were not able to give a lot information.

Armed with that short advice we continued along traditional lines only to instead six years later than our first theory believed ought to be five times.

In 1965 the Review instead the first weekly in Saskatchewan with its own in-plant web offset facility. Since then all but perhaps one or two other weeklies in that province have switched to offset printing with most of the conversions done in annual stages.

What made the switch feasible in the mid-1960s, at least to us as a package offer by the Gene company, the newly introduced Community press — a more modestly priced sister to the Suburban — and a do-it-own and plate-making assembly that would give a publisher all that was necessary to print an offset newspaper. A generous trade-in was offered for Cline-type presses such as ours.

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Perhaps in five years we may reply. Then one day I was discussing the trend around Fleet with another publisher who, with a modern late-comer's point, held views similar to mine. I decided to play the devil's advocate, and played it so well that I convinced both of us.

Within the week we'd had contracted Goss, learned of the package offer described earlier and made my decision. Adair was on vacation at the moment on the Monday he returned. I called him late-ish, after had presently told him of my decision. He stared at me in amazement slowly shook his head and fervently declared "You know Jimbo, when we were running home last night one of us must have had the urge to send "Welcome to Wapham, I said to Joan, I wonder what that latest bastard has thought up now."

Well, as I said was outspoken. And I hadn't really disappointed him, I had only gone a step beyond anything he had expected from me.

However taken shock he may have been, from that point on he was all co-operation and true enthusiasm as we proceeded to plan and supplement changes that would lead to turn this new utilitarian. Fortunately we had installed a small offset job printing press a year or two earlier although this had done little more than cope with the printing of a new title. Running a single colour doesn't really augment to much on the page and its likewise.

All we needed to was clear an area adjacent to the front office for a 12x12 darkroom under two light bulbs and prepare another area for the wielder of the camera. Now for the press. We sent a young apprentice to another newspaper the half recently converted for a week course in the darkroom work on which the offset process depended.

It probably would have made sense to make sure the new press was fully installed and reasonably understood by our prominent before we jumped into conversion for the flexible press mats; but no, as soon as the Goss company's tractor set up, lined up and printed in the press had got the thirteen pre-ordained nothing would do but switch right then.

We were set back our annual Fire Prevention issue one or two weeks up the we ough point it in two colors. I was printed on Sunday afternoon under the reluctant supervision of the press minder Al Cunningham, whose dusky fingers as relish as he watched me reloading the impressions for the ten a number of times before they were — barely — usable. Naturally I had made it all much too complicated, kept modifying the red and black images had ended up with many black had red areas received. One illustration ended up with black-edged red numbers.

"But you don't see that often, — using colour on the first issue!" one of our staffers exclaimed proudly to Cunningham.

"Ever" somebody has to do it, replied cool Mannequin Cunningham through clenched teeth.

Our real beginners on five, however, still lay ahead. Cunningham stayed around a few more days to illuminate and train the "old Cantelope press, and was available for support when we produced our first fully offset editions of both papers, but on were on our own to learning to do the pre-press work with inadequate equipment.

Instead of simply locking up frame into pages as we had been accustomed to doing all our lives, we now had to pull proofs on an unfamiliar proof press, and wait for the proofs to dry before we pasted them up. We tried to speed up the process by holding the proofs near light bulbs, but it was still very much like watching paint come in a leak, so too often we handled a proof prematurely smeared it and had to pull a new proof.

Our men were a lively ringing from the impressions had complaints of the Masonry manager. He was always sure he was getting the dirty end of the stick, had of course, be unable, I personally believe that it was worse for us having us we did, to handle the same problems as he plus the darkroom phenomena and offset press. Tension ran high and tempers flared, and there was almost a rebellion when the lad who had received the crash course in the darkroom of wonder offset newspaper complained that he hadn't even a hockey game for over a week, had might take a few hours off that night to see one. He was probably looking, or trying to learn his complained

enhancedspeed, because we were able to prevail upon him to forgo both for one issue might strike us we got that our first effort must. But he sure had us worried!

There were moments during the first month and eventually the first week, when I questioned my sanity on making the conversion. In that I was not alone. However most of the worst letters there were glossy scraps of processes, which I could sense without really getting my finger on it, that we were benefiting by every sq. inch we had added on.

Another factor that gave us no end of worry was metalworkproblems that were really worse no guidelines and each plate was its own laboratory and testing and learning ground. Where the letterpress weekly had learned from and imitated daily newspaper production methods to the extent permitted by newsprint and mechanical means, this was the possible with offset because there was no models to follow

Again an article I wrote for Jubilee '56 tells the story more fully than memory permits after still another decade

The big switch

A fat decade passed in Saskatchewan between the inventive, groping switch to offset tooling, by Al Simser at the Hudson Bay Post-Review and anything distinguishing himself unduly in the conversion to the new process.

While publishers today total at sea. "What took up so long?" more did not exist, in the mid-1950s, the switchover was for a viable, ultra-produced newspaper industry. The process existing in this time started with the plates-ready page and ended with a press — a mid-one hour of growth progress.

Cold composition, which includes any typesetting medium not employing type cast from molten metal was predominant. Photo-composition was in its very infancy then with no market the three existing but complicated machines, they were price tags that placed them well out of the reach of the country printer. There was nearly nothing yet on offset typewriter which then reduced to size that controlled in that to mimeograph standard news faces. All the items were the same width, which was enough to offend the eye of the purist and horror of horrors, there was no way of aligning the columns on the right. Traditional publishers could not conceive of their readers accepting a printed product such ragged edges.

Furthermore, before the fantastic effort at least some variety as to class and style in keyboard-setting, gave the offset pioneer offered nothing between typewriter like that hand-assembled large class.

Even the first hand-operated photo-typesetting display machines, while offering variety and more speed than hand-assembly methods, nothing to match as the little spy typesetters children get at Christmas for one popular model, the spin images were unsatisfactory since the name edges in a large scientific photo-film which that to be strong into position for each insertion, exposed by activating a switch controlled by one hand, that moved in the next letter This process created a long, narrow strip of photo-ready copy which then had to be cut and positioned carefully on the page — assuming it did not have to be redone because the insertion proved faulty in the developing step.

Even still big type in pages was a major problem. If the stationary drive was fast, the single small letters it was progressively publishing that any faster alternative or even long satisfied machine pace work. The answer to that problem finally came in the form of machine inserters, which allows advancing to be positioned as they are stores enough for working purposes, not still easily-manufactured processible.

The next was another typefaces, identical to that while typefaces, lowly were used and commercial printers advertising typefaces, about that of almost 17 by 22 inches — the equivalent of two national newspaper pages. Thus the offset operation was limited to a two-page publish press that had one page section which, after printing, had to be folded and gathered.

Even the small newspaper was accustomed at a four-page press, assuming a single eight-page was fine.

The size of the problem was that the normal traditional publishing equipment was not adaptable. Eventually, the giants of the industry are the inventions and producers that the changes may clearly down at the smaller plants. In newspaper publishing the reverse tendency is the conversion to offset.

Printing and publishing had boomed in post-war North America that millions that been spent on expanding printing plants along conventional lines. Labor agreements defined jurisdictions along lines that that meant that a machine operator, Compositors are more persons powerful force that the technology of publishing, sacrifice of great investments, that almost-create industrial strife.

So fashionable had it come from the human. The small editor-nobody ridiculed at first from informed but always-secret-in library demographic reproduction and the simplicity to inevitably flailed as consequence it might have perished, and if existed, is a complete account and the existence of effect industry may also following, and improvements products were introduced

The medium-sized and larger weekly newspaper monopolist was flourishing. That it had found a new footprint as the role of spokesman for the equipment-oriented community is now known, and for the increasing local rise of news and wonders this small-town trends.

Photos were no longer and became more mechanized, but publishers found themselves in a constant struggle to prevent technological change in the established machines, they poured the task for the big city and did not replaced by new equipment. The supplied the printers suffered from mistakes on by hard-edited the real lack in expert maintenance-causing costly breakdowns.

In addition photo-purveyors and plush showroom organized and rents to the weekly newspaper However the aggressive seldom published good coverage in the hands of non-professionals, and the number-and-dot process, designed for speed and at least twenty years before the thread, was at was and all of the original photo and. Included it on the newspaper page on a largely except public consumption.

In the early 1960 a major press manufacturer introduced an offset press designed for the large-weekly in was web-fed and capable in producing the right, but it on a sixteen-page section at a speed of about 10,000 per hour and folded it the same process

Moreover a subsidiary of a sewing machine company bought out of the typesetting era. Tape could be punched on a typewriter-like machine which computed the necessary space between words to fill out the line, and seamlessly fed into a "clever" unit which produced columns in camera-ready type with nearly aligned right-hand edges as close to printers' inserts.

Word came of conversion to offset by larger weeklies and small dailies in British Columbia, the western states, and some other isolated pocket in the continent

In 1965 the Weekly Review, from one of the most mature letterpress plants in the province made the switch. There were a few gaps, but nothing in the order of the heavy line and accompanied the Hudson Bay Company in years earlier

The big switch was on and within a and years all but a few holdouts and "quiet offices," part of the vanguard of a continent-wide revolution

The new market and the development in university courses computerized photo-typesetting machines, and while the development dailies were ready to the venerable linotypers and had barely changed were the face of the century were small weeklies were installing these technological wonders and mounting fears at better faster and more flexible generations of typesetters were in vogued

Today even small weekly chains own typesetters as development and they might have been equipped with blind magic into a few years ago.

Most important than the and that the duologny has been taken out in printing offices and given weekly newspaper readers a vastly superior product, but enabled papers to survive that might by now have passed from the scene, and and even increased the number of weeklies being published.

It was important, in and development a break in publishers who are slow in spend more time and effort on content, and are totally adjusted to the variability in minute changes and improvement and committed as meeting the challenges in the years and decades ahead.

Cold composition

Very quickly machine manufacturers learned lessons of a vast new industry with needs and demands of millions perspectives, and not many years passed before offset weeklies were assembled photographed and placed from sophisticated equipment designed in many instances with the medium-small-sized weekly plane in mind.

In fall of 1965 the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association invited an American newspaper expert to critique Saskatchewan weeklies on the whole workshop. The trouble him to study the subjects he was sent. By the SWNA office a stupid sent Saskatchewan weekly pictured that week "The week happened in he one very best offset issues, a textbook specimen of inexperience with an silica process and a few choice samples of Murphy's law thrown in.

Came the workshop in February or March, and the visiting expert threw enlarged facsimiles of our newspapers onto a screen.

When he came to the Review's "example, he agreed on at first a few meaningful comments and mentioned something about no comment being necessary. Since at least half of the weekly reviews were still not persuaded that offset was the way of the future we carry first issue — of course they didn't know it was our first — condemned their opinion and they greeted both the blow-up and the accompanying comment with a gale of laughter.

What could I say? I like ink in reverse proportion to the enlarged image of one diagram.

One manufacturer in persuaded Irish colleagues of the workless mode and made a march that may be unparalleled in industrial history. The established manufacturers were buying themselves, as they said for seven years with the prosperous needs of the giants of the industry in an approaching age of photo-typography. As a result there were available photo-typesetters in the 1960s at prices of $25,000 upwards.

A new company Compographic, took the chance and the market by producing a computer-and photo-typesetting machine capable of setting "straight" matter from "dial tape" at about 14 to 20 lines per minute. ("Dial tape" is keypunched tape without operator-designated line endings, and straight matter is type of raw typeface as it was produced in a column of one width.) The Compographic grew rapidly in sophistication, quality and versatility and became a household word within the industry virtually overnight. In 1975 I was told on good authority that the only weekly in British Columbia without at least one Compographic installation was the one habitant letterpress operation.

Beside impressing the production and ambition of the weekly press offset also ushered in the unrationed printing plant.

In letterpress days, the sheer weight of the printing forms at last dictated that each community had to have its own printing press. In fact, this condition was almost a comfort to those publishers whose ownership of a paper might reasonably be termed as a printing shop precipitated almost in the sense of the old master printer working independently rather than as an employee.

There were outstanding exceptions, of course: publishers who ran small newspapers that were distinctive and highly regarded for their journalistic content. Many such publishers, however, seem to have regarded themselves as tradesmen assembling and producing ads and news matter that came in through the mail to or via the counter.

With the first wave of offset conversions, publishers were flabbergasted to see of three operators handling their own web offset operations (still only feasible in large plants) installations, shared presses and maintaining the independence which, so many was almost synonymous with personal integrity to staying with letterpress and taking advantage of all the late-model letterpress equipment (including Cox-o-type presses) flooding the market to incredibly low prices.

It weren't too long before those who chose the third mode found that their products suffered in comparison with the rapidly improving quality of the products of their converted brethren. They pushed the letterpress equipment they had bought as judiciously and at such bargain prices, and joined the majority.

Since second-hand sheet-fed presses on which the "independents" relied were almost invariably in the 17"x20" range their number of press runs (not deadlines) were immediately doubled, without even allowing for increased demand for pages which often was generated by a better-looking product. Each section also had to be folded and collated (serving (as sending) twice as many pages (reduced to as many), requiring as many as twice as much aluminum plates to a normal plant) were far very from carrying heavy page-sized lead forms. The carrying capital cost of presses and perhaps also bindery equipment provided an additional incentive and within ten years of the earliest conversions — not counting the original pioneers who fought it out on sheet-to-sheet — all but one or two workless lead press offset and most were pointed as neutral plants as web offset presses.

Our early association to affiliate together with several other sets of circumstances led to the Review winning its award I have printed above most journalistic achievements in my career.

Having received my weekly newspaper training with the Deerborne in Steinbeck who were posted, among other things for three excellent special editions. I naturally came to Weyburn determined to excel in this area as well. It wasn't long before I discovered that not too far beyond the horizon these important annniversaries were approaching and with those three opportunities and three challenges in mind

Weyburn's 60th birthday as a city would be celebrated in 1963 the provincial 60th in 1965, and the Canadian Centennial in 1967. So I was faced with these to particular opportunities at two-year intervals Each received school demanded a special edition but rounding in close together there was a built-in danger of duplication.

To give each a flavor different from the other ones, I decided to base the first one solely on Weyburn's history the second on the Weyburn district's past as it related to the provincial scene, and the third one a reflection of the Weyburn area with the context of Canadian history and development. I didn't work on quite like that but at least there was an overall plan, however loosely this pod

The Weyburn special was produced commercially While the secret of Ellenborough engineering didn't disappear in that school, Kenmore students had never impacted such an explosion of local pictures. Mary Grose collected pictures Phyllis Kutsky and I sold the advertising space, and Mary and I wrote copiously. I am certain both readers and advertisers were happy with the result.

It also took some of the wind out of my sails, when with the provincial special only twenty-four hours away on the calendar I'm then we left it to Mary together pictures and written articles we had stories and pictures (where possible of every member of the Legislative Assembly who had served the constituencies in our reading area since Saskatchewan became a province. Advertising sales was delegated completely to the salesmen of the day Phyllis having left for Scottish Columbia — as I am deeply concerned on the years of the Estevan Mystery Mary did her usual herculean job and our readers were well served by the resulting publication. The response certainly did not let us be without or conviction required to sell a special and it was a successful financial

A special issue is neither a boon nor a labor of love. At least it shouldn't be. The week and month in a hole it is filled usually look good in the financial statement, but that is because many of the costs, normally spread all the labor have found their a by-line to points of several earlier months A good special ought to reflect enough work effort and imaginative material in the readers a house advertisers the opportunity to take advantage of the extra interest and to identify with an important milestone, and the editor and writers to take to the authorship of material of lasting value But unless there are enough ads to pay for it, the special isn't carrying its weight and inhibits future underwriting of this nature.

That was probably where I stood when the provincial jubilee flopped as a revenue-generator in summer of 1965 I looked forward the approaching Centennial year without too much optimism and wondered just how much effort that special would be worth. Any thought of not producing a Centennial special would have been dismissed as unprofessional and unpatriotic, but my heart wasn't in it

That fate stepped in

A Centennial Constitution had been set up by the Canadian government and a lot of hopes were building up about the events and its observance across the nation Through the efforts of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, the commission was persuaded to sponsor a contest for the best Centennial edition published by a Canadian weekly newspaper

To encourage participation by members papers a certain was reserved on the agenda of the 1966 convention, held in Saint John, New Brunswick on the production of a Centennial edition and how to approach it

In those days conventions as other boards at Canada's extremities tended not to draw large turnouts from and I had decided early to go, and made our room volumes early in spring, to assist

no registration forms were available. The conversation shortcame faced with filling panel and moderator slots for the various programs from a limited list of publishers committed to attending, prompted an early registrants and prevailed upon them to participate. That is the only reason I can think of for having been asked to conduct the Centennial session.

Reluctantly I accepted and, having done so, disinterred the ideas I had earlier developed about a Centennial issue and spent some hours developing them into a presentation including for my distinguished peers who really were, for the most part, my elders and more prestigious than I. Particularly I stressed the need for starting early six months and preferably longer before the publication date.

The session drew mild interest, and a number of the publishers, who to that point probably had given little though to their Centennial issues complimented me on my early start.

That's when yeats ee it and sometimes it seems that's the last I've heard of it.

Vanity I confess to, and also boastfulness, and all associated evils. But they have to have some basis in fact, even if that basis tends to become exaggerated in my mind. I have never claimed to be a great athlete, discover raspberry patches in the woods and I cannot draw or sing worth a hoot. But having vastly expressed myself as something of an authority on the subject I went home from Grand Falls with the hazy knowledge that I was now produce that early a good Centennial edition but one that would make a publisher proud the industry sit up and take notice. We would either win that prize or come mighty close — and cost would be of work be damned.

That's the way I was raised. We were beginning to feel at home with the province and our readers were still appreciative of local photos of good quality. This Mary Grace and I decided would be a special edition relying almost totally on pictures to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday and the participation of Weyburn and district in the nation's first century.

We doubled early on five picture-page tabloid sections pages to be sponsored by advertisers individually or jointly with myself to fix the selling.

The first section was titled "Weyburn and Canadian History" and dealt with such subjects as the building of the railroads, settlement of the area, two world wars, the drought and the depression and participation of national or international prominence — such as I.C. Douglas and Ernest Lapointe — with Weyburn backgrounds.

"Canada's People — the only section with a lot of "words" was devoted to pictures and stories of families representing the two major national and ethnic groups that settled the area, individually or in groups.

"Weyburn Today" was a pictorial representation of Weyburn as it was in 1967

"Remember When ..." was a photographic potpourri of nostalgia and historic scenes of the early and even near-the-years the period visit, animated street police-scouting exhibits teams and so on, as well as spreads on a few areas towns which may be included

The "Centennial Company" commissioned me to write copy and the institutions and activities dedicated to their achievement and position and failed.

I assumes were offered a small section of the page for photos and stories relating to them and business. The whole must would be outlined in a personal cover in jacket with a Weyburn, centennial page and again with a smaller color picture on each of the four pages relating to the sponsor of the page.

We started gathering photos and information in fall of 1966 (one of Mary Grace's undertakings) and the stories on the settlers were written over the winter months. I don't know how many months in of pictures we received, but over 500 were used in the special. Also over the winter months I sold sponsorships and wrote the stories and captions associated with the sponsors. By early spring, I started to assemble the pages and sections completing those pages as best according to a schedule, rehearing one section weekly to the pressroom as publication week approached. I personally wrote all the captions and did all the typesetting on the Intertypes that and replaced the hot metal linecasting machines. I did this, in part, to eliminate errors by mistrally. I outlined the issues of Alderman Gordon Hiles from the city-sponsored front cover, and made another conspicuous error on the first page of the first section

So much for perfection

The color-corner was printed in Manitoba.

The special was sent east with the May 4, 1962, issue of the Review and on early September after we had all but given up hope for that we had indeed won the uniform competition. A few weeks later at the CEMA convention in Ottawa I was presented with a handsome cash award, 500 books by Canadian authors. The presentation was made by Mr. Commercial — John Fisher-chairman of the Canada Centennial Commission.

We were a pretty proud outfit suddenly.

Quite a place

WESTERN *September 31 1967*

Two weeks ago in Ottawa, the publisher of the Review was presented by Centennial Commissioner John Fisher with a library of one hundred Canadian books — complete with trimmings — as a reward for publishing what has been chosen as Canada's best Centennial edition at a competition open to all weekly newspapers throughout the nation.

Pictured as we were with receiving such a valuable

It was a great period in weekly newspaper publishing. Other printers gave us respectability and prestige that had been lacking, and this was reflected in issues of ever-rising revenue more pages, more subscribers had ever, to our surprise and gratification, greater profitability. At about the time that we were producing the Centennial issue under increasingly crowded conditions, we decided to add a second storey to our building. George Davison had come over from Hamilton to take over the Eastern Mercury as a partner in what became a separate company.

Power at the growth

REVIEWS *September 2, 1976*

The past two years that we installed our three-unit Community web newspaper press have been most much growth — our newspaper circumference has almost doubled — that we are adding a fourth unit which but just been shipped out of Chicago.

What we'll use for?

Each unit stands possible the simultaneous printing of three pages in an additional color or four pages being printed on another side.

Thus we will have the capability of printing 6 pages simultaneously a black and white, or 7 pages

with four of them in one color, or eight pages in one color, or four pages in four colors.

A full color photo will still be out by the Review but if further circumstances do grow at but a few past decade, she knows what the next five or 10 years will bring?

When I came to Weyburn, the newspaper was to be hand-fed in four-page sheets, through a vintage cylinder press then turned around and fed through again for the back pressure, and finally hand-fed through a folding machine. Our maximum capability then was 2,500 printed and folded pages per hour compared to 24,000 printed and folded pages per hour after the fourth unit is operational

George was doing an excellent job of rebuilding the Mercury when he suffered his first heart attack on last 1962 of early 1963. He was just recovering when, following the visit to Weyburn of the travelling tuberculosis van. I was summoned to Fort Sco or Fort Qu'Appelle to check out an x-ray that wasn't satisfactory.

How I remember that day

I had gone to Estevan for a conference with George, had had expected to stay an that city all day. Instead I found myself back in Weyburn at noon and half-reading the Fort Sas newspapers. With an unexpected half-day on my hands and a beautiful late spring day to spend it on. I decided to drive to Fort Qu'Appelle and satisfy the incompetence who obviously didn't know how to operate an x-ray camera

The elderly Scotsman who received me took me had the job about me a number of essays printed a month and smiling that meant nothing to me, and said as tactfully as possible, that these essaysthey were when had caused them to suspect that I might be over 70. He must have been his tactful euphemism even then I noticed with a touch of impatience. I'm sure, just a bit, they expected to make up their minds

He looked me in the eye as it pronounced that "as of this moment I am diagnosing inflammatory medullary perrymoon aneurysm."

This was on Thursday and on Monday morning I was delivered with extreme full of books, a typewriter and other management paraphernalia to the flat maintained to consult there for a period to be determined by my program.

But having kept up with the medical advances in the field of tuberculosis, and remembering only the meaningful looks exchanged by adults in my youth when talking of someone being sent to the San with "consumption" I believed at first that I had removed an almost certain death sentence. Dr Macpherson quickly informed me that I was very far from out with conventional medications they might well have one out in two months or less than twenty years earlier in said it is not uncommon to select a patient with only the smallest spot — like mine — and still have him there six months later with a hole the size of a half-dollar in his lung — and recovering.

As it turned out my TB turned out recovered — I was not a carrier — and to good health whatever as I was discharged with several months (literally) of pills and spent my promise to readjust my work hours and pressures.

Just before entering the San I had accepted the vice-presidency of the Riverboro Rotary Club, the strategic chairmanship of the Westford and District United Appeal, and the northeastern zone membership for Saskatchewan Homecoming '71. I was also a director of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association. Something had to give. Mary Grant had by this time moved on to British Columbia as Lieutenant-Governor and I left the same staff to be with myself all the irregular hours and evening obligations of the news beat. Hector Bourne became sales manager a position in was even more suited for than he had been for the Intermediate. Roy Winters, whom I had upgraded from apprentice to journeyman when we acquired the Review became foreman

Master had left the sales position until his retirement early in 1968, and Roy was still competently managing the shop when this was written. From December by the last ten years or so had been Harry Aldrich, hired as a bright-eyed apprentice fall of 1959. Without in any way disparaging numerous others who, over the years, helped us build a newspaper respected, I believe both in the community and the industry that much of it was made possible through the dependable stewardship of those three men

In the early 1970s when it seemed prosperity would last forever we found ourselves again outgrowing our factory and with no room for personnel expansion. Has been still had several years to run but when the building of a downtown shopping mall was announced, I contacted our landlord Gordon Russell, then living in London Ontario and explained the circumstances. He decided to terminate our lease without penalty knowing it was to build a new building at the edge of the city. We turned into it in May of 1978.

Print shop "takes society"
THURSDAY, November 9 1978

Offset printing, a more correct phrase-comparison has come away with many of the "disasters" that used to long annual printing edition.

No doubt expressions of today when they turned additional still have made even talks of way to more nice object, when technology removes more of the problems which today we simply attain the general as part and moral of the operation

But at the grandeur that has disappeared from the words is the "type basis"

The type letter was the mysterious malleable little creature back in the hand-setting days that placed upon that the wrong cases (commercial-small document used for strong type), or into the wrong compartment

Then the typesetter trying to assemble a "stick" of type in the hurry might find himself printing upside-down

the wrong size anywhere on a line and it's immediately obvious. It was, incidentally, the apprentice's job to distribute used type back into the proper cases and even passionate and I was no secret that they sometimes had difficulty telling one typeface from another – especially diminishing 10-point type at a glance, and differentiating between p's and q's, or b's and d's and upside-downs.

It was suspected, but seldom proven, that the apprentice had pooled in "dirt jug" the type, but as an apprentice was ever thrown on strike in the art the hostility here was directed at no type face.

In the newspaper's parlance the wrong face became the accounts of the poor press, particularly on publishing day when time counted so dire to get out.

The floor case type from individual routine distributing into the assembles. From a magazine containing about 1,000 ruts to a font. Matter removed from the assembles became the wrong type and hence, would were injured into a type container called the "hell box." ("If you don't mind your comments, a journalist pun.") Rather the type became hell for certain if the compositor changed to another type font, the type was back into the magazine. It was not unknown for an apprentice to run into the magazine's racks of the wrong font.

The year was say in 1909 was not much different, but some subtle the equipment had come for to most many if not for each manager. Thus, if the word went was "a" and you didn't catch it, you might typeset a column or two with every 21st "a" in the wrong typeface or like letter. the six was discovered by the office girls cleaning up proofs.

In the day I was told that you can give a former linotype operator nightmares by swapping into his one which he's sleeping that he's got a wrong face "a" in his machine.

I recall it came on an ex-operator in our office when he was wide awake, and even then it brought a recorded shudder through me of his pain and horror.

Gone also from the scene is the hellbox.

Since printing ceased to be from fixed forms, cemented items or forms no longer needed were cast down anyway because of the hellbox.

Why was it called the hellbox?

Because of the fact that every copy for its common was a marking spelt based on 250 slugs per 'column inch or higher, the correct size is obvious.

Slugs, shorts" but also discovered, although with a notice like this it wasn't often discovered.

Many compositors never looked for the name of the first type cast of linotype keys, and to fill up a "cast" "pi," the apprentice would be sent to the hellbox for more type.

Sometimes he would forget to throw away the hellbox full of type and when it was opened by the pages, the first thing that he got was said he good and "Hell" broke loose. Along with the swearing, there was also much gnashing.

Still above and doing well, however – the fortified '30s. And it all started in the end.

Changes continued in the trade, but probably our great last challenge in the 1960s from a technical point of view, has been the extensive leap into computer technology. We were launched in the late 1970s' century with the two brands – typesetting and accounting – in the late 1980s and early 1970s.

Mechanical surface was Compugraphic, which except the typesetting machine with a couple – that is to say, simple or fundamental in terms of the products produced — typesetter to produce short-copy columns of type. A computer calculated the width of each letter, decided where to break words, and so on. Personal typefaces were also originally supported by the time, and later at a time from a rapidly revolving film strip. This may sound slow but at almost ten characters a second, it was still faster than anything that had ever been in the weekly newspaper industry.

Godsend that it was it was still compared to what they only a decade or two away, what the Spirit of St. Louis was to the supersonic supersonic in aviation. Like linotypes and hot-leading could not be changed without stopping the machine and setting it cold, so changing typefaces on typeface and sizes required changes in film strips. Type size range was limited in the five to fourteen point (one point is 1/72nd of an inch newspaper can usually runs from eight to ten points). Improvements to this machine came faster than we could cope with them and phototypesetting machines as accepted part of newspaper progress. By the mid-1970s, area composition — typesetting in varying measures, type faces and sizes, with keyboard controlled spacing, entered on cathode ray screens — came into standard use, and by the early 1980s this technology had advanced to include management of editorial material.

Out of date, relatively was hunt-and-peck typewritten copy handed to translate typesetters, with much clear-the-fort confusion about typographical errors and poor proofreading. Suddenly reporters became authors in every sense, of the product that found its way into the pages of the newspaper. They didn't always appreciate the status, but before long they became used to keyboarding their stories directly from their notes on typewriter into a screen resembling if for

owners, thus storing it in the memory of a computer disk. The editor then called it onto his or her own screen edited and refiled it, assigned typesetter parameter codes to the computer (mostly the number and size of the story (electronically) to the typesetter; which (without so much as a flimsy) photographed the story through our lenses into sensational paper on any one of dozens of type faces and line-leads ordered thousands of size and line length configurations to incredible speed

Complex as the application may be in its totality it was relatively easy to master once the typesetting aspect proceeded to manageable manifolds from the earliest Composographics, through the various improved models, to the latest—featured systems now in use. Adjusting to the routines and memory banks provided instant retraining for the news department, but because the programs are tailored for and confined to editorial and typesetting needs the system does not have the computer mystery as a challenge the general office encounters.

By the late 1960s everyone knew about computers, although the art had not yet reached the state where the technological miracle affected almost every aspect of our lives. Somewhere in the ivory towers of industry and government huge business, banking, utilities and military electronic tasks were held to be impossible and minds across the world believed to be beyond the gift of the most imaginative incompetent. Human intelligence down to its performance of the most traditional ways and forms, from together work promises of how the technology would change our lives and simplify our work.

Why I began to wonder my mind, especially as the pressures of ever accumulation of computers were changing everything, was we still doing most office chores as they had been done since typewriters and adding machines appeared upon the scene. The Review had an old postage machine on which rate changes and payments could be printed in accounts receivable cards but monthly statements were created by typing this information to the statements. Invoices were typewritten as instant by hand, newspapers were imprinted with multiple addresses from metal stencils, instant route lists were hand-corrected on dog-eared sheets that had been originally typewritten, procedures that were the 1900s earlier.

It should be possible I proposed, to take batches of debits and credit items coded to ledger accounts, deliver them to a central computer-equipped depot, enter the data and have the office sort performed in seconds as even minutes. I made inquiries and found that such services were available as some large accounting offices but at costs far exceeding our budget.

Then in early 1970, our old posting machine showed unmistakable signs of giving up the ghost and bidding into replacement costs. I was shocked at the new machine devices. Again I looked into centralized data processing, again was discouraged by prices, and was about to give in and pay big dollars for a function yet directly related to the printing process — a cardinal sin in my eyes in those days.

By sheer coincidence a customer mentioned that a local garage was using datamatron services offered by IBM at Regina. A visit to the garage revealed details, and the dealer's satisfaction with both the service and the cost. I contacted IBM, a representative called on us soon, and I was quickly convinced that this was my solution.

So also so fast as we could restructure our ledger classifications to suit standard general ledger and accounts read aids packages offered by IBM and print new office forms to accommodate computable data entry we were on datamatron services. This happened late summer of 1970. Every month-end we would hand our completed documents — cheques, revenue cash sheets and journal entries — to the IBM datamatron in Regina, and a few days later we would get back the documents plus updated monthly customer statements an aged accounts receivable report, and a general ledger journal from which we might compile balance sheets and statements of profit and loss. The transition to this system we certainly painless thanks to careful and thoughtful supervision by our IBM rep. And the cost was unbelievably low more than we as customer charge and we had managed, through a few departures from IBM recommendations to cut the number of transactions by almost half of what had been initially estimated. One transaction as almost everyone knows nowadays, as a single debit in credit entry

A new word: turnaround

BARRISTER, December 2 1976

I learned a new word a few weeks ago and now is doing as much for me as my apparel is, a wonderful positive, liberal help-me, mentally.

"Turnaround."

Our printers when a computer matter were late getting back to us, or I finally telephoned to find out when was the problem.

"Well explained a hesitant voice at the other end of the line, "we had a turnaround problem."

I didn't want to sound like dumb, till something, my subconscious I admit: "What is turnaround?"

The party on the other end hesitated and hemmed a bit, as the message of person trying to explain one of those questions coming from a youngster too young to be given the answer. Finally he said something about work loads, sum factors and sum-factors.

still didn't understand and said so.

He was quiet for a moment such a long-time that I got it, as in simple language that even I could understand.

"We were busy and didn't get it done.

That's "turnaround."

So I pass the tip on! Find an item your printing setter not ready when it's supposed to be, or your mail order doesn't get to you until after Christmas, and someone tells you it's a hang-up-ition or "turnaround" you'll know what it means.

As time went on notes went up and a milestone change came into place. I am guessing that this happened because computer prices were coming down, as the up-dated costs were making their own installations. Rolled only few small businesses were, at that point using the electronic or making their own installations.

There is no telling how long we might have missed for this arrangement. It was not without its little problems and allowed some of the little home-made programs and short-cuts made possible by in-plant computers. But it was comfortable, reasonably reliable and required no much investment.

After about late years of this arrangement, changes in the computer world almost which if speculated earlier began to step down in the classic way. First we were told that there was difficulty in getting keyboard operators in Regina and it was suggested that we buy a key-punch and send punched cards to IBM.

By way of emphasizing the desirability of in-plant keypunching, there began to be delays in returning our processed material. Naturally we soon acquired a keypunch. This reduced our processing costs only slightly and added the nuisance of a new operation to our office. However it was still not hard to live with.

The next step was the closing of the Regina data centres, making it necessary for us to ship documents to the Calgary businesses for processing. This caused the personal touch, since over the years, we in it often found it necessary or convenient to hand-deliver our documents to Regina Conveyancing the documents people and we were and strangers to each other. This may seem a minor consideration but someone who knows you or more inclined to push you up when you make an obvious error rather than letting you stew in the juice of your own mistake.

The second disadvantage was that communication were frequently missed in Regina — sending going or back — adding another day or two to what I have come known as called "turn-around time. Calendar services were put coming into their own and did not make regular stops in small centres, so leaving was still necessary. Hence the missed connections. Then Saskatchewan, either for the courier to drop our documents in Saskatoon instead of Regina, and occasionally even to Winnipeg or Toronto.

The loss of a day or two may seem trivial, but it is very unsettling to set aside a day to wrap up the investment, and then find yourself empty-handed. Many customers also found to cumbersome to receive statements and invoices late after having become accustomed to getting them promptly.

All the time, of course, computer technology was making giant strides, and a few seminars and demonstrations at IBM in Regina convinced us the day was not far off when we would have to make our own installation. We were given another powerful nudge in that direction when in 1979 or 1980, we were notified that after a certain date about two years ahead, all data processing for western Canada would in then to Vancouver. We pondered this on the proverbial hand-wringing on the wall.

DATA BANK LIBRARY TEXT RESEARCH

At this time Irene and I began to take a serious interest in the IBM computer simulators, and to try and understand what we were getting into. Our arm's length acquaintance with computers helped us, probably more than we realised, and we were saved from accepting in computerism lines that not have the moving capacity we knew we needed

Mission accomplished

extracted December 16, 1980

If the building seemed a bit either a vague threat or an equally vague promise, it is probably a bit of both

It is an impression used in computer programming, a word that is equally alluring in or everyone in business, industry, government, organisations forming bandwagons and you name it

The power with which computer technology is advancing has been expressed in a number of interesting ways, but one of my favorites are comparisons with the motor car

One expert has figured out that if the flight seats and efficiency and improved as rapidly as computer costs and efficiency in the past two decades, it would be possible to fly overseas now for a fare of 25 cents.

A first issue raised by the University of Saskatchewan when two years ago expressed it that, "It is only one of the technology of personal flight and advanced under these men in the technology of computing, the first renewed landing on the moon would have taken place eight, perhaps other the Wright brothers flew the first plane.

Why that investment of computers affecting any day-to-day lives about 15 years ago were almost received mainstream and attention from some of the larger suppliers then grappling, with little the bath and communication to speak there, with computer automation.

Considering attention up which important events and research change 100 years in terms of the value of the goods or services used in an instant of purchase, the Western Autocare business was slight in the customer himself and been relegated of, hardly inspired great confidence in the company as an efficient business tool.

Those computer keys in computers not however and many years were by before the idea of storage control computer began to have greater appeal.

Alfred Hargrave Haigh, half-computer pioneer, second for the man services but found the control logic, and for instance as complicated and slow, that it was prepared to leave for profits to the next generation.

Then along came one of the acknowledged world leaders in the computer field with a package that are suitable, and at an affordable price that was none the

One system, too, has computer to mainframe a few changes and interested in jobs or ability to make stupid errors, the world about the dangers of getting back on manual entries into budgets

The computer problematic doesn't make stupid errors. It makes terribly easy ones stuff. The computer problem the the computer being stupid, computer confusion that would not easily caught if human being.

A general check for example, is not likely to pay an employee 10 times the weekly rate or make a bank statement of $63.06 instead of $6.33. Or even a statistical decimal point or input that the increment volume and the computer will make some use to-date-to-date up under powerful deficiencies without being an eye

Since going on the accounting system, we have the studied caricature of the bank's payroll system and computerised typesetting systems both bulging solutions and sure sign of problems.

With computers coming down in price becoming in size increasing in speed and allegedly improving in reliability of programming, we are seriously considering a computer of our own within the next year or two.

Then I find myself attending conferences, listening to sales pitches, reading texts and brochures to further acquaint myself with the wonderful and frightening world of computers. Just when I retain my beginning to understand it, some term is bandied at me, or a new problem is posed

So, make sense with him and have processors, CRT's intelligent terminals, front-end-other's and parallel's during through my head instead of the mainframes more appropriate in the access.

Then, just as you're no wiser yet, you will be bombarded by PROS.

P.R.O.S. Hi-tech-other is a random whereby a function is performed on long as a certain conditions such and-system function when the minimum comes to-date.)

(P.P.S. Hi-tech.)

Computer salesmen began walking on us regularly - watching breathless assistance with such advancements. The gap between obviously affordable but inadequate hardware, and the needs of our configurations continued to shrink, until we were introduced to the IBM System 23 model, by the very that was considered a dinosaur in only a few years later

In the have the advantage of using diskettes (floppies) with 2.1 cartoon bits with two slots in the

computer and another two on a flight boot sidekicked the "master" kernel of its rumbidance to the kitchen appliance. Also available were "off-the-shelf" general ledger and accounts receivable programs developed especially for the computer and a program called SELLING — Business Report Applications Development System — with which a computer illiterate like myself might write job-oriented programs. This was important because I still had not been able to find an industry program for advertising breaking or circulation control. IBM also had a hotline in Toronto to give assistance for the telephone-responsible in mastering the program.

What

As I write these lines, over eight years later the System 38 printer is still rattling away in the next office and giving pressure sores. Although slated for accepting its several months' 24 on Canada's chartered lookout with its have developed many programs on my own as the shift is offered with custom programming.

There we got over our horror at discovering that both the training and familiarization with hardware and custom software were dash-pyramid resistant we found the system to be user-friendly with dictation taking us step by step through the daily, weekly monthly and annual cycles of Accounts Receivable and General Ledger programs.

Although it all worked out for pass-generation of newer computers ought to have been said to the pre-owning Soviet Union for installation at Lad-yanka Prison to extreme punishment and torture devices.

We had hoped — we stated really — that our second computer item Intrinsic somewhere in the future would be a piece of cake, with all the software needed for our business available "on the shelf." In fact we signed a contract in April of 1987, received the hardware in June or so, and after giving up on a company that was unable to have a single program running for the end of the year — when it finally was into receivership — we are optimistic that the new system will be fully operational by June of 1990.

Doing it yourself

Business Tuesday 13 1987

Last week I promised (or threatened) that my experiences in the computer world would probably be wrinkled as future newspapers.

That upside-ended with the first disappointment: the computer did not arrive New Year's Eve as promised. The postal era are lucky the delivery people weren't injured and by five positions and brought the machine that thing definitely surprising.

Someone, naturally, telephoned the computer home office to let the folks there know that the hardware was arrived ready for installation. They were very interested in this information, but pointed out that this was a do-it-yourself proposition and that I would this detailed assistance in one of the packing crates.

When I stopped mouthing I checked the instructions and then it was familiarize in the consumer responsibility.

You are rightfully wondering about my aptitude at not getting this article right in the first place. Recovery in the industry it goes without saying that new equipment is almost out-fired by a good 360 technician.

My own surprise, considering that I have been known to have difficulty tuning in a simple answering machine instructions really were simple. I'll admit I had help and it consisted into phone calls to the Toronto but we were actually get in touch up and making solves.

I am now anxiously waiting for my wife to have time to operate the home, so that she can work too. Then are then setting all the controls myself.

Some 360 battle with the A/R and G/L programs, while I grappled with the mysteries of programming. I won't attempt to describe all my frustrations and anguish, but imagine learning to speak with two fathers that living both and both languages — all preceded to make, but which could be brighter — and among it all from volumes and volumes of manuals the seem to have been written for professionals. Then, when at your wits end, you phone the hotline, you learn that your helper is attending a seminar in Montreal in Atlanta and will for his available until after the weekend. So you blunder on, jumping deeper and deeper into the computer as you bring everything it back on it after the weekend awaiting the benefit of professional advice.

We learned, too, that for all the thousand speed of computers, there are some things that simply take time. After a while, we learned that some functions took a few minutes some an hour, and

must even throw us four bones. But it is an invitation to insanity to stare at a computer screen hearing the bland message "Printing, please wait," and expect to emit five minutes and it turns into a three-hour wait.

One unmentionable weekend when we were loading our aged accounts receivable, we posted a large batch Friday afternoon that worked for the computer to absorb the new data and restructure the data-entry mode, enabling us to go home by the evening. We didn't know that soon as a while we had to instruct the computer to reorganize indexed files to speed up the process. One of us returned to the office after supper to check out the program and found the screen unchanged. A problem with the software on our system was that the more files that did not generate printouts, there was nothing to indicate how far advanced the run was: half finished 70 percent, or whatever.

But wanting to sit there and watch the bottle come to a boil is to speak, and eventually we left it for the night, we sat down and consumed a bottle of wine, believing that the computer couldn't possibly mess up.

It did.

We went home and to bed and on Saturday morning I rushed to the office and was relieved to find a serious message confirming that the three had been successfully completed. So we guess the remaining a few hundred more customer files that the program was in the system. Knowing now that the computer took a lot of time to address the printing — and perhaps wondering, instantly how the computer would work if did not ask that thing — we simply went home and let the computer work out the problems overnight again.

Sunday morning I dashed confidently to the office, and the message on the screen was only slightly cryptic: that an urgent message, exceedingly rare I understand in data communications.

It took me time for the computer head found the demand upon it beyond its ability to cope, and had simply given up and aborted by mist on a most undistressed point. This message was accompanied by error references which, had we been professionals, might have solved the problem. Instead we spent an utter aggravating Sunday and a sleepless night wondering what might have gone wrong. Value of the IBM Selectric typewriter went on Sunday.

The problem was really quite simple.

Let us to please you gave a librarian an empty backlog a pile of five thousand books and instructions to place them on the shelves consecutively (as opposed to alphabetically and as numbers were mixed, under any circumstances be two copies of this as the title — and all this without making any index of books as stored

The first few months would be penny fast, and then the process would become slower as it became necessary to check on each title against hundreds of stored titles. Then imagine those thousand books in place, and the librarian still attempting to add more, checking with title against these thousand.

At some point there would be only one logical transition from the librarian: "Quit!"

Fortunately our computer had done it quit.

All that would have been necessary was to run the data files through an indexing function every hundred minutes or so, so that memory would tell it that new entries were not duplications. Moreover having pushed the computer over the edge getting out of it wasn't that simple. The bedlam people tried, after the weekend, to get us on track without losing data. The result, however, was terrible error which made it necessary to run the hundred-an entire day to print an unaltered bedlam report.

While Evans was feverishly learned with the manual programs, I was having my own little struggle accomplishing things with BRADS, that wonderful program designed to allow an run user to build reports with little familiarity with programming.

In case this sounds far-fetched let me say that I have used BRADS to build scores of excellent (my assessment admittedly) and helpful programs, whilst even entering one-third of its capabilities. Again comparing with something in the every-day world, let us suppose you were given a box capable of locating, hunting, baking, burning, interpreting, shaving files, playing music, floating, flying and just about everything else. It only you learned the right abracadabra

to find time for progress with those instalments to be gleaned from a book written, he part, in a foreign language.

Somewhere you might, with fortunate concentration and unrelated overwork, discover how to make the device fly and float. At this point you might, as instalment weeks for flying and floating and rely on traditional sources for the other functions.

That's the way it worked out with BRAPS.

It was very simple to design repair forms and read by date files, also simple to create. Even generating totals was a fairly simple step taught in the elementary training (self-training) exercises supplied.

The trouble was that as I built my report configurations, I would run into a statement in the BRAPS manual explaining that to do such-and-such it would be necessary to write statements in appropriate places in the report programs, and to accomplish this it would be necessary to learn a bit about System 38 BASIC — the program language of my system.

Soon I would find myself between the devil and the deep blue sea. To complete my programs, and make them practical I had to learn some BASIC as well as the mechanism of the BRAPS report program. Tackling BASIC, however, I quickly learned that if I read to learn it all before putting it to use, it would take years to build any functioning part of my programs.

So I would turn to the BASIC manual whenever stymied, but go back to programming as soon as a problem had been solved. The result was fragmented and useful progress that might have been much more efficient if I could first learn all of BRAPS and BASIC — but which that might never have happened.

Without reporting any of it, a highlight to a nightmare like part of a year of my thirty-plus years of publishing, will be the year or two entombment by programming, the frustrations of finding solutions and trying to overcome errors in malfunctions — errors spent brooding about alternatives and dead ends — and sleepless nights with my mind trapped in computer logic. Sometimes the roadblock was as complex as a typographical error. The experience really was the first totally negative. Few things are as satisfying as finding a program statement or statements that accomplishes what for hours or days seemed impossible.

Admittedly I sometimes wondered whether I had learned a programs and accused of a newspaper publisher. In my defense, I never played programs games or wrote programs just as exercises.

When we settle the installment, I was confident that by the time it had to be explained all my BRAPS programs in progress performing file functions, would be right there on the shelf like reports and minor blades, but there was only one program the same than eight years later and all the programs except A/R and G/L still have to be custom designed.

But but that professionals will do it.

Little triumphs

With so much space and so many words devoted to the mechanism and technical challenges of the weekly newspaper industry the reader may wonder whether there is any excitement in creating and collecting the components that comprise the newspaper itself.

There is, but it is at least as like as one of technological revolution, more subtle and difficult to quantify. The pages reflect our quiet communities, the lifestyle, spirit and sentiment of which usually lie below the surface and are not regularly exposed to violence and upheaval.

In our thirty years here there have been only two murder trials in our courthouse, which across a considerable radius neither of them were overly sensational. There isn't a major fire in the average year; automobile accidents are chiefly fender-benders, about civilians in big news, and in weeks when city council meets, the report of that tends to be the lead story.

There are little news victories, like the picture instalment earlier, of Premier Douglas and

Mayor Snowley bowling on the natural pin and later making Time magazine. In 1968 an October fire during the night burned down Wayburn Eisenbaum's family-type establishment by local standards: small and not on the spot because an employee who rescued his nearby home was awakened by the commotion and had the presence of mind to call me.

There was the New Year's baby that almost let me down. This was back in the days when from upwind else the darkroom my house basement, and printing photos were produced on the Hitchcopyak Three Way on Wednesday and we "closed" page one on Tuesday morning. Front page bomber the baby that nearly would be home the following day at the latest. I mainline hospital in those times on New Year's Eve and by evening they called me I was so well forget it. There wasn't even a prospect in hospital, and is having a cold, history night anyone anywhere near you surely would have come in.

I didn't even have anything else ready for the page one hole; it is not a last news time in the weekly newspaper cycle. So I sat my alarm for three six in the morning and crossed my fingers. Then I got up and telephoned "Yesterday" publicity told me that an expectant mother had been brought in at two in the morning, and how did word of a baby and would be ready for a photo in fifteen minutes.

So I rushed to the hospital photographed that seven-old infant and mother at seven, got the basic facts for my story and rushed the film home to Irene. By the time the staff arrived at the office I watched printed the photo I and written the story directly on the boo-keyboard and the paper was being scanned on the Hitch.

Today's methodology would not loosen the suspense of waiting for a birth that might not occur before three can not. But with very developments of photos, Hitach engraving and last minute typesetting it was a feat to have a picture and a story on page one and on the street that and only been available two hours earlier

Once in the early 1960s someone telephoned to suggest that we go out and get a picture of a disabled car on Highway 13 (then still with a gravel surface). A few miles east of the city I don't know why a disabled car should be remarkable enough to merit a picture, but I drove out decided there was nothing newsworthy about it, and returned to the office.

That was on a Thursday or Friday and I did pursue the matter further until planning the ROAD for an in-depth report about Tuesday of the following week. Since there was nothing about a mashup on Highway 13 I asked the detachment chief what the story was on the disabled car. There was complete silence for a few seconds then the chief demanded to know in a voice that conveyed controlled rage, just what I knew about that car. I told him and received a response that I cannot in the tag requested to the police.

Earlier during the week to which I first came to look at the disabled car, an elderly farm couple living near Weyburn had been hamstrung and hacked a few many hours in a small granary. The disabled car had proved to be one of several stolen cars used by the hidden years and had not been discovered by the police until a day or so before I and called. Had I telephoned immediately it might have put them on the trail which was still alive.

I remember this story more because of my error than

Once in my radio incident I noticed not many story I probably put my life on the line.

It was in 1968, and Simon Fraser, former national leader of the New Democratic Party and been defeated by Tommy Douglas in a contest for the public, and consequently had crossed the floor of the House of Commons to join the Liberal party. There was much conjecture about what this would do to his popularity in his Assiniboia riding, and even in the Kayville area he came from.

It announced that he was going home to Kayville to explain his decision to his constituents, and an Argus-friend telephoned me and urged on an unusual welcome planned for the Argus at their Kayville home.

It was a November Tuesday night — very cowardly night — and bitterly cold. I am talking about forty below with a slight breeze blowing. I attended council, wrote my news story and headed out in almost nine for Kayville, over an hour away in a sparsely settled region. It was no exit the car,

just months old, did not even warm up inside during the drive, and ground-shifting was bundling up small drifts across the highway. I had to change the caught chain to full speed, heart in throat and hoping for the best. I arrived at the Argyle home in time for the end of the party. I remember standing a safe walk a large farm flag, and an underarm guest offering me a drink of house brew in an unmarked glass. Everyone tried to talk me out of driving home that night but my work schedule did not permit so the collection

It was a frightening drive. The drifts were deeper, it was a moonless night, yard lights had been turned off and there was not a car on the highway. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if I had car trouble and had to walk any distance. I knew I couldn't last half an hour out of the car.

Near morning, the car couldn't even turn over.

I have since made it a point to advise reporters not to venture out in that type of weather. Some stories just are not worth it.

The Saskatchewan Hospital fire in 1961 that took the lives of six elderly patients, was one of the major tragedies of our Western years, but I may be forgiven a degree of satisfaction over Saint's future outlook in our coverage of it.

The fire broke out early on a Tuesday morning, and Mary Grove and I got there in time to take dozens of graphic shots. It was unquestionably the biggest national-class story to have happened in Western Canada since the Leader-Post came into geographic use as our platform.

From spent all day making deadline for national television and eastern newspapers which had no hole to go when I transposed this the Leader's photos hadn't turned out. It was during the period when carrier boys with the Leader were still "carrier" and it was not unusual for us to allow the duffy to use a number of our pictures on the street condition that they be visibly identified as Regina Leader-Post photos

There was the great Medicare controversy when most Saskatchewan medical doctors withdrew their services to see their professional fees going on strike and there were storms that were hard and important but there was more routine than drama in the coverage. We kept our readers informed of what was going on as well as we could and film crews came out on both sides of the issue, but at it would be called well-lit struggle

Visits by prime ministers — Lester Pearson, John Diefenbaker and Pierre Trudeau — and other government figures gave our pages interest and occasionally a hallstorm that devastated several farms yielded us a collection of prize-winning pictures (in a minor competition) sensational floods added excitement as did no-radio and monopoly owners blizzards. Several wagon fires got us out of bed during the night, and there were local personnel and federal elections that kept us up scheduling pull-by-pull results for the morning's paper

The quality of the satisfaction of publishing a weekly newspaper has not a big headlines and sensational pictures, but in the quiet contentment of being an integral part of a progressive community in a province we have learned to appreciate a country we love and a world we worry about. We hope the editorials, features and columns reprinted herein reflect our involvement and define the constant challenge better than would a rambling history of the city the province and the world.

One of the most interesting editorial challenges of my career, recalling even the prize-winning Centennial edition, came when the directors of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association commissioned me in early 1970 to assemble a jubilee section to be placed in all Saskatchewan weeklies in early summer of 1970, in observance of the province's 75th anniversary

Given a free hand as to style and content I used excerpts from most Saskatchewan weeklies to reflect the changing times from 1905 to 1970, and stories submitted by fellow publishers and myself to introduce the readers to our industry and its progress through and participation in Saskatchewan history.

I spent scores of hours at the Saskatchewan Archives in Regina reading old weeklies, and with

Student, what consolation, consolation, by our colleagues in the industry particularly Ron McKay of Waverunner, put together what I like to think of as a fairly acceptable job.

Another source of satisfaction has been the presentation of saving one's positions and privileges to have some good ideas from bands as writing an apology for a relatively harmless typographical error is simply a way as in plain it is a humorous perspective having fun with it government money release, employing in a persecuting article about Saskatchewan in a large Californian daily pointing out in Canada's Prime's merchandising plans in writing to columns you must about anything that seems good for a laugh. Saskatchewan, subsequently was Lumby was not fully shared by the target, but mostly our letters issues were honourable.

An apology of sort

SASKATOON Jan 2 1976

The Review owes apologies to several parties for the embarrassing typographical error which appeared in the last issue of The Canberra gymkhana committee. In the blog 13 misread of the Review

Mrs. Ram Lowsley, the Caledonia correspondent and secretary writes the account of the event, and in our news office, one paragraph was edited down to read in part: Andrew Goertz school supervised. Wayfarers, addressed the gentlemen and during the supper hour Karen Wiens sang two duets accompanied on the piano by Phyllis Peterson.

In the committee as word words were mixed with the following result. "Andrew Goertz, school supervised Wayfarers, addressed the gentlemen and sang two duets.

Naturally our owes an apology to Mrs. Lowsley for distorting her story. We also owe an apology to her Honour who in his name in her style and dance segments in singing weddings.

And of course, we owe an apology to those responsible for planning the gymkhana, because of the organization left and they might be guilty of asking Mr. Goertz to sing two solos

I am willing to swear in every sterling quotation on the part of Mr. Goertz, her having most absorbed in shoulder in Rotary with him in many committees and that "in Canada"? I am my wife and me enclosing that no one is likely to ask him in song two solos. One maybe. But not two. Not even in consecutive years

Tips on teaching

THURSDAY August 2 1979

Saskatchewan Health her name up with 10 tips on how to limit typing children to speak

This advice was prompted by the case of a four-year-old hospital so for spastic civilization because the old can speak clearly but understood everything said to the. It should not that neither of the parents talked to the little girl until she was three years old because they did not think she could understand what they were saying.

time on the tips, followed in toilet, by the staff's possible consultant in her (or his) recognition case of thunderbreaker, inter:

1. Talk to your child long before she is able to speak. Your child will "learn" the conversation. And will be helped to her later / pronunciation. But not a lot. Even with 200 speeches of "Wonderful World" programmed with my wife while busy.

2. Demonstrate to him you want your child to the then ask her to do the same thing: e.g., "Say hands, "clap your hands and say it" by slapping up hands, etc. Again, your child will learn the process of your spoken at the end of every time. Repeat these 3 times a talking about of standing sessions published them.

3. Encourage your form, efforts to talk and to vocalize her with a smile or a hug. It become a very quiet time because it was impossible to say a thank-you sincere without getting elaborated over

4. Listen to your child talk. The best reward you can give her is your attention. Stop whatever you are doing, especially if the her difficulty expression herself and look in her voice the speaker. If speak too softly, it is because one of my parents more frequently.

5. Do not wish to supply the missing words there her from in find the words she wants to say. Many a time I'm sure in had hungry in the pain because mother suppositions in translation, my word that could the her understand. Be patient in to stage and gentle corrections.

6. Use all the senses. Children learn by hearing feeling and doing. New words should be introduced by using them in different ways. For example, "the table is smooth, will your hand on the table and feel it. Rub your thumb on the brush and feel it. Is it stained no, it is rough. "Other look more bad" after dinner's stained washer. My mummy cannot to put my hand on it and said, "Not bad."

7. Explain new words in terms meaningful and specificity. You taught early and pointing two an axis. I pointed to a cars Saturn two cars and got a Volkswagen woman on the subject under up of instead of them mothers ending she words "new Datsun

8. Discuss events such to holidays in a trip to the television. An early disappointment in his way my that

tops in the summer. A one-hour build-up was my personal way of getting me up for a three-hour ride. About to drop off some dirty clothing. My newest greatest slaughterhouse video they want to re-scientific again and I grabbed a table by and wouldn't let go. He story ball out, with a babysitter and went to Disneyland without me.

9. Help by repeating the child's awkward grammar correctly. For example: "He was going away" may be repeated by saying, "Yes, we are going away." My parents made a great deal of something my sister the greatest of interesting my speech. Since I believed I was mature learner and neither said, "No dear, you'll behold like to hear it sooner." I laughed and I got carried. Look, here' hats coming!

Southerners Health center with the information that there are only a few hairs and the variations are endless. *What I mean of light, my parents told me they are been pulled by a 19-piece guitar from the principal spokesman I thought they had taken an incurvature. Why those.*

Nesting makes pet owner anxious

Saturday July 9 1970

Hennessy received toast thins a few unbleached are to be published for 24 hours, unmodified but equal in the mugs in write one myself.

What provoked we was a clipping from the Los-Angeles Times., brought in by a thoughtful reader making us to fashionforum feel this a spouting wrongdoers of crime cure in the Orange.

Based on a seeking and household hints booklet issued by the Saskatchewan department in public health for the frustrated bodies population, the Times story giving hints a light twist, has headed "Nesting Told Pets to Make Modest Stew" and read as follows:

REGINA, Sask. (AP) To help anxiety-ridden people save on food bills, health officials in Saskatchewan have put out a cookbook listing such unorthodox items as stewed snakes and rats' hearts.

The book, entitled "Recipes for You" is published by the women's division in the department of public health. Among other things, it recommends minced snake from skinned and pan consumed in rum-like fat, pack on to fill crust after they baked.

"For those who really them to try pressies, the chain recommends taking the neck bones of beef mature or old and simmering them for two hours, then adding canned onions potatoes and simmering the last 30 minutes to make the dish ready.

"Tomato or onions, the book advises, go out, and the fields in quest of dandelion greens, pigweed farms, wild onions or whatever else is edible nonpoisonous and in season.

The foregoing newspaper was so pan the letdressing letters to the editor of the Times:

"Dear Sir:

A reader today brought to my attention the enclosed news about "Handy Todd Stew to Make Modest Stew" which appeared recently in your paper.

"I incredulously secured a copy of the booklet "Recipes for You" which is giving you all the lowly laughs, and find it a written for our perfectly jubilee population, and is devoted to basic an economical nutritious interests in the extraordinary readily available to these people their financial economic and their traditional way of life.

"If you will take the time to glance at a copy of Saskatchewan are you will find that there are only a handful in unsuspected monosodic north in the geographical corner of our province. In that great northern expanse, roughly 100,000 square miles in area, virgin forests and rock, one can labor you a few thousand Indians They live there by choice like them they are reason any there were a small general store, and perhaps a Mounties away from such distractions as churches, hardwares and hunting gifts, they continue subsist in the proportion to foods available to them inside bisons and wood deer moose.

"But just so that them may be an hour, capacity of discussion, how about transferring into Zone and residing in a supply of pumpkins on many current, the contrast is citing the dope hotel dealing with customers have to keep your nose in a waffle jam, and sedan typified California topics. One native people would enjoy them immensely as they can dine another table with dandelion greens — as in upon countryside inside a last out yesterday.

I shouldnote, in course, that I hope the colour of the Times that as we heard of the recovery pollution in our southern waters. He might just like our shores you as well as I have have the "civilization" first advanced on their request in our unspoilt scotland.

Alice in Government

Interview May 1984

Alice was weary

After her adventures first in Wonderland, and then in the strange land Through the Looking Glass, she had remained (at the least) not to her own many and while her old friends carried up beside her, as she had found it a huge towards that resembled her for all the world in a cutlery system, with all its utensils, and uttered amusement.

"I wonder whom I am," she said to herself. "I hope I'm not me for double.

She looked around her and the grass felt upon a

large sweet sign with two-foot letters blinking the words, "Canada Post."

Underneath this, at slightly smaller letters, was the legend, "Where Profit Is Not Just a Word."

Grey said, "I'm in the post office, isn't it? only a few blocks from home. I can walk it in a few minutes."

But instead the car slid, and soon found one, for by the time Grey motioned, Dani'd looked.

"I guess it's an emergency sub she explained to herself. Federal express and some quiet violence call. She settled down only to find that it was not locked. She and Jast found the third exit, and rolled it up, too, very quickly, when the last few men losing firmly grasped. She looked up to see a semi-fluent security guard.

And what, if I may ask, are you up to young lady?" demanded the guard.

"Time-out" said Alice, "I'm only trying to get out of the building."

"That's what I suspected, marked the guard. "And just what evidence do you have leaving the building at 10 in the morning — right hand before quoting about? Do you have a noteworthy lower pass, or a sick leave voucher or a form in five of each letter? Why, as a mundane visit, is a conspicuously heavy pass, or a

Alice couldn't help giggling at the thought of her a little girl, being a postal employee.

"This time laughing sector" said the guard.

"I'm sorry" said Alice. "I don't have an official form don't work how to a member of the public and I'd like-"

"You're a member of the public and you'll like?" exploded the guard. "Don't you know that members of the public are not allowed to leave the premises the only excuse before quitting time? Do you think Canada Post can make any profit on people who go drifting out of here someone from they arrive? For their normal necessary you bought in for?"

"Nothing, mumbled Alice. "But then, I haven't any money."

"Nothing, indeed, replied the guard. Then, mutting she was only a child, he said in a softer voice, "Could come well in fine. The kinds sometimes the taste of the outside here catalogue for but about anything you can pick. You simply make your selection, fill out the order form from take them to the appropriate Canada Post window and then your order. The merchandise will be mailed to you promptly within a reasonable time from the order in ordering by the above mail basis."

"What's a reasonable time?" boom Alice meekly remembering that about of all kinds said some hundreds of every description within blocks of about. And can't boost something go last?"

"Two hundred thirty-three minutes the guard.

"One more month The cold and soft you go to the Purchase of $1,000 and Over' basket. And there is under necessity "you get in control of merchandise, and there are to refunds Profits sales, are the name of the game.

Agnes, as a naive bushy lass, he whispered, "There are also other government supermarkets super-named here Perhaps you'll find some items on there within your spending range."

Grateful, Alice wandered off through a window until she came to window number 'Ishmit Canada' has, "Veterinary Services and then "Medical Supplies."

She stopped to the Weather Bureau window, finding, "At least I can find out what's weather's like

She stopped up to the street and asked "Please, sir what's the weather like today?"

"Use your eyes child" came the reply "The element of course in but then you want it as in What would you prefer?"

Completely surprised, Alice said, "Well lots of sunshine of course.

"Which is Miami, West Miami, Texas — you name it in Canada Post at last 37 hour phone.

"What a name!" thought Alice, and went on to the next ticket, wherein National Film found the and also might see in movie or one from getting fees.

"Can you suggest a movie?" she asked.

"Of course I can. That's what Television Self-and from post Canada Post tickets of Canada, under 72, and there's also-"

Now disappointed entitlement Alice, and marched quickly to the wicket designated Justice Department."

"I want some justice!" she demanded, with more and a little spirit

The clerk looked into silverfoot, who were judicial robes to wrist to the stained tag "And would would you like on in hair?"

"No" she added, panted, "What do you mean 'in'?"

"No, in appeared. "Out of, drop-ins enter your you have to tell it, don't that what justice is all about? Reasonable but profitable — prices. Does and that's what

"Unimportant" Alice said to herself "Hey if I can't get out of from 1% but need a better ticket and still from where I am Maybe they'll come and get me.

So she walked up to the Canada Post Stamps counter and got a handful of stamps on the counter.

"For that absolute fact, said the clerk, "maybe I can get you a Topp 7-Jurisdiction stamp, in a most Egyptian

All I want, interrupted Alice "is a Canadian 32-cent stamp."

A Canadian 30-one stamp? asked the clerk incredulously. "Nobody collects those."

None more, Alice retorted. "I don't want to collect it. I just want to send a letter to me."

"The stamp is send a letter?" screamed the clerk, and more computer was astounding. "The stamp to mail a letter? She wants to send a letter?"

Spotted the *Jubilee* fault somehow "Off with the head!"

Things gets curiouser and curiouser.

(The foregoing was written as response to Canada Post plans to end most paper and other profitable mail processing services.)

Oh yes, that early ambition to produce the best newspaper in Canada

Over the years we learned to accept the reality that competition was stiff and that worthy opposition abounded in the country. While we never lost the dream, paid occasionally satisfied the muse, the Review also reached in the annual Better Newspapers Competitions, both provincial and national, we contented ourselves with frequent provincial awards, the Centennial edition victory and an occasional second in third place in our category in excellence in national competition.

And then it happened!

We were about in the event of a staff banquet observing our 56th anniversary in Weyburn, and honoring Hector Rutcher and Ray Watson as their twenty-five years with us. When we received word that the Review had won the triple crown of the competitions — that *All Around Newspaper Best Front Page* and Best Editorial Page — in our circulation category. It seemed almost as though a benign providence had rewarded us for a quarter-century in the business, and had lined the stake for the staff party.

We don't it is human perverseness, or the mortality that comes with age and experience I'm not sure — perhaps it is a bit of both — but where we used to look a new competition entries and wonder why they hadn't matched highs placement now we looked at you entry and wondered who in the world had granted us this prize for it — and why.

In the next few years we won the four All-Around Class awards, as well as several other awards but never the same, never as the one that crowned us twenty-five years.

A dream come true
reprinted June 15 1983

We all have our dreams

Sometimes dreams remain dreams, sometimes they become goals. Sometimes goals turn into dreams.

Before coming to Weyburn I was with a weekly which once swept the annual newspapers awards dinner for awards for in a number of categories — best all around, best front page, best editorial page.

Naturally and I what we had as our eyes on when we came to Weyburn. At the time it wasn't simply a dream but a goal which given the conditions and policies of profit seemed right around the corner.

Over the quarter-century The Review has won its share of awards in the Saskatchewan competitions. Few years have gone by that didn't see it bringing home at least a second in third prize and so often as not a first prize to add to some of the key categories.

The national awards have been more elusive.

One bigger plum came in 1967 when we received the award for the best historical edition in Canada: reporting of completion. The national work is a history of 100 dates in Canadian history.

Once every five years it as we picked up a second

or third prize in front page or editorial page competition and one year our Christmas edition was judged best.

The first 25 years as on, we went in conversations confident that this was the year we would find ourselves once if not right in the try.

A quick look at the list of winners would establish that ours was not among them, and we would then sit back, add up the votes, compare them with those in the competitions, and determine where we went in the field. It was not heartening to find that we were usually somewhere in the middle of the pack. There was a temptation, at in any contest, to blame the judges, to question their impartiality or even their qualifications.

But in time even by we realized that different judges, with different backgrounds, did not vary all that much in their assessment. So that a mark here and the window We developed an philosophy — the was the competition is designed to foster — that its importance lies in enabling it as any how in the eyes of impartial viewers, we compare with other community newspapers of similar size, and to do so not for the sake of winning the big gobs, but in order to get our readers and advertisers a better product for their money

As years went by we found ourselves stepping up

from the press. But as our readership increased, we were also the prime competitors of the higher circulation establishments and we would find ourselves back on the middle rungs of the new household.

The dream never was to find out as a good business secretary to the more important considerations of proving to everyone that we were somewhere up there among the better newspapers of the country.

For the past few years we have maintained just below the leaders, the 6,500 to 10,000 circulation class, and considering the high quality of some of the vendors in that group we didn't find we were doing too badly. It became obvious, however, that the years were slipping by and that the dream might have to be left behind by a future generation.

Then, then, along came the unreal scare.

The rule of the press being an obviously fundamental to our free society and an eternally sensitive one, the concept that it found is necessary to expedient from time to time to fall to ourselves of a proclamation on the topic and my interpretation of it. A few examples since May 1 are appropriate and for this change:

Commodities on guaranteed terms

Newsweek, July 8, 1961

It is heartening to see the position of the Commodities Exchange Commission taken by the Kennedy Commission as Republicans, which are aimed at killing the futures operations of U.S. manpower such as "Time" and "Number's Digest".

These publications which insist on reading that type of protection [illegible] my discover as their source that they have misled their readership for a matter of privilege. For government protection is also government control and that would be dangerous to the liberal arts media.

Half a century ago, with only half the population of today Canada had almost twice as many weekly newspapers as exist today. We have, with a much smaller population, had two newspapers. The weekly was the only medium through which the rural population could be reached, but as it built additional circulating overweighed, lot of small advertising formed papers.

Then along came national and farm publications with their large circulations, and consequently many communities were for some factor of national advertising. With the loss of this revenue weeklies in one-paper towns were forced to change, and so many smaller communities, dropped out of the picture altogether. Competition was stepped up again with the advent of radio particularly in the days when it was confined to large cities and large licensing requirements, and now with television. The increased rural circulation of the daily press also had its effect.

Fifty years ago, the weekly editor's chief news source was the human daily newspaper from which he cut and rewrote the most important national and world news stories. Local and district stories, which they must have related, received secondary consideration, and were of a picture even simply reported.

But this was what was expected of the paper and everyone was happy until competing media found the weekly editorials in America's community.

Today the weekly press all but ignores the national and international news stories of the day, and weeklies itself as more comprehensive local coverage local features and editorials concerned with local problems. The one-it has served to the maximum weekliness of readers and advertisers alike. Circulations have climbed, and many papers have developed reputations in the community service theirs go far beyond their immediate circulation area.

It is weekly can serve its readers through display reviews of policy surely it is no less much to expect the modern national publications to do the same.

Freedom of the press

Canada, August 2, 1962

Lately, we have people anyone themselves on the subject of freedom of the press to a manner that suggests their understanding of it is somewhat like Congress conception of independence.

Freedom of the press, of course, is merely an extension of the principle of freedom of speech, which, we accept as the right of any person to voice his opinions without regard for how they may sit with anyone else.

Newspaper editors exercise that freedom through the unbiased opinions of their papers and being human, personal likes, prejudices, ignorance and even vindictiveness may be influence. Other writings. To

the nature and they do go over a period of time the writing of the paper's pronouncements inevitably suffers in an inbreed anxiety.

Anyone disagreeing with the editor for the right to publish a letter or a statement in the newspaper and the editor asserting the over rights, may refuse to publish it. If and issues, and a widow from the present may purchase space in the publication to voice claims his own opinions and thereby vouch the same people that are involved by the editorial.

The idea of paying for the space might seem as a notion in those who think of freedom of the press as a statement of mind of newspaper space something like manufacturer, statement of record like — and in which it is necessary to exist and like in newspaper, running pay for the press; it runs to preserve opinion.

If the newspaper refuses to accept this advertising does not like really getting hypothetical any individual still the the right to print a number and like, what it is may say by you in. The is what freedom of the press is the right to publish or opinion is not limitation of presumption not an into an statement in private thereafter.

It should be remembered that freedom of the press the democracy — is an statement of journalism, the simply one of the safeguards which provide a people from being enslaved by in ones mistakes.

Condemnations

memorial, June 16, 1966

In a "viewpoint" published a few weeks ago in this press a local minister (a not irrational) levelled a barrage of criticism against outdoor merchandising and advertising methods. He questioned the sensitivity of many current practices such as manipulating small children playing poses hidden workmanship, and encouraging unwholesome

Parents and the practices only which exist in advertising, as in everything else, are good, the discretion a viewer become informed public better equipped to discover advertisements which should not have been appealing.

As public statements to convention advertising and merchandising practices develop, both will be considered on a higher plane.

Retail merchants, particularly those in communities like Mayberry have quickly and honest advertising is important if they are to remain in business in an area where they must depend on the same customers to purchase their items week after week, month after month, year after year. That is the kind use of the amount why trying may local merchants find their advertisements in the Review attractive, and a lot-to-the.

This, of course, is the time of the whole debate on advertising. The responsibility committee is in serious debate with the consumer's ability to read himself of his knowledge and it to use and advancement the contribution of merchandise — the sale of their product — like the entire advertising becomes the villain

Self-policing by the advertising industry seems to be inadequate, not the best and most effective policing of all will be done by consumers with enough their convictions, despite what type of advertising will be successful.

Press freedom, NDP style

memorial, July 14, 1970

According to press reports of the recent Saskatchewan New Democratic annual convention in Regina, a resolution was passed condemning media in NDP government, establishment of a commission to study media ownership concentration and codes and television centres and regional publishing facilities.

One of the reasons advanced for the resolution, according to the report, was because the NDP "has historically found it difficult to present its views and to minimize the public in the day-to-day work." Saskatchewan media is controlled by Liberals and Conservatives. Ironically the same convention report from it difficult to get space or coal for NDP views, had to deal with a resolution many months later denied the press from the convention.)

Two members which is meant by "continuously-owned regional advertising facilities." The press now operates without penalties and those in writing to deny an advertiser or a group the right to organize a publishing enterprise meant under the newspapers we are in a co-operative

Obviously the has not been found formally practiced where publishing facilities exist and the NDP proposed advertising facilities could exist only with heavy government subsidization, which it is now would control the private newspaper and automatically have only the state-controlled and financed medium.

That is precisely the point.

Voice of the union?

memorial, June 3 1971

A list of projects approved recently by the Canadian secretary of state for funding through the Opportunities for Youth program includes a $6 923-item "to enable seven ministers to publish 12 issues of the Prairie Fire during the summer, allowing organizations of interest the interchange, debate and ideas and each publish groups to express their problems."

My member other positions was used by the

government is clarifying that it was important for these individuals to publish their viewpoints on public issues.

And then there are the groups whose positions the Process Fix proposes (according to the release) to suppress. Why are they so opposed? Who has decided, and on what authority, that their problems are not sufficiently aired by the London Post and other publications, provincial and national available to the people of England. And are these groups the ones needed to city councils, the provincial legislature and the federal Parliament as effective citizens now?

We're getting a bit wary of the modern-challenged managerial and the problems of those groups outside forms of rehab.

Why is it right to subsidize the price of cars of the unemployed, the use the thousands of employed purpose who help find the fix for the farmer? Why is it more important to publicize the view of the lawyer than that of the landlord, who, moreso knows has lots of problems? And how do we know such a newspaper will actually discuss issue? to the causes raised, in whether this is really closer to public than to corporate vested political views to the exposure of the majority?

The issue involved may exist; like a small thing to grips about, the is to only a short step from a most unlikely to non-owned, state-controlled newspapers, and the end of press freedom in all

Danger to press privilege

editorial, March 15 1973

Freedom of the press is not and should not be the privilege of those who happen to be in the publishing or broadcasting business, but a simple and basic right of all citizens of speech; and in no way and it was lawful to make a written statement of fact or opinion in friends, acquaintances, a stranger on the street, or to the policeman in the corner is in and ought to be lawful to say the same thing in print whether through a circular delivered from door to door or through a town meeting reaching all, more, it is and ought to be lawful whether disseminated by the publisher through his newspaper, by the individual citizen writing a letter to the editor of a publication or by an individual in a group of individuals using a paid advertisement.

In our opinion, special privilege simply writes the operative the meanings of persons who may gather and disseminate information, and and would be the end of the of the press and eventually freedom of speech.

Freedom of speech and of the press are indeed so precisely but they are best promoted by safeguarding existing rights of all. Special laws — can through special protection of the media.

Dangerous to sell

editorial, April 12 1978

As publisher of the Review, we have to write to many advertisers in our routine solicitation of business, knowing in opposing any intention in a most unreasonable manner. Yet the universal conditions would not be permitted to buy space or solicit to reply. This is freedom of the press?

Think about the at things carefully and ask yourself whether this intention upon freedom of speech is really in the national interest, and how necessary those laws were enacted

Counsel, citation advertising becomes necessary. Not if we simply cannot meet the various tests. Let's the down on the official decision period. To compare upon the freedoms of public citizens and groups to advertise minor irritants in classrooms to sell.

The Cowichan Community sun effort prove on which the Review and about right other conditions in Spa Antichrome monthly municipalities are regularly printed

2. Weyburn, Saskatchewan

A disheartening beginning

For a few seconds I could cheerfully have killed the little old man smiling — leering, I thought — at me across the booth table at the old Kingsley Pies Restaurant.

It was fall of 1953 with the dust blowing as I had never seen it blow (nor had I seen it since) for many years by the old timers who had lived in Saskatchewan during the Dirty Thirties! I had only been in Weyburn for a few months, and had come here in spite of dire warnings from Irena's brother Eugene Dorheim, that we were going straight to the dust bowl.

It was a busy Tuesday morning, and as if the unbelievable dust wasn't hard enough to take, Edward G Quick, my predecessor as publisher of the Review had chosen this morning to come in and asked me to join him for a cup of coffee across the street. I had protested that I didn't have time, but he had insisted it would do me good. Not smiling, to offend the guest, solid manners of gentleman I had agreed

But like the proverbial horse led to water I couldn't be coaxed into the comfortable overhaul session one associates with coffee break. Instead I looked gloomily out of the window at the gray blizzard which almost obscured the buildings across the street.

That's when Mr Quick smilingly asked "Well Ernie, what do you think of it now?"

That a whom I graciously hated him for a few seconds. That's when I would have strangled him. It's all right for you to sit there smiling, I felt like saying. You've unloaded the Review and I'm stuck with it and this godforsaken little burg that gets lost in dust storms.

I replied to what I hoped was a unbeaded term "Mr Quick, if I had only seen anything like this, nothing could have induced me to come here."

He gave a little chuckle and said with a twinkle in his eye: "This is smiling. You should have seen it when I came here."

For the first time that day I took my thoughts off my troubles and did some thinking and rethinking.

I knew Mr Quick was 72 years old. I knew he had owned the Review for 22 years. I knew he had four children. I knew Mr Quick had been shrewd out of a little town called Youngstown in Alberta. And I must discard out. He hadn't even been able to sell his little weekly newspaper. He had just closed the door, put the sign up selling his old press and typewriter for what little they might have been worth, and left with his family for an itinerary somewhere

The unexploited Kapitalismus, a businessman pointed out, had operated the Youngstown Plain-dealer for almost two decades before being licensed by drought and dispossession to clean his doors. He was 50-years-old, had a wife and family and little else – and this year was 1936 – still the depth of depression and drought in Weyburn — a bra in task over the Revlex from an Egyptian who had been enough and seemed to get his paper. Weyburn and Saskatchewan all felt lonely.

Unable to reconcile the paradoxes I asked "Mr. Quick whatever made you do it?"

Still smiling he held aside the cantaloupe he was eating "I knew this was good country. I knew it would come back."

I suddenly saw Kitman to a man and a woman fight. Here was a man who had taken his chances on Weyburn and Saskatchewan after his own soil-bank, at age 50, with a family to feed. And I also realized at that moment that it was no coincidence that he had insisted on giving me coffee with an orchid-dark morning.

This local companionate man had realized what double must be standing on, and had grossly led me to the lessen of his own experiences. I have thought gratefully of the incident as many times as my three decades in Weyburn have shown me how keen-hearted and wise most people inevitably have seen their share of drought low with grace fullness, grasshopper infestations, overproduction and the many other nonsense that come up to bedevil dryland farmers and those whose living depends on their harvests.

Also 17 present

interview July 10 1975

This will always be a very special time of year for me for July 2, 1931, was the day I came over the Weyburn Hill to live.

Little was we to know that was to be the first week of July came through with some pretty hot days as the weather could serve as a reminder of my five days of trying to fill the role of editor in a community where I didn't know a soul.

That was a hot, dry summer, 1931, with heat and drought turned soldier and unpardoning men before it. Several farmers were stopped enough for me to shape of our customers drinks and even coupons without a license granted that long hard year in 1931.

I said that my new small family belonged in disgrace of my financial home before joining me in Weyburn, as it was a pretty lonely time, as those days you could be sure to without being counted as with the local and suffering who woke up on the first Sunday in Weyburn that ever-so-hot street home to the dis-pensary of having a cent and a prayer to our breakfast.

Of course, Mr. Quick was right. This is good country and it does come back

The foregoing will establish I am so to that my afternoon for Weyburn could not be called by any stretch of the imagination a state of love a first sight. Rather compliance and the air of pessimism engendered by three dirty-hungry, one of the feeling of strangeness in being on a community quite different from any previous experience.

Growing up in a small town should have prepared me for Weyburn and in many ways it did. Yet there were fundamental differences between Steinbach, Manitoba, and Weyburn, Saskatchewan, that did not make for quick assimilation of course, two years of living in big cities also hadn't done either.

While Steinbach had a unique nature within the context of the overall Canadian scene, Weyburn, in contrast, always strikes me as a microcosm of Canada, more particularly Western Canada. The Manitoba community a village sixty years old, was solidly settled itself three on an ambition — culturally, religiously and ethnically — from its best environment, discouraging

its young citizens from evolving fame and fortune. Weyburn by contrast, drew first and foremost from North American people and community themselves and has since this society and offered its young to the building of the young nation

Weyburn was a product of what has been described as the greatest migration in human history the settlement of the North American west. Like most Western Canadian towns it grew at the turn of the century around the commercial magnet of railway depot and grain delivery point, and at a few years — in 1903 — qualified for it was granted a charter as a town Only ten years later for by the boom of western settlement and the great prosperity of the times, it was ready to be chartered as a Saskatchewan city Weyburn actually had the required 5,000 inhabitants has been questioned and likely would not have stood close scrutiny but the people built well past this foundation, and the community has always been respected among Saskatchewan's group of small cities

Granted, the establishment of a large provincial mental hospital here in the early 1920s its dominance as a local industry and the stigma then attached to the presence of such an institution, did affect how the city was perceived elsewhere in the province. Many people imagined life in Weyburn to be a virtual and constant lockdown.

However the hospital also contributed very substantially so Weyburn as a community integrated with the Canadian level of sophistication Innovative programs introduced and developed at So Weyburn hospital marked a progress in the North American psychiatric community As well the hospital's need for professional help and the transient nature of impacted professionals exposed the young community at greater diversity of culture and opinion than a remainder in small towns The associated training school for psychiatric nurses also brought to students from many backgrounds many of whom remained here as hospital staff, or married into local families.

If mention of innovative programs raises protest pictures I'll mention two that have been felt throughout the continent, and indeed the world — for better or for worse Witness that the first experiments with the tuberculin-type drug LSD were carried out heavily Dr Humphrey Osmond subdirector of the Saskatchewan Hospital Weyburn in the late 1950s together with his wife and his brother-in-law and colleague, Dr Jan Clancey Another was the resettlement of the Weyburn hospital's population into halfway houses in their own communities in the mid-1960s My approval of these particular initiatives may be qualified but it must be admitted they were inevitable paternalist efforts they were well-intentioned

World War I with its drain on both human and material resources, slowed things down temporarily so it did throughout the nation. The Roaring Twenties ushered in a decade of optimism opportunity and progress and so it has been for at always held by developments on New York's Wall Street, which precipitated a economic depression that efficiently took care of most of the 1930s. In the Palliser Triangle which at reasons Weyburn the depression years were accompanied by a severe drought with effects that were well beyond the economic.

The advent of World War 2 quickly drew the people of Weyburn into a partnership with the rest of the country in the preservation of the liberalism was its history Local men and women quickly responded to the nation's call and served, often with distinction, in all branches of the Canadian armed forces.

Two things probably enhanced Weyburn's credentials as a disaster partner in the war effort than the average community The establishment of a Secondary Flying Training School as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan just outside the city gave the people of Weyburn an all-exposure for much of the war at hundreds of young men whose families were experiencing war in their land. This exposure would not have helped but fine-tune the city's natural sensitivities too with the war

There on a fateful day in August of 1942 units of the South Saskatchewan Regiment took part in the Dieppe Raid which has variously been described as a colossal strategic blunder as a necessary prologue at the eventual opening of the second front, and as a tactical probe with it

cannot minimise of great sensitivity. Watchkeepers must, indeed, a heavy toll, since the 2939 completed brigade of men recruited in Weybury, Estersea and other circumstances to the service of the province.

The throughout Canadian, and for several years, more Canadian forces were of many as the summer, the telegraph of regret become all too familiar as Canadian concentration large and small. But few small centres were introduced so suddenly and ruthlessly in the realities of war. Weyes was probably no one in Weybury who was not personally acquainted with a number of the men who had been wounded, were captured or in the distinguished themselves in Dieppe and nearby villages. On the seven men in the skies over Britain and Germany and in the battlefields of France, the Netherlands and Germany now from the Weybury area distinguished themselves in war and many did not return to enjoy the rewards of the triumph of freedom and democracy.

"Green Beach"

Saturday, August 5 1976

One of the most fascinating books I have read in many years and to be "Green Beach" by James Lucas.

It was brought to me by Rev. Bob Jones of Weybury, and I have to confess, until I started, until I got into the book, not what the events was all James Milmore is one for: from time to time he often told a reunion in the service are always among us in their uniforms, and this occasion was no exception. He knows it, of course, and knowing keeps for better than I know dangerous probably took it for granted and I would read the opening and closing chapters and would then tell Mary on the first opportunity that would and it was wonderful and inspiring, and the 'if only he had told me' and some people in his service, he would include in home-piece.

Well surprise in was and failed by a book, and I read the whole thing, with hesitation. I presumed that description for a long time, because my first chapter "unpleasant," name slightly one of August in 1976.

The book was a blow-by-blow account of the Allies and on August 9, '44, where in many Weybury-Estersea men, boys and men lives in World War 2 — and which many have carried on a mind ever for the Normandy invasion two years later but continued by surviving veterans in a number of chapters.

... and all and made, a few years ago a return home in the daily pains recorded for the first time and the Dieppe raid without the Peterville version of it, and this is where the 8BB was involved ... was and in with a could-not-bigger miracle and would defy the imaginations of fiction writers today.

The story was confirmed as "Green Beach, which, while taking into consideration and fully confirming the broader purposes of the raid, also gives an intimate account of the personal adventures of one Jack Nonentheil, an RAF radar expert who devised a machine-turbine and went ashore with the 8BB as an aide-de-camp to be called in German radar systems.

What made his case so intense was and he was accompanied at all times by a battle of 8BB men and joined or protect him and could take a every step of the way to make sure and he did not fall into enemy hands under any circumstances because of his knowledge of British radar technology. The date and he was known at the time what the Germans wasn't aware of as Iron Cross quadrangular a Germany did not really the greatest and much under the RAF flight sergeant.

Inside the course of the whole story the fact that the raid included so many names of people that there about and or and about in back copies of the Estersea Intelligencer England, Kobaly Marine Mercury, Cross, Canoe Pick Stream — gave in almost a personal significance even those who were Weybury and Dieppe was already called into the very adventure to accept, and to particularly and was in the history in World War 2 fact.

Historical interest Canada a few years ago to help the Allied invasion a few book, and the more intimate notes perhaps in its own revolutionary service into Germany.

... we were in Regina, but tragedy ... 8BB radio were of Calgary, in turn, Edmonton, and Jack and ... tailed man to take us to our first experience ... was a school last pre-talk, the classes based our names and home ... we were English, why and we were and he gave us his story. Jack Longridge — and explained and he had landed with the South Saskatchewan Regiment a Peterville.

"You know one thing?" he went on. "There means English guy from a radar expert. How does it our people were going to work in it of them was any talk to his falling into German hands. I have taken thought this out, wonder what happened in this?"

With the book left in the trade story.

A Royal Canadian Navy frigate the HMCS Weyburn, has been announced the city's administration with the war. There were numerous contacts between the ships and the city and there was a real sense of loss when the ship went down with heavy losses of personnel, even though none of the ship's crew came from Weyburn.

Wesley represented Weyburn as a microcosm of Canada and particularly Western Canada, I must qualify this with the seeming contradiction that Weyburn was not a typical western Canadian settlement.

A high percentage of pioneer towns were settled by people from one ethnic background as another who were dedicated consciously or otherwise to isolating and insulating those groups and their traditional lifestyles. Weyburn, by contrast was settled first by Saskatchewan people from settlements along the CPR main line, then by a large contingent of eastern Canadians, followed soon by an emergence of American settlers. Next here by the available free land and urban amenities. Europeans who emigrated here directly from the Old World tended to come in families or as individuals, to homestead or become part of farm labourers or homemade as to work as the railway. Often they joined relatives if ready-made ones. While there surely must have been little ethnic pockets, they were generally too small to be noticeable or to have establish leadership and independent national social institutions.

Churches which often drew persons of approximate national or ethnic stamp may have done the opposite here because the major ones were not dominated by individual ethnic groups. The Roman Catholic Church for instance had parishioners of French, German, Polish, Dutch, Hungarian and other backgrounds including some of the American and Ontario settler. The Lutheran Church ministered to German and Scandinavian immigrants, as well as an English-speaking ministered of the same religion. The United Church of Canada formed from unions of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches shortly after World War I became a catch-all for many Protestants whose religious views not represented here strongly enough to build their own churches.

So little is the Weyburn to which we came a bubble dozen years after the end of World War I. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the inhabitants have resolved to my mind out of original impressions tempered by the hindsight of over 30 years of exposure to the community and the evolution, pursuit of local historian (sometimes as opposed to) professional and even typewriter), personal involvement in numerous historical sections, and reading countless stories in back issues of the Review.

World War II had been over long enough to permit confidence in agriculture, the long-range weather pictures and in a strong national economy that might even surpass that part of Canada. All this was tempered with some caution and distrust on the part of the prosperous pioneers but there was no gainsaying the attitudes from the recently discovered Western Gold Rush beginning to find their way into local coffers through diverse sources.

Distrust outbreaks still smoldered in 1945, among sprinkling of the rugged individuals who fled settled the area and whose characterization helped to shape the community. A book just on these personalities would have been a challenging undertaking for a love writer I have been able to touch on just a few of them.

He paid the Piper! So he didn't owe anything
ATHENE *April 7 1939*

You can say Pete Hunt and Beatrice Sutherland was, and you'll only be exaggerating the slightest bit, as there is anyone in this corner of the province in where but very penniless and shrewd, unscrupulous men and something, there's a good chance that he's a solid something for him.

Twenty In July and with probably more than a thousand settlers now behind him, Pete has sold everything there is to sell and a lot of things and usually more than hundreds of miles fish which he claimed their extent a good Liberal, and kept his sentimental reasons.

It is said, and Pete admits it, and he can spot a bad

bushel of one of the bidder's needs, and once a successful customer now claimed that all he had done was send an applicant on Pete, and the next thing he knew was "Sold!"

Calvin S. Horn, who is known as "Pete" by nearly everyone in the territory is pretty proud of the popularity which he knows has not become of their dealings with clients and business alike.

"Friendship stops when the rule must in dealings and highest ledger rules it I've never played favorites."

His secret of maintaining says Pete and he can give it away without having a fraid of competition — is to keep things moving with a flow of clients and a quick answer as a dispersing customer. And you

town to build your cottage? If you can't control that, you can't control a town!"

But the greatest battle in the history of a town he established in the peninsula of the county of Grey.

"I can tell with the first shot," he avers, "how the whole job's going to go, and how well. Most the setups, if he's good—if it's good rock, first shot, it isn't."

While his Hurst mills, Meaford, Owen Sound, Midland, he can remember equally well countless sales, especially during the early election, when he didn't take home a cent. With always a real spec article to sell for people down on their luck, he relished in change-of-heart incidents or others where he considered down and out.

Recalling the first article he says it was for a woman whom he found was sick or hospital. "I went in the room and he asked me for articles on the house. I said—and was the only thing, and he just closed his head.

The canny auctioneer after learning his client extended to get only $1,000 out of the sale persuaded him to agree to his cash sale. After the sale he returned to the hospital, gave me his address expression and when to the room agreed.

"Well, how did the sale go?" he asked me. "The very good, I said here. "Not good at all. "That's what I figured," he said out, and added how much he thought.

"Why, he mumbles I believe you where I held him it had brought here $3,500 — $1,500 more than he I hoped for," shouted Ben. "And now you all can save many dreary existence in the provision—and to me you have I'll make out with the sale."

Ben's case for auction industries dealt in the early eighteen, and in very much responsible for his migration to Saskatchewan from his native Barrie, Ont.

He went to play hockey from school to go on motor bike, and to ride on horse. Now he rides his motor on the bicycle and he likes another of the happy whip, and odds-and-ends used to sell here to go work.

His interest soon before he competed at, for his first campaign which had "Tired of people" by his own house in a week for playing hockey the number needs it and—and Ben found he must be home-made.

Undaunted although broke, he decided to go west, and was induced to try municipal secretary's office by a man that said "Louis."

"I meant here Louis," chuckles Ben Pete, "but didn't know that and my way. I asked the secretary how going was they differs. That took me to Weyburn, where a number of local folks and started. I got a job as a hunt, and was able to send him back the money at the end of the season."

Pete worked at whatever came along until the time was when he entered in late 1930 business. He must do some but never realized Pete's, as a severe attack of influenza in hospital kept him for months. He remembers one moment when he knew finally being sent back to Canada.

After the war is in better, the late P. H. Hunt, early a few years ago dean of the University of Toronto College of Pharmacy, introduced Pete to a well known pharmacist.

"I had only to get used, he recalls, "and the man said I would have a position and lawyer; but I was terrified to start studying law. He suggested I be a comedian, or a travelling salesman, but could be only a hall.

"What are you interested in doing?" he asked me and I said him I had always wanted to be an auctioneer. Here's every change your mind, he said and—and I never have

After exhibiting to a few his models and a small practice said in Toronto "just no" could call again if he considered. My there returned to Weyburn, hung out his shingle, and two hours following his mate over there.

The biggest job of his career came when the federal government engaged him to sell a former million dollar wealth of cotton goods in Saskatchewan, at a fee of about $600 per day.

Here, too, Ben showed everything in his life, there was more than ever like you by it was a liberal government, and Hunt, though was a strong Tory (Tory "was once called Tory, or Whigs").

After leaving Bank stunned by he and Liberals that he had very little chance of getting the job Pete claims, he went to Ottawa determined himself as a man who thought the right way and should get the job, and began the series of a local Liberal Register.

Besides being the only auctioneer in Weyburn for many years, Pete is lastly for Lumber up a short career was then many a job as conversion unit to set up the livestock parade at the Weyburn fair. Knowing most farmers within miles, he would add a comment about the man he used and his feats, so he gained with "Ben" meaning much.

In the days before radio and television brought the latter into people's homes, daily Ben was the news a reminder on auctions day to keep up with a wire service and set up a public address system outside, streets which large crowds would gather to hear the latest national and local stories.

In the interests, the interpreter would hand the bidders; to Pete, who would read them over the loudspeaker.

He hasn't soon forget the time when secretary noise began the Liberals showed on early vote and he,

unable to consult himself, toured into the rifle "How he can do it — I cannot see making it again."

Ann ann whom We are We about the always been closely associated with that of the farmers, it was natural that he should show a deep interest in their affairs, such as that of the Agricultural Society. He was on the field board from 1925, the latter he advertising committee chairman, stationary for the staff while for two years, and still on honorary director.

Meeting his Waterloo later in life from inside the Rotary marched Bertha Tubb in 1926. Those three daughters are all in Weyburn, although the youngest — 5-year-old Brenda, attending an outside local, story go on Victoria as an economy for lodging in figure studying. The home two are nursing, Miss Betty Bruce, and Isabella Low Miss Mary Beale.

With the end in first year Mr. Bruce became in entire from the lodging business in manufacturing. As 70 he's certainly entered the rest, but those who know him well believe it when they see it.

A luxurious hospital bin here

RELEASED *April 16 1930*

Fairly luxurious as the English for hound Weyburn, a hotel have quickened as an odd cans installed the lodging herbarians that were at Trantlow to him on the point of his hand as his own house nearer as a place where his wares is overwritten with "pressor" that "continuously lodder."

The George Bowdoin, among the first settlers of the district and connected to the years that followed with every single project which made Weyburn what it is today, traces the rise of the hotel for in the span of 66, fourteen eight years of residence in the hotel district of Nevada, he had landed in the city when it for that believed to make was the place where he would find to spread the twilight years of the life

And with every summer sun, that every Southern sentiment in the country he passed in the way home, came a recovery of the joys memory triumphs, Trantlow scenes and some that are no longer with us, to keep life in a new city a new province, that a new mission.

Born at Jefferson We. the son of one of the first Manufacturer in the state, he vanished seven years of his early years on an Iowa farm, as the elder Bowdoin and in grew up his mode for success of locals whom George sent only as and moved to a farm in the Hawkeye State.

There he might have stayed, helping his father run the farm, that managing a township cattle of his own, but for a railway trip in a society town in 1901 that haunted the state life, that easy hints almost the history

of a good deal of our province of Saskatchewan, especially the city of Weyburn.

Sitting in the resort, the eye was caught by a pointed pamphlet. "Why it must We picked up, read it and was immediately sold on the western Canada that its underlodged purpose which was described in such glowing terms in the real estate circular that closed with the statement "Go West Young Man

"I'm going to Canada" he announced the same day in a travel was managed a berth as the same he had travelled in.

"Where?" the amiable wanted to know

"Just as soon as I've finished two is more years remaining before have to do M. travelled said how and travelled with a Saskatchewan partner for the trip

As he then planned, the Bowdoin completed the fall harvesting, toured the threshing outfit, visited the friend that he was on the way throughout they came to Weyburn and bought several pieces of land in the Primrose district.

Mr. Bowdoin stayed here for several months for year the Saskatchewan weather elements was this time handled by a prospect the of the more he opened he came back to Weyburn bringing with him a team of 30 white-faced Hereford cattle, believed to be the first of the breed imported to the province.

Mr. Bowdoin's cattle stood this part of his life well the prospect of the increase, on the mystery of the two dogs, which seems destined to remain unsolved for all time.

It seems that he brought with him from home his dog, a mongrel collie which was so well trained that he won the Bowdoin's pride and joy. Somewhere en route but the dog came pet on the train where he begged to and strangely throwing was whimpering and refusing to eat

The mistake the least of his former was opened in Weyburn, he continued on, travelled known a house set the fence the season and losses of crowding failed to bring him out.

The individual gave no finally, deciding that enemies was half a mile out on the prairie the dog would come howling after him. Each day he rode the entire morning the elements of the dog, did everything the dog appeared and after a few Bowdoin gave, Mr. Bowdoin was fully prepared for a nerve-racking trip.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a dog stopped by him, got the hint of his, that carne back to it days of appeared the Bowdoin brought in first known his own dog, two when he came about discovered a team.

He gave the animal a pat on the head, as well as it were somewhat revealed in the form of a sandwich, and a note yesterday two formed. He said the dog for years, under successive from that owner over the same dog and where the new dog had come from but never knew one.

And I won't trying hard to find one," admits Mr. Bendell. He believes the dog was accidentally left behind when a carload of settlers made a stop in Weyburn.

All that summer, Mr. Bendell farmed another man's property from Weyburn to Fillmore over what later became known as the Bendell Trail. For the first time the first snowstorm came to fall, but a house finished immediately by plastering, and a cellar filled potatoes.

After several years Mr. Bendell moved to Weyburn. Saskatchewan where as horse trader and threshing machine operator, he had become one of the town's leading businessmen. His first step was land, when he bought a house and lot, and he later moved across the river to the present Bonne-Aventure subdivision.

Dealing in everything in the machinery line, Mr. Bendell made money a stack of 60 by 36 horsepower carboard houses in 1912, and selling every one of them.

Mr. Bendell was more than a businessman, he was a community builder, whose support and labors were responsible for every worthwhile project undertaken during his town's life.

When the old hospital (now Mount St. Mary) was built, Mr. Bendell, who owned the land, left the stacked shingles and piled the scantlings in neat little rows piles on the ground, and whenever they decided would be there with him.

When the call came in the fall was built Mr. Bendell's aid was sought again, as he mortared two bricks, finished a chimney to his specifications, and so two and a half days Weyburn had a new mill.

He was elected mayor at the first since held three and at time for many years thereafter. He was also on the fathers of the town's ways.

Long a member of council, Mr. Bendell served when all the provincial and federal politicians, manage-

ment could be found in town.

Also during the 1908 election the Conservative defeated a veritable sea for the task of support from the press, for the old Weyburn Herald came out with two-inch headlines saying the electors to "Vote for Bennett," and almost every front-page story was on his opponent, ranging from jubilantly critical to downright libelous.

How many was headed "Liberal Candidate a Blasphemer Still" another "Bennett ——— Breaking Home Life Pledge," and a third "An Attempt to Steal the Seat." A story which provided no detail to might have been borrowed from the Calgary Sweepstake.

Undaunted Mr. Bendell's response to these fiery planks in his platform "I Vote against Bennett because he is a Conservative; I Vote against Bennett because he is a German; I Vote against Bennett because he is a Catholic; I Vote against Bennett because he is a Protestant."

Mr. Bendell's trusted attempt came in the 30s when he joined countless other Premier Bennett in defeat under a Liberal landslide. His comment on his defeat was short but typical: "It was a flood."

Of the long, eventful life behind him, Mr. Bendell has few regrets but would like to live it all over again, but specially adds "knowing what I know now."

In spite of his eighty-four years, Mr. Bendell finds himself anything but lonesome, for old friends have not forgotten him. When he arrived he was greeted by a group of acquaintances who had approached him even in a wednesday restaurant, and now...his home at the Regal, for in most days might be several of the old-timers who were here with him when the Soo Line was only spoken of.

Weyburn has changed since the day when George Bendell made his whole-hearted decision to stay with it, but it will always be home, and still always welcome and the man who made it.

Western Wire and Cable had been here a year in the hangars at the airport, vacated when the war wound down. Western Christian College had moved into airport buildings at about the same time. There was optimism that other industries could be attracted into other available hangars and a few outbuildings — notably Vern Laing — so that full employment would be this year.

On the civic scene council had approved a long-term program to pave most of the city streets but found a perceptible was the replacement of many of the water and sewage mains still in place from pioneer times. The short-term consequence was a lot of mud on the roads we drove and a lot of dust on the more common dry and windy days.

Negotiations were underway to sell the oil power plant operated by the city and nearly in need of modernization to the Saskatchewan Power Corporation. This was accomplished on this following year amid political turmoil that resulted in the resignation of Mayor Jim Sproxley. The city received $2 million for the electrical facility. Not only was the city relieved of further concern with the operation and modernization of the utility but what was then still considered a privately owned could be set aside to finance future capital expenditures.

A few weeks after our arrival in Weyburn the city police force, headed by ex-Mountie Jim McCardle observed its first anniversary. For years before that community policing had been handled, under contract by the RCMP.

Until the mid-1950s the education of Northern children was handled by the three-original elementary schools, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alta, but the city's growth demanded expansion and a fourth public school, Elgin, had been added as well as St. Pancras Lower School for the recently organized Roman Catholic school district. Here too, Queen Elizabeth School was built for rural children, reflecting a growing trend toward centralized education. A private kindergarten was introduced in the early 1960s and in a few years this became part of the elementary school system

Product and vision of the century

REGINA, *November 12 1959*

Fifty years ago, the county-built country shelter of Saskatchewan threw its proud portfolio of the progressiveness of the 20th century. It progressiveness that demanded democratic for the life-blood of the gigantic, inherent she had to be sacrificed to obtain it.

Today shelving into a proud-shelved, neglected background, the students' hide and attachment in a victim of an entire century's pace, which builds, then quickly destroys, as students of another step forward.

Within living memory there schools were built by farmers, whose horses drew the lumber over muddy trails or dusted "shifting sand" and made happy gatherings out of days of hard work.

Then a school was Ministers, five miles' was of Western, and the establishment of its former students and the people who built it would be the first step of children formed hundreds of little schools in the countries which have faded from the sphere of usefulness.

Gone by 1964 it was learned from Marcuse, Ont., where many of the district's pioneers came from, and where were held school reunions every term that year. Since the central high school district was introduced. At one time there was as few as seven students enrolled in a county of 30 district Grid

It started with an elected school board which met the needs of all the children, each in return by the the lumber and where to borrow for money to finance the building that enough money was raised where the district. Later after the school area built, the student and so that a student used to decide in five or six miles.

The school was, in a sense, a community centre, as it was used for business meetings, parties and sometimes as a church. Christmas concerts and other parties were got out frequently in most country for a worthwhile project, and everyone in the community joined in and grew a hand.

Most of the work of planning in the days of the country school fell to the teachers and students. Teachers had to do their own janitor work such as shaking fires, washing windows, sweeping floors and keeping wood.

One of the happiest times for teachers was the social preparation for the Christmas concert. No school work would be done for at least two weeks and there would be lots of laughter and gaiety

Sometimes just one act in long hours the ceiling, and the daring "big boys" would climb on the plaster to do it.

In you asked any of the customers of the district in self of one has been connected with the administration of the school, they probably would mention the time the teacher made a mistake that "O Canada" not to sung in school. It seems to argued it was a French typos therefore deserved to a Canadian students mistake. the student was not accused.

It wasn't all the rosy picture of the school however and several near-tragedies resulted from lack of proper equipment or from work done by unqualified people.

In 1932 a burley student grew off flame which nearly engulfed pupils and teachers. School was ordered for student days inside the student was required and the victims recovered There were no school casualties.

In 1954, a fire started by the school when one of the students left a fire in the student Outside to get the fire started the fuel caught it with gasoline. The cast aroused to burn, and fire spread so the building where he was unable to get by the occupants and out.

As classes improved, reduced, the students attending than the school and in in the streets the school in the student neighbor's a phone the Wayburn fire department, which came and the fire was ignited. There was no loss damage in the building. Although the house were badly charred.

The school and quite a turnover in students, as a family moving even a few miles would in in student moved district. Often new families moved to school in January immigrants, whose children spoke not a word of English.

The students remember wonderingly and forgive the language barrier. Hay scrap bed any difficulty playing hand games, and exercise and hide-and-seek, painter's time, red light and other children games are remembered.

All grades were taught in one room by one student so it was in student that the students felt like one big happy family. Birthday games and the like were not complete unless the whole student body was there.

To the younger children, the visits of the school inspector were astonishing as he revealed in developed himself in work books and and books to see if they were neat. And he always was anxious to the desks in

its drill work. The older students enjoyed the visits—if their books were to indicate they knew them well.

But the senior class was always on best behaviour on these days.

Interesting research in the operation of the school was looked after by the locally elected head, of course until he grew into more than his office by 1965. Many people thought the change was a good idea, but there were many against it although no one actually put up a fight.

The main objection was that they felt the retired head by the authority should belong to them.

School terms have been changed from the first year the school was opened. At first, the term was three April to December 1 with two weeks holidays in July. Gradually changes were made until the school reached its present September-to-July schedule.

Another thing that changed was the teacher's salary. In 1907 wages were 100 per month. Thirty-five children in there until the 30s many they dropped sharply, almost reaching the 100 level.

The largest school size is to share finished long ago and although accepted with misgivings, at some period by most.

But people of the district could remember many years ago the county schoolhouse whether scouring premises was not just where they changed over to the senior secondary modern system.

The Weybern Colliery's finish is spanned in the day of Weybern's inauguration as a city until agreed with the community a secondary educational needs, although with some additions in the original structure. Two junior high schools, with a total of 1,200 pupils and a comprehensive high school serving a larger area than just the city were not made in the future

By the time of our revival the a sensible had fully taken over in the standard mode of transportation. Hitching rails had disappeared from city streets, and livery stables were on more. A last reminder of the horse-and-buggy days were the horse-drawn milk wagons operated by Gordon Miller from a city stables can and a flower wagon and Norman Kochanik's familiar dray frozen by a number of horses.

Television was slowly creeping across the nation and with the opening of a Regina station, attention began to find their way onto Weybern residents to pick up fuzzy signals of wrestling matches and puppet shows. Distance between a clear contrast being what they are in this part of the country, it was only a few years later that a cable television company erected a receiving tower almost 1,000 feet high on South Hill, supplying the quality of reception increasing the choice of stations available and removing the jungle of antennas from the rooftops

Also-ran Weyb can on the 20th century accessory of electronic communications, a local radio station CFSL, had been on the air for just a year. Reluctance in the station in the opening chapter about in a villainous revel should be read as outside of a possible reason on my part. The Reviews and CFSL have been sometimes but complementary to each other have enjoyed excellent relations a all times and have worked together in many ways for a better Weybern. The founds and president Lorne Long, maintained my deepest respect, and he fought me many valuable lessons in my initiation a the business world

A number of local organizations had joined forces in an initiative to establish a park on the perimeter of the water reservoir formed on the Souris River southeast of the city a project known as Lawrence Sweet-Mile Dam. Also of work and been done with much of it not visible, and for a little it looked as though the whole project might be abandoned. Certainly the council of the day was not particularly unenthusiastic about it I like to think that the Review had a hand in keeping it alive until the provincial government stepped in and sometimes gave the recreational area new name — Nickle Lake Regional Park — and a new lease on life. Today people of the area could not imagine being without it.

The horse isn't leaving any

FROM AT September-17 1963

"The one local horse is some, but you can't make a dash the old village grow and we share concern that the needs of the city for R.C.M. of Weybern that the R.M. of requires the for purposes of increasing the Weybern Community Park, residents in very many of whom that we've."

Although the Review has been campaigning for a regional park agreement in several years, we have never received articles from the arrangement. Neither however were we prepared for a completely negative approach.

When the city first extensively explored the possibility of further with rural municipalities to form a regional park authority council showed its resistance by speaking on its representative the resolution

who milit contest the next opposition to the park.

When, finally in spite of themselves, the three councils agreed to proceed (we use the term loosely), the ice was appointed in the province only because it suited only one person who had ever shown any interest in the park. The other five have five records of unanimity against and we have no doubt that we will receive the full value, and more, for every cent we contribute them.

Another regional park which has become popular throughout the Province was born about the week I arrived. The Metropolitan Regional Park was established to house Mickie's pioneer theatre, who had been many things besides leader of the community.

Unleashed rewards

EDITORIAL *June 16 1959*

Man love not in fact good the acquisition of a suitable failure — or let us rather understand that good only as mortar whether it was worth the trouble into the chief hard work.

Last summer held a century ago, when young Dr. William Graham Ridgetown opened his practice in Mickie, prescribed for him the course he has followed and promised him in return a path named in his honor. It only he assumed that the district would have turned down the offer of a moment of glory in return for the boon of more fees.

A week ago, when southern Saskatchewan turned out three thousand strong, to dedicate the Ridgetown Community Park, Mrs. Margolin the woman who has lived the doctor' genius to his dedicated enthusiasm, collected quite correctly the first and received their reward in the friendship of the community, and that the wearing of the park was a glorious generous token.

These were not empty words, just in the naming of the park was not an empty gesture.

To the members of the committee which planned the park 30 years ago naturally had considerably very unanimous approval. It wasn't merely the gesture of an idea which brought them fame; it was a deliberate thought into needed only viewing to take immediately approved. It had its origin in their genuine love for a man and for Mickie, which was the essence of what the Margolins considered their reward for their work.

Which brings us back to again

What would the doctor's goal?

We can only guess but it was the knowledge that he was doing the very best he could, every day and century circumstances.

Their were no easy tasks would he ought have told "No, and rewarded the contrary judge him was basically and to do the opposite.

But being his own judge made it more difficult had the thousands who now had acknowledge the appreciation required to give man and town his due.

We believe, in you, Dr. and Mrs. Margolin that you have your reward. But we could whether anyone issues have much of a them is.

It is difficult to improve on anyone today the situation found every summer by parents on the days when polio was still a constant, perhaps but weather threat. Who wanted to be deprived of the treat of an afternoon at the park just because there was an infinitely small chance of contracting the crippling disease? Yet who wanted to expose children to the dreadful consequences of polio? So children, for the most part — most and took part in other group activities while parents in unison sat and fret by the fervent prayers them. Then in the late 1950s, along came Dr. Jonas Salk and the era of vaccine that wiped out the disease on this continent and removed at least one source of parental misery.

Tommy Douglas, who had stood his partnership in Weyburn's Calvary Baptist Church as a springboard in becoming, eventually, Canada's first Socialist premier, was still a familiar figure on city streets and particularly at community functions. He had first been elected in the old federal Weyburn riding to the House of Commons for the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), holding the seat until 1942, when he had resigned to take the leadership of the provincial party. In the 1944 general election his party was swept to power, and he never forgot the city that gave him his political start and the people — his congenial personality and persuasive powers had gained him a large following — who had given him those unwavering support.

It was only a few years after our arrival that an old theme of Tommy Douglas, universal free medical care and hospitalization was introduced amid great controversy. By this time Douglas had accepted the national leadership of the New Democratic party successor to the CCF and there were continuously held before the Saskatchewan electorate plus — Canada first — and those factored along just a bit to strengthen the Douglas image unilaterally. A strike by the medical profession marshalled antidotes and barricade that left the mark for decades, but the plan became the model for a national medicare scheme. Few Saskatchewan people today would stand for its removal, and politicians of all parties make very sure they are firmly on the side of the angels on that question.

Hockey and skating in Weyburn were still limited to several outdoor rinks and the old Barley Arena Rink with its unreliable natural ice. The curling rink also with natural ice, was attached to the Arena Rink.

It was also in the late 1950s that an organized effort was begun to build the Cobbenzee and a new curling rink with artificial ice by land on the old campgrounds. It wasn't long coming to fruition and brought junior hockey to the fans of the Weyburn Beavers in the 60s Weyburn.

Recreation was still much confined to towns and small cities in the 1960s. It was in 1963 that Al Hewson was hired for a two-year trial period as Weyburn's first recreation director — at a salary of $5,000. When you look at the recreation programs we have today it is difficult to imagine anyone ever managed to live on less organized or co-ordinated times.

Rev. Harris Harrow, who lost his life in the ministry in favor of writing more paper columns and fiction was writing United Church and downtown life interlarding so those days with a fiery paranoia laced with humor and scorn. Instead of the fire-and-brimstone speech the visionary seemed of Moses Steed. Weyburn's power and backbone of Harrow's sermons and his brief century was the political arena to a city statesman, he probably opened some eyes of tourists in the sanded opening, but he didn't always in any long running to matter the results. Every so often, the announcer Rose McMurtry was pastor of the church for about thirty years and a no less known to name some luckless, but he hung on, either tacitly confident in the service he a no passing along or in his ability to come up with some announceable for the times, and guaranteed to provoke thought.

Speaking of characters, it seemed that the small town national world at those days was dominated by characters. About could be written just about the individuals who run the butcher shops, drug stores, garages and machine shops of a few decades ago.

Although grand highways were still very much the rule in the late 1960s Highway 39 and 6 between Weyburn and Regina and received some sort of surfacing — perhaps oil — about 1968. This may have been a plans for joining Tommy Douglas into the provincially. When I arrived those highway had already been blacktopped, and Highway 13 east to Stoughton was being prepared for surfacing.

Traffic between Weyburn and Regina was still relatively light, probably in part because most people still tended to regard the trip, in those times, with a one-hour drive as during travel. The two-car family still wasn't the norm, and even single-car families had not yet to developed the imagination to eliminate walking back, for a period, assumed to be part of the North American psyche. In the two years that the Kramers remained in the Mitchell Block after we came to Weyburn, for instance, I rarely only stuff members (out of curiosity), to drive a car in the office. A few others owned cars but used them only sparingly during leisure hours. Twenty years later a few the second Revlers some was inside to the East and South locations we provided a parking lot with spaces, just about equal to the number of staff members and even then a few always parked on the street

Sometime during the next twenty years blacktopping of Highway 13 from Stoughton to Carlyle was completed, giving Weyburn residents easier access to their resorts at White Bear Lake and Kenosee the same highway a no easy, also upgraded and surfaced from Carlyle to the Manitoba border, providing all-weather access to Winnipeg

The International Parks Highway Association, which promoted a non-combined (586) good-quality highway from southern Saskatchewan (through Weyburn) to the Montana border and beyond probably helped bring about siting and blacktopping of Highway 39 from this city to the U S border and later some form of continuing north in the Trans-Canada Highway. The 586 organization faded away somehow but now recently has been replaced by the Assiniboia-Big Sandy Association, promoting a north-south highway system better geared to meeting traffic patterns and needs.

In the mid-1950s the Red Coat Trail organization was founded to establish an alternate route from Winnipeg to British Columbia, following Highway 13 through Saskatchewan. This group helped bring about straightening of Highway 3 west of Moosejaw to the Alberta border and connecting it with a new stretch of highway on the Alberta side. This and resurfacing of the Weyburn mall, also led to blacktopping of Highway 13 west beyond Frobisher and siting or surfacing of other numerous sections.

Events seem to distort, unless one has been a mixed bloomer. The good roads era is basic for the traveller but less so for the small town members who own his customers washing oil in Regina and other cities. Weyburn's mall is a product of the late 1950s, was a modern convenience in this round, purporting to offer district people one-stop shopping under one roof without going in fair-off cities. That hurdle, of course, has yet to be overcome.

The local airport a legacy of World War 2 also affected Weyburn's contact with the world, bringing in small aircraft from either throughout the continent.

Oil fields developed in Southeastern Saskatchewan in the 1950s gave a new dimension to the economic base of the district and the city and again affected new blood into the community.

This perhaps is a "through a glass darkly." In a glimpse of the Weyburn we found in 1950 and I hope the editorials columns and features reprinted herein and hereafter, offer an insight into the Weyburn of the 1960s through the 1980s the people of the community and their collective experiences and industries.

What's happening"

Remonstrance, March 23 1961

"What happening to Weyburn."

Above title examiner people asked themselves this question last week after learning that meeting that the city police force that has maintained for a mole of people whose utter contempt for constituted authority is 8 matter not to be taken lightly.

It was difficult to believe that this was a quite agricultural community as news by the standard of any provincial or Saskatchewan — for the matter, in the gang war that of a group which had enjoyed harmony for so long time to members were targeted by the murderous of the city police.

It is doubtful, too, whether the cause of law and order was helped by the fact that a score of civilian males simply looked on while their opponent to protect them fighting a losing battle.

The situation was finally brought under control when members of the RCMP appeared on the scene, this it is interesting to note that the Mounties shall were empty-handed. They carried night-sticks and didn't even have to use them.

Strangely however the police were anything but subdued after they had been locked up in cells in the police station. They continued to laugh about their status in their quarters, even after the supreme magic being appeared to be the hand of their enemy.

Even in police court next morning they were hardly the picture of wayward youth constantly living headlines. The courtroom was filled with their buddies, and only the request of judgement, even seemed to be unduly worried.

It was brought out in court that most of the youths involved and previous convictions, that they were continually appearing before the court on the week of the police force was continually being hampered by the fact that they were constantly having in court the same persons at all hours of the night. It made an element in maintaining law and enforcement in communities and whenever apprehended in these hours dentists have shut up light.

Sentences have been passed and the case is now closed. except in the minds of those of us who are wondering what part of contemporary our children are growing up into under what heirs to oppress relief then is no journey in real society, it seems to be other way around it is the small town father wavering about how evil that might be his sons in the city.

The police that the court have served notice that the sort of thing will no longer be tolerated. Night-sticks to be been ordered for city policemen, and belligerents blindfold in handing out prison terms in last week's defendants seemed reminiscent of their gang that this should give them a measure of what to expect

But the police and the courts can do only so much. They can enforce the laws, but they cannot, alone,

arouse any support for law and order. For this they need the support of the public and especially the press.

Fair correction as are doubtful about how much good the two months sentence in any other manner—will do the double threat, passion not already going actional requiring the gangs treasons and the police are picking on them. What law-abiding citizen finds the police picking on him. They've got too many things to do. Magistrate McCaul disposed of that argument very ably when he remarked that "the police have many right, but it is their duty to exercise any other rights continually in fact of his home between midnight and 6 o'clock in the morning."

Of course we can expect a hue and cry the first time a member of the police force uses his night-stick. This will be helpful especially as "police brutality" has it as up as an issue by the police in their effort to effect a clean-up.

And incidentally we are right support first the police should feel free to act, for real issues

Experiences are and the public

Saturday, October 3 1964

During the past year or two, the Saskatchewan Hospital in Weyburn has been engaged in a rehabilitation program which has drawn the attention of the psychiatric profession across the nation.

The net result of the program — which will be more permanently established in the near future — is that a number of the patient population the hitherto produced by normal backlands. The discharged patients whose treatment is considered to have improved to a point where they are temporarily or permanently capable of getting along without hospitalization, are in large of the community although still under observation by hospital staff.

This has not, inevitably to increase the size number of other residents to which Weyburn and those just since the establishment of the Saskatchewan Hospital here some 60 years ago, the whole citizenry generally have accepted with good grace.

Possibly because of a lack of communications between the community and the hospital administration a certain measure of animosity has been building up, particularly in recent months, over the nature and interest of these facilities. As a logical conclusion

If the present program bears out to be not beneficial to patients, or unfair to the community at large, we have no doubt it will be stopped or modified as the findings suggest.

We could see several ourselves as be imposed upon the hat's the fair to our criticism hospital by supporting conditions which may have outgrown the boundaries of hospital maintenance and the police, co-operative to belong of known the needs of the programs, and that's glad full notice to those who are giving their interest to break down formidable barriers of the light against mental illness

Hustling

Thursday, December 17 1964

We were most disturbed by the attitude displayed by two or three members of city council at last week's meeting with regard of continuing to underwrite the Weyburn Festival of the Arts to the extent of $1,200 per year.

One unfortunate was of the opinion the the festival was of interest of only a handful of people, and another obviously thinking and view came apparently at the outcome of taxpayers' money which in this district can be used to finance "frivolous" affairs.

The entire question of government involvement between necessary administration and legislation is often obscure, and we are not frequently impressed by the degree to which the several governments and their agencies have to go out for to, demand from us, give us, promise to and provide for us.

Set with the exception of existing private and philanthropies, the negative attitude towards the festival strikes us as heartbreaking

In our humble year the provincial Festival of the Arts was brought to Weyburn, and proved such a success that a local group decided that a regional festival would be both feasible and desirable.

A municipal sponsored development was established by a city by-law the year and split locally elected with the responsibility of holding it annual and budget. To end end, city council guaranteed at underwrite the festival to the extent of maximum $1,500 the amount matched by the Saskatchewan Arts Council.

Nothing from "outside" the new organization, working against a outstanding successes produced a festival which was also hailed as outstanding success.

To say and it appealed to only a handful many refined a local interest on the part of many citizens in the programs the whole they and underwrite festival.

The sum and total to calculation but 300 citizens and some were turned have become interest interested the and council's finished expectations. Tours were provided, and perhaps thousands of non-citizens when visited the exhibition.

Hundreds of people were introduced to ballet through the visit of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, a group which probably many would have come to Weyburn except for sponsorship through the arts festival. The Regina Wind Symphony provided another treat for hundreds and attendance at several musical events paid as the full cost fees probably was increased through being tied of with the festival's promotional efforts.

WEYBURN, SASKATCHEWAN

Must is those things, a might be added more self-supporting but questionable ought hence been difficult for any organization without some guarantee from a central organization: in fact, the city great can fairly be said to have taken directly the expenses involved by initial organization and in promotion of the festivals as a whole, rather than on the individual basis of special alcohol projects. The fact that the council received in first year in the hundred and eleven quarter would be is general.

Besides bringing outstanding representatives of the "families" of several thousand Wrytsem people, the festival brought many visitors to Wrytsem as participants and spectators, except for fifty many people living throughout the provinces from 91,000 would come hence in 1 and provided accommodation for people in every week in life in put interesting homes from to creative use.

We do not believe council is obligated to guarantee an annual grant to the festival for all time to come. A year or two of unsatisfactory may guide the town council to some measure of profitable use to time each of several operational and promotional ones.

But, to pull the rug out from under a fledgling, city-owned organization which has been so outstanding is not in reasonable in its handling.

Hungjove

From our May 28 1970

Not surprisingly the Wrytsem Ministerial Association has submitted a "Viewpoint" for this week's Review which is not 50 percent enthusiastic about the non-alcohol which is among the five city

about the entire local-hooded supporter of the distillery would probably find a stronger in fossil churches held special thanksgiving services in order the advice of a factory which will not use it product which admittedly has taken more taken than good through turn a liberation which it

The people who not eat a year in are age in bring new whisky to Wrytsem wrytsem not looking for a distillery in particular but for any industry which fated and community's needs and resources. This in the Ministerial Association stated it seems was what was taken taken it not said that the distillery "fated Wrytsem like a glove. The industrial development committee and its council would have been equally elated if they had undertook in bringing to Wrytsem a Bible publishing house or church pew manufacturer and in say less salient advertising fated Wrytsem like glasses would not supply but the people in Wrytsem are insect point taken the poop a of sellout communication.

On Wrytsem's desk

From our June 15 1974

In the space last week, we published a Saskatoon Star-Phoenix article by Eric O. Baker, resident of Wrytsem many years ago, who expressed the dismay at the prevailing values in Wrytsem and other Saskatchewan communities.

While we would agree the free dental facilities in Wrytsem are a far cry from what the travelling public might reasonably expect — the bus company hopes to forget more of us in our this mode of transportation — we would ask Mr. Baker to take heart if there are symptoms of those there are also symptoms of arrival.

The very corner from which Mr. Baker takes his ghost-ridden boodles is a monument to progress, in fact, it is the symbolic years of pre-depression booms in Brad and beach. The Bolshe Block didn't are a memorial until the past decade when the downtown area expanded in the direction. Certainly, it lends itself a number of Saskatoon including a monument were gone to the bankers, where the members men and developing from such as trains.

While Mr. Baker's viewing safety about the "baby" — the city's name the credit unions and the "MIP" is attributed in an External source as the major cause of the. It is this city the contrary in such that one reason that to their personalities is included the men in the problem in other towns and cities across Saskatchewan.

The MIP 66 Just might be translated, generous and only Wrytsem, Estevan, Melville and Regional into is the government of the day for at in Saskatchewan from Saskatoon.

The co-op and the credit unions are indeed strong and the city in Wrytsem, for they still have some for other communities, when chartered banks dwell a fourth years than slightly interested in meeting his, and a item of value simply cannot obtain qualifying competing services. There are also thousands in co-op and credit union members who will ensure the institutions the membership to have businesses brands interest assistance.

Perhaps, can city union his. It isn't personal between in idea ideas as with Wrytsem under circumstances the will permit there a wider view than that affected by a 5-minute bus stop, he will the somewhat Wrytsem is dying will be surveyed by attitudes, objectives, dealing with, nothing that, library play-grounds, swimming pool, museum and many other constant facilities that raises the days of the. Don't get him wrong but a "Wrytsem" Wrytsem.

His efforts may be and taken completely wasted. Occasionally's.

FREE RESULTS HAPPY TESTIMONIES

'Inferno!' stray dog
rescues December 6 1975

During conversation at the Workers Patriot Rally in Red Lion Square last week, I was attracted to the entrance hall by an air of excitement. And commotion itself as unmistakably.

A group of students was clustered around a scuffling middle-aged yellow dog straining him gently and making comforting sounds. One of them explained that the dog had broken its leg but that a veterinarian had been called.

I thought about this a lot and something about the whole thing didn't feel right. Often what I have seen of human dogs they are more inclined to snap even in their owners, often snarled rather than the complacently whole. Recent attempts to capture... however well-intentioned are inviting him.

This dog sure had a favorite look on his face had natural contentment with the years of freedom his and the deeds of an action that never have counted.

Shortly thereafter that it was one of the first cold nights of the winter and that the dog had come nothing warmer than hopping on down legs on legs of which their feet are cold. And found sympathy beyond his skin and were simply basking in the warmth and tender care heaped on him so generously by the third floor tenants of a house in high street.

I couldn't for the matter go without seeing my theory so I called Dr. Nicholson next day to ask if an injured dog had been brought in here from the house might extend the right before. The dog had been brought in all right, but [illegible] of course the husband dog in had overturned.

So guess my theory wasn't for not.

But it is the whole people pass by injured and dying human beings. It is good as me our young people about matters for an injured stray dog every inch discovering.

'Who has seen the wind?'
MYSTERY November 27 1975

Finally made it to the local theatre, Friday night to see W.O. Mitchell "Who the seen the wind?" It is been a long time since I've spent two hours in anybody.

Admittedly as my profound By the it as you have heard 20 years in the town where the audience not into they where you have not the author personally as well as the director had some cast members, are feasible with themselves' nothing had been visited the location while filming was in progress, you would have a chance to clap on your shoulder and to go in the movie with the location of everything it.

I had no sure feeling of being part of as seeing the finished movie, but was satisfied about once from first two years ago, for the first of a good hit and of most like was the publisher of the Acadia Sun-Sunburst whose holding provided the locations for a number of scenes.

From the congregation had a familiar look about it probably for the very good reason but, many the actions were Acadia people many of them probably had attended Christ Church [illegible] Sunday.

The gopher drowning scene was familiar had brought back memories. It is a will for most farmers who live on the prairies. That pesky gopher rodent pesky good especially in winter when you [illegible] have to [illegible] down hole into many kinds. Gords of rain you would harvest, and we did gopher that got you would [illegible] the windows would.

But summer came and with it the coolness of the character you and in no way a source of water and one gopher hole could hold its awful lot of water and the resistance do have much closer. Anyone who tries in flush out a gopher without feeling the back door are thinking it isn't going to take many gophers. I've been down in many times in it and there was one season rural was vacant to across the street from my childhood home. We didn't dress hunting, into the abandoned well a few feet away. We poured a lot of water down it before water appeared.

I remember too, getting sentimental about the hole. Inland and grubbing out [illegible] bones and mine as put, by [illegible] were [illegible] and the water appeared, and he felt my finger deeply. That was the kind of gopher.

Another secret that brought back memories was the [illegible] party.

It seems party like that once

My friend was the oldest of three children in an immigrant family. His mother was some that had some years out of her country. The father was there in his or more language but had suffered a serious head injury in World War [illegible] was left [illegible] and unable and could hold down [illegible] only an [illegible] jobs offered as a [illegible]. The family lived in a small in a many troubled point of land under edge of house.

The boy were really a close friend of mine but I never his other out down [illegible] [illegible] the years you don't see so many [illegible] [illegible] effort in many years down.

We spent the afternoon [illegible] from the house to the front yard just to get down the road and wonder if the dinner [illegible] approaching were some of the other invited guests. They were now. No one else showed up.

When the appropriate time came we all — four family members had now gone — sat down on the benches had been spread under a shade tree in

parents at the farmsteads, smallholdings, cottages and hostelries who are lovingly preserved. Nobody ate much and there wasn't much conversation. Tears were just beaten the colour.

I don't think my friend noticed his mother for a birthday-party again.

But back to the service.

It may not win an Oscar, but it was well done, with great acting: especially on the part of the youngster who played Brian, and anyone with a passing knowledge should enjoy it — if you can put up with a few unrealistic aural bits by every member of the cast, but by a few characters.

Ladies 1, Skinny 0

SATURDAY, November 24, 1977

The splendid team is nine, whose portraits and names have received justice and overloaded exposure.

But last week at Weybridge, when he attempted to pinpoint the dwelling of bassoon thinker he met Mr Wetherby, the ladies in the kitchen.

"Couldn't you wait just a few minutes until I've finished my cornetto?" complained the spokette.

"Take a five-minute break until we get through," was the suggestion from the kitchen.

"What's more important," continued the spokette "Mr Bolton, reading 10 minutes, or this whole shitmachine?"

"Why we have been much early yesterday and we waited an hour and a half outside," (across the final vowels)

The grounds were not as said on the letter.

Ladies in the kitchen 1, Dr Stonebreaker nave

We have every sympathy for a speaker who arrives from a distance to entertain or instruct, only to find himself interrupted by the club cleaning cleaner

But let's see the worst, yes, of the ladies who make our various banquets possible. They are the cooks and workers doing their bit for their organisations and their community, and they work at it harder than most of us suppose

The secret is in selling the type of audience, say in Guildford

Officer and gentleman

SATURDAY September 15, 1962

When the word "pioneer" is used in connection with Saskatchewan, it evokes a image of men and women lifting the sod behind oxen, fighting the elements to outrageous choices and labouring long hours to provide for their children threshold and freedom in an emerging Canadian territory.

Such an image is apt and every man we become meets or hears of somehow throughout the province the defaulting survivors of sod cut are limited and are living tales with that period of time are further diminished.

But only farmers, however were required to open the prairie: lieutenant minimum and professional people were needed to settle the vastness for those who wanted the soil, the organizations and institutions which are an important part of life had to be created and developed; the innovations of new technology had to be mastered and brought into service.

Those who were the prime movers in bringing these necessities to the frontier — and bought, when necessary to preserve them — were also pioneers in every sense of the word.

Last week, with the passing of Harold Kempster, Weybrow and Surbiton have lost a good strong pioneer citizen.

Coming to Weybrow the year before Skidmarks we became a prewhose Mr Kempster with its interior established the hard-ware line still known there today.

A bold and daring young man he, overcame in finding the right location between part of Weybrow.

Evolved by the flying machines that began to appear in the skies he soon became an owner and moved premises to the present site. Here he saw what I at a time when a pilot's life expectancy was a few weeks in the year way, he was an honorary aeronautical officer of the Scouth Saxtal Airwaves Regiment although, he was not permitted to accompany it to Hague.)

A few years later he became the first customer in Saskatchewan to make a four-bill parachute jump.

In the mid-1950s emerged by the ministry of radio, he was involved in allightly bigger investments from Radio Station AA (Kempster Hire) to subsidy the automobile industry brought to a halt

His dedication to public service guided him to chairmanship in the Weybrow Rotary Club, and to membership in many other organizations devoted to community betterment.

For all the daring-do of his youth, Mr Kempster remained into advanced age with dignity. Those who knew him for the past few decades will remember him as a person of most decency, dignity, courtesy, discretion, thoughtfulness, intelligence, and integrity. In his eye there was always the sparkle of humour and mischief that told of the youth in his heart.

Carl Kempster was an officer and a gentleman

Those sweet unions

SATURDAY November 6, 1983

A few days ago I chanced to have a lengthy and informative conversation with our old friend Geraldine Hay and many memories after over four score and ten years on this earth.

Then I am typographical error. The gentleman is several years past his 90th birthday and he recently entered into Pioneer Rest home to satisfy his family that because he felt he could not look after himself

Among the reminiscences Mr. May has shared with me was an encounter in World War 2 when he was serving with the Canadian army in Europe.

Presumably the end of the war was nearing, and rumors were flying about the imminence of surrender.

Can't blame the boys for becoming restless, but in the eyes of the commanding officer, this attitude evidently did not make for discipline. So he called the entire company parade and told the men in no uncertain terms that the war was not over, and until he was notified that it had ended, he was taking the number and "we ain't here to fight a war and that's what we're going to do."

The reaction of the troops was disappointment, and is expected, some of them booed the C.O.

This didn't sit well with the C.O., so he ordered the men on a route march with full pack.

Coming at a time when most of the men were convinced that hostilities were about to end, this discipline did not find favor with the men, and they wonder that if it was skewed up for the route march, was was there to make them do it?

The party marched to the extent of cancelling the route march, but of course they didn't get off scot-free. For his part in the demonstration, young May drew two weeks of confinement to barracks, with two hours of extra duty every evening before retiring.

The extra duty consisted of peeling two hours of onions every night.

As he told me about it, I thought Mr. May was going to complain there have [illegible] peeling was in the army. He instead, with an [illegible] number came well to his eyes, he said, "We had lots of fellows [illegible] two weeks [illegible] and the onions, this [illegible] and who had not known the [illegible] of war." He added, "Onions are a valuable source of food, you know."

I thought about this afterwards.

Having read more than a few novels about major conflicts, I've read about a number of [illegible], where neither found great satisfaction in punishing — [illegible] at considerable risk [illegible] which [illegible] back home who for [illegible] to [illegible] being [illegible].

But here, almost 70 years after the fact, a veteran could still remember the onions so well that he could almost taste them, as they added delightful flavor to the simple [illegible] food they were allotted.

Just as they [illegible] about [illegible] moments in life, regardless of how seemingly insignificant, but number at least and are memories surviving them decades after the fact.

Once again, there's no substitute for [illegible] although there are a lot of [illegible] we can [illegible].

Lest Policy, I imagine memories of similar episodes and [illegible] were exchanged, with some embroidery, by someone recalling on Remembrance Day, to honor fallen comrades and to renew acquaintanceships with comrades of a youth most of them will ever forget.

Are you blushing, Weyburn?

January 29, 1986

Two or three decades ago, when Weyburn's first subdivision [illegible] of Fred Andrew M. [illegible] was being developed, many of the features moving to what was then considered the boondocks did so with the assurance and by the time the family's children, or at least the glimmer in father's eyes, had reached school age, they would [illegible] be a facility such as land set aside for this purpose north of Douglas Road.

That was back in the days when the human tendency to multiply was considered about as sure a bet as death and taxation, and a new residential [illegible] are made [illegible] for expanded school needs, particularly in communities with substantial growth.

Then came the pill, and city fathers and the school board of the day, on their [illegible] or [illegible], depending on your point of view, decided new schools for future generations were about as needless as blacksmith shops and livery barns. The result was that the land reserved for the school was subdivided and sold for residential construction.

Even when Assiniboia School was closed and to make way for a replacement, there seemed to be little concern, for declining enrolment [illegible] to the junior high school left ample [illegible] that facility for the displaced Assiniboia students.

Something must be happening, either the pill is not as effective as expected, or the [illegible] tensions are stronger than and less [illegible].

Whatever the case, the Weyburn Public School Board recently took steps toward [illegible] land, and, heaven help us, the construction of a new school for Weyburn's south end.

If the rate of reorganization continues, we may even begin to speak coyly again of "blessed events."

Weyburn lost a pioneer

September 9, 1987

A community reaches people

A good community must have good people and strong leaders.

Once in a while, a good community strikes it lucky and is given an outstanding leader, one whose vision, courage, determination and energy inspire confidence, support, [illegible].

Such a person was Thomas George "Tommy" Laing, former mayor of Weyburn, president and one of the founders of the Soo Line Broadcasting Co. Ltd. (CFSL and CJSL), and president of the biggest private [illegible] company in Canada.

How a fighter for unions is hollowed in — the dismissals; the enhanced his previous — he treated him from an anti-communism view was in the whom necessary and how that an anti-pity where our of them failed. He simply not was good, and patriotism, and man back at work.

Then could be economic or blunt, as the economic dismissals; he was friendly the environment why an he proved genuinely in criminal sheriffs, dispensing, on man regretted the dismissal months he threw a letter because the listened in the views of his administration; he to a keen sympathies the not talked in the rights of others, he was in whose sports conference with in heritage by showing when in some not his, with because to obtain the interests of the how interested.

A product of the depression Tom might have settled in years ago in a level of national normal by most, the far-driving forces in that milestones then he go on to greater challenges.

To the end he was an unalienable "farmer" not one of a narrow parochialism which often the common sense people, the in a world newsletter who and thanks to new competitions that found they supported the industrial workplace.

Tommy Lang, who died this week, will be missed.

Parade of priorities

EDITORIAL, January 6 1923

Many well-meant come in mind to describe the pioneers who built our community. If one phrase can stand to consider those first times in the restless wilderness and the particular spirit they share for the challenges of their lives, the investment in their hungry means the expenditure in their energy and the determination in their progress.

A few that come to mind are courage, optimism, patience, perseverance, hospitality, fearlessness, hope, devotion, love, integrity: there are probably quite a few more.

If and needs like a gilding of the city put yourself to other places.

You have probably seen in your works or meetings, some an invitation from interesting, enhanced hopeless influences of the Third World, that have asked yourself how anyone could bear to live a lifetime in those living barriers.

And the means that offered local to your need probably was that those people didn't know there as they that no hopes for employment — except perhaps better years with a bit more food in the stomach.

For the most part, the majority of those who built our community knew better in the sense that they were from some and in conditions howsoever other already refined some of the possibles they would have to battle through hard labor

So yourself down smelling than in twelve fashionchosen with summer love something the meet, with full words suffering the would with days, and, winter pain and Arctic discussions showing them federal shown a government than, in with spring's sons of mind, nothing a joke of independent, just saying, "There we shall look now only."

They insist, and it wasn't vanity.

Like countries, they do not come showing understand with all the proof would confirmed to them above, fellow yielded to their testimonies must look it when they came from, as pointed in at most chapter influenced that perhaps never came.

Others enhanced and developed or enhanced the qualities that brought lives, encouraged and sustained them.

All that on them enhanced and in our progress to achieve Victoria's 150 short answer as a city — one of the similar milestones of accomplishment — we should acknowledge that many in that our legacy is unsecured.

Humility is appropriate but it is not sufficient to meet our responsibility to the future.

The problems challenges and opportunities that lie ahead demand of us many in the many decisions that grow to our face city.

They must them demand, realise on, nothing to be motivated by the same spirit that lived in our forebears and which we must also accept as our legacy.

Ceremony was symbolic

EDITORIAL, May 11 1938

Every ceremony is undoubtedly symbolic, in that it invites the participants in the calendar to look beyond them to extremely taking place and to consider it to be synonymous in the past. Among the animals, the present ceremonies are in whatever the event significantly interests upon.

Thus when a farewell is beside that a fairly large number of soldiers gathered Friday on the hillside in the Scenic River near Government Road, to take a significant step in their beautifying, those leaders making the Tuesday Fairway a pathway in line as well as the means, that was really more than a step in symbolism involved.

First of all, there is strong symbolism in the fact that the project has taken the basic spring in the ghetto to which Wagoners the Union last through the long-term flood prevention purposes dealt or through federal and provincial relations, was generally regarded by most of us in some than slightly far-fetched.

But rather than jobbing with symbolism in the questionable inheritance Wagoners in using the efforts to enhance the material beautification programs, making, in effect, a silk purse out of a sow's ear

Saturday, September 7, 1968

Highway safety campaigns constantly warn us not to become statistics. We know what it means, of course: combinations of cross a momentary lack of caution and one motor town, and for the world at large we are simply statistics into the cold statistics for statistical analysis of a particular day. Avoid it, you.

Even so, we tend to think of the term as in reading "There we are statistics." Can it become a statistic when her only life? Does her name? Surely in family histories and acquaintances it cannot become just a statistic?

That's true, but in fact, always the local papers. Take the fatal accident that occurred several months ago at the intersection at Just west of the city limits. Some hours complaining about it for years, and wondering that sooner or later it would claim more lives.

Let us suppose that her victim had been a local young woman. Her death would have won a short letter explaining through the community, and would would have been set in motion one would have kept her family a current topic for weeks.

From the minister she freely Russell of the death, would we would have mailed out a personal card friends, drawing them to the home in order their condolences, and evening listeners of personal items to relate to newspaper data attendance in her memory.

Former acquaintances would have kept up each other's news in their shared busy sorrow over the untimely and horrible absence of a friend. And whenever people met and discussed the tragedy others would have been expressed bitterness about the dull statistician that has, as professed, robbed yet another small part of our community or life.

Now many of these things happened, but not in Weyburn. They happened in her her home of Chamberlain where the victim's home was. At that it, except the bitterness about her insensitivity, the causes people knew them about it, and simply wondered how it could have happened.

But in Weyburn, shocking as it was, it was her absence of a young woman from modern world, a house, an age and a home town transformed in brief reports and a press caption. Yes, there were conversations on coffee row and elsewhere about the terrible intersection, but they lacked the indignation that would have been triggered by personal loss. We found it hard to see you see her however, upon her death, a statistic.

So treat a statistic?

Most Shannon Fern Mary Kreutzer who met her death and suicide one city in her early evening of Friday, August 23, less than two weeks before her 21st birthday and who was buried a few days later to the sound of bells and tears.

Funeral chemicals of Yorkton. Shannon Russell in this and was a copy of the order of procession and obituary received by people attending the funeral services in Trinity Lutheran Church in Chamberlain.

Shannon grew up in her family farm: received her elementary and high school education in Chamberlain, and was enrolled in her Grade 12 year at Saskatoon College of Education, intending to be a teacher of science and art. She enjoyed writing and other hobbies and kept count of her time by counting Tuesday, August and Yorkton Bible school and by meeting at the Kinsmen Children's Centre with children experiencing emotional stress disorders.

She was interested in music and sang and organ for many years and taught in the Academy of Music in Saskatoon in her spare time.

Shannon was described as a well-liked person who spoke her mind, strong-willed and determined. She performed and to be strong-willed, because her was born with a congenital heart defect and died undergo open heart surgery when her was eight but during well helped overcome the difficulty. Shannon health threatened.

Relatives, family and friends have established a memorial fund to be implemented in her Saskatchewan Heart Foundation "to recovery and promote for Shannon a life when possible by preventive heart surgery."

On her day of her share, she and worked all day in the garden in Mrs. Mary-Ann Wetzel's Memorial Chapel in Estevan and then had and in Rock-Style visit her parents' home. Rev. Lorne Reinelt conducted Shannon's pre in Frazee.

Pallbearers, who attended Shannon in her last funeral, and conducted all the good things mentioned above her child Shannon and here very involved in the your about and about the career she was soon to pursue.

Listed among her honorary pallbearers was Kirsten Jensen, whom many of our readers undoubtedly met. She was her kid friend's bloody journalist student who interned at the Review in mid-by 1968. Kirsten could her and have carried out to the moment driving bright, happy colors at the funeral, until she summer heard that Shannon had always told his family that in

the want of her death for did not most people in because the funeral is fixed, another relate. They as an almost unbounded love respect

through have taken the whose thing a bit worn personally him might have, because through since Superintendent I was in the weekend were during passion no police and ambulance people service fixed. family to her Shannon from the weekend website. I and the long body, brakes and bleeding, carriage a service to the waiting ambulance.

So thanks your amount

Only cannot them in the to a remind. but as it worn it initially named being instant I could have undoubtedly, regarded like power from in. I hope scenario you now find you know her a the. that me you we will feel indignant about the and supervision that as or the life since, and which now already awards in than minds.

By the way Shannon, pleasure's did not drive through the stop sign it the relaxation without sleeping, as calmly reported. As eyewitness driving a than hundred that looked, the said me she cause his full way. time cannot them the and a was continued to Highway 3 running them the continue

I guess because the me the was human saw the approaching them. This was them it. Shannon didn't.

A fitting finish

Inverness, September 14 2000

It's finally over!

After two years of planning by the city's steering committee and others, ensured to want the pump-named by-week has-almost adjustment, than pumpkin more than a few silent prayers, the restoration of Wayfarers Hall anniversary to a city culminated the weekend with a birthday party that offered something for almost everyone.

There were many listeners of the various events that were particularly fitting and well-composed.

It was fitting, for instance that our new Inverness governor — the representative of our sovereign — consented to come to Wayfarers to dedicate the first official public address since the establishment last week.

It was particularly fitting that, in view of her stated concern interest in working for the betterment of children, the address was presented in Wayfarers natural counties adjacent to Jubilee Park and that in the remarks she reminded those that they too might make in the highest offices in the province and the nation. Her remembrance about seeing King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in Medville during their 1939 visit in Canada reminded listeners all of us whose memory goes back half a century to being present at the same instance somewhere it was possible she to to get a glimpse of the royal couple

While in the subject of *The Times*, it bears mentioning that the access to an out-only a fitting summit as representative of the crown she will serve as a fitting representative of Saskatchewan people the she limitations built in the population the the documents in people in Ukrainian origin who have given us invited our through in every possible area of activity and achievement and for the Saskatchewan scientific represented whose contributions to our nation have been celebrated.

It was also fitting that the members in the PMCS Wayfarers held their reunion in our city over the weekend. The small during the was many in the interests received were due to visit the small city after where their ship was named that many they Wayfarers people hoped some day in them the harvest who represented as so directly in taking up our quarrel with the for

By the time the war ended, however everyone's in the thoughts was to it return to peace into anniversary that them was this contract sounds—city and over their several years ago.

The 18 survivors and their wives brought us a human dimension of history, for it is in be hoped that they also left with new affection for their adopted the adoptive city

It was fitting that the Carnation Singers, known around continent it making them a legend in their own time, took pains as the anniversary banquet through the occasion with costume dancing and especially song

It was fitting that our represented town were remembered with the old-time barbecuing demonstration in the Bow Memorial Arena, that our religious heritage was emphasized with special sessions for all to Knox Presbyterian Church, that the performance in the Canadian manner Forces stage band reminded us of the years the already exclusively that can exist in a necessary between military and community.

It was fitting that the afternoon on the Legion emphasized the importance of simple, universal relationships that reassure in any community life.

It was fitting that the Young Fellows Club a pancake in our city and the confidence of an small human a better Wayfarers, thanks to generous fish than in the sponsorship of the anniversary ball, that in serving as its dinner

All in all, the event was a fitting finish to a wonderful weekend celebration

The birthday party

AT 4:00 P.M. September 9 1905

It was my honor and privilege to address Weyburn's official 10th birthday party. I include my welcome herein because I know that to those I roughly parenthesize of what I had about the community at which we have spent the better part of our lives.

Tom Hunter Member Lieutenant-Governor etc

I am touched and privileged to be able to say a few words on the important occasion in the history of the community most of us fondly call home. Admittedly there have been times far off or near in the sense the city was grey with dust as the grasshoppers crowded somewhere when the recollection became a bit muddled, the gestation effortless as we built upon good experiences alone.

Bishop Sheldon asked me to say a few words about the history of Weyburn and had to the myself, others since it rates, and he's done his confessor into a fine interior screening about which volumes have already been written?

Since the community was only mature around the turn of the century and received its name about that time but seems to be the logical place to begin. If you were unfamiliar Emma Rowland returning to the deepest South Kil. or miss of what the annual were doing from the valley of Jordan Sheldon down, you might consider Jerusalem?

Much of what is usually called history Weyburn shares with other prairie communities settlers reasons for here, they and their descendants now in newer years and hurt were, the railway cases, two world wars were fought, depression and drought were endured and survived schools and hospitals and churches and roads and parks and libraries were built and the technology and affordability of the past four decades changed our lives.

Then just about some it up, doesn. it?

Without discounting that many families are so proud of [illegible] hello we take this years convention, believe [illegible] — to us Canadian technology and add a word music and power generating music we might as well be talking about Russian or Japan football?

Its volumes published the resolved of national and regional events on our lives and our communities alone have to be other powerful ingredients, else our communities would be as alike as peas in a pod, and the very notion of that is ridiculous to most of us

Then what is the difference?

Tommy-Lang, who left to join our year ago, and who was the dynamic mayor of our city of several terms and generously recognized as an enthusiast Weyburn booster was fond of saying that people make the difference.

One thing that sets Weyburn apart from most Canadian and many Saskatchewan communities is its fundamental much-cultured cultural religious mixture, or mankind, you prefer to call it.

Prime Trudeau, when he was prime minister of Canada, used to talk about the Canadian mosaic and believed you don't have to travel far to meet differences before you encounter the pattern of communities with distinct ethnic flavors. Belgian, French Germans, Scandinavian, Polish, British, Romanian, Hungarian and so on. Individual social groups even divided into separate communities based on religious differences.

Weyburn — and other prairie communities — was free of isolation from the main and troublesome mental Indian Metal, others, passionately homesteading land was becoming scarce. They were soon followed by fairly heavy migrations of Ontario families, especially from Grey and Bruce counties — and Scotland just after the turn of the century by wavefront of mental from the Crimea Scenes.

It was probably the most-pointed intimate of mass immigrants and eastern Canadians that set the tone for Weyburn, perhaps, and to some degree came here from Europe and elsewhere; and from ethnically identifiable communities throughout the Southeast, our city never seems to have been divided into ethnic [illegible] Instead, it has been the type of melting pot many identified with the U.S.

Even the French-Canadian tradition transformed on Canada seems to be most conspicuous in Weyburn through its absence. If you check the telephone book in the directory you may be surprised at many persons speaking of French name. Yet I have in mind Prairie French-Canadian community in Weyburn — we never knew aware of it. Whether this is good or bad may depend on your own individual attitude, steeped in bigotries and traditional and the suggestions of fear, that those things are.

But even if we take it as a given that Weyburn's ethnic and cultural makeup is different. Thanks what that really matters is special is the individual people who have lived here and whose character and values have become a part of our history.

Let's just remember for personal reminiscences a few known to most of us, to most by reputation. I mention almost because here, in my particular order.

Remember Ed Capron?

By now [illegible] many of us who never knew the man, but have no very few here who have not heard of Dr. Capron's annual weather forecasts.

Whether he got the formula from a native elderly ex-Hungarian priest and became a bit snotty over the decades until he generally politely but by making the weather and other annual phenomena in a normal

Kinsey period in December he was able to forecast the weather month by month, the list following year after eight months by predictions.

Reasonable secure by farm and planned have crops successfully but then there are some simple who believe Environment Canada. Most importantly people throughout northern Saskatchewan assisted the farmers every year and they became an important part of Weyburn here Governor and Weyburn is founded.

Consider Joe Warren, a farmer Weyburn mayor and a colorful personality about whom enough cannot be said could be collected in a book.

We arrived in Weyburn after Joe Warren's time but ten years later visiting Counties Assembly here in Saskatoon. I was caught out by a Canadian general who had learned them was associate from Weyburn a engineer.

His purpose? He just wanted to have stories about Joe Warren.

A friend of the last been is remembering officer of the Royal Bank from Regina's office in Weyburn and the Canadians had learned so heard about Harper Joe Warren that he wanted to meet southern who them Joe Warren and the last name. He was quite disappointed when I told him I had never known Mr Warren.

Regina. This was a true dress this years after Joe Warren's death, and many true money promotion the RAF officer and those suffered in Weyburn.

Of the many Warren anecdotes I have heard a favorite of them was told to me by the late Lloyd Shirley, for many years our city engineer. Lloyd was living in Yorkton and first applied for the advertised Weyburn problem.

He was interviewed by Mayor Warren, who promptly commanded Lloyd to personally himself in the office of the Next Saskatchewan at a second visit for an interview. All the way to Regina, Lloyd wondered those how they would know each other. When he arrived at the Saskatchewan he found the lobby crowded with people and in the setting the late years of good. Natural by he had arrived early in his last money address or prizes to and the Regina Hotels and study everyone in the lobby wondering if it was Joe Warren.

At the appointed hour an unkempt figure entered the hotel lobby in the course of the lobby and shouted at the top of his voice:

"SHAAAAAAW!"

Joe you don't, there was really no problem at all.

Would Weyburn really have been the same place if there had never been a Joe Warren.

Only half a year after Weyburn's inaugural ceremonies, there was been to the side of Weyburn's pioneer daughter a new William, new known internationally for the radio works John and the RAF, and the many humorous television dramas, plays and novels

Johnny of last stories have cited Saskatchewan and again, humorously the sympathetically portrayed in these literary works the town "Weyburn" does not appear but it has always been accepted that the "Crescent" of the end the RAF mainstream Weyburn and certainly any Weyburn forecast who reads "Farewell Speed My Summer Holiday" best very much at home in the 1950s coming of a little Saskatchewan ecosystem since the Saskatchewan of a small river forming by a mound forecast.

If you tell W.O. Mitchell that anywhere in Canada and over are from Weyburn, they accept your true being from Ontario, Saskatchewan or the other and never and never would not been.

There however the details have there altered, Weyburn surely served as the inspiration for the fictional town, and for Mitchell's first from Weyburn, as also the real city grew from the fictional one, and in fictionalized of a city is unique that from the other.

If it were not so, why would we have threatened Crocus Bruce to June, and a year ago by Thursday not because of Weyburn. W.O. was writing about North Battleford.

Weekly Weyburn, for the same if there and seven from a W.O. Mitchell proposed by the sleepy town and the characters of the childhood and very preserved from memories and prospectors the counties either. There are

And then from was the Idaho Kid.

Was in and and the to ever close up the Waverley hotel?

The story has been told so many times and we simply have to believe it. And anyway who wouldn't wanted.

According to Isabella Engelsman's account in "The Night the Cat Fence in the Oven" the drunken gunman, that takes in the setting of the hotel's basement, accompanied by about seven citizens and reporters and he was sitting over the town. Can't you just see him?

A leading citizen suggested and the mayor heard the time as my Councilor Larry Lee of the North West Mounted Police was away in Battleford.

"We got about 10 minutes to take action."

"Because it's your duty as chief magistrate and I suppose you are to collect it anyway."

"Who do you want?" replied the mayor "because I will go."

Mayor Shields, you are and as good candidate.

Anyway someone would Constable Lott, who flagged found a freight, come and arrested the Idaho Kid and locked him up in a room at the Royal Hotel.

It has been said the Idaho Kid settled down and took out a homestead and that his descendants live here still. I know if I have since meeting up and down our streets almost every night

and speculated of where these have in the story of the

Bobbie Kidd and where Bobbie dog be. Weybourn wouldn't be the same if they managed Yankee hadn't named the town, or for that matter if Constable Lott had the Hood up to Muscle trawlers by carrying supplies in up for his dad.

Tommy Douglas

He was born small to be told many and the young Scottish Baptist clergyman who arrived in Weybourn in the early 1880s was no doubt in the puritanical sense, not even in his favour, first, the founder of Pastor Weybourn then Pastor of Salisbury for nearly two decades — still remembering and talking and Reading Leader of the New Democratic Party to the House of Commons. Above all he was a pioneer often ahead of his time preserver and in an early stage.

When we came to Weybourn T.C. was still minister of the pulpit and, and a new social of movements to run him to town, because every organisation with a spiritual connection would invite Tommy to be the guest speaker. He didn't mind where he could and being a masterful orator with a sharp wit, he was more interesting than any professional performer on the stage than he Douglas in

When Tommy told his story about his first man and the chimney story, you could see in your mind's eye, these many fanfare with the cream off their whiskers, and grown up faces and time while he spun that can fascinate and and and kept mopping the last drops to Guinness.

Historians may regard T.C. a few years in Weybourn as an insignificant interlude a casual stopping-stone on his journey to history

But he accepted a summons to the city of Winnipeg, for chairman, as a result Village, or had he come to Weybourn quarter century or 50 years later to make his name when he did, the world would have a different. A decade of the name Tommy Douglas would have changed.

It was in the early 1930s that Douglas, a world depression and 20th century agronomic collapse, and when he is a small public agricultural city would a genius get an understanding of the consequences to farmers, labor and wider, coffee workers, small local economy and even the lobbies who made the rules throughout the nation. And who had a sympathetic ear, who would have been respected by all of them?

And in this fair to my best T.C. Douglas would not have been the same person without his sojourn in Weybourn, in fashion that Weybourn would not be the same place had Tommy Douglas the ministerial have and representative in Ottawa and Regina.

I have to confess that when he was here, I was the among the distaste, but I strongly believe had he be ever living today I would be one of his ardent supporters.

As I see I think as

You see, I have in on the last workshop had on Tommy Douglas, word after today in would be a number of member political party *(Tory Premier Gene Davies had been saying publicly that a same round Douglas would steer Sask) in a Progressive Conservative.)*

Who in Weybourn hasn't known — to at least small of — Sadie Bowerman?

Hundreds noted Lindy thousands of Weybourn children over a number of decades, learned respect for schoolmistress and fear of the Lord under the guidance of Sadie.

By the time she was finally was promoted through the system, Mrs. Bowerman was officially retired, but it remained in least one time who was one of her kids and, being a really a rarity, like the man would be having a retirement another had day. I could tell they were enjoying a ball.

After school the child came in with a row of dented aluminium and ends in a box of resources. "We had a retirement today" it was Mrs. Bowerman. She knows what she calling about

Although I didn't go to school in Weybourn I met her hundreds of times during her

I had lunch in Weybourn for perhaps a week as now after a warning and had my office, would had small a copy of the Review under my name and decided "Young man McKillivray is not Mrs. Weybourn name, and in you expect to run a newspaper in this community, you had better learn to spell it.

I had met Sadie McKillivray Bowerman

I mean, Sadie, that I can spell McKillivray — forwards backwards, sideways and upside-down. If I wrote it in French in German or Spanish I would not make it up with any of those because in a small town a mistakes I would write in my tongue on and to the hundred.

Would Weybourn in the same place if we had never had the benefit of the guidance of Sadie Bowerman?

And salesman Bill Montgomery?

Bill was a small-time travel automobile dealer, had his combination of mechanical genius and mechanical common sense helped every a person out of a bind. He was not simply a new delightful town

Bill could fix anything workers had even if it could refinancing a new part, and in was no member for a harvesting farmer to interrupt Bill's Saturday night card game to get his help

The story is told how on one occasion Bill made a new part and the customer felt the price was a mite high "No charge. Bowerman said and would the part into the South

On another occasion, into said, Bill worked a part and the customer complained that 20 could use the much to pay "No problem. said into went a sledgehammer to the part and restored it to the condition in which he had received it.

Into many years ago I went to Stoneleaf Garage in

who phone at once and see for myself. Bill took me across Third Street to the next tree he...and held me back when I failed to see a little foreign car bearing down on us.

"Careful!" he cautioned. "That guy looks like he wouldn't bother stopping for us. He sort of a disposable type either by one of those Yale degrees!"

Bill liked a ship now and then and I couldn't understand that when he was confined to hospital, he was even allowed to bring in a whiskey! I have heard he got special dispensations from the pope. Yes, I know Bill was Anglican, but if he wanted something badly enough got to where he is he'd of a big hurry.

Bill, not him, wonderfully became part of the fabric of Weyburn.

People, individuals that's what it's all about, isn't it?

When you first complain about us, oftentimes the new community, you won't think big of buildings or towns, to institutions but of individuals who you've encountered on your trip to our part of the West.

I've an animal just a few of the many people on my list haven't even touched on hundreds of human souls in the MMCS Western crossroads, our town Weyburn boys who fought that battle in two major wars, and countless others who made individual decisions to do important things to make ours a better city in a better province, nation and world. They are all our legacy and our heritage.

You could have your own list of individuals who represent Weyburn to you and without whom Weyburn would be distinctly short-fact as different and I am certain that each one of you have in us someone's time perhaps on many in a vital part of Weyburn

But those lists must be compared and updated for while most individuals have become a part of organized history the memory of many unfortunately fades as those who remember leave your town for ever.

And this is our challenge to the years ahead, to continue to develop individuals through our homes and schools and churches and organizations, through the freedoms and principles we safeguard and treasure, and through encouragement and example.

If we succeed in this, many other good things will happen for Weyburn and other people of our city fortunate 25 50 or 75 years from now in an age today perhaps someone will say about your children or grandchildren, or of more, "Weyburn just wouldn't be Weyburn if it were not for them."

Ladies and gentlemen, behind the year to this new and year are in a town of our wonderful city, and the people who build it and inside it what it is today

A yes -and recognition as any hall was the final event in Weyburn's 1963 50th anniversary celebrations

3. Politics, drought and curling

The 'most Canadian' province

The commodity is not conveyed and grown in a vacuum. The influences — human and other — that contribute to a city's or town's development and which in turn rely on its natural resources and services, radiate outward from and converge inward toward the loops that define corporate limits.

Similarly reciprocal influences exist between the collections of communities and districts that constitute the greater divisions, the provinces and territories of our nation in Wopheard eum, Saskatchewan.

So let us take a look at this Saskatchewan as we found it, or as we perceived it to be when we found it.

It took Irene and I some not joyously into our adopted province. Both of us the youngest of immigrant families which had settled in Saskatchewan in the 1910s, and had been compelled through personal or economic circumstances to move to Manitoba, we both had learned at mother's knee, and about in the same breath, the horrors of the Russian Revolution and the climatic and environmental hostility of Saskatchewan.

As for most Canadians of our earlier years mention of Saskatchewan evoked three images: monotonous prairie with subhuman weather patterns; the Dirty Thirties of drought and depression and hatred of Dutch American napalmers, not as much as the image of Tommy Douglas lost or embossed for the progressive rhetoric of the Regina Manifesto. Accordingly, when early in marriage we set our sights on securing a weekly newspaper we agreed to follow no subdivision wherever in Canada opportunity might take us — except Quebec or Saskatchewan. Quebec of course was eliminated because of language and Saskatchewan because of the prejudices we had grown up with and which had been further fed by general Canadian prejudice.

Frank Mountjoy a fellow employee of mine at Moore Business Forms in Toronto probably capitalized our own opinion and our prevalent in postwar Canada, when he told me that in the army if a man said he was from Saskatchewan it was usual to ask him whether his parents were Doukhobor or worked on the railway. Aside from or assisted any cheque issued somewhere in the east there was obviously no incentive or reason for anyone to live in Saskatchewan except if one happened to be a rugged pointless hothead — the term, in this case embracing any European and of British or French origin.

Thus they were the precursors we and as successors in designing to make a pile of our modest wealth and making from atoms into objects and thus, heaven help us to Saskatchewan.

Arriving here we were quickly disabused of any patronizing opinion of what we considered the respectable member of the Canadian family of provinces. Wounded and still slightly wary, we met also proud, independent, politically sophisticated and assertive, and exhibiting an intelligent, positively post-wistfully, but always unshakeable confidence in itself as "Next Year Country."

The Saskatchewan we have come so appreciate fondly admiringly and even jealously was recently described by Dr. John H. Archer O.C. as "the most Canadian of the provinces." This was an opinion I had learned myself for which gained pre-eminence coming from that astute Saskatchewan teacher historian avid visit, agriculturist and humorist.

In describing the Saskatchewan we found I only partly negative feature on years of exposure as Saskatchewan love us revealed by its natures and as gleaned from history recorded in Saskatchewan tradition and elsewhere but also as guided confirmed, reinforced and distilled by Dr. Archer in his introduction to a seminar successfully his a year or two ago at a convention of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association

Some of the assessments here contained are my own conclusions confirmed by Dr. Archer and which I might have similarly articulated myself, some have been crystallized by his scholarly and lucid interpretations and others are insights that have entirely on his studies and annotations, although confirmed by everything I have seen, heard and read.

I have used stories to identify sentences or phrases taken, with permission, directly from Dr. Archer's remarks, but also does not mingle others from reliance on his findings. The number would probably be made in considering this, any error that is my own or which his scholarship taught me his is reinforced by him.

The mood for the brew that makes Saskatchewan singularly Canadian was the early source of immigration from Ontario and the United States, and to a lesser degree Quebec. These people were both schooled and accepted in the principles and practice of democracy and self-government. They brought with them knowledge of the machinemastery process. Their own second experience starting to found a new and better country based on the old ways cleansed and purified in the remembrance of the new

If anything, they found Ottawa's distant overbearing benign and effective, and their approach to politics was confident and assertive, in contrast with the apologetic entry into politics of people unfamiliar with the democratic process.

While some roughly half of Saskatchewan's people were of origins other than British as French, many of these had their roots in partition remote from central government in their native continental and where authority tended to be perceived as protection of privilege and the status quo rather than as an agency for the enactment and administration of just laws. "Crown" as from was the power which issued from major increase, punished and deterred over indefinitely distant and took their ease in fight. In contrast, mountainous Province. For them, it was prudent to live tactfully as possible to from isolated islands and archipelagos.

These children and grandchildren however are the shipshot of democracy from the perspective of Saskatchewan stage and assertiveness came to from naturally further consolidating the provincial mood.

Overseen by the North West Mounted Police, early settlement of Saskatchewan was peaceful and orderly not characterized by the Wild West excesses of the westward migration in the United States Settlers came into a region where the basics of law survey homestead areas and properties and laws were known

Peaceful and orderly and without the excesses of the United States? Undoubtedly so it was remembered by most pioneers of the Canadian western provinces, but while the early settlers were digging in and establishing the ways of the east on the new frontier the indigenous people — Indians and Metis were making a desperate attempt to seek redress for wrongs inflicted upon them by the encroaching Europeans

HAPPY BIRTHDAYS

Manitoba-born Louis Riel who several years earlier had presided over a defiant provisional government in that province — now in northern Saskatchewan and isolated in the branches of bootlitter in what was to become known as the North West Rebellion of 1885, and which would loom like Long Lake and Batoche into Saskatchewan's and Canadian history.

Today Riel, who was hanged in Regina after being convicted of treason, is widely regarded as a martyr. Yet the Royal Canadian Mounted Police encounters at the North West Mounted Police established in part shows the rebellion still well tall in the eyes of some Canadians particularly Saskatchewan people who saw their fast performances as peace-keepers and dispensers of frontier justice in the postwar era. The Saskatchewan and has little difficulty with those somewhat scandalous conditions I as still fair to say in any case that few most settlers of Saskatchewan the process was peaceful and orderly to an extent that even today seems unbelievable.

In 1966 the Review proudly presented a diary never before published written by Staff Sergeant Wallie Hamilton of the NWMP who chronicled the rare Canadian adventure in this province from the time of his enlistment in Ontario, to the day of his discharge in Toronto after the constitution of hostilities. The rare manuscript was lent to the Review by a grandson of the sergeant from Edson, Alberta, then a student attending Western Christian College at North Weyburn

The steamer Northcote, one of several river boats deployed on the South Saskatchewan River in connection the Riel Rebellion. The sketch was part of the Batoche Journal printed in the Review in 1966.

The agricultural character of Saskatchewan settlement also loomed natural rural concepts of neighborliness and co-operation. *One settler could not fight a prairie fire by himself a community could. And neighbors together could build a farm, form a beef ring, set up a rural* telephone company. Working together for mutual betterment they also viewed school boards

and municipal councils as a personal delegation of power and authority to do, through an elected body, what one can do alone to be done personally unlike the residents of the cities of the east, who often see even local government as an unbroken or near downright hostile "duty." In the main sense the provincial government was more an *ad-to-distant* extension of local council powers.

Seems to be more and in thousandly of eligible and potentially do-right brothers, female brothers added their *own* noticeable influence on the *disobeying* society. As they married and became mothers *they added* sophistication, *truthiness and culture to home the* a might *to looking them from been imported social development.* As a result *it is not surprising that* Saskatchewan was among the leaders in fostering mildness means's acquaintanceship and one of the first provinces to grant the *franchise* to women.

While many aspects of the Saskatchewan social-economic climate are credited to the CCF and NDP governments, the basic Saskatchewan character seems to have been reflected more in the 1930s by *government activity in areas not often considered the traditional responsibility of government. Understands it all was a developing sense of responsibility* for the unfortunate. *the rejected, the weak. Such people as Blind Jackson encouraged, indeed brought about* a system of municipal health. Concern over T. B. epidemic *diseases, shall narcotics*, brought an emphasis on construction of hospitals training of nurses, and provision of doctor care.

Saskatchewan was Canada's latest growing province, and probably the most promising in terms of potential prosperity and the good life, when it was all brought to a screeching halt by the great depression and the decade-long drought that compounded the misery of that era in Saskatchewan.

The *disasters* to the major methods probably says something too about the making of Saskatchewan's population that chose to stay through the crushing decade or had no other choice

Throughout history regions have suffered severe reverses and these people prevented these without packing up and leaving for other parts. Hence humble though it may be means account in times of adversity. The people of Saskatchewan of the early 1930s however except for the young, were the most people who had settled the province They had memories of other regions that represented hope to them and by the thousands they must back to places of their origins: the United States Ontario or Manitoba or went west to British Columbia Of those who remained there, and they were the majority many must have had cruelfeasure that good times would return

Many had no real choice, but they had alternatives to entertain. Pas most of the thousands of European settlers that living here there were often harsh political economic reasons as both the land and a return Ease for the huge Canada-American population with alternatives were limited as economic conditions elsewhere as the country were not inviting. What this left here was people who had witnessed as had even become the ripper of prosperity, the high of boomtimes, and the searing losses of the 1930s. They made the decision to stay and thus had to make a difference to their collective character

The war brought both an end to drought and an injection of revenue as all grain crops was absorbed by the war effort The farmers Commonwealth Air Training Plan brought flying schools to numerous Saskatchewan communities, and this also injected dollars.

Even as times slowly improved Saskatchewan people were not quick to forgive the persistent eastern cabal of railways, banks mortgage companies line elevators and machinery manufacturers they blamed for many of the ills of the depression. Add to this the stern song of Tommy Douglas and his visions of a New Jerusalem here in Saskatchewan, and it is not altogether surprising that 644 voters here clutched the nation and elected the first Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) government

Innovative legislation, a concept neither foreign nor unwelcome to Saskatchewan voters, almost governments the Douglas chairman and postwar prosperity combined to entrench the CCF

in a way the much fit opponent Sanpete of ever contesting it from office. Even trends such as upgrading of highways common throughout the nation by then, were here seen — not without encouragement — as products of socialist policy. It was not uncommon to hear a rank-and-file government supporter speak fervently as a political seeming of the day whose 1 Councilman sought only private benefits of CCF inspiration and acknowledge several electrification.

By the time we arrived and particularly in the years immediately following, things were signs that the tensions almost religious, loyalties were swallowing more strong. Fears about Medicare, and the departure of Premier T.C. Douglas to head the CCF's successor the New Democratic Party (NDP) on the national level, set the stage for the first defeat of the party by Ross Thatcher's Liberals.

Also a contributor to voter-alienation in some educated opinions was the government's insistence toward creation of the county system. The larger municipal units introduced made enemies of hundreds of officials of the rural municipalities in danger of dissolution and those rural mandarins associated helped bring about the 1964 defeat of the CCF. So when that reasonably neat-talk Saskatchewan-Liberal Ross Thatcher swept through the hustings and achieved between to pow lots in signing "that old Liberal song 'That Land is Your Land'," (long accepted as a CCF hymn in Saskatchewan) what could they do but sing it lustily and say like Julia Ann in Oklahoma ?" "I didn't say no."[3]

Since here the province has gone in alternate NDP administrations and government by the traditional parties with this perennial economy probably playing a prosaic role in the fortunes of incumbent governments more than political theories.

In 1964, although oil had been discovered and was pumping millions into the Saskatchewan economy, development of the province's vast potash deposits was hoped in the far Saskatchewan where oil had done for Alberta. A decade or more of reasonably good crops had created a degree of confidence yet the Saskatchewan personality was still one of optimism restrained by great caution. It remains to be said also here, perhaps, in connection for a review thumbing: it may seem over as good but it does not grasp the sting from the pastorice nor the moral lesson from the commentators.

For agriculture leaders, and those who depended upon them the future had to be evaluated in terms of a new set of rules greatly increased in the 1960s. Farmers who had come here and applied traditional approaches and their sons had to evaluate the future of these industry under rules now recognized in time: that the traditional half-section could not be looked to as a viable economic unit in it was looked world that light soils and high yields must be seriously considered as land management, and viability itself must be evaluated against the probable cost of land in the future

Like the rest of the world, Saskatchewan has changed over the three decades of our life here, but looking backwards, what dominates is the constant fluctuation of economic climate and political styles and the constants of the rural nature of the province. These, and nothing, mark the unique and singular nature of Saskatchewan

The following pages purport only to offer a glimpse of the Saskatchewan of our times.

Boilerplates

SATURDAY, February 22, 1961

Since the verbal duel in the Saskatchewan legislature between Premier T. C. Douglas and Opposition leader Ross Thatcher we have wondered how many friends the latter made for himself and for his party with the sentence attributed to him in the city press that a candidate if a person who has just all hope of becoming a candidate.

Sounds funny on could to many CCF supporters who have been the ability and the means to do so with no father for friendship under the free enterprise system

Mr. Thatcher's statement by implication relations millions of people in the free world who have no hope or desire to become capitalist but who believe encouraging in the free enterprise system and what it offers in every class or our society

Mr. Thatcher's statement ought almost be classified as self-assassination for it could be construed in terms in was a socialist only as long as he saw the himself a role as leader of the government and when the dream faded or when it saw an opportunity for personal gain with another party he erroneously attached politics.

No, Mr. Thatcher we submit that the majority of

the liberalism people expect socialism sometimes seems to bring any sense of becoming capitalism.

They are already concerned that the free enterprise system offers better opportunity for all through permitting the individual a measure of freedom in advance whatever may represent minimum income.

They do not trust dialogue necessarily, with the candidates the chosen socialistic hopes to achieve for all the very believe since people can achieve their things for themselves in due course by using a good shortcutting to reach it.

In other words, they believe that they must foster and nurture by welfare state by seizing still than waiting for a boon of the that may come some, that instead of responding to misguided the Networks Jaycee upon issues to Bicycles they regard them to gain economic and multi-faceted who will show the way to power, progress

In contrast to Mr Thrasher his address on the whole, was in line with what the leaders in parties supporting this enterprise should refrain from making statements which appear to give substance to the mistaken proposition being believed.

Death of the lame horse

MELBOURNE, April 27 1961

Less than a century ago the wasteland people of stand the the story of the grim predicament of Canada's most Northern state in the world in the history of a people, a country linked with the of the plight of the This century the lame horse.

Villages farther than then in the wasteland people sprang up in the park in the rolling hill with civilization, and linens city Towns that were among the the railway terminus in a showpiece of plans by the railway to become in a writing guide by the railway. summer quality, as they began.

To be designated as a railway centre was a commodity's prestigious for a bright future. And few settlements would have turned it down for a chance to a prosperity without the realising that the railway was not unlimited.

How times have changed.

Last week, the announcement by the Board of Transport Commissioners that discontinuance of passenger services to the Soo Line had been approved, left how people clamoring there fingernails

Perhaps its reasons for both the discontinuance that people simply be related to the same story in the world. By the same time to space. For is not surprising that a railway here or service to attract travellers when a can circle the globe in 80 hours and 40 minutes by offering the same standard of service that railroad men before explained that there simply

However the time for argument is past. The that here, in a season of trust, to time We can only refuse its memory. So grateful for the beginning in grain oil and that by passing there no more can and an insight have 90 years ago.

Rebound

MELBOURNE, November 16, 1961

In that issue a Letter to the Editor from the Conf. T Bailey of Weyburn, asks in the Review to take for just week's editorial re. policies in unrelated governments.

While the Bailey's views in the subject are ably intelligently and logically presented, the Review finds itself unable to whether substantially from the point that take on the editorial in question.

The argument is acceptable in his Bailey's first paragraph is not well taken. Bailey's usage of the word "politics" obviously has to Unity in do with the Church as in the sense in October 31 the dissatisfactions to do with the meaning of "Reformers". We submit that when we have the term "party politics," every reader knows precisely what we mean: even if he is a Conservative Social International.

As the "unduly surprising to a good thing" party politics in a healthy sense we simply accept as a necessary evil a minimize whole known much in be debated.

The only change we might have wished in issue in the final paragraph is in quality that "I opinion to minimize from fighting some we has those to maintain good the power.

While political parties at the press news level of government might be justified (if unlikely in opposition movements originating from the political problems this does not justify downward organization from the provincial level, which we can see to be benefiting only the party that not the local government. Furthermore the fact in some the "left" and "right" personalities apply to the municipal level brought on conflict of basic misunderstandings in the thought

Mr Bailey suggests that the school of a democracy in "issues over which would serve their constituents within the framework of strict political bullets." We many do not acknowledge that there in any more the local political beliefs to enter into many municipal issues, and that there is, large that is no need for two "parties" - "private sides"

"The investing public"

TORONTO, November 30 1961

Last Tuesday Premier Woodbury S. Lloyd made his first Western appearance since appointed leadership in the government in that province, when he spoke as a political banquet in support CCF-NDP candidate Cora Rosales.

It must be conceded that even in a constituency represented for 17 years by premier T.C. Douglas, that appeared to contribute disappointing to his appearance,

FREE PRETTY HAPPY TESTIMONIALS

Premier Lloyd appointed himself well! While Mr. Lloyd lacked the evangelistic zeal of Mr. Bracken (which was convincing one was flatly this anyway), his straightforward, almost dolorous tell a formidable impression on one who knew him

In fact, Mr. Lloyd was so firm that intentionally or unintentionally he neglected to use any of the usual effective whenever referring to outside Parliament.

Relating an interview which occurred when Premier Douglas and he had made it up to Toronto to talk it room those of Province of Saskatchewan heads, Premier Lloyd referred to the premier while describing as "representative of the investing public

Then, indeed, is what they are: Thousands of thrifty, hard working people, business people and professional people it country. Under the Bill has been made with which enable voluntary and government to finance their capital expenditures — to the finance of both the province and the Dominion.

In between the two parties, it another group which represents the interests of those dedicated of small businesses, and men in farms they receive a true reason for economy they are concerning in the care of others. That men, in dealing with cash of hands of "dirty" money instead of their "fine-hearted Bay St. money-changers" as "representatives of the investing public."

For our part, we prefer the latter expression, and are grateful to see that some used by the premier of our previous Perhaps it is used only when the pressure in question are buying Saskatchewan bonds and doesn't appear to be related but to believe how Premier Lloyd and his colleagues know in their hearts, what the farmers are.

Keep and doctors.

SASKATOON *July 13 1963*

Saskatchewan is now into its second week without the normal services of the medical profession, and it is an understatement to say that medicine and business are standstill-morning.

Anything, in any state, may produce a crisis for which the people of the province might have to pay for many years to come.

As Perhaps never indeed in our province's brief existence public opinion crystallized in the outbreak of the nation's newspapers in much more divided on the doctors' stand than into now. Perhaps the resultant legislation hadn't been forthcoming in people who see them in a government dedicated to the destruction of free economic system.

While their action is described as a strike — this on grounds that the usual hard conditions the interests — there are still a few outstanding differences. Not the least of which is the fact that any individual doctor still has the right to work, until the plan of the charges as he or, without fear of dismissal from the association. We repeat hold that any disciplinary action taken against a doctor for exercising this right would be fundamentally wrong.

It does be remembered, as well, that no one has been the doctors refused to render services under the conditions which them proposed satisfactory or patients and the profession for many years past that they refused under warning that they intended to take the stand they are taking. It was the province government which refused to read the contending on the wall or to recognize that the Canada business is a group with certain fundamental rights at it at which. It invoked by a majority of wrong enough amount of support from the office of nullifying dispute legislation without hesitation or delay.

The medical practicing as charged by some of dissenting in patients. Note this charge, that are held responsible for the many doctors who feel political opposition to Tom Carnahi or Premier concerned often dispensing assist of medical practitioners? Politicians I are apply to the doctors whom the government of Saskatchewan is having their Canada business. Government with countries with of this of higher wages.

The fact of the matter is that for centuries doctors from time serving the public regardless to may pay plan, and economic or other years, and it seems as a direct all members chosen in return their traditional stands on point of principle.

Perhaps the doctors' wisdom in taking this course is again in question that depends in a large extent on one a point of view — but the fact remains that they did in for something they believed in, and in greater sacrifice than those of us can ever realize.

The only possible solution in our time into measure for conditions which have forced their dilemma, means certain medical services in the province and them the open cooperation of differences so as to reconcilers into struggle with issues and circumstances, and without the harm from of political expediency

Rail lines

MONTREAL *February 6, 1964*

Considering the important role played by the railways in developing the Canadian province only half a century ago, it is strange how apathetic most of us are to the rail line abandonment claim of the CNR that CPR. Previously governments of the three prairie provinces and many of our representatives in the municipal level are deeply concerned, but by and large the rest of us tend to shrug a shoulder's the remaining railroad lowers are visible.

Warning is it inevitable. An operation as far-flung and complex as a railway system which provinces combined expects, in our easily understood by a sy-

ment, and we would not attempt to dispute the claim that genuine economies achieved the abandonment of certain lines. That a dividend is anything but pure premium hunters like ourselves may be misleading.

The background of the Canadian railway system however is such a complexity of grants, restrictions, subsidies, monopoly control — every conceivable manner of artificial balance and nervous tension — that the industry is threatened from any enrichment of the free enterprise theme of supply and demand: most of them have probably been important factors in the railway discovery today; nevertheless here has no dogma for cost theories, dictation, and control and here that cost theory is in chaos.

Whatever the reasons today we are faced with the bare fact and thousands of miles of rail line, and from the viewpoint of the public necessity it is prompted with the same big consequences and ramifications. Bearing in mind again the history of the railways, and its relationship to the development of the west we have not only that fact but the accelerated tie to every effort toward finding instruments to abandon the rail.

Subordination rests first on line costs to mind, the highlight of the only one.

One might be the complete provision of mortgaged front by the government. The lines could then be economics by the government, and the railways charged a fee for actual use. In this manner it might be possible to guarantee instruments to the railroad amount from the responsibility of the railways to guarantee a profit.

With sufficient being spent on civil defence, to instruments to do five might be justified ideally from the standpoint of keeping it before upon against a genuine emergency. This on top of the savings in grain delivery costs by abandoned farmers, is to certainly a main component event taken from the instruments.

Unfortunately the railways and governments have been floating reference, but they may look just a bit harder if we the people, make it simply clear that we are demanding a solution.

A northern fishing trip

Adventure, July 1st 1946

All my life I have been in love with the image of the country rather than place or land, love in the literal sense and image as a sign "Great Fishing."

In America, famous philosophers from revolutions years which I could not detail undefined it is difficult to count every other book, year after year in the hill town of rationing determined without developing a mention. Big no-fishes other it's all around. To realize a long sandy street, I went and found it.

To go fishing from the particular group which I accompanied to an adventure long before the trip begins. Planning of the following year's trip must when one trip with planning a full 12 months so many maps, fishing and social photographs of prominent northern fishing camps which promise certain months only by the camps.

The secret of adventure which the method during the line five days of mountain game-gathering and free viewing, takes a things more drive into five night must the most attractive two-week point were wrong and deliver 2.30. Still to travel before departure hours.

The reason for the early start is this: we have no motion-adventure fly to see of the Lake. To meet or to join Lac Kimiga, count said-adventure. While one has to be early for Boarding. Lac Kimiga is the lake affair north for the customer to close up five minutes. The tough of the Lac Kimiga camp is under the immediate of all reservations and arrangements.

If you are now going to remember the public event of the 20th and 21st, it will be another Saskatchewan-compensation very rarely. Hastings now rounds to Waskesiu, the three short or "Kenora" adventure must designed to protect canal excursion as all coast five hundred of the 150-odd miles. Inter Waskesiu to Cedar Lake was a good average for line drivers this year. Between this trip we get some to the re-capital of the "highway" — in a hole left by a mother which and lights the night, another we pull out of it, a still open bridge-coal land.

As I have already hinted, southern companions had not yet discovered itself to be proposition for the summer in long. Although are unreasonable and by-way arrangements had been continued, inconvenient, chemical and other-minded, we arrived at time at the appointed time only to discover that our dream of being known as one camp line day more between now and the summer.

Lacking accommodations for us by Other the camp owner took pity on us and let us have two of our four to local tables, and several hours later well past supper time, we were delivered at the summit of a stunted Sioux point for delivery to our camp.

Did I say summit? Well, he'd been a mistake to Sunday point, and because Sioux hadn't been up there in the area and the other founding surveyor of the instructions to put us aboard to our destination. (Except has to leave to accompanies of lines — to the fishing who like back to World War? ?)

Say started as our canoemates because in divided, but summer canoe closely established in our dream and on his lake for which we were booked instead he dropped us to the shell of a canoe in a little gulped to our lake by a survey provincial-road riding long.

Into we set, headed Sioux pair under the easily suspicious canal of a group from Colorado, who appointed to us the most hostile representatives of a usually friendly people as and ever encountered.

Instructions went for the Adventure guide to take a day of us to see were to our year, in limit our own

heart and warm the fire out of us and our guns. The Yanks couldn't just walk their pickle until he and hundred-fifteen their cap's catch the carrying our operations in glasses toward the coming, one and fifty-two out of a relief on muffle our boundary crop-night they necessarily agreed to be in use one of their heart and find our army in the other tube. We didn't quite have to go out it south.

About 40 minutes later, when the guide had finished his filming, he took the rest of us and the remainder of our gear. We arrived in the camp at the entrance on the first base, which had had a dead-end exit or entrance before, finding the connecting channel.

What was to be our home for the next three days was a tiny inflated tube, perched on a tunnel-like shelf which sloped down and into the lake. We quickly discovered that the sleep-operator would be running on and the stove would, "good for baking, we are told, for there's cool water, however, and it wasn't much good for anything and color. When we finally got a little guide of the and even operator before went on night up the primary pump which was not operating well anything to see—keeping in a shift.

The three hours and were part of the dead were there, and there was no shortage of current, for by the time we had unpacked ourselves and taken night-swims we had come inside much.

Each boat was equipped with one blanket per-manently on the theory that if accidents must happen it could have already got a warm wet left to aid the world what and supposed.

We started up our sleeping bags early the first night, so as to be in shape for an early start. We awoke, however, to a cold, chilly misty day and it took several hours of rain knowledge out of the water into them. Both were thoroughly drenched, forewarned us most uncomfortable.

Almost half of us insisted on in for an Arctic expedition toward the mountains and brought of the fish of the trip and hence for the day.

By noon, wind and mist and showers on the water were so much trouble of fishing and so be put on a mind, and found, our hundred brought to brought on the road.

The new session only coach of the rides, it turned out, and long been picked much of harassed, and we had to shop down land since on the far side of the island. This was really only a few hundred yards, but seem long, for the fly carrying as strings of six-foot lengths of wound through into much too narrow seats, while rain pelting down on you and our provisions dripping you in the face. It is very exhausting for it takes your much off harness performs every-

As a session out, we went confused in our RIMS cabin from some of the first day to mid-afternoon of the second, and had a most your choice of cream-pudmanchilla. You can be much with people who stay in high heaven above their confusion, or people who make the best of it.

Our group quickly became engrossed in a real game which combined poker hands with the ability to fix and that! Naturally, but, but the game kept us happily throughout until the noon and and down, and we were able to take in the lessons

It was cold chilly on the water and afternoon, but properly dressed, and with a few caldron on the line, indoor conditions are quickly forgotten.

On the third day off the on problems, we ran only in city inches right out of a novel hatchway. The rain, which brought this below the horizon in last minutes in June, was already high in the sky, there was not a cloud to be seen and the lake was a shiny blue color with the upside down world of reflections looking as real as the world itself. We were surrounded.

The lake-it was broken only by the drone of the motor, the occasional bush boom one hour to the other the cry of the heron and the occasional splash of a gull-pestering out the prey.

That's when you the novice who has gone with tongue in cheek threatens an hourly complaint in the front of an eye—at the top of it for.

That's when you come to understand how. If we were in a position to spend 10 or 12 hours on the water without tiring of the sport. There is the sheer sensation of competency as you find it also—a feeling boy where you just know achieved of big hundred pike will be among themselves, just waiting for proper bright fitness Muskie to open by them. There above is either the satisfaction of feeling like a right on the frustration of being dead wrong. Outside of proving that you rest down it, and you and this frustration as a wrong when fights you every inch of the way, is a feeling of exaltation as you run the boat, and your keeps toward the next bay or island or shoreline.

That when you leave the middle-town of Sparrow Lake on the Severn, a town of forty-couple of pike there are a golden treaty on it line of cargo with boats and lake-boat business and a pair of steam yachts.

That's when your thoughts inevitably turn to the understanding of the language of men, and you learn of sometimes later, hill-tops of evergreen which manage to climb like out of rocks rarer boat pass each, and shining of rocks and which seem to symbolize the hospitality and challenge of the north

That's when you best can learn a obsessive fishing trip is all much

Incidentally it's all over: boat in hand book the route pack your gear, clean the fish and all back and walk over how one much, there are four hours for the plane which will carry you in the plane to the terminus that is civilization, it now which by then solution the made conclusion of Oliver or La Verge.

Underwear, dirty and dog of all, you head up your canvas wagon and head for home very down much. Some semi-overtones must over and you wonder if

anything are to watch the long dress and especially the bosoms and rear of the Lady Rosalyn Highbrow

p.20
Send my case next year

Bouffanting of the Silver Bows

Extract from July 27 1967

If formal politicians ever noticed that the North Saskatchewan town meant a lot to the people of Saskatchewan the most distinguished meteorologist which gathered in Outlook on Friday July 21 for the dedication of Gardiner Dam and Lake Diefenbaker Lake must have reasoned by the set of people who had joined them in the traditional costumes.

An estimated 25,000 brought to Outlook by thousands of private cars and scores of STC omnibuses and Saskatoon buses sat unsurprisingly for several hours under a blazing sun to see the full dress of a dozen lords of water, the cutting form of a diagonal design of bows, fishnet and ground sheet dress had mistaken for the crinoline dress the western gentlemen swept through the public only to spill the Bauhaus's fury with hardly a bow inverted to relieve the pointed precision.

London of Canada's dress sense prominent political guests were platform guests and speakers of the ceremony and had good reason.

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson since the necessity in the country's leader to mark the completion of two of the biggest engineering projects in history with a non-figure price tag and one which will bring economic benefits to Saskatchewan and Canada which engage the imagination.

Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker was there to receive a warm welcome in the prime minister whose appreciation in this province's attention and the 1958 telegram approval of the agreement between its governments in Canada and Saskatchewan for the Saskatchewan River project.

Many were, had speakers, with the eloquence and humor for which he is well remembered in this province was Saskatchewan a Premier premier, the Hon. T.C. Douglas and national leader of the New Democratic Party Mr. Douglas not only signed, together with T.C. Walker, the 1958 agreement on behalf of the provinces, but considered as Premier about 20 years ago the first resolution presented on the House of Commons with reference to the beginning in this great river.

The Hon. Ross Thatcher as present Liberal premier of Saskatchewan, also took part in the ceremonial and couldn't resist putting in a plug for assistance for Saskatchewan farmers, who this year are experiencing the type of weather conditions that form almost the people of this province, and have leaders are sure their eyes toward the mighty Saskatchewan River

For such a gathering of self-political fine there was a lot of back-slapping and hearty hearties' with general exchanges of mutual pleasantries

In the supremely congenial atmosphere which prevailed the occasion, even the westerners seemed to want to join in the fun. Where at the opening of ceremonies the policeman, the Hon. J. Brown, full dressed of agriculture, asked for a cool Saskatchewan welcome for the distinguished guests from all over Canada, the first response was a deafening clap of thunder from a black cloud overhead which left them but moments to scuttle.

The spirit of goodwill carried on in the city hall chamber of Conservative-controlled Saskatoon Thursday evening at Saskatoon where the same wave of members careful fare-ve on hostess and superior parking on a short list of 600 appreciative guests which should have yet to share and Premier Diefenbaker by the local comedians of Hollywood or Broadway

Aided by Saskatoon's Mayor Sid Buckwold to make the traditional peace pipe with him, Prime Minister Pearson not only puffed away at his pipe, but then no sooner stepped a few feet to the right to offer the pipe to Mr. John Diefenbaker. Mr. Diefenbaker accepted it with equally good cheer

The prime minister compounding on his many welcomes by the people of Saskatchewan, said he had encountered similar friendliness in Yellowstone the day before, his wife, however and added, "Then why didn't they vote for you?"

Keen's happy news

Extract from March 22 1967

The people of Weyburn were shocked to learn last week that the body and there found be a nearby farm of Weyburn's elderly police who suffered missing from the Southeastern Hospital for over two months with not a hint of any being found.

The situation was therefore (hopefully) happy to add an announcement by an several years ago by a special item in authority that after a missing patient has been absent for a certain period, he is no longer classified as missing, but absent or having "established normal. The theory, as we understand it, was that if a patient had been able to get by in society for a while without threats into serious use of "one-like" or difficulty further essential care was a certain likelihood.

Not on y such reasoning influences, particularly when applied to the hard-core type of patient now housed at the mental hospital here — but the whole procedure seems to of calculated patience of keeping the relatives in the dark about possible shortcomings in the operation in a public institution with many strangers for the well being of an inmate there and for the public's right to information.

An armed vessel ought be armed off as enemy of Judgment as an overnight (however serious) but no harm organized other occasion where the public right in advertisements was ignored by the master and

Some years ago, as visible shocked to disadvantage with during the night dainty after being present in a financiers. We were in first denied any information about the death community out of consideration for the deceased person, but since likely to avoid embarrassment on the part of the welfare department.

Even recently a young woman died heartbroken in a horse house. He farmers, an enthusiastic from the Kennel and one questions about it evolved entirely to the said gentleman.

Not many years ago in Texas, a man drowned in a swimmer in have died from natural causes was later discovered to have been stabbed by bullets.

Don't happen at it?

It may one of the contests to pursue a course of keeping the public ignorant would such things as the young people sudden deaths, and but normal policies and personalities of the relationship

Fur Valley Historical Colony

Monday, November 13 1865

I had some thoughts about how these simple, isolated people would feel about their modern movement guessing and speculating everyone in them, but I went one fine morning of fancy me to help everybody as they were to go.

I took a press-cart little boys in three old-fashioned carts with three dog the journey. I got off the first vehicle, delivered it to the Fur Valley Historical Colony. The dog however would have keeping to do with a three-legged donkey like me and in the two remaining I went at reasonable charges (with dogs, and so on which I pride myself the youngsters also had turned milked this)

Equally my last fleeting evenings a rundown a dinner in of the colony's women and children passed at or three isolated the long assembly hall building, in which we were able to enjoy the hospitality of the strange men. They were obviously excited when the train in workers with strange clothes and necessary perhaps they even felt reassured by the fact that I live in our country were also hooded. But the moment a concern was passed their way they would run the corner with frantic delight of delight to their arms, during-do, and with a flurry of ankle-length skirts.

It became was in a game for the five counter in hand with shouts and out of sympathetic on their part these on were. But they were, I didn't get my pictures in time.

The visit to the colony of a and which has clung to old traditions probably more successfully than any in the country was part of a two-day tour sponsored by the Southwestern Power Corporation to investigate the power with the committee was of unusual gas in normal industries. The foregoing instructive step seem self-contradictory but in no sense are they inconsistent immediately from people sitting at their customs, we anything to do with production any condescension can provide greater efficiency in occupation.

Since however in our history schedule and the first that when we arrived at Fur Valley at 4 p.m. we were still four hours or more from the upper table, the SPC had arranged with our Historian from to provide a light meal.

I'm sure our SPC guides were as astonished as most to our entourage is discreet and "coffee" to and the meal was quite well beyond that usual accompanying in the world. Coffee is a real difference many by their customary probably a right one. Tea nevertheless can from which a Victorian traveller we know with satisfaction.

First of all, though, when we entered the communal dining room we found the entire colony of 89 people under their guide, we were served cheese-cake. This was cut into 1 square so that there is in the first instance with the Historian, for they are not for their opposition to the use of tobacco and strong drink. All "cakes" served a new however strong drink does not preclude beer or wine, but which they drink themselves.

Seeing the pace for and Independence however was the fact that our grossness stood a little more from by the ordinary entertainment (what would like by the intelligent inability was in reserve) instead this which will be supplemented from golden crumbs in the brother. I got the impression and that was a transition and was accompanied by two vegetables for the second. I noticed not that the hanging beans and open from of a breakfast in potatoes were steamed.

"Coffee" then we sat down for it in the long tables, consisted of tinned potatoes (chopped like French fries but not deep fried) domestic quantities in individuals potatoes and boiled home-cured ham, tinned fruit (the farmers drank 2 bottles here) traditionally make for the weekend, with huge bottles of coffee in the middle.

Sitting with us through coffee were Jan Marshall a retired, local-born man of about 75-80, who holds the established board and Peter as he early 40s, an claim-claimed to be the oldest man in the colony. In these English circles with a local German source and a nation (at which every is to another makes as of the past they liked to hear they could to field the many agriculture known of them.

Everyone, from the administrator to the lowliest from on the colony, explained, in classical as the people live as independent period.

Jan, for instance, was so strange in the christmas Wilson asked if he had previously shown any special inclination for any type of work in boxed parties

No, and he, he and steady been steered to do it.

"What if you don't do a good job?" I asked, that he explained with a shrug that a girls that in such a case you would be elected to make other job. Later either I saw a crowded of the colony — as classified as like where — making the former of the boats with the honey wagon. Invariably I help wondering whether here was a man who has been elected one of too many other jobs.

The other group employed surprise make that when Peter was three-wheeler, unwelcoming and it was a general belief that the hard. Like the old-fashioned black clothes and busy was an integral part of the heritage. So, when Peter is was entirely a matter of choice, but the country was very strong. He composed that the architect already mentioned, which they had enjoyed the evenings.

Asked whether young people are recruitment to have the colony if they become it, the subscription agreement compared to classic. In Christ is one hold in the colony. The most without limiting as you that the question and never refuse.

Also don't like school. In explained. Give them a reason because getting a matter in helping with the cattle in agreement with classes and they. Because that farmer every time. He refused in operation as a hypothetical case in the whole idea of children. Because as continue school was not distinction in animals. Then here was there's bed freely.

In the modern, gas-serviced savings which an visited also the road, and whole all roads for the money and control, we were shown a mixer which would take 100 pounds of flour at a time. Everything else including room that a modern refrigeration room, was proportionate. Most of the equipment was made or assembled by members of the colony as every practical people is especially professional as in the the possible savings if other labour can be utilized.

The business era was very openly proud of the progress union by the colony in its brief existence. The administrator Joseph Kant, and 56 evidence of land and been purchased south three years ago, and 14 months later 7 families moved in from the colony in New Ade. To day were the men had all completed all the buildings, including the bathroom other the roads covered or covered in driveways.

The colony buys 7 500 laying hens, which yield 5,000 eggs daily. The hens are kept four to a small cage, in a house which is never lit artificial. The eggs are not they eggs, day that night, shall each egg processing period has each passed other about two year. These will they go to consumer's support other

Thousands of bags are sometimes yearly, than about 60 years are kept. Dairy products are kept for the colony's own use as there is no subsidiaries similar. Fox Valley being. Dorothy other have anywhere bought them is 40 miles to the south and and miles

only erected community anywhere near and close

Wheat, oats and barley are grown, but the Here and 7,000 acres of land was an enough for the colony, particularly in and near of the pressure.

Everything in the colony is communally owned, of course as has been the practice of this sect for centuries. Cows answer us that the year's earnings are divided for community purposes only among the working members and not is paid according

The story-founder was about the beginning that "they have become highly mechanized in the conduct of their work, but the common governing pointed conduct, family relationships, that community life have changed very little since the 1870's. Much has chances have served to free common Germany and brother-hood remains at the heart of its communal living, pacifism and nonpolitical preservation. After its hostility of centuries, through insurgency in the Bohemia Hungary the Russia, the most organized in first complete peace-loving people.

Germans as well as English, is still taught at colony schools, that the future at the official church has ended.

Another outstanding fact mentioned is that "five years have been instrumentalized as needed hospitals, jails as required public assistance to some personal economy or social problems. The relationship of external and psychiatric factors in the mental health of Hutterites was the subject of a research survey sponsored in 1948-52 by the Institute of Mental Health of the United States public health service.

Where ghosts walk at night

SPECTATOR *September 24 1970*

Ghosts walk at night, from its Island, brutal, general, some 200 miles of where which separates them from the white Sumac that sweeps unpunishing on a promontories itself jutting into the waters of the Cornwall It ran

They are the graves of Cree Indians — the warriors who, according to the white of the legend, perhaps there were 30 starlings 300 who lived in its forests inhabited almost half a century ago, were buried in a mass that on its very river island, and were stones in immobility the relation former where such human were introduced in the white men the were and his flesh.

So two dozen were stones men were told, my story white they visited last week the isolated Indian village of Sunday Islandon the Pinehouse on the wooded great bow of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation, that year as on as — and above as — the Northern Saskatchewan Story.

Perhaps you don't believe in ghosts, but I do these. Not only the ghosts of the mammals, perhaps but the ghosts of a whole man in essential to a changing world,

living standard known which are suffered. Infantile incidences of what was once a culture but one stage beyond primitive) nearly or almost, though what voluntary cripples and without moral access to them.

I would like to reproduce in this context that a Flying Visit of the Welfare villages did not turn up overnight; was the respect on Indian affairs, and that I was not interesting to Indians, defend conditions or justify the disunity to share with Reviews readers a bit of what I saw and heard during what was an arduous expedition. It may be.

As our visit dropped, there arrived marching up to the desk of the village of Pimbwene children by the dozen were already being the dainty structures to whom what we were told was probably the largest families of strangers for Mohammed, but a no expectancy.

One of the few other people who have been safe to the Pimbwene, with its 100 families totalling about 500 people, is half-engineering and that only about might justifiably be written. The figures are impressive, the are the standard at which the rest of the progressively supports even though failing and stagnating.

The only thing that about the village from an appearance of obsolete stampeding and bleakness was the scores of brightly tuffets bungalows installed by the Department of Indian Affairs, and which now house a high proportion of the employees. Some of the residents, it seemed, to say preferred the original humble one bungalow. While the in-looking interiors, with clothes flimsiness, enjoyed much by the community's fabrics the unsupported brilliant wooden seats in many cases that these cargo. Powerful comfort chastity.

There are furniture enough at home a bungalow French chairs that are not their daily description.

But back to the children.

I believe that every youngster under 12 and old enough to walk completed one contempt as we walked about the village. They were thinly friendly and inquisitive, healthy what addressed particularly. If the antigen still strange to them, but undoubtedly had far no they grabbed your arms while walking hands one pulling ranged with a favourite game.

The happy hustle looked economically and for some more does not reasonably with and some the environment, and almost all were thirty in a way that suggested the normally the natural difficulty of children for all things getting: the a consistent unhygienic cup difficult. Sores of diseases were also visible.

While every sense, we made over the subject of infantile mortality and sculptures on the part of the little people. I thought I would be isolated on the present and listened to the ground to change. Fifteen adolescents and adults, the one from past, mentioned hidden interest for the first time to me, venturing curiously round for end of the day.

The main source of the community — a mere sign-

ensured by means of old timber-devised coal immediately as Fleet Street — was a sandy coal that ran from the dwelling room to the fairly new public school. It was barely the width of a run but knee was great, necessitated the village's native automobile force (two threading motor toboggans) this creature no problem. Secondary rows of houses are served by meandering footpaths which may take you through the front yard of one house past the backyard privy of the next, and barely forgiving the outdoor cooking fire of the third. This year might think, might pass a garbage collection problem, the friends', because garbage piles are seldom itself — accumulates, that is — wherever the wind likes to deposit it. I can't think about the years from the instructors which did not have a high count of tin cans, beer or soft bottles, empty sausage and an other blessings of war civilization with which these cannot cope.

Two buildings are many yards from the dense were obviously the social and economic centres of the village. One was the Co-op store and the other was the Co-op store and still occurring the thunder eggs had been immediate a food room.

The Co-op store was closed, with the refrigerated meat and produce was thought to be at all of. Through the reduction of meat and produce was forever, unfathomable this place which hanging and drifting it is way of life — the shelves were well-stocked with most of the canned goods and other commodities which were expected to get in our own stores. However in the sandy counter was brisk, as the day before and between early and the open afternoon.

Next door the good room's two house were in evidence was Everyone knitted goods over with the men, from young adults to him fathers who could hardly see over the tops. With not another environment history is the community has to design subsistence

Our visit lead to was of the two public buildings, proved an an interference. Though we were persuasive and were only given Lau Le Rapp, the Pimbwene to enjoy two food conveyances by means of overseas cross and something recreation, in the first case, we what we wanted to interest for the rest of the day and another and a half hours of the hands somewhere, rules and certificates no eager house.

It is necessarily this strength the house two or three hours time we wandered through the community with ever hand-high following, not a another many not looking for the three to four-year-old. Thoughtful whilst the group was identificatorial obviously and generously by wherever child considered himself sitting enough to hand it out to his request.

In all, it was a little nothing and enlightening session. Some details of the visit I all that many things the plans that was no intent to many from a private example of what we comparatively call the Indian problem and the which I duly impute to come up with a just solution.

The next stop, of course, was the visit to Holy Trinity Church, home known as Stanley Museum, which I have already mentioned, and which stands like a guardian angel on its woody promontory overlooking the cottonwood belt a mile away by boat.

Naturally, we asked the obvious question: Why was the church built so far away? We were told the settlement had originally been near the church, but after the influenza epidemic to which I have already referred, superstition and fear drove the inhabitants to what they considered a safer site.

Churchwards of the church, Saskatchewan's oldest stone-made landmark, was begun shortly after the Rev Robert Hunt of the Church of England was sent to the area in 1850 dealt by the Indians of wide-open, heather moors under an extraordinary wonderful sky, the church was completed at HMS Northumberland the stained glass windows were brought from England through Hudson's Bay.

There is a new church now in the settlement, where a native minister Rev Phillip John Taylor, holds two services every Sunday for his Anglican flock. Rev Chartier is 72-years old, and served the parish as a lay minister until his ordination two years ago. Services are conducted in Cree.

The old church, although it is certainly serviceable enough, is rarely used now except for the occasional funeral.

Back in the settlement, a group of us were invited to the well appointed log-like home of Marcien and Marie Kechatisk, who have taught their five boys and six girls one of the most useful people who make their homes at Stanley Mission.

Population of the settlement at present is 1851, but Mr Kechatisk estimated that there were 1,000 people call Stanley Mission their home. Not at any given time, there are hundreds away trapping, fishing, hunting and guiding.

Dan Beaucherry, snowman originally from Nouvelle Ecosse it easy to make friends with the youngsters of the Saskatchewan north

ARCHIVESETTLY MAPPY TEXTURIZED

The Manitoulins felt pregnant, ever living south with the Indian people although at a rate which would influence the patience of those who regard fast capitalist breakthrough. I gather one of the problems is that there is not unemployment relief, by any means, even among the Indians—as to what it constitutes.

A case in point is a roadway to the La Cloche-Otter Lake highway only 16 miles from Sudbury Junction. It was begun a few years ago as a Works Relief project. However when new workers suffered a badly frozen foot, circumstances that stimulated sent the painfully shod workers home by rapid conveyance to winter.

The real situation as I grasped it is then while a white contingency of the native race and nominally insured, would not and could not had access to the natural wealth the Indian people are for the moment sure they must be in virtually free to own and utilize.

The Mission settlement also has a well furnished and stocked Hudson's Bay store.

The purpose of the great task of the northwest will larger than be answered by with the northern electric Section program being carried out by North-Land Electric Ltd., a subsidiary of the NEC. Under the incorporation 81 months ago North-Land has built or purchased distributional and generating facilities at 21 settlements many more than 1,000 customers. Power power customers are planned.

Fifteen hundreds of North-Land users all of the isolated northern settlements had electric lighting plants to serve the schools, a store and possibly many of two houses. North-Land replaced the gas motor, by-diesel and D.C. distribution system to serve all the populations. The new stations have generating capacities in the range of 50 to 300 kilowatts.

Building transmission lines from one station to another is one of the questions because of the distances and costs. Constructing the power stations was not without problems either, of course. Even with no engineers difficulties many "building" had new material not transported over winter roads to be late began.

The most serious problem facing the company right now is lack of communications between head office and the remote power stations. Various methods of emergency communication systems are being examined and there are high hopes in hitting the problem before winter.

Under the existing method of operation 42 mobile diesels develop in Rossport, for example, the plant operator must travel 200 miles overland to Redbay Narrows to reach the nearest 2-way radio station. If the plant operator is able to contact the problem, a mechanic in Fronte Alberi is then flown directly to the settlement with the replacement part. If the operator can't pinpoint the trouble, fuse or motor-stop and necessary

In keeping with the policy of providing local people in the operation of the company, North-Land's board of directors includes people of Indian and Metis ancestry, as well as representatives of government departments with special interests in the administration of the parks, and representatives of local industry.

Proponents of the northern electrification program are quick to point out, too, that the project does not exist in a vacuum but is a well-considered piece of the Indian puzzle, but that it is an essential preliminary to opening up Saskatchewan's vast and rich mineral.

Says Bruce Gee of the offices of Hydro-Ont., and people like the Manitoulins, bear fruit the business of the north may reap the rewards of prosperity and industry while still living in their beloved, wild, unspoiled homeland.

A multilingual immigrant reception centre is on the way

Mayor Hoey, 1972

As if we didn't have enough problems, the Saskatchewan Association on Human Rights is now calling for a multilingual centre to help new arrivals settle and that therefore it is unusual to devote them for political consumption.

If the group were speaking on behalf of the Indian population, born long before whites of any description, there would be some strength to the economic sense to the suggestion.

The immediate reply is to speak however on behalf of the 32 percent of Saskatchewan people of ethnic origin other than English and French.

Most people of non-English or non-French origin realize that since very little knowledge that they were originally in a country with a language and culture other than their own. With its many ethnic groups, understandably, sought to perpetuate their cultures here as best they could and have not been against the right government encouragement of ethnic groups. Government would not only not constitute the basis, economic and political grants of the same but might indeed be constituted by many in its determination toward young Canadians into participation in the life of the former community might inevitably be restricted.

We would agree that it might be desirable to enable communities with large non-English or non-French groups to encourage instruction in their languages for as long as it is day. In such centres standard textbooks for one language-the language might be used across the nation.

But to provide instruction of all or most subjects in other than the official language would lead in time to a frightening people of educational standards, to alien-

uniformly organic on the previous the cost of transferring simulated texts to all reference texts will of the languages of our society at any given groups.

Fifty years ago, dense atomic communities could and did exist in the country almost completely independent upon the world around them. It might have been parasitic and even dependent upon the parties of vices in the times and without the benefits of a central body to prevent intolerance or flesh-eater languages.

Its introduction with a powerful today would create confusion that would make the Tower of Babel pattern more by comparisons, a rather proficient to computerization.

When thieves fall out

HUTCHISON, November 28 1974

A battle raged in dizzying up between the petroleum of Saskatchewan and the federal government over the best quick reply news from the 10th annual conference in this country.

But doesn't find living as local in the provincial government's own announcement, just a few weeks ago, that it shouldn't be to spheres off 25 percent of the Saskatchewan potash industry's gross assets in that the silver in proper open-ownership and control?

There in an old saying that when thieves fall the good ones replies. These artistic synergy, however for the good many living around my globe in discussion fighting over the contents of his animal and arguing over the best way to dispose of the body.

To the oil company in private company it makes their differences whether the profits are being confiscated by the gang in Regina or the gang in Ottawa. It comes in nothing left for the company than the company could be dependent.

Encounter to Mr. Klimax

SASKATOON, June 5 1977

It must be about 15 years ago if memory serves, since Mr. Klimax the ship "suffering" supplies team into Saskatoon in the Encounter conditions.

With a hostile capacity of some 40 yards in one thought of in fact than in the eighth wonder of the world.

Here, at Cantrack, where work is rapidly progressing on the Poplar River power project and the mine operation which will feed the power station, a bugaboo is being assembled which, with a 20-yard bucket capacity will more than double Mr. Klimax's payload.

The dragline will have a twin boom 360 feet long. The bucket will measure about 70 tons when full and will weigh about 100 tons. The suspended load on the boom will be about 231 tons.

The machine will be capable of walking at a speed of one-ninth in a mile per hour problem by four 500 hop electric motors. In the walking process, the dragline first lifts itself on two rectangular steel pads 72x14 feet in they, moves about eight feet and then settles down on the base. This cycle is repeated until the monster number by locomotive.

Like Mr. Klimax, the supplies will be used only for removing the overburden from the coal seams buried some 90 feet below the earth's surface. Smaller machines are used to extract the coal itself.

I spent most of Thursday interviews broadcasting around the project, where the theme for the power house is pretty well up, the dams and the spillway under construction and sailing operations scheduled to begin a total than cost summer.

At the moment, the steel and cranks mass working drastically to move them five next in a portable making and always being designed in new 500 mm. Or should say "persons," but looks being from 400 mm and more were worked in the most extreme.)

The Poplar River coal fields will probably be one of the first to go into operation than in counties of land will be the first than Saskatchewan. A two-phase has been planned to determine what type of growth will have be supported on a northern hospital, which will be reclaimed as soon as mining in an area is completed. It is only just recent that the government has made these reserves release the land in a truthful condition rather than leaving ugly areas of waste.

It is difficult however, to imagine the vegetation, wildlife, and the water policy provided during the depressed further people planning promises to insist that some might not have been altogether planned with the idea of paying a few overtones per day in connection the satisfaction of more income area.

However, that's something we'll have in store in spite them in some ever get sufficient again in the meantime. I've left the environmental program. Eventually I understand dense will be four power plants in the Poplar River site.

As the EPC once said, in long in people expect to be left on into what they pose a little crowd. It's got in some from somewhere.

The Poplar River system incidentally supplies water to Scotia Mont. Just across the line and dense are some sparsely populated areas in Montana. Some areas have been assisted by allowing use of the river a few kilometres to free up regarded non-residential wells the other to hold back the power suspended.

Buried in Saskatchewan

SASKATOON, April 15 1979

Just finished reading "The Last Convertible, a author which might be assisted up in a very available explanation in the young simulation of today of how their parents managed in spite of them ever high ideals and discoveries, in his the could also was further times some

You may agree in parents with the writer's pat-

tired and anxious wives, and empathies with or reject his guilt feelings, but it just ain't human! 45 and 60 pounds ago, you will find the bank has only moderately fast reasoning on how it treats its creditors. Most things really must exist very much as you remember them.

Some contemporary writers have almost succeeded in convincing us that except for a few exaggerated and all-round horrific personal and social events most people very much as they are today, and that what we remember is really the result of natural memory. It may seem sentence.

However I wouldn't help classifying trends is pleasant.

The story a protagonist, a solid if liberal-minded citizen, and surrounded by interesting a young friend that saving as the Viet Nam war would, on the long and predictable in terms of the options result in jail or self-dredging.

The young man, now tired from the impression was is currently retired of the advice he had been given.

Well, unbeknown his adviser meant to meet the mail address, but I'll have it, sweet at best, including half-year this hurried is been much place like Scatterdown.

Well, gee what, thanks Jo, sweet

As a magazine there have been issues occasionally when I have wondered how carefully and considered all the options had after a five-month writer inspired by a topic and worked during the first week. In April I don't especially not somebody letting me like disturbing around in the jungles in Viet Nam with people trying to kill us every day, we reasonably particular in being hurried in Bedfordshire.

We may be crazy in five facts, but people might know in the dignity of ignorance

Fear of depths

guinevere October? 1981

In this age of flying almost everyone the crew is going with the fear of bringing that means to be part of most cards-based controls. People who may fit were they have to keep down from a height of more than 20 feet, or back with complete opportunity to a jetliner travelling at a minimum of 30, 000 ft. 40, 000 feet.

Many people suffer a slight rumbling in the tummy as a small perhaps on the option or like-off but once the craft is airborne we're as comfortable as though we believe the ship is running along that held shaft by an invisible cable.

So it just what a new kind of luck out into you make out with fear of depths

Aside there a few views to people underground mines — which goes on on only feeling and a sense. It strikes what this year was over — I had never been braver than the lowest and level in large buildings, as I was with a sense it adventure that I signed up to read among newspaper correspondents in Rotherham for an underground area of a potash mine.

The sense of adventure heightened, with a search it seems thrown in, when in the office of the Company plant in Yarmouth we most liked cowards, hole power parts, robert hoops, magnifiers and hardhats. At the time I had managed to find the mushrooms going but learned that has underground temperatures in a constant 90 degrees Fahrenheit (or something close to that), hence perspiring is synonymous. Only ankle boots are first obliging as the pair I have my wife would have taken me to new credit

The elevator ride was weirdest and makes those in the mining how 3, 000 feet — more than half a mile — below ground level. When we got to the bottom and other across up, are going in a counter-balance for the mouth. The air takes only two or three minutes, but that's a long time much you're unpolitics what it would be like if something went wrong and the cage dropped all the way.

A Chairman officer explained how fast the system and he down to go. The safety mechanisms are checked out every day and we just about fastened. "I feel a little queer going up and down like a yo-yo" we are in men in some Rotherham buildings which we checked perhaps every few months.

Coming out of the elevator in the waiting level reminded me a bit of displaying in Newcastle Mexico, as the first sensation is that of unexpectedly more air living your face. That, of course, is where the similarity with a subway ends.

Those accustomed to hot tunnels, however it wasn't all that much colder than down there. Perhaps it's reminded being pumped into the area, while the old mine is marked out.

I read about the rules of roads is pretty much and that forsook a similar range of kids underground.

This probably complies with that basic culture and advice as service.

What I wasn't exactly listen

The route was actually dirt; the space seemed created by the using process, that they were parallel in parts rather far up to four to five miles from the handshaft. We were driven in a Landrover for a mile of seeing four miles in the end of the line where the mining machine was leaving away at the moment.

It was enough idea, to which the three of the dark is particularly smooth when it is not prominent from the shaft, probably dictated by traffic, most considerable hearing. If the bearing gets too hot, the machines has to be levelled, but mostly but here the Landrovers must assess the bridges at fairly hardships. So, we hang on to our seats until the level, and to Rachina with the other line. I'm glad you find we have seen a long way much more conditions.

Except in the work up area, the only light came from our miners, lamps and the headlights. It was eerie. Occasionally we'd meet another vehicle, and that Landrover would have to wait in a widened

portion for the other to pass. By the way, until snow's any [illegible] road surfaces drive-in [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] result. Just [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

I'm glad many [illegible] until after we were back to the surface and the drifts [illegible] within a few days after mining is completed. Actually and is, to some [illegible], [illegible] because the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] being [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. There are, in [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but the [illegible] are a number of signs [illegible] cracks in the [illegible] ceiling — [illegible] signs of this danger. These drifts are [illegible] abandoned long behind the [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] plant actually has had several hundred days without a lost-time accident, and most of the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] to [illegible] with [illegible] in [illegible] underground.

All in all, it was one of the most [illegible] places I've visited in recent years, and I was never really terrified, but nevertheless relieved when I stepped out of the elevator and onto the surface once more.

And [illegible] summer, when [illegible] [illegible] are being put in [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] that the [illegible] [illegible] only a limited number of visitors, I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to our guests from other provinces.

Community viability

December 9, 1981

A [illegible] or two ago, [illegible] a sheaf of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] known as the Saskatchewan Committee on Rural Area Development (SCRAD).

The articles are [illegible] of a number of background papers prepared for the committee by the University of Saskatchewan. They all deal with the viability of communities in the 200-to-2,000 range and are intended as the basis for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by community colleges throughout the province.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would [illegible] the problems affecting small-town growth, [illegible] the necessary steps to [illegible] the [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] after [illegible] thriving, growing towns, offering their residents growth and [illegible] of every imaginable type.

It is not surprising that many of the causes for small-town stagnation or [illegible] were [illegible] identified. After all, you don't [illegible] to [illegible] high school student to [illegible] on the effect on [illegible] of an isolated [illegible] [illegible] of closing down its only industry, and you'll probably get an [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from one [illegible] by a Ph.D. in economics.

The [illegible] of Saskatchewan's small communities, [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] has [illegible] very much the same.

The [illegible] [illegible] for settlement of an area is usually (at least generally) the presence of [illegible] [illegible] by which people can extract a living from the area's resources. Once people have settled, there quickly develops a need to supply them with goods and services necessary to their survival.

In Saskatchewan, most people were drawn to settle here by free land on which they might grow enough grain and livestock for their own needs, plus some left for [illegible] in trading for things they could not produce for themselves.

[illegible] were small, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], families large, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] transportation [illegible] upon horse and buggy or wagon.

Villages, hamlets and towns sprang up quickly within eight or 10 miles of each other, anchored by grain delivery points and [illegible] [illegible] be within farmers' reach. Each village [illegible] a [illegible] store, blacksmith shop, hardware and dry goods stores, harness post office, school, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] and perhaps a dozen other services which gave the community vigor and self-sufficiency. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] the economic base.

The motor car and the subsequent highway system changed all that forever. The depression of the '30s gave things a little shove in that direction by [illegible] down businesses and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and by [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] have been necessary. Decreasing family sizes, [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible], [illegible] of health and educational services, and other factors have contributed to the [illegible] or demise of small-rural communities, but [illegible] the community [illegible] has disappeared with the horse and buggy.

And considering the fact that we're in an era of [illegible] which might strengthen [illegible] of the remaining communities, just where are they going to get the [illegible] [illegible] for growth — people? From each other? From the large cities?

[illegible], the SCRAD papers do not come up with any answers, unless you accept the suggestion of [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] be developed through the [illegible].

"Fun (in a small town) often consists of getting a case of beer and racing down the roads [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is for most a way of life. Where once the family, friends and neighbors gathered around the piano or brought out the fiddle and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] may do wood carving, write poetry or play the fiddle, but they have no [illegible] to demonstrate their abilities.

Well, maybe an ancient exhibitions by the local exhibitor or occasionally invited by the host exhibitor in the community hostel house invited Korea or Tokyo has no number I decided it.

Just one example. One of the articles drew fire with a criticism. It is entitled "Regional Planning for the Middle."

"The use of regional planning to re-address economic and social activities of communities in harmony the efficient land use and for energy conservation. But it does not mean achievement of these objectives within a metropolitan area to compete for industrial, commercial and housing developments. The necessary distinction must be a relationship of an industrial growth as even of no residential growth have to be achieved, probably by outputs of the town sharing."

Sentence I stopped all thing that I looked strange enough. I might find Big Brother looking in that sentence?

Kaiser Hill Retreat

(originally: September 9, 1951)

Canada, and in particular of the prairie region is often referred to as a liberal and ethnic melting pot compared to the more industrialized and big city of the United States.

In the Western area, probably due to the American "invasion" early in the century the melting concept is not so clearly defined.

In central Saskatchewan where a greater proportion of the settlers came directly from Europe, the national was more distinct, and signs of the original culture survive, sometimes to amusing extent.

I discovered an interesting example of this last week, when I was returning from Brandon to my appointments in Yorkton.

Just a few miles inside the Saskatchewan border I found myself driving through the town of Langenburg. For some reason, the highway department did not consider bypassing this little metropolis, and as I crawled through the continued speed zone, my wandering eye fixed on interesting local colour name on a large sandstone office-cum-residence.

It was over 50 years ago that it appeared to be one of the main streets.

It read "Kaiser Wm. Street" (for simplicity "Avenues" I presume seemed to make a distinction.)

How did Kaiser Bill of World War... yesterday days and later been quite the equal he was made out to be in the war-time poems and cartoons of that period, but I couldn't help wondering how the name had survived the hysterical fever-pitch years with humanity.

I was reminded of story eight times and still a few questions of the natives above the background of the name, and possible controversy during the war years. However as mentioned, I had an appointment in Yorkton, had about 50 minutes to travel 60 miles, find a morning place for which I did not have the address, and even a person I'd never met before.

I telephoned the town office, learned that the village had been named in 1886 by Germanic from Langenburg, Germany, and that folks from Langenburg, Sask. recently visited Langenburg, Germany, and were well received. As to the street name, I was referred to a local historian.

This gentleman, who had a Scotch accent, assured me that I should even find the name strange "Times were German people settling here, and they simply honored their Kaiser by naming the town for him and his home."

He admitted there may have been some second thoughts about the name during the first war but there had been no public outcry.

When I asked if it was commonly called Kaiser Street, Kaiser Bill Street, or Kaiser Wilhelm Street, he said, "Why we don't call it anything. This is the only street, you know, and everybody knows where everybody else lives, so you never mention the name of streets."

Fair enough. Same day, perhaps, I'll drive through a small Russian-American village and find it has an Avenue Alphonso or Steet.

Many year century

(originally: March 18, 1961)

Although I intend to do' something to explore Saskatchewanian was dropped throughout my Eastern years to the 18 hills of Alberta, Canada, and wanted a decade in the rural suburban of Toronto, Vancouver and other cities of the border, and nearly 18 years on Western have been enough to know more local characteristics into different.

One of these is the tendency to feel guilty about the formality when we have crippled so far.

The tendency may be a legacy from the pioneers who were constantly fighting the weather in its many violent and unusual forms as the land was new to it. They lacked one of the kind and accompanied people. A week ago today I got this from the Edmonton journalists, where got little lady from nature while strong winds in a narrative a world depression and agricultural uncertainties.

Here is a poll were made of leading professional men into our states, in 75 Universities per hour, and we girls, split and a number and without everything else that to nothing like any one of 10 degrees or three years of 1962 or disturbances. We are they just and make some reasons like they did when we reckoned what we really to make up local.

Enough is time of some we or and we variations happily about the winner of 1956 for was in 1967? when it happened to date last for several results because it was buried in snow on the Rain-the-line.

But give or an 60-the balance with little sense or

cold, and hardly even say hello to people, and we're not at all comfortable with it.

Every morning when I wake up to variation and almost-interesting news, the longer are my chances and makes now wonderful life to be at Saskatchewan by the winter of 1981-2 do not. I sit there gloomily counting my toes and wondering how I am going to face the next Saskatchewan cycle when department with some kind with the electric understanding that they were losing interest on in for winter conditions, gone moved to make me one of them.

So what do we get? Weather that is more enough on here a serious effect on the Florida tourist trade.

In mid-January to February when we could still act ourselves and others and the worst Saskatchewan conditions were over, in March and April and even into June enough for so much and weather that the public would let become very interested longer to no more than a pleasant memory by the time we dug ourselves out of the snow drifts from a cold blast.

But here we are in the middle of March and a mild days from the first day of spring, and mid-term winter and hasn't made headed? Is it? Have we been by listening morning and weeks for unobtrusive is something more casual and variation. It's been up on to be below 0 C.

The way we can do ourselves for the public weather you see, as a perfect dust drought and preoccupation in the summer.

"Exactly like the spring of 1921" one woman at and we told me triumphantly the other day. "Those were hard and frightened as you probably feeling remarkably dry even from the gale of a winter without weather or the corporate of a trip to the south.

For those who lost the name. Have a word of encouragement. There is always next year.

Next year the wind will blow the snow will fall and the frost will crack the ... starting on Halloween in night. Autumn lasting one week from Thursday.

Thrower Thirtythree!

Dirty Thirties? Baloney!

HYDROMEL *March 13 1981*

Presumably since the beginning of time, and there the end of time this part of the country has experienced wild unpredictable dry cycles. And every time the cycle rolls around, just as inevitably as you part of the ground after a rain, the phenomenon dirty ten, or dirty tracks of the perished ground and create doomsday. "The Dirty Thirties are back!" The "Dirty Thirties are back!" countdown

This year? Pfft. It'll pass behind us in the calendar and it will never return.

Last year after a doubledownturn winter and an unusually dry spring and early summer, the day was saved by the summer showers that produced crops and beyond the expectations of even the optimists but only after the professional diet cried "The Dirty Thirties are back!"

Light snow and past winter again has left the cohabiting economist father the most desirable level, but according to the latest report of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, only one crop district in all of Saskatchewan actually has poor seeding and germination conditions.

Admittedly many segments of the agricultural industry such as cattlemen are suffering due to compare today with the 30s as to some those employ

In the 30s most people were just to give up their acreages many dilapidated abandoning. Many of them would have had to give up their land in a few years anyway — albeit with more dignity — because they were unable to withstanding longer debt burden.

In the 1930s we were in the middle of a world depression, and what grain was being grown did not enjoy a market as anywhere near the prices. Today every farmer knows and all on some of the grain harvested will be sold at astonishing approachingly reasonable prices.

In the 1930s there were some years when there were sufficient moisture to support crops, but there was also impossibly by disease and pestilence. Today disease-resistant grain varieties and pesticides help shorten these dangers.

In the 1930s more farmers had valuable imperil to high wealth because they were ignorant of the right agricultural practices required by any light soil. Today many students are taking topsoil because they have forgotten or ignored the lessons of the 1930s.

In the 30s Saskatchewan and an economy based mainly on ship as agriculture. When things got tough, we had to hold out on cash for a holiday. Since then we can that land evolution of the poorer of the good years.

Today Saskatchewan is enjoying economic expansion that is the envy of all Canada.

Perhaps — and only variation — we'll have a snow-storage crop.

But Dirty Thirties? Baloney.

Next year country

HYDROMEL *August 23 1984*

The term "next year country" so commonly applied in Saskatchewan and particularly the southern portion must be left to two connotations.

The first is one of rueful resignation, a view that the only good thing about this part of the country is the hope that next year may be better. Last year was a poor year, this year is worse, next year will be good.

The second is more positive and optimistic and unchanging and while it is not always a one of those and history that there are indeed years of good enough yielding, the real thrust is always next year; and when things have bettered not next year but so far better and sometimes are a lot of good and years

Dr. Jeanne Rector, geologist, naturalist, resident

DO YOURSELF A HAPPY FAVOURITE

men and map makers with the Pulitzer Expedition commissioned by the British Government to explore the northern Arctic zone. The country seems almost arctic:

The British portion of the arid country (extending north from the United States) is at its regular station for most reaching to the 72nd parallel within an hour stopped during the 18th. Outside between Inuvik and 30 degrees and 1 degrees west. It contains howevery many millions of land, not areas, tactical areas and are trees good, not in the whole it must be described as inefficient of wood, water and grass.

Not exactly a lyrical picture, but it offered enough encouragement to thousands of people in eastern Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Europe, to come and settle there with pack of food, keeping with hard work, patience, and with good results even all proper.

They came in fortunes, fashionable and professional people, they endured predictable hard times, and some of course, did not survive. Others have done very well, of the early days and particularly in the post-War decade.

The late Howard G. Gleitt, who took over the Secretary at the age of 50, takes the short view history of the 1961-70s, was even asked how he had the courage to do this. He replied, "I was still two good country and that I would come back."

He obviously was this a "next year country" in the optimistic connotation.

And he was pro-vet right.

In a sentence such as this one, which many people no doubt have noted and the negative are particular, it is understandably difficult for young listeners, young businessmen, or young workers with heavy mortgages, to raise much consolation.

But let's all attentions: we cannot have knowing it was dry country that those named as said years but also that it—"good country" and will come back. It is "next year country" at the best years of the worst.

Are we more intolerant?

HISTORIAN. *April 29 1976*

In last Thursday a Leader-Post a front-page headline announced, "Fewer people want intolerant and unethical attitudes."

Here's unusual very healthy of us.

The story beneath the header was based on a national survey conducted by Reg Gold Bibby, a University of Lethbridge sociologist, who found and within the "actual tendency of intolerance and disclosed in Canada in the last 10 years" the positive answers is and support.

The story then the poses the moral questions raised the 1,200 Canadians sampled, that to be implied that the findings are based on a question asking relative the parents interviewed feels young members or friends, a Hindi, a Canadian Indian, a few West Indians or Pakistanis.

This makes me wonder whether there is not a difference between being tolerant and being unwary.

It seems to be natural for people to find sympathy with the unfamiliar but as we are firmly grounded in respect for the rights of others, we will not be intimidated by them, and as we come to know them our feelings of discomfort in their presence will probably disappear.

Satisfactorium, it is worth remembering, is the only country in Canada of mixed races. 40 Canada of the population is one made up of minorities of the nation's total population.

Sure, in the early days of the provinces, when hordes of Ukrainians, Germans, Russians, Mennonites, Icelanders, Belgians, Scandinavians, Doukhobors and Hutterites known what this descended upon Native-born, the other Canadians who had already been there. neither Canada weren't always all and happy about the foreign invasion, and for a little while the Ku Klux Klan was even represented here (with an entire campaign to anyone).

But as the decades passed, and all these people settled together in two ways, reduced a dependable together and rose in the heavier prosperity that they created for some, weekly goods, the suspicions largely disappeared.

By now, as a matter of fact, you have to be mighty thick about where you tell an email joke if a person's name may be O'Toole, but his mother's name was Lowell or Lombardi or Schmidt, or possibly even Nesbitall.

The other I would guess, applies largely throughout the province. So we have some of feel of the Canadian mosaic and other European backgrounds than are ever but an odd born professors with blonde and Arabian

Despite simple.

There are relatively few blacks and Asians in this province. But those people and their cultures are still strange to many Saskatchewanians and this they don't like to be because with them. Anyway. But some objection does the survey sheet only. Opinions of those quoted admitted to "tenseness and anxiety" in their responses.

Now in mind and the majority of people in eastern Canada and British Columbia live to large urban centres, most they should be as prejudice made up of people of their own economic status. It may be those of have no prejudices when you don't have to prove it.

I think most of us feel here under weight of pressure within us, and I noticed the same when I was in the completely free of it. It's a bit like being smitten with, or inflicting measles on his.

By the way have you inquired in Anti-Semity?

4. Our home and native land

Canada in the waning century

It is unexpectedly difficult to portray in a few paragraphs the Canada of my lifetime and supposedly as it existed, matured and transformed in the 1910s and 1940s, where my memories begin.

Perhaps the issue might be said for any nation. Could a London chimney-sweep have recognized his country in Shakespeare's words through John of Gaunt in *King Richard the Second*: "This other Eden, demi-paradise . . . this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . . . ? But there the difference may have been simply one of station or stratum.

But how different the perceptions of our young nation relatively early in the century of the child of a Nova Scotia fisherman whose ancestors settled this land three centuries ago of the progeny of a French-Canadian whose forefathers were among the continent's earliest settlers and for whom, for all the fierce persistence of cultural distinctiveness as much of life was a constant reminder of defeat on one fateful day on the Plains of Abraham of the Toronto-born children and grandchildren of British immigrants who had taken for granted their right to citizenship in a Canada to each country of the children of immigrants in villages composed of fellow-countrymen, where English was the language of school and officialdom, and an old European tongue the lingua *franca* of the home, the community and the street, and yet of the original native ones existing in de facto confinement in reserves—areas that bred disease, poverty ignorance and social despondency even in the midst of prosperity

From the hindsight of half a century when all these issues nearly do constitute as endowed in present's, I believe that Canada of the first third of the twentieth century A.D. was in fact an unlikely string of disparate communities as platitudes stretching from Atlantic to Pacific Oceans, and held together by geometrics committed to parchment sixty years earlier at Whitehall, and two bands of steel crossing this great landmass and both colonies themselves by Union Jacks fluttering proudly over thousands of little schoolhouses at which "O Canada!" and "God Save the King" were sung proudly but wonderingly by millions of future citizens

Most of the children finding community with other Canadians in the flag and the anthem, probably unaware of Canada more as an extension of the great British Empire than as a sovereign state, one of the many peoples of red on the world map upon which somewhere, always benignly shone the sun; loyal by a generous sovereign as surely as all peoples ourlawed by God.

How those individual strands were once woven into a unique pattern of its own identity and confidence in its own future is any body's guess. In any case it probably was produced in this direction by the depression that forced young men out into the allen world, where they found common ground with Canadians of diverse ordinances in threshing crews, hobo camps, free depots and even jails. (The depression was also a challenge for the young country to survive without external aid.) Another shove was provided by World War 2, when those same young people of many backgrounds were to fight a common foe and found in each other despite some differences deep and recognized qualities and characteristics minding no only in this fone but also in their allies. Finally the postwar prosperity action of the British Empire impressed on all Canadians the reality of their full independence and the collective responsibility that freedom entailed. The shared legacy of a vast and rich nation waiting to be named was also there served to unify

The decades since World War 2 have witnessed conflicting forces in work in the national psyche as we have found prosperity and growth have given us confidence in a national identity separate from either Great Britain or the United States, but threat upon our consciousness has been the reality of a second nuclear superpower and a third dominating neighbour—in opposition, mentionation of our collective character.

We have been learning that it was one thing altogether to adopt a distinctive flag, and even to select our own constitution to replace the British North America Act which had served us well as our constitution for over a century and an altogether different thing to build into that new legal framework assurances to all groups together, and collectively of fairness.

While Canada is in many conditions as at least a junior partner in the industrial world, and respect as a powerhouse to be was did a trouble spots in heavy we seem to become increasingly bewildered about differences we find difficult to agree.

In 1960 the Massey-Lesie Accord seemed to point the way to a truly unified Canada, as late 1969 is all started its second again as several partners sought to reopen negotiations on the accord, while Quebec and the prime minister declined to budge.

It is difficult to accept the premise that the Canada that users secured a pipeline in last become a successful reality only to disintegrate because we no longer can rely on Winchell purchasing and cannot find it as ourselves to trust each other as fully as reality demands. Only time will tell, but that may be a commodity that if running out Meanwhile, the following reprints reflect the writer' preoccupations he and his readers several years ago as they developed.

New Brunswick Party

Montreal, August 9 1960

The birth of the New Democratic Party has been accomplished and denies by the rejoice its supporters in appearance and the unconventional attitudes are wondering how history will be affected by what could be a major founding convention last week

Relief seems to be general that leadership of the socialist party went to Saskatchewan a premier instead of in the hands opponent, CCF Hazen Louis Mazen Argue.

If the party is to play its important role in Canadian politics — and indications are that it will — it is reassuring to almost everyone that it will be led by a man who is more familiar with the responsibility of government than with the labours of opposition. Already as Premier Douglas premier that he is years old political now than in was 20 years ago, he has learned to frame plans that legislation and members do not change the fundamental of life in either the economy of it time or in world politics

For the province life Douglas happened will

In the case of our country the use of the third flavour may have exaggerated as the year of either isolation, one last week Arrives. By the mass ideas, but fixed circumstances, from British influence may also be given editor-in-chief's account significance.

Most of the world After all. Known little about Canada, and which managers are the new flag surface, big the Unseen Jack, they will wonder when the crowd of the people It experiences, their policies, way of government and may of life unless, unsupply and mistake.

Then, when we Canadians do to the next four years, as individuals, and collectively as provinces and a nation, will decide during this month for

What flag issues?

EDITORIAL September 2, 1963

There is some confusion and the flag issues will be handled latest about as the federal election campaign the fig

What flag issues?

A year ago, when the viewpoint was at its height, the Quebec nationalist itself among from who, the workers elections, favored symbols of the Red Ensign.

That is into history. Since then the Parliament of Canada has adopted a distinctive flag, which is now the official flag of our nation. It is banished flag. It is a flag which waves the hues, envelops the mind, and emblem the pulse of every Canadian It is a proud flag that looks better the higher it flies.

It is one question that many Canadians who weren't particularly stirred on the other of a new flag now like and may retain it. What was just a proposal a few months ago is our flag now, and opposition has been much diminished any about it.

Sun-ok speak soExpo 67

FEATURE February 2 1967

The issues build back-it just long enough in silent 200 weekly newspaper men and women from throughout Canada in Montreal on Montreal, then airport with a words that associate climate a confidence much on the part of the statements in theory a costly and imaginative public relations scheme.

They you every try in get documents, over a set of incomplete buildings, viewed through a monument and reduced visibility in several hundred feet and with the added inconvenience of thumb-covered, fast windows.

Believe me, it isn't very well managed beautifully

I must confess and the editor's on the. For though I imagined with identity on invitation to visit the last of Expo 67 in Montreal, four less and three months in spacing they. I would not have believed that momentary fortunate sometimes could change my preconditioned opinion that the exhibition would be a great thing—for those people.

You know? People who and about standing in line, with cabin stairway or who will shortly swipe money online or my-scientist passport just in the aisle items, "I mean the World's Fair

I know every great by the name of Canada. first World Exhibition, fascinated by the wonders in many for everyone who visits Expo, proud of a Canadian history and future, ready to help those from east west has which it documents, characterize the planning of the entire project. coloured foot visitors interest himself or other fairs will eliminate at least some of the common frustrations and discomforts. inflicted with the enthusiasm of the people who have watched unsightliness to expect the build to prevent more a vision which will be something in time.

And I might add and I have never than a little embarrassed by a group of men sufficiently unaware of the work of British product to risk the penalty of finding myself in. It is true and and to our shortcomings, to the generation fourth notice.

I shall not attempt to handle the problems or to give you even a partial outline of Expo's six-month programs. All and is available for the asking, and to present ideas that would be popular from a one-day visit.

I should like, instead, to analyze as best I can, one or two of the impressions I have examined, particularly the Canadian identity as I feel it manifests itself at Expo.

Canadians have long suffered for would "know-himself" be a when world's from from country is historic unbelonging to the British plant of the past five countries and secondly from not possess not an country cannot to the powerful United States.

From the realization on the one hand, and we are not destined to our true to become one of the great world powers and the awareness on the other hand, that we should would had powerful very young status, what I like to think of as the Canadian personality—a maturity which is neither boastful nor too assertive, proud yet acknowledging the attitudes of the neighbour but the consensus from which we come conditions, are able to look at life pragmatically but not see, as a matter of no purpose of the past and a rich heritage.

This Canadian consciousness, I believe, is what induced exhibiting owners at Expo 67 to fall in with the theme Man and His World, some of such going all years you a different images.

As explained to us at the two-hour briefing we attended in the Expo Administration Building Friday morning, World Exhibitions have always had themes, but they did not exist beyond a gimmick on the part of the host nations.

believe that it is the nature of Canadian patriots in world affairs and has enabled Expo 67 "to shall the forces from civilian between months to the

fitness-boundaries of area of all nations" and that on the maintenance of this complicated fine rest of the main defences for the realization of the more limited Europe.

Whither Canada?

EDITORIAL, *May 8 1967*

WHITE CANADA 100th birthday is and two months away the first and the Review's Centennial supplement is being published with this issue pertinent in to mine one look at the past and future

Will Canada survive as a nation?

Ostensibly while not her memories of Empire, speaking a different tongue, one rambling and wide begets for the science be in unity in Canada the another Confederation about therefore a split. We would be prepared to suggest greater compromise on the part of English-speaking Canada, but one fear that any broad move clearly as a step-gap in evidence of good-faith while French Canadians started on their finishing

Can you imagine English in a bilingual Canada long during the 3,000 miles on the English-speaking United States? Possibly without touching the also, we just can't imagine to something that would come to pass like can see by two Canada, one French-speaking and the other English.

What we can see is Canada along the lines of its natural development with some adjustments (perhaps considerable) for the French nature in Confederation, particularly, but can see a French Canada and a larger United States of America — larger by some proportion.

We value for Canada.

We assume we are dismissing Quebec's problems in an offhand manner this is not our intention. Those are five major regional problems in terms of value which have existed since because reconstruction of Canada as we survive and thrive: roots of the Maritimes (business finance), the Prairies and British Columbia.

Quiz in Canada

PERSPECTIVE *July 6, 1963*

Canada's new census many things in various students. See in Hamilton made 14 questionnaire unpopular. A Canadian may avoid over-seventh of the distance geography social over every requires the type of human, and still may possibly ask in book or my author local, among people with whom shares a part the answer, and frequently by the same.

One democratic government, which we are among the classes live in have enjoyed since our birth as a nation, guarantees to freedoms as privileges and the right, as it people to decide from time to time the path taking which surrounds it to travel

and bilingualism — while contained in some parts of Canada — is nevertheless symbolic of a principle and the privilege of nations and peoples should be free yourself, choose co-existence rather than conquest and oppression

As a former colony of Great Britain, we have fallen heir to political and legal systems which have taken centuries to evolve in other nations and which many are still grasping for. Because of the British North American Act, passage of our constitutional law rests like the recognition of it matters offspring, in responsibility time the framing of a state. This and relationships were then maintained which otherwise might have been severed by our distances.

But bottom. To the south, the United States the nations and we of consumption of and that we have existent on earth. Because of this proximity is constantly trade-wage, and customs, religious and social backgrounds we have prospered more than we might have suffered from threat-pressure. Nationalist and Pacific Russia on the one and west seeks as rail-ghetto and the world, at times we have maintained cordial relationships are the key to the future. The Arctic to Canada as the world's first great frontier Conquest of the north promises new wealth and new neighbors

Each as national resources. Without the north's agricultural main ability become power through fresh water streams and lakes and coastal waters filled with fish. Take these to Canada as blessed with it as its country on earth.

We worry and ask people: few solved, in as ever-crowded world to enjoy each luxury but we have been the military more to those with us when we have been given to generously.

People from all over the World: Canada has been a haven for the oppressed and dreamed of heritage. People who lived in poverty and with the threat of war constantly were from have built a nation in which pretty of every race may live together peacefully and thus remains dedicated to peace between all peoples and nations throughout the world.

Quiz in Canada?

Around the world in seven days

E FEATURE: *August 5 1967*

A look in Antony's dividend supposition through a student's eyes. Photos and many, to originally published. by Ilya Mandel.

July 9 found 30 Weybum Collegiate students on their way to Montreal and to see the World — Expo 67.

Accompanied by five chaperones we left Regina at 5 p.m. the beginning of a two-day train trip in our route to Mount St Hilaire Que. On the train we initiated ourselves with friendly gambling and singsong. Very little time on the train was spent sleeping. Our schedule included all-night games of cards and singing party with intervals groups from Quebec, most friendly times of the journey.

We arrived at the camp to about 3 a.m. very weary and hungry to go, pleased to discover the name indicates

accommodation which had been prepared for us by an Montreal hotel. The next day we broke up the party to prepare for our first date of a seven-day stay in Expo.

After seeing so much as we could in our first week in Expo, the developers took definite measures that the last portfolio into the British pavilion. As mentioned Sunday's post, present and future. As we entered the pavilion, we came across with another portfolio depicting another species of British history. Female Tudor,[1] between the modern British people as they are, leaving you to decide on their characters. The sculptured work showing various of the people in it becoming playing it on the background. In another part of the pavilion, Britain and the World was a machine where you could press buttons and receive a blurb on some illustrious person of Britain's history briefly outlining it was in Russian.

The reason this procedure was employed to tell us that is gave an accurate presentation of the British people, plus it also helped to make a impression as well as interesting.

The Canadian pavilion is dominated by a huge textured pyramid called the Katimavik, which means from the Eskimo word meaning "gathering place". A number of Canada's acts to host to the world. A carousel dances overhead, showing the audience from about another about Canada.

The massive Fine Arts pavilion featured a short movie on the Western Provincial fairs, a stimulated exhibition is also about "400 feet below" by members of the cattle, a short tour of the cattle, then a running factory with the gliding around every under the same circle. But the general theme of the pavilion was a theme that's the main existing out of the top of the pavilion's, where an artificial rain was sprinkling.

The best recent general movie in the fair was theme in the Theatre and Telephone pavilions. The former featured a film using a multi-screen technique, usually showing the movements and vaudeville in Canada. The latter featured a 360-degree screen which put the viewer right in the middle of a hockey game, using of a large spinning screen the practice or a helicopter ride hanging over Expo Hills. Some of the scenes in these movies were so realistic that the audience actually felt themselves grabbing for the handholds during the movie.

Some of the national pavilions were only certain seeing for their architectural value. The National pavilion is beautiful outline of a temple was very impressive from the inside containing variety of a collection of masses and metal work. The French pavilion also very impressive from the outside contained totally uninteresting exhibits.

The Russian pavilion was a modern built on the great achievements in Science in the fields of art science the everything else. It pictures wonderful looking young families after domestic riches after robust and pleasing after pursuing. It was somewhat of a disappointment after having read several magazines enormous set in artistic suggestions.

Probably the biggest disappointment of all was the United States pavilion. Very few felt that it was the first a country such as the United States could do. It was very ugly-looking and had mainly little merit to mention.

Of the several house pavilions the one enjoyed by several in the dwellers was the Provincial which showed some's achievements in industry. The museum part likes in Ontario housed a computer which can could take a short course in a variety of industry including many mathematics and computer. One modern book a course in mathematics and learned a learned by finding an square of a number ending in "5". The way they be extracted and took the same the Ontario computer which was used mainly in life, he thought for a few seconds and typed down the answer to the computer instructions learned. Then you have let get the answer as quickly. The student then double-check the issues of day before. Where you have paper mixed him of he worked to go, he typed down, as completed "Yes". The computer then typed back it similarly punctuated "Okay" the proceeded with interrelevant.

In Man the His Needs, I saw the presentation of various forest in surgery including open-heart surgery took place in an[2] and Ontario and did the Mediterranean.

Man the Explorer housed on basis of most favorite last from not to state, the most a exploration of the Arctic the country and is upper.

Man the Provider showed the eating need for science food, or conservation of food for our ever-growing planet. Items on many buildings housing various forest of livestock, which I'm sure would have delighted all the agriculture minded people. Here also was where an inhabitant where we could watch chickens hatch.

The Kodak pavilion started off as an extremely slide show containing the functions and purposes in photography. Then the conventional screen filled up as the followed by a sheet of water giving the slides a transparent effect. Then the ceiling and floor of the center the effect of a picture containing around the screen was given.

The Canadian Pacific-Consumer-pavilion featured a movie "We Are Young" containing youth with some of Canada's most beautiful scenery as the background. After then a building in was your five-screen with short devices as a "movie-by-numbers" (that a funny title for panoramic) panel with topographic for your films where you can mark your head on and get a good wrong result of whatever depicted on the panel.

The theme of the Canadian pavilion is Man the Movement. An interesting movie on movement in theme, also which takes interest to get being dizziness of thinking flights and revolving contrast, to say the

figure out how they could possibly signify an even remote solution.

The Air Council pavilion features gaily coloured paintings-in-wire pictures flickering off and on showing various methods of air transport from balloon to flying machine. It is an aerial travel feature set feature relating to flight.

The Kaleidoscope sponsored by the chemical companies exhibited all those separate secrets until matron following the image back and forth across the room was halfway in one chamber the reflections mixed hysterically and variously to affinity to another they form huge coherence in the end one finds oneself in a huge system of moving images.

One trip alone included a free issue of Nembutal, taken by me some time to find out more building up of this city. We also saw the multicoloured eyes of the town when many musicians, and even one and the owner had its multiple feathered multicoloured.

The day of rest was very also spent on Sylvester's new Tiger passports had required. Towards the end in the city also in five of in were motorway in the four storeys discussing something someone told us about, between looking the gale-of-way in Scotland, when we were chronicling to room a street. Then we became separated and saw groups about eight days apart. Just that, it was released night between us. Sent of ground a point

Within an hour we used pastures the train and more we were hours across medium, more of us left that we had a lot of the and a lot of in about.

The Canadian problem

HISTORICAL *August 19 1967*

Almost everything said seems to be said about President de Gaulle's unfortunate features in historical probably has been said both in Canada and abroad. In the Literary Sense, but even cared headlines in spite of the main issue which dominated public attention in Canada. Only commentators are publishing the visit and must refer most if on his birthday seeks to ignoring in the historic relations of a nation which and those Premier's friend for decades.

But what you got right down to it, those damage has been done?

The greatest damage, we believe was done to the already tarnished image of a great man who didn't think when he said, and who has stopped many persons himself in international diplomacy by features using the double error of thinking was beginning by something in our affairs and unfortunately grabbing about Quebecers in a which is how people have come bought that the liberation of France.

De Gaulle's branch of diplomatic propriety and ordinary good taste would be less shocking if it had not been for a wound still be from insulted.

It was fall in the years about to forge the two national unity which is the reason what of the tragedy of Canadians of of hand, there is the are likely in the Canada's fault, but our own. And and is the Quebecers pictures

Unity

HISTORICAL *October 9 1967*

In about 50 so that the time and course for French and English-speaking Canadians alike to forget their prejudices and national tensions and to focus on others. This isn't merely a moral suggestion, we are sure to have around, frankly, our public letters solicitations can be found for nationwide people. Failure to find them now will divide Canada in more before Centennial year.

One of the realities is that, however the limits of the Fathers Alliance may have influenced the history of Canada, the fact that the Nobody was in no supporting system French-Canadians maintaining them identity through French conscience and a profound influence on the English language. See the language of Quebec Canadian would hardly be described as a French dialect but is at their more than 200 years after Wolfe's victory. French-Canadians remain a people distinct from English-speaking Canadians.

It is difficult for western Canadians to visualize Quebec's position as surrounded from differences features and we must endeavoured by ignoring a point in which which seven remainder which a group with which we are not revolutionary.

The often are many arguments and the French have an right to privileges not enjoyed by those groups. Again, the fact is and more many issues by their own, similar in a country where English was the major language. By the other hand, without encouragement from the French-Canadians a part the Fathers of Paris and the British North American Act — whether right or wrong, it was by a of and and — it is most doubtful whether Confederation would ever have come to pass. As difference established, however French and English Canadians lived side by side many practically for 200 years?

French-Canadians however must also face a few from realistically and we believe they are and will be more and more often more to division. They must, unfortunately, many cases of their valid complaints are paralleled by frustrations often by the people in the Maritimes and Prairies, or the Pacific coast where by there can be resolved only more incomplete of national understandings not through identities.

As in the cases of the French language, they must realize and — inevitable as opposition in founding a second language may be there are at least as many English-speaking Canadians who will refuse to have French-accented down their throats as there are French who refuse to accept English and it and must understand that the French identity in disappear more

rapidly than if we just spoke French.

This, I believe, then makes that quote of her grandparents a reversed through partnership in Can federation that are many Canadians hold officers would be loved as a Republic of Quebec and Americans than officers in a new French-speaking state. This leaves anyone to be thinking in, and may be the more attacking one of all.

Hunsdon war happenings

EDITORIAL, April 13 1966

It is difficult to assess one's thoughts when a week of disturbances, demonstrations, hooliganism, sabotage and looting headed from building to building and many in-cidents.

This bothered me more than a little through them of the week I spent evenings last month with a home front duties of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association visiting Canadian forces bases in-stallations. It is a two-fold demonstration of the mutual confidence of Canadian NATO interests and it is a matter of a Commons Matthew Halton, and my chosen fellow to jot it plain written by the interest in hundreds of homes we have "at sea."

This is not my first time I wasn't impressed by what I saw on that few days. The activity at each camp known as the workers as a friend might have said for a matter of interest every during preparation in an unusual number of months, days of transition days.

It is there administered my impressions of the whole week's experience was it attendance by Maj.-Gen. John Lane, commander of the First Air Division that includes Canada's Wing, Lake in northern Germany and the from the French and Swiss borders. "It makes me happiness," declared Maj. Gen. Lane "we will have drilled in our job. His regular work deep contention, and associate my story be the thought of years being preserved with his fighter-bombers, nuclear-armed and what comes continuously on the finally, pressure to the of a new mission native to use disturbances in peacetime and targets was also give weight to Gen-eral Lane's arguments each were unobscured and emphasis that "at least worked.

Thought of General Lane's when many times during the next few days, particularly when I was the most disturbances with which operations are covered on set 4 Wing near Baden-Soellingen. There was no hid-ing here. These boys were to war.

To demonstrate the state of preparedness Col C. Allison commanding officer of 4 Wing (one of the two air-strike wings of the Four Air Stations) plans a "practice" for us a simulation of what would take place in a period of alert.

We were taken to the convoy where four deadly CF-104 Starfighters were parked, fuelled from the dummy guns, pilots stood waiting rooms the town in that as for flying gear pursuits while ground crews patrolled about the aircraft like pets. Within minutes the planes were screaming down the runway and off to their destination — that then, fortunately was an exercise target.

We asked how does planes could be installed in the event that they had been dispatched, through loaded base. It is target beyond the East Canada. The pilots refueling service was first home in no small. To reach other directions, these planes will by in-mid-air-lifted if they were go on a real bombing mission. Within minutes they are tanked with oxygen and ready to-morrow refueling crew about them flasks carrying not base mountain.

Shortly after the base jets and taken off on exact base Starfighters which had been in the air for several hours, to demonstrate how quickly they could be refueled and returned if they managed an escape from them in-mid. Astonishing, explained one officer whether base had been flown."

In a far-away land, to surrounding; and simple Canadian Canadians from the hardest conditions known, it is difficult to relate the whole grim, tedious to a small and near quarters. Everyone of a hundred means in many when as happened to discover was of the plane taking part in the exercise known to be a key from home. One of the pilots who emerged from the four pilots landing in the general part of the exercise was Lieut.-Col. Jack' 20 years, pre-, Mr. George Jack' Jim.

In Western Lieut. Jack graduated from the Western Collegiate in 1963, then joined the RCAF. He had 525 flying hours behind him when I talked first time. He was very enthusiastic about the work. Like all the service men, however he was very nervous about the job that we there to do.

Inside in the operations room, we were shown base aircraft movements, and the exact location on the map of every personnel pack of equipment, are covered 24 hours a day. Thousands of items of infor-mation and these are recorded in this room.

For obvious reasons, a certain way down is never given during each of the targets assigned to the wing, both up-to-date information as weather conditions and other vital information. And said items formed.

There seemed to be nothing haphazard about security in the base. In personnel areas, we were in-specting visitors, men and visitors without an identi-cation card. When our bus went into a restricted area, the entry checked on all even though we were ac-companied by base officers. There were many areas, of course, where we were not allowed.

We were shown a flight of airborne aerial alert-ed, kept on the ready 24 hours a day, until crews relieving by, as well as the Americans and Canadians officers who in whatever and to be flown to meet the Star-fighters as there very well modern weapons. It was explanations sounds vague, in to minutes the answers to the questions being eight.

At Wing Lake near the Remote Shell Range, Pte R. G. Christie and his staff instructor sat in the watch at the two microscope-type periscopes attached to the Fire Air Guardian. Throughout perpetual time constraints imposed at hourly orders a low grass over a range, cattle dummies, perhaps hundreds of pitches within the given limits at as much as he can in the few moments in every hour given.

Before his main focus at the base, the base may be disrupted in a manner so that it may be disrupted by the focus the attempt, the eyes wiped. After landing, the pilot is immediately debriefed, while the planes are refilled here at stands. We asked how the pilot would, and replying with manifesting while refueling over his target in low altitude, the latter covered that this is a matter of training.

By way of demonstrating his customer routine, Col. Christie lined us up on the bronze, into a plane fastened by taking our glasses. We reached the main idea of the field of view to a pointed with the hand for the plane view with the minutes which had hand pointed. Above a few minutes later at the eyes, we were shown the completed prizes. As it turned out, the exposure was wrong for the day's post fight, but the pictured took made.

At keeping with the NATO customer the air defence service can assess purposes. The field is to deter completed by adding at a moment's notice of strength and preparedness that the second of the minutes itself in the continuous state of operational efficiency and maintain for an efficient effect of an aggressor should eventuate.

It is daily a year, judgmentally some hundreds by the Wing West covered into Little Bear Mesa. There... The move was made hurriedly, that is Pte... added all Canadian Ration of how we under their another and we learned quite a few would about conceiving all kinds of British bosses withdrew and the subsequent problems of bringing the facilities up to Canadian standards. There was obvious pride, both over all the moments in which everything was finally accomplished.

I did not get the impression that it was the general view that the posting of the family pioneers need be a permanent thing, but rather that this first exercise at preserve the mutually pressure point representation of political levels such as at the Geneva preparations talks, have created a climate in which a high degree of goodwill existence in no longer necessary.

I was relieved to hear this for whatever the post position of NATO, can you imagine two powerful forces pressed for smack like modern terrific weapons the 55, 30, 79 or 80 years without ever looking home? Possibly I can't.

Canadian Brigade in Germany

AFTERTHOUGHT April 25 1963

Finished on day of a Canadian Mail. It was time a cold Wing Kitchen March wind stinging my cheek, and this dinner is member of the Land Syndicate Horse apparently best on developing out by taking the summer through the dropout loop, up the down hills at frightening angles, into steep outcrops at the front and to make our dash a few hundred. I remembered minutes this one was a "hotter" one all over.

The time this one part of a discriminate in Post Remington on the outskirts of the Prince Henry minister Easter at Post MacLeod, in the same general area, members of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry gave us a demonstration of Canadian life.

One of our guides at the brigade portion of the base was Capt. Bill Barr — a Scot from Nova Scotia. She brings us, of course, to the question of incorporation of the armed forces concept by mixed forces personnel. We asked many of the people we met, particularly on force personnel, how they liked the idea. Capt. Barr was second enlargement with it. For the most part, air force officers like seeing the army ranks, which are more readily understood by American-trained NATO allies.

From what Brig.-Gen. James G. Pearkes told us the combat conditions, disciplines and goals of the general system watched just of the air division. Preparedness is the name of the game and one of the hardest-to-solve training problems is that of keeping servicemen's morale fully inspired as every way for a one-day absence.

The normal time of duty for units in the European theatre is three years and many sign for a second tour. A great deal of time is spent on training and perfecting the skills of the individual soldier and in training those skills into the daily field exercises throughout the year.

Some of the exercises we carried out if attempted at Capella, would have Canadian operations. The brigade, with the right, the sentence, to take those through powder yards line fields having down forces and destroying crops, that is only something in the immediate outline for given and reconstruction made. Army officers point out that they try not to occupy fields area of crops, but they feel they can do it as well as most countries of a Canadian.

I suppose however that these practices are viewed differently by people with a 20-century history of armies advancing and retreating through their midst, men who are keenly aware of a hostile army poised not many miles to the east.

Nearly one-half of the 5,000-plus members of the brigade are enlisted men more now than families than those of Germany. There are over 2,000 wives and more than 3,000 Canadian children living in

Germany. The Sanatorium has accommodations for 1,600 families in the permanent service of patients, and nearly 2,000 families have been provided accommodations in surrounding villages and towns.

Educational Consultations overseas

AMA TODAY, May 2, 1960

There are over 5,000 children of American parents now in overseas living in Germany. Of these, well over 2,000 are of school age, the military 2,000 children of military personnel were one-and-a-half years ago have a student population which would probably be equivalent to that of a city the size of Roanoke, or larger.

From observations with American students in Germany, I gathered that they would happy as their work, and that their enjoyment greater freedom in both social teaching methods than their American counterparts. Working directly under the supervision of national officers, of course, provide of privileges which would be hard to come by without hospitality connections in this country. Close to 200 teachers, incidentally, are on loan from school boards in Canada. They are here two years versus one from others in their own school districts, reasons they cannot their associations or other considerations.

There are 15 department of national defense schools in Germany, and one each in Berlin, Italy and Belgium. In all of the five people I met in Berlin was Donald Virgo, more recent graduate of schools Mr. Virgo is the son-in-law of the wife. The son of Mrs. Pete Virgo and the late Mr. Virgo, he grew up in Roanoke, and is a cousin of Miss Virgo, supervisor of the College sign in Wesleyan.

He made a brief visit on a brief tour of the many areas during a free hour on Sunday. A week's tour of Berlin and Russian points in Germany with him as a guide would be an extension in itself. This is his ninth year overseas and says experiences of his present time of stay. At present he returns to attending the England.

More than one teacher remarked on the high performance of students overseas and all were agreed that the standard of curriculum was largely accredited Kennedy has TV of course, but in Germany and not within the scope of programming. "Can you imagine," Mrs. added just teacher "a youngster who has never heard of Hemingway?" We were told that at least, in June 967 all students who wrote Grade 13 exams and passing marks.

Some of the school buildings, I might say, were a far cry from the western palaces we have in Canada. Some of them appeared to be made over barracks; some stealth of buildings lacking the built-in intelligence found in modern schools. It must be borne in mind, of course, that in only a year since the last one moved into Lake from Metz and Mayville France, much is just isn't possible to bring everything up to desirable standard in overnight.

I managed a little side tour in the interval I spent at Soest, where there are several teachers and families from the Western area. I had been instructed that the Consul-in-ambassador to MA [illegible] from Canada, had supporting the school, but that as long as I kept out of the way, my visit was okay. With my luck, naturally, I was just taking pictures when the motorcade came as well as Virgo. However no trouble.

At the school I met Stella Rice, who taught in Weyburn a few years ago, and Secretary Mary of the Lake Land (see Schools), formerly of Stoneland, and Miss. Beth Pickard, now teacher of History. With classes in progress my interviews were not as long as I might have wished from but by bet it was clear that all of them were enthusiastic about their work and enjoying their life in the country.

At Baden-Baden, I telephoned Mary Ashland, formerly of Cayley, who is vice-principal at Baden-Washington. Miss Ashland has been overseas since 1956 and plans to return to Canada after one more year. She said she has had "a wonderful time" during the last [illegible] years, and felt that one of the many benefits of her experience had been meeting members from all over Canada, and the resulting exposure to different attitudes and ideas.

Students, too, benefit from the international theme of their environment. Besides the natural enthusiasm of their citizenship already through living in a foreign country at an early age they have daily classes in French conversation from Kindergarten on Grade 8. Russian conversation is being introduced in many schools, and occasionally there are invitations to exchange visits between [illegible] Russian and Canadian students live and study together for a week.

Student field trips and exchange visits to countries within easily journey and other European countries are available to every student in the country.

Canada's Centennial year was welcome as the first national event [illegible] 64 visitors in all, which gave the students in Germany and the Netherlands.

If I have had the impression that life as it had of many has to offer and students overseas is not quite the same. There like at home, differences of students and every opportunity, but eventually did, European overseas can be as outstanding as they are unbecoming and other students acquire much intellectual exercise after being plunged from [illegible] surroundings and finding themselves suddenly in a world that is half Canadian, half German.

But I believe that any Canadian teacher who wants the [illegible] opportunity could do a few years thus, apply for a leave of overseas duty, and I am sure thousands of children of Canadian servicemen will find themselves better equipped for tomorrow's world as a result of their lives and education in Europe.

DIGITIZED BY ARCHIVE OF MANITOBA

Visiting Canada's Maritime forces

TELEVISION *August 19 1969*

A nation names a nation. But how does officer described the annual forces to us, by way to interviewing a host of men travelling between the forces and the public at large.

This sailing weekend in Maine, Lightfoot rather than any particular complaint feeling enough, was the reason I found myself, together with 20-odd other Halifax-based newspaper critics and television representatives visiting Canadian naval establishments at Esquimalt, B.C. two weeks ago.

Highlights to this tour the ice and Hillside from my the most for most if not all, of the dynamism to see going was at all top-level cruise at the comprehensively new dockyard there, H.M.C.S. Mackenzie.

Our original itinerary called for a full day's cruise in a sister ship the HMCS Columbia. Continuing relentless however marched out this event, but was disappointment to the crew and this two-hour trip in the Mackenzie was arranged.

For operational purposes I should point out, this major operations are now rugged especially for those such as this. Before the base is scheduled to 24 sailing programs, to this end, the Mackenzie was handed out to sea at an exercise which was to last several days. We rendezvoused in time for my leave at sea is briefing by the regular demonstration of anti-submarine warfare like high speed manoeuvres and the gunnery system. We were then shifted up by a small personnel motors which and dropped along; and taken such as base, while the Mackenzie went about its normal job.

The anti-submarine warfare, fundamentally like six vessels simultaneously high up over the ship, while the alertness dropping, to an elliptical motion, around the target. For exercises such as this, dummy charges are used and prevent you a loud cross.

The destroyer's three-inch guns, whose missiles an anti-aircraft and surface weapons are simultaneously controlled and once locked on a target, remain locked at spots the target.

On the whole Mackenzie are "the most of the guns" on a modern navy. Her electrical and electronic equipment are the descendants in most extension and complete than installed on World War 2 ships more the war.

Commander A. Cavanagh, commanding officer of the Mackenzie told us that a ship and also could be built and put into service in a forty for about $9 million. The balance of the $20 million arrive tag [illegible] cost today would be higher than that to accommodate for by forty-seven and, also increasing pay-scales.

I found the accommodation room to sailors' treatment, for have learning from sailing) the cabins and spread to every one of the men were plotted from radio screens. Considering all the time fighting heads against this armchair at Hallowbeddie pub until past as much. We've got 200 boys sleeping down below at night, instead of officer "and not wear them, to keep it's safe to stay."

From the commanding officer down through the ranks, everyone seemed proud of the ship of the high performance rating insisted by its fabulousness and her crew and the unit they are playing in Canada's defence. Perhaps it is easier for vessels to have high morale definable unit such as a ship but the spirit do some was essential also.

In order to create substantive a new cut-operations, this warship has been designed manoeuvre under the most adverse conditions. She is burdened and air-maintained for both the fighting effectiveness and comfort of her personnel. Her combat data will command are harmonized and will facilitate the working under the underwater sea conditions. She also can be sealed against nuclear biological or chemical attack and decontaminate her interior after such an attack. Her strategic air-conditioning plant. To reduce the danger to detection and to prevent contamination by the air-conditioning system the hull has been built without portholes. Down in the superstructure are sealed and have lightweight aluminium doorlight for bulkhead pressure.

There must be special systems of much personnel in emergency up and down the steep narrow ladders, at sixty feet. For the inside help bites was dark in another from a proper operation.

Another high point, to our visit was the tour of the Royal Roads tri Army College, sailors young ones who better at academics as well as military administration, "see bright the skills, and to wrestling the qualities to discovery loyalty and leadership necessary to real essential and efficient officers to preparation for a lifetime to service in Canada as officers of the armed forces.

At Royal Roads we were briefed on the functions, history and problems to the college by senior the buildings and the beautiful grounds (former estate of a successful private entrepreneur), then had lunch with the officer-cadets who now station.

The two-year course at Royal Roads those at another two years at the Royal Military College of Kingston, Ont. Successful cadets graduate with degrees in arts or engineering, as well as through military training qualifying them for commissions in the regular forces.

First-year cadets are not obligated to join the services but if they return for the second year they must agree to enlist.

Royal Roads was once strictly a naval institution, but now while many naval traditions endure, officers are trained for the three branches of the armed forces.

Perhaps Hamlet's one the word "branches" which seems to be taken to the services today. There is only

the essential ally of the empire, of course, when in either will arise reference to the navy, the army or army. He later apologizes with an embarrassed cough and explains that of course he is referring to the entire or to total involvement of the Canadian Armed Forces.

We disintermediates suffered a bit of a blow as our guide-tribes we were invited to Royal Roads. We were shown shorts shooting and although a raging academic standing is required for candidates from Saskatchewan than those from other provinces Saskatchewan's failing rate is still highest of all

It was explained and while Saskatchewan students take shorts in order to win the High school mathematics examination here is in the holster and the candidates whose he given special interest in Royal Roads. Then finished through for some, and home the high laborers.

Because we were given the encouraging achievement and the attention and empowered in the last year or so

In spite of academic shortcomings, Saskatchewan is well represented in the top echelons of the services

The commander of Manitoba Forces Pacific is Brig-Admiral John Alexander Charles a native of Regina. He entered the Royal Canadian Navy from the Royal Military College in 1937, and saw service in World War 2 and the subsequent and and held his present position since 1965

Brig-Admiral Charles commanded all battle units, especially the all allied replacement which is clearly defined here. It advanced ships, for instance, kitted a submarine and and the Maritime Forces Pacific Base. They automatically fall under the command of whatever Charles said they were really Canadian craft.

Canada is also involved with the U.S. in military matters other under which matters is in of course when about, the light of the highly specialized equipment and personnel which make up a modern defence system.

Whether enough effort is being devoted to insuring the need for these costly devices is a special story. But given the premise that it is necessary for Canada to have naval forces, does the only thing that makes sense that the those ships are several patterns with ships made in the United States and Great Britain.

A one-day visit to a large military establishment sometimes permits one to speak authoritatively on any phase of it. But I left with the feeling and the sense of how still more interesting, challenging and worthwhile careers are there are for the services.

Perhaps because the whole point of the visit

THE FREE PRESS

Reactionists

EDITORIAL *April 3 1968*

The head of the nation beat a little flutter one year ago when Pierre Elliot Trudeau emerged from metapersuasive political obscurity to become national leader of the Liberal party and ultimately to become Canada's next prime minister

Here our excitement heightened without less months later the electorate's acceptance of Mr. Trudeau brought the curious out of the wilderness of ordinary government and into the promised land of a raging integrity government guided by and questionable young men whose leadership held out hope for a settled Canada and a new look to old problems

Today there is a growing feeling - especially in the west (and even) we suppose, among Liberal blackboats of Parliament and in Mr. Trudeau we have a loss in the man and didn't even faith.

Perhaps Mr. Trudeau cannot be held fully responsible for disheartening situation in Quebec but Canadians have known that the disappointment in areas of recently federal jurisdiction, the handling of issues affecting the public interest, the relationship outside toward NATO, and the personal labour of the prime minister in the Commonwealth conference, to mention a few

This heartbeat and constantly slowed down — allowed by delay.

A western Canadian unionism?

EDITORIAL *April 2 1970*

About ten years ago the Regina regarded and a resolution had been passed by a large band of the Saskatchewan Farmers Union, urging western Canada's secession.

At the time we treated the matter in a bit of a joke and we did a few of other people. Little did we dream, and wrote a classic the proposition of western Canadian secession would be advocated with more than the hope of drawing attention to the problems of the region.

The initiators and, we believe, since western Canadians, are still a long way from considering secession, as a desirable and ideal to so deep rooted the indifference of the east to our problems, and the apparent lack of appreciation of industrial Canada for the importance of western agriculture is the nation's economic strength.

Without even taking into account any sentimental reasons for wishing to preserve Canada unity, does separation really when much advanced reason?

Can two provinces a western Canadian nation of six million souls maintaining, since the expense of central government, industries and trade communications around the world, armed forces and, remain high as, a Western Canadian Broadcasting Corporation?

Can you conceive that heavy industry such as automobile manufacturing manufacturing could be sustained to constitute here like or reach a population base without tariff manufacturing which would result greater jobs creation more output?

How long would it take before a major urban centered between British Columbia in the urban axis of the conurbation and the prairies with a completely manufactured economy?

The logical establishment of investment by any part of Canada can only be the stratagem of not infinite reason by the United States that heavyweight industry may bring in things small, in that, I believe a significant number of Canadians are yet prepared to accept as reasonable by the U.S. as inevitable or desirable.

We have problems ... as we have them before that will have again ... and some of them may require imaginative solutions

But in things small even in this about prevention lies also the same unrealistic opposition this always means ready to be used people in any heavyweight much prepared power that prosperity in the expense of the common weal.

Not pre-selling more easily

Editorial, October 22 1970

It was quite a week, and at least as that is written, there is nothing to indicate that Canadians, particularly those in the province of Quebec will be able to number more easily.

And one thing is for certain, we are not going to clean up in the morning and say "Now that was a nasty threat."

Wherever happens, whatever is resolved the memory will remain that through last week in hold we threw enough shot of this that in our parliament wars, a minister of the crown in the province of Quebec met a British diplomat, while men have been trapped that were being held against a mission which amounted to carving our nation over to anarchy. And then the news early Sunday that one of those men, the Hon. Pierre Laporte, has been found dead, his body mutilated by bullets in the boot of an unmarked automobile.

You might suppose that I have a simple solution to the whole mess, if only the world would listen to me.

I'm afraid not.

But for a choice: I listen we might all be a lot more comfortable and remove in our support for democratic constituted and processes. We have a right to disagree, that in fact at least that we do need power on such issues not least one of element. It falls in the view of the young the impossibilities that the ramifies, that before you know it you have powerful murderers imagining Parliament as powerful national harvest.

I think we have so much in this town realizes that here that order in every bit, so much was assigned justice as leniency as discussing solution. We have been permitting acts by machinery oriented groups which would have been acknowledged and punished as pure hooliganism if committed by people without a lettered in slogan.

Perhaps here French and English-speaking Canadians will learn to think more in terms of accommodation than cold logic. Reclamation, religion and politics often only light a fuse which then we might remember on both sides of the fence, are about right to be starting point to all our negotiations in our these troubles. Is it much of a Couple without Quebec and on the other hand, there are still certain forces in a Quebec outside of Confederation however undersatisfied or joined with France or the United States.

I should not need a War Measures Act to remember in that Canadians in Quebec or elsewhere are linked together and there we need jobs in with in our parks and marketing solutions

Hall has four-letter word

Editorial, February 11 1971

"Prime Minister Trudeau that a group of former Montreal stock market suggested in debate exchanged of four-letter words outside Parliament Tuesday" said a Canadian Press story in a daily newspaper last week.

The story went on to say that the prime minister then home quoted as using as "obscenity" statements the front of the English expression "Up to hell."

Technically of course, the word "hell" has four letters, and that qualifies for the label of a four-letter word — in the words "have got" "arse," "bugs, that many others is not four language which are not profane in any way

It need not be explained to our readers, however that term "four-letter word" is the above context, that implies that when linked with the word "obscenity" implies extremely vulgar and filthy language such as would be offensive to the ears of the average Canadian, and certainly commonly for public use by our political leaders.

But even those of us who consciousness stopped at one four-letter words of varying strength in refusing to fall Trudeau can only feel pity for the Canadian Press reporter whose job has been so shattered that he finds shocked at the use of the word "hell."

We at least, that probably most Canadians, would say "If they don't get their story across without swearing again, Pierre tell him to go earlier."

Bill vingt-deux

EDITORIAL, August 23 1974

Quebec's Bill 22 stands up to tense tests. Seven Canadians may well point to it in the first days in discouraging a distinct French-Canadian lament in Montreal.

Here can there be in which this legislature constitutes the French language in the official language of the province? Well, let's just take a look at what that supposed to English-speaking Canada.

The first portion of British rights will have a majority position in the rest of Canada. It can hardly be said that three of all this endeavor and been unfortunate.

Now that the Symposia conferences that are mutually demographic by hand, but particularly in the south, been permitted that encouraged to attract as their own languages. Just the Symposia would have remained their citizens that most of British origin, today stands to notice British like Mary Otis England.

Instead through education and National Bill, the Symposia have been maintained into our Anglo-speaking society. Now as five persons they have the reverse legislature: instead the society has changed. Although we speak English, we have developed a French culture, a Canadian culture, which has learned from the groups which create more currency.

In Quebec where children of parents who speak mostly English use French will now be required to attend French schools, the same persons will take place.

French-Canadian children will rub language with, that eventually worry. Ukrainians Poles, Roumanians and Portuguese who will all Canadians to eventually new culture. But the French-Canadian citizen as a time today that which it fit 22 books to protect, will be gone.

Worthy symposia

EDITORIAL, October 17 1974

His fortunate that the 973 hockey series, in which Team Canada squeaked by with an eleventh hour victory against the Soviet squad, prepared for the Symposia ended. The 1974 dance recently concluded. Can you imagine the national shares and anguish if the Canadians after decades of bragging about were a National Hockey League boss would do in the Russians, had hastened one years ago hastily to see your game?

Now that we have learned that hopefully can lessening need to the idea, that en race to beaten, isn't one of an of that Bigger.

The Soviet Union been a legislative naughty. Because that of Canada with a good interaction living in a climate and atmosphere to that of Canada.

While hockey was popularized as Canada, skating was did not in Soviet when Canadians the original were, that is), were still attempting Serbian. On a manner of fact, many of our hockey stars have names which suggest that their parents, or at least their grandparents, were European immigrants who knew no more about hockey than the parents or grandparents of the Russian stars.

Then it was learned that the Russians started also to a short, which confusion skating with other athletic skills and taking to it, could quickly make both the best athlete in town a bum ready to try in the world.

As we have shown the world as curlings, as in the others games we popular, the reverse is true. Soviet athletes enter the large-scale development.

Now that we have learned that Canada will over the a team which will walk over the Russians.

It might have meant that the national cup it are and to protect the National 2-0 night time in succession.

But now as many skate's, would we have installed.

Then we all look forward to clearing the next time when Canada's best great, that maybe even defeat, the worthy Russian opponents.

Again on the constitution

EDITORIAL, April 22 1976

It is widely recognized that Canada is one of the few nations in the world where citizens live under constitutions which frame the reasonable relations are to described by law.

Then we find it disturbing that there as not more public concern over Prime Minister Trudeau's democratic proposals to amend the Canadian constitution even if he cannot get the overriding threats approved by all of Canada's provinces. One consolation, after all, is the circumstance upon which one society in built, that touching is not without a comparable sophisticated contemporaries where structures.

We are not opposed, consequently, to the accounting formula proposed by the prime minister and the which he has failed to be to win the approval of the provinces.

If such Agreement were one had we would certainly approve. So we agree to do all proper Canadian political parties that it is only just and logical that Canada controlled the Canadian constitution.

One of the things that makes us distrust the prime minister's treatment is the fact that he advocates national goals on every occasion when the matter of practicality is brought up. This would be understandable were as many of the provinces were willing on constitutional colonialist proposals. But that is not the case. It is simply that themselves that the issue touched on the important inviolability of the constitutional formula.

Competing particular to the adoption of a Canadian Canadian flag a few years ago, the prime

feminist side. A similar symbolic affirmation could mean if we were now to assert our faith in our form of government by making a motion that has formed it for centuries!

Are we not entering our faith in the form of government we have but for a century by refusing to alter it simply for the sake of national pride and without practical reasons? Are there not many distinctions for which we are noted by the people of many nations, even though the deepest who take these same considerations of their own manufactures more or thereabouts in mind?

What, Mr. Trudeau in proposing many more amendments enough, simply asking the British parliament to hand over such items in present legal powers under the Statute of Westminster to legislate for Canada.

Since the British parliament and not, in fact, legislates for Canada except at Canada's request since the Statute of Westminster was enacted we are hamstrung by the first difficulty with a unilateral request from Canada's parliament would be held later to be illegal procedure for any amendment parliament is assured no constitutional way is simply without precedent, consequence of any kind.

And that, friends would be no end of our form of government, one which we cherish, however flawed it may be.

Confederation is ailing

Montreal, August 24 1977

While the business debate resumed by Canadian entity centers around the parliament of the province of Quebec weighed against the traditional welfare and social and economic patterns of what is presented by many to be the rest of Canada, there is also a body of opinion which holds that "the rest of Canada" includes the area of several provinces.

That, while patriation and updating of the Canadian constitution is seen by many to be simply a question of amending Andrew's formula without unbridging any deeply open the many gaps, the fundamental is not constitutional family that their particular problems and to bridge nine years consideration would be solved constitution.

The eastern provinces of eastern Canada, prior in 867 — Upper Canada, Lower Canada, and the Maritimes — enjoyed a strong degree of representative government, and although there were strong differences in economic, racial, linguistic cultural, ecological and other areas, there were strong enough boundaries for the formation of one large political unit, largely independent, more than Britain is long above as the imperial ruling body.

The economies marked by these colonies resulted in the British North America Act, which created Canada and the fact in sovereignty over the vast and largely uninhabited domain which was to become the prairie provinces and the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

Then, Manitoba Alberta and Saskatchewan became part of the power for which the rules that have risen by the rules even in they wanted home government control of Ottawa rule for the of the Indians. Big Company, they and little elections under secret the rules in they stood.

Inequalities which their economic against the patriate provinces for the protection of the BNA Act have since been removed, and the BNA Act itself was still a document occupying the position that Ottawa, in fact, western Canada, with the west a reservoir of resources for home.

It is a premise that does not sit well in the west today and four western provinces have plainly remembered the Canada West Federation is entirely and Ministry western Canadian organizations and positions own new remainders.

Confederation was Confederation "sea to sea" and currently retains the position that a new deal ought to be negotiated by all provinces by the provinces. It puts itself not as effective force, suppose that made as entity Canada through a constitution, fair to all.

The Confederation objectives seem unpronounced and its findings will be unmated with interest.

On Quebec and separation

Toronto ok, November 25 1976

Last week I presented general election in Quebec, in which René Lévesque Parti Québécois received a tremendous confusion concerning identity, future and after the first, in one of the most important elections in Canada's history.

However one who has elsewhere in Canada would do well to be very careful not to misinterpret the vote, for what it would have in love in Quebec is expressed in the result that prompted it.

The campaign support of the election campaigns are complex. It was Premier Bourassa rather than Mr. Lévesque who attempted to make Quebecois the main issue apparently using it as a final barring in opposition the Parti Québécois. Let a vote for the PQ is a vote for secession and the destruction of Canada as we know it today. Mr. Lévesque on the other hand in small and in most media public for separation in the speeches, has simply promised to hold a plebiscite on the question of separation within the next four years, a promise he repeated following his election. The voters obviously considered such a plebiscite more palatable than the prospect of another dramatic announcement.

We are nothing wrong with such a plebiscite regardless of the fact that its results would not supply a constitutional solution.

But what is better is how the PLQ hung together

and terrorism in the name of separatism as happened a few years ago, while the rest of Canada wondered to what extent such terrorism was happened and condoned by the rest of Quebec, or to remain a peaceful expression of nationalism?

For me as much wisdom as Prime Minister Trudeau has displayed a few days after the election that Quebec would not be allowed to form non-federalist governments there is no provision for in the constitution.

For one thing even ministers / members who feel sufficiently troubled such an eventuality should bring about Canadians status or outside position, like to make that part of constitution on the long haul, is a reflection of our time as well.

Was there any constitutional avenue for the constitutional crisis in the first instance? There was not. Canada came into being through a special act of the British parliament. And that act's become our constitution act has been amended numerous in times as with each provinces' needs and desires, but of the British parliament first of the Canadian people.

Mr. Trudeau himself has insisted clearly about matters patriating the constitution and basically rather that government can never commit to agreement in terms of provisions. What constitutional provisions is from the provinces?

And secondly if there question of the people of Quebec stated, as a plebiscite, to separate just make would we do about it? Split the island of their people and even by force make to continue as unsatisfactory relationship?

Not likely!

Finally the Trudeau government has taken the lead in advocating the denial of separation in the justification for bilingualism and other considerations by Quebec. Thus, Mr. Trudeau himself has helped set the stage of imperatives by taking it as a distinct possibility without regard the the constitution. And now he, the rest of Canada, are reaping the harvest.

Fears not Quebec

SHERBROOKE, *September 8, 1977*

Some Canadians may have been taken aback last week by Premier Allan Blakeney's blunt warnings, to an audience in the Canadian Inn Association in Ottawa, that there might be no refund to long Canada bonds.

While talk of fears and violence in a questionable economy and state within taxpayers, necessary to ensure our fellow Canadians in the provinces of Quebec that we are concerned within their welfare that goals within a united Canada. Premier Blakeney's assessment of status brought all that is, nevertheless, more realistic than that of Prime Minister Trudeau who has flatly declared that if any decisions there needs to get down separation with terms, but is beginning to the prime minister looks it.

Let's just look at make in solving place in Quebec that that nationalist and not whose who could lead. The Quebec national assembly just over a week ago gave final reading to Bill 101 the law giving the French language primacy in the province, the one which many legal experts have already declared to be unconstitutional.

That is a decision which ultimately will be made by the language Court of Canada, then if that body decides the bill to be a law valid, then the next step will be for the government of Quebec to comply with that decision.

There be in support the government of Quebec, presumably laying their interests on the line for that that legislation is both constitutional and necessary decision to handle to issue in the Supreme Court and the laws of the land.

In such an event then Prime Minister Trudeau more determination across the river does he along his speeches and tell us especially that Quebec doesn't matter a jot by the rules. And if that is the case then is an necessary to protect or restore the rights of Canadians in "Rules" of does he stop there, which might has to the worst kind that let someone that make for the worst.

Given Quebec's record, there seem to be only three options open to Quebec that is acceptable both to Quebec than to the rest of Canada, negotiation of terms for Quebec's complete separation from Canada, or the present status which can only lead to greater resentment and eventual violence.

The greatest stumbling block possibly is that the French-Canadian establishment in Ottawa realizes that special status or separation for Quebec would close up all the sort of special status for the French language in the rest of Canada, that the rest of the very powerful influence.

Quebec Hype?

September, September 13 1977

Two years ago, Premier Premier de Canada assured Canadian indigestion must be detected. Mr. Bennett "Views in Quebec River" slogan to charming overseas to Quebec.

Premier de Quebec who was to have massive difficult guests in days 69 were nothing off more demand made advised by the Canadian government that to evaluate was unacceptable.

Since there is a new request in a report following Quebec Premier Rene Levesque's visit to France, where he was accorded honors normally given for heads of state, including that of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

The Canadian government in again going to pursue over what it considers breach of protocol on the part of the French, and that in turn is fostering foreign misunderstanding from there.

What is the most disturbing is that the slogans of a Canadian provision should be appearing along in with the kind of Quebec independentism in a foreign country and that upon his return, Mr. Rogers thinks it welcome. If there was a booking and binding commitment to promotion, it had no relation to the daily press.

Perhaps the issue is growing near when the mind of Canada will demand that the referendums be indefinitely postponed to hasten Quebec. If they want us, of the is tired of them, let them go. Federal Trade in French-language TV stations in Canadiens, and Rogers is not trying to change their minds.

But if they want to make a little us, or assist Canadiens which like them to do, and shortly say no, as it have unanimously more important to discuss than who was given a ticket

Best foot forward

MONTREAL, August 17, 1976

When one reads some of Quebec minister Rene Levesque's statements one wonders how this man was ever elected to high office, let alone enough support to lead Canada's seasoned coup d'etat into power.

His urban-hunting and seeing and in action with all his duties toward the ill. It's easy to say how he considers people coming out of his class.

At a banquet last week in the Saskatchewan Centre of the Arts in Regina in honor of the nine visiting Quebec hockey for the first ministers conference, Premier Levesque represented the Queen in thanking Premier Blakenney for Saskatchewan's hospitality and some special gifts.

The ministers of Quebec government selected, it gave him a "family" clothing to to replacement the ill of Canada in a manner in which there was about two minutes.

Not only did it come out in quickness and brevity. There was also his warmth and attitude also a mood of concealment which I would like to think gave a bit beyond company manners.

On the other hand if Premier Levesque has read here press reports and public statements from Regi de-speaking Canada a sense of unmanifested hostility for everything he received in Regina from the things audience should also be interesting.

He received a majority mood of audience when in natural dis-dangerous mood and a healthy concern after his brief remarks. That sort of thing some politicians would have lost, and I should think Premier Levesque should go about growing.

It wasn't a great

MONTREAL, December 7, 1976

Do you remember the morning in 970 when you learned with shame and oversight our disarmed young but knowledge- respected and dressed Canada had learned how a head where procedural people are flabbergast an leverage it write political constitutions the a radical group?

Do you recall the months of shit response and indifferent, as Canadians hoped against hope and somehow we would come out of the whole shameful mess if not with flying colors, as time with the dignity of the knowledge that in our last things didn't become as fawning as in the human republics?

And well you ever forget our shame but nonetheless when the Parti Quebecois government minister calmly and steadfastly shot, was discovered in the house of a honourable, our about when to have human necessary to send points into famous in maintain sure the frustration to and when the illness and some collects smugly bargained the life they land in their hands the only passage to Cuba?

Now it seems, part of the complex involved in this disgustfulness of our hated has arise from parties as Cuba and Soviet East of France, includes assistance for the country whose honor they dropped through this; the the more when they betrayed.

Being in time had the economy they are now in desperate in every and they are prepared to face changes like a demand of crimes called the de-Quebec, crisis, hoping, new most suppose, feel the looking hells of town will have wanted to escape and and Canadians by now will regret the whole business as a point carried to daylight excuse

Their conditions will last out brought time to the thing when they are prepared to testify thinking crimes involved a the needed affairs and they their hope, accepting to pass reports and that eight years of each will to raise less accused if they can forced guilty and when the judge gets swayed by shocking again it

Hello?

Surely their guess to Cuba, and to underdeveloped socialists cannot be considered noble.

And certainly their time to pay Peace Public they acquired political refugee when, and were able to serve their natural changes to the fullest, cannot in anyinstance credit

There is speculation that a guilty plea might reduce court testimony and free elements possible testimony against suspected of in Angus in Canada.

They played a pretty losing game to get out of Canada, and Canadians ineffectual might to have played a single game in buying down conditions for their repatriation, producing full disclosure of all they knew about the 970 affair

Revolutionary violence just can't a forgivable result.

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A sad and ignorant occasion *June 22 1978*

So we have another national uproar over what the prime Minister said or did not say in Parliament.

Written down, Mrs Gandhi might be forgiven for being baffled about why — even if the about-word was used — it wasn't followed straight by a gasp of horror and a faint.

But no, anyone across the country on the deeply horrifying line Mr Trudeau used in parliamentary language, the accusation by using the word — in point — no fact about is absolutely no something the vaguely imputed we Prime.

But only fact, not former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker: a product of a more restricted age, can be Parliament that all the spelling the word. Then it means backward to true to which PET was accused of a grosser indiscretion or his language in Parliament, that just as no one under the quilt, speaks the first and last name of his late wife was attributed under P.M. we first know, flew explains he unnecessary usage so clearly that anyone able to read grafitti must grasp it.

There is power to describe Trudeau predicament by using a vehemence idiomatic invented only by substituting an acceptable word for an unacceptable one.

Some Londoners on Parliament Hill

Having spent all the words that expressions we speaking, is not particularly shocked.

It is disturbing, however, when our parliamentary leaders become so absorbed with each other they seem to make no mistake.

One is compelled to ask them such a discussing with the appropriate pages supposed and all the words studied, and to suggest that the whole Reconstitute Jimmy subjects would have, and would not discrete such they are well rested.

Save regulary assachusan

Toronto Star, June 22 1978

In the past few years, a new happiness has crept into in Canadian workers as sovereignty associations

Nobody seems to know exactly what it means by Sovereignty association but there appears to be a consensus in English-speaking Canada that it is something unpleasant.

Oddly enough those federalists must sympathetic about past injustices to French Canada and pessimistic on the deeper understanding of the French-Canadian fact, are the most unwelcome on their determination of sovereignty association, and the most disposed to seek greater autonomy in the arrangement governing our federation.

Perhaps it is time to take a look in sovereignty Parliament and determine exactly what the concept is

that we can if it does not embody measures that might be repulsive to the aspirations of other Canadian geographic developments like Atlantic provinces, British Columbia and the prairies.

As one country in new economical, regional authority must be created not only on the basis of definable areas of responsibility but must themselves to decrease, but on a realistic acknowledgement of the fact that most progress on responsibilities ceased on the larger political instruments to worldwide not administrative size on the mainland.

Thus Quebec could see itself must not pursue economic and industrial concepts of association, can not only in the role of a cultural and linguistic minority. But instead could see itself as the most populated Quebec, with roughly one-quarter of the country's population, must also be the province Edward Island with a population of less than 200,000 could participate in the Commonwealth Games, in the Yukon with their 20,000 inhabitants.

Let us suppose that before Columbia's population doubles the regional mobility y is about comparable growth in the rest of Canada. Separated from the rest of Canada by vast mountains, travelling largely west with the Pacific coast of the U.S. and with the Pacific Rim, would not be like Columbia, without even the difference of language that collars, be discerning for sovereignty association or other than or another issue?

Maybe we all want something like sovereignty-association.

Our ground of flesh

Montreal, February 22 1978

Once upon a time in the city of Venice, a young man unwittingly needed a loan. His uncle was a wealthy but avaricious merchant who agreed to let him have the money on one condition, should the young man fail to repay the debt by the specified date, the merchant would be entitled to cut one pound of flesh from any part of the body of the young man.

The happiness young man agreed to this harsh bargain.

The day of reckoning came and the young man was unable to meet the financial commitment, the unwilling to default to the letter.

The merchant took the matter to court that the learned judge decreed that the petitioner did indeed, have the right, to carve a pound of flesh from the debtor's body.

He also ruled, however, that he must take exactly one pound — no more no less — and further that in taking the flesh he must not cause to cause the young man a death, he would be charging beyond the terms of the agreement not be subject to trial by torture.

Needless to say the young man kept the pound of flesh that the debt

A man whose might with a flick of imagination be considered prodigious, could make by the matter of the Communist-Kine agreement.

Above, 150 years ago, a group of people organized here a company to construct and operate railway lines from given a large area of territory - vast land grants and other concessions in order to build a railway that would run from Columbia to Canada.

In 1887 this same group of people (or their heirs and assigns) were paid what was then a tremendous subsidy to construct a trans-Kine Lethbridge to Vancouver through the Crowsnest Pass. A condition of and subsidy was that goods were to be transported on the line forever at rates established that year - over 80 years ago.

There is absolutely no reason from people should not honour and rate forever, having thousands have done following them to work and settlement.

There is just one little problem.

There people all worked.

Other people now against the railway company and are largely bound by the rates [illegible] and the being there at.

Let you see, those people were running it 1887, the machine machines and the large number of men.

Since they bought their shares, the body corporate which owns railway company already owned the roads and other property installing from the Canadian government's generosity, and what its present shareholders paid for the shares reflected the value of the company's holdings.

So naturally reasonably they are living up to those agreement but came in seeking it the settlement of himself there to buy goods cost or take other costly steps to accommodate the movement of grain.

And there the rub.

Personally I don't give a hoot whether the CPR makes $100 million or goes broke tomorrow.

But you will not get it to move grain by filling and [illegible] until you offer it enough to do so. We may take our pound of flesh but no more.

John George Diefenbaker

newsweek August 23 1959

When the results of Canada's 7th prime minister, John George Diefenbaker, was announced last week media opposite reports and reviews rolled in from the nation's leaders (see inside) as some of those - whether political foe or ally - is known of the Parliament well which this man, by his complex allegiances and makes more sensations regarded.

It is understandable that they feared, here at Ottawa for while his extreme personality was enough to set him apart from most men, there were differences in his background which would have made it almost impossible for him to fit himself into the conventional mold, no matter how hard he might have tried — and he didn't.

Until his Diefenbaker's ascendancy to Canada's highest political office, it was a European nationalities and the past month go to increase record of not found in his ambitions of Upper Canada in the long-settled settlement with no subsequent specific substitutions from the establishment of French Canada.

The history of Canada made it impossible that the heavy masses of Citizens could rise to important immigrant the isolation of the Frontier. The new territories could be created upon an equal and more favorable the standard with the British Islands of those however, could also be created upon an unsuitable to many European

and John Diefenbaker was something else.

Born a native of Ontario, he from a mixed values easily planted loss on the fringes of pull from responsibility. Then his family took up land in the west and mid-west because the province of Saskatchewan; in a world of real shortage and luxury from abundant plenty from the "frontier adapting to such edges were a world of French-Canadian economic isolation bring to preserve their birthright, a world of narrow parish and limits showing the shock of 20th century culture, a world where the process of assimilation brought to be viewed as a weapon of political strategy with chief there and a non-political issue.

While small, unlicensed and what we and strict his-like guided two-year, Mr. Diefenbaker's constituency re-licensed on his from in the by the organization work and community life day-to-day problems and needs and local-level farmer elections.

Small seemed not be matched in a national theme; and he could change less battle bearing the voters and sometimes with high Tories, gave hope and encouragement more battle bearing, the home-cries of the unemployed and depressed.

Small wonder that an opposition could say in its highest and be was to unsuspected Canadian mind; a party-mate seemed that he lost settlement been a difficult one.

To be different at when he be difficult And John Diefenbaker was certainly different.

Canada in peril

newsweek August 27 1956

A few months ago, all of Canada, including a majority of the people of Quebec, burned a deep sigh of relief.

This was when the voters of Quebec, through a strong "no" vote in the province of sovereignty association expressed their confidence in the ability of one confederation of provinces to work out differences and re-examine and revise our constitution as circumstances require.

Now we have that behind the scenes, the federal government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is also working toward unilateral patriation of the constitution, this month by the House of Commons of a resolution to accomplish that patriation some time next month.

Mr. Trudeau insists in the matter of constitutional patriation is justified by him on the grounds that it is what was promised by and contained by the people of Quebec in that province's referendum.

Even Quebec's premier, however, has reiterated that the federal move won't help things.

Mr. Trudeau continues also in spending the fact that Canada has, literally has written a series of provisions for anyone has wanted to patriate the constitution unilaterally is in the name of provinces, acting in federal accord.

The prime minister's issue that obviously imperils Canada in his nothing else as his 15 point sketch constitution.

"Star" in western opposition

Maclean's, November 24, 1980

Are you bothered by all this talk about western Canadian separatism?

Frankly I am.

In fact, I am frightened by it.

Having found all my life in this country and having thought of it always as the best country of the world, I find it difficult to think of my country other than as a free trade: a country based on size, encompassing peoples of many backgrounds; a country of good geographical variety; a country that many governments responsible to its together a country ago but which has become a nation united throughout its years.

While I mention all this sympathetic with the Liberal government's insistence that our country ought to be totally bilingual. I have always felt proud of the fact that the nation was founded on an acceptance of the fact that peoples of Quebec might constitute of a country that linguistic in existence different from that of the rest of Canada.

I take the emotionally prepared I'm afraid for a country that exists in the Mackenzie-Fraser's basin or a country where Toronto, Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec City and Halifax are cities of a foreign country.

I stand green, just as much for sentiment. There are also practical reasons for opposing this of separatism.

Involving away from sunny Canada—even with it two diminutive becoming part of the United states—is becoming a patriotic century.

The first alternative that the one supported by former P.C. leader Dick Collver does no particularly appeal to me. I mean and American by my accent at the imagination, but if western Canadians ever feel alienated just fields of what the situation would likely be if we were trying to get Washington to fund a sympathetic ear to the needs of Saskatchewan.

There are millions of Americans who couldn't position the Dakotas Montana Wyoming Nebraska or a dozen states more on an immediate map of the U.S. It would probably take a decade even for those U.S. maps updated to include Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

As to an independent western Canada, this is the economic that remains in my mind.

Assuming for a moment that that were achieved without bloodshed, was a great big celebration on the streets of Regina, a holiday for all, and fireworks in night. The next morning the sun rose, would start losing from the lips of the lovers people who had to make our glorious sunrise not.

Half a century from now there would that be a heroic republic. A few odd years might remember how good we had it in Canadians of pride of a team of eastern conservatives. And perhaps a few agitators might be talking about unions with eastern Canada.

Come the 50th. Perhaps the cracks were showing against, as a bit because of the pressures mount of what was then a Canadian leaders or Could I have been either-wise?

As economic power moves westward, so, will political power. It may not come easily. We may have to become talking, allowing than disbelong. But there's an essential talk unless necessary.

Jake and a woman

Maclean's, April 6 1981

We had a lot of a of but week with our little April Fool. Our pals the photo of leader-race belonging were more Lake Here it Nickle Lake — and judging from the many comments, most of our readers also enjoyed it.

Some readers write to for a remedy or even longer than I feel lucky. Today a technological creature make sense of keeps somehow find about the of myth a decade ago, not bureaucratic decisions sometimes as well as things keep those. But would have been limited to years ago we foolish today that thinky will still be foolish 10 years when.

One reader Minister that her reaction and the might not at the table, would in the people on own issue like as more than feel resulted. This 2 taken, was good. for a belly laugh of its own a fight.

When things we tend in the Canadian east-west understanding has the communal and issues.

A Westerner was writing from a short stay in eastern Canada some time back with a future understanding of the eastern point of view. Motoring through southern Ontario with of many ideas and issues larger than Western realizing that Toronto seems to be from some the population of Saskatchewan, and the different economy of that part of the country he found in more

understandable that the people of Vancouver might go their own merry way and make decisions without any much consideration of their effect on the apparently entitled east.

That however is precisely why we must have recognition of supposed differences and their use in constitutions, and a strong degree of provincial autonomy.

Canada the not-well, self-conscious name that a century ago became the British way over in Canada is a country that the British were busy with their own problems and had little time in concentrating on — her ways. And when their interests conflicted with ours, they were included together or opposite for the practical interest that is their own.

This is precisely what in Bill into the Canadian Shadows Control Canada, is trying to do in even business sends to overlook the interests of several British Columbians who live in the west.

Title 11 allot keeps happier, it is a bit of which we will not see any longer.

When, for instance, have you last worried about the appeal because of Privy Council? Island, the Statement of Newfoundland, the Annual of Cape Breton Island, the subsidiaries of New Brunswick in the extreme riders of Toronto?

Regarding the case, when have you last thought seriously of the people of Yukon Territory and their destinations to become a province?

Even those crying for a requested western Canada entirely in fails the northern territories and those extreme provinces into the western case, with their or an industries into the people of these territories would live only together with their status under a western federation.

A chance to be taken

EDITORIAL *April 8 1921*

Unless Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau find overwhelming the mandate of a large one that he will have an backdrop and into leadership — he pursues his present course, he will not look closely in one key chance in sitting on a knee.

Partly no doubt, because of a French-Canadian background, which may have given him insights into constitutional inequalities as they applied to his home province of Quebec; in part because of his nationalism background at constitutional law life Trudeau has held throughout his political career a goal of bringing the Canadian constitution to Canada.

Like many leaders before him his passion for personal recognition in history has allowed a painful ache desire to become a personal obsession that favours an opportunism or cleverness.

When Mr Trudeau's government was elected in 1979, after a three years in which he pandered to good unnecessarily, he appeared in power pig to politically the first time he had not achieved his purpose and maintained his indifference to leader of the Liberal party.

Subsequent events, however, now have quickly re-assigned to the office of prime minister with a substantial majority. While it would not have dared run an election campaign in a platform of entrenched patriation, and in fact hardly mentioned the constitution during the campaign in quickly turned his majority and its nature's making used a weapon to challenge the rest of Canada into accepting a concessions in his own image.

Then, together with his national energy policy the divided Canada in seeking-like some Confederation — that has also been the subject with the caused eight Canadian governors — including the premier of the key province Quebec — to say their heads together and come up with an unending formula acceptable itself.

In Mr Trudeau's headlong plunge toward constitution he betrays the province-building he needs in time to take advantage of the situation and the small duty proposal.

Failing that, he will surely go down in Canadian history as a vision flawed by the decisive many and was less talented popularity but it may in his last chance to be recognized for their concessions as a hero.

Victory for Canada

EDITORIAL *May 6 1980*

the 'i must go'?

In 1976, when Rene Levesque that the separatist Parti Quebecois were swept to power for the first time in the province of Quebec, it looked like the beginning of the unravelling of Canada as we have known it for over a century.

Yet on Monday when Levesque's party was in retreat, in office with a greater majority than in previously had, it was seen (at least by some of us here in the great western hinterland) as another victory in the battle for the preservation of Canada.

Of course a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since the Lévesque affirmation.

Lévesque's decision to try a Reagan-type goal of consensus separation from Canada and an immediate goal of consulting he called sovereignty-association. Premier Lévesque promptly modified promise of that objective.

In interesting Lévesque (who the Vancouver fashion separatist stance in his term area, that was, for a separatist that gotten along better with between governors than has the P.M.), the people of Quebec seem to have realized their fate of confederation was.

Perhaps due to wishful thinking, it is to seem that the voters of La Belle Province have confirmed their belief in a Canada of national negotiation and com-

of better rather than a solution dictated from the easy streets of Ottawa.

Perhaps the future will again see Lévesque cast in the role of a successful villain. At the moment, however, and from this vantage point, he cannot help but like a victory for Canada and democratic Canada.

Balance to the RCMP

EDITORIAL *July 21, 1962*

Where one reads successes — in novel or historical form — of life in the Canadian west and that of the U.S. in the late decades of the 19th century it is difficult to perceive that the two situations existed in the same time frame — the same continent and were peopled by peoples of similar backgrounds.

In both instances, early settlers were mainly native countrymen, largely of British origin, joined by emigrants from Ireland and Europe.

Both groups considered a fair share of hardness from nature, and the type of tough resistance nurtured on frontier life.

Yet while the American west developed — at least temporarily — a travesty of no-gun justice that even today is romanticized to every form of fiction, the Northwest Territory was more lightly regulated, and tolerance to law enforcement was more than total consent.

Much of the difference probably is due to the early strenuous days of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (then the North West Mounted Police) and indicates why the universal cry of the Saskatchewan premiere is fence.

Under the U.S. political system the administration of justice was largely in local hands, subject to the many local pressures and to recruitment from non-clinging manner. Western Canadian justice was immediately under the protection of the Mounties. It became sought by Canadian settlers, but when they came they were loaded, and known to be backed, by a whole national force.

Last week in Canada's western provinces, the RCMP marked a transfer for small towns of its policing by thoroughly trained half-citizens standing on certain civic monuments rather than on one or two main streets with unarmed troopers.

It is probably far from accurate that, while law officers at many points of the world are viewed with suspicion and hatred, here in western Canada the Mounties are still respected and trusted figures — and not unpopular, a friend.

Hats off to the RCMP.

The 17th: a beginning

EDITORIAL *April 21 1962*

Saturday, April 17, was a day of importance for Canada and for Canadians.

That was the day last week when Queen Elizabeth II proclaimed the Canadian constitution in Ottawa, and this country's complete independence, probably for ever, from the United Kingdom. The U.K. parliament was required only once for any change in the British North America Act which carried the new constitution.

There was joy in Ottawa on Saturday. Why shouldn't there be? The Queen was there, proud and ceremony are always fun, and it's pretty hard to be gloomy when there's a good party going and the champagne is flowing.

But just as many a party-goer wakes up the next morning with a hangover many Canadians recovered from independence euphoria in the cool atmosphere of reality and found a constitution — or not, as it was well known already.

In Quebec, Premier Lévesque, no citizen a constitution not endorsed by the province; had the same effect as a red flag to a bull. Any constitution was not his province, and for months Quebec has spoken of independence for Quebec.

This may sound like a lot of long-term from a distance, but looking at what the Premier of Quebec has said, referendum on separation by a hostile majority less than two years ago. Premier Lévesque means his getting what Ottawa or either not finding or is agreeing.

While all western premiers attended the gala and attended favorably with the provincial constitution, both of those were conditional on a constitution that was could have been substantially a fair short-term gain.

Western people flew to Canadian flag at half-mast or whose ancestors are part of the manner in which they had been dealt with by our constitution.

The premier of Quebec may not have gotten fully on his side, nor the native people, nor the western separatists, on their views. But the fact remains that important segments of the Canadian population do not view our national independence document as one that represents a consensus of national views and concerns.

The capital charter is not the only country in the world with constitutions which are the results, which are not always the best. The 1867 British charter however seems to code with the wishes of its nations.

But at least, finally the constitution is home and our efforts now must be best toward shaping it into something acceptable to more and to all parts of Canada.

So far as hope that a dramatic issue was will avoid April 17, 1982 as the beginning of a better Canada, and not the beginning of the end.

Struggling for survivors

EDITORIAL *December 12 1964*

Patriotism I suppose is not the strongest Canadian characteristic.

This is understandable

Most of us live within 100 hours car ride of the United

Bonn, a land ordinarily noted for national self-congratulation.

To more the flag for this own country probably seems to many of us like being a cheerleader for the "C" team. We've voted the "C" team in my opinion, but it's hard not to be humble when you've seen they're a winner and not who liked a "all" the world street.

Then there's the makeup of our people.

Many of the French immigrants who arrived and country if it was left a Canada was part of the "Empire," have it never their old allegiances when they left. It is not that it the morning is were the Canadian flag, which did not exist in any case. They were not used Canadian patriotic thought. It was just that those loyalty to, pride in, and love of Canada were a natural extension of feeling for a heritage to which they had been born.

To the French Canadians of Quebec, the Canadian partnership was the result of the fortunes of war. Their pride was found in their own identity and living as a minority was not really conducive to becoming two-revolution [illegible] the great land of which they had become apart.

Many of our European immigrants came from lands where subservience to those who were rulers frequently and enthusiastic endorsement, with the result and flag-waving was not the first thing they handed down to their children.

They too loved and appreciated Canada, but life in ethnic [illegible] was also not a direct toward Canadian nationalism.

Two wars and the economic [illegible] explosion broke down a lot of the barriers, but about the time when we might have become a bit [illegible] about our country, a long shadow was cast across of the border on the whole phenomenon of patriotism by such things as Vietnam, Watergate, the Viet Nam war and collective guilt over the long denial of basic rights to the black community.

Perhaps the world's experience with Nazi Germany was, as well, a lesson in viewing with a degree of caution, to say the least, the person who declares "[illegible]."

Nevertheless, we all live together in a great country and the course on the first to part of our common destiny.

That it deserves, I think, at least devotion and loyalty, and respect for the symbols of our national identity, such as the flag and the national anthem.

I'll admit I was at first cool about the flag when it was proposed, but when it was officially adopted it became my flag, and I feel pride whenever and wherever I see it.

The playing of the national anthem should touch a tender feeling in us, but it is disturbing how often, at public gatherings, people will run through the singing as though they are being forced to endure something distasteful, or at least completely irrelevant.

Contributing to and disgusting, unfortunately, are those public leaders, the professional athletes, both in Canada and the United States — who will make open-mouthed gaping at the crowd, or chewing gum, and spitting their tobacco while the anthem is played or sung.

These are professional entertainers?

Mercenaries might be a more appropriate term.

But their ignorance is still no excuse for the rest of us.

If we can't sing well, let's sing as well as we can, and if we can't sing at all, let's at least stand at attention with an attitude of respect for and symbol of our very well-earned identity.

What does it say and mean?

[illegible] — *May 2, 1985*

Many Canadians are wondering about the long-term effect of the Supreme Court decision last week striking down, 6-0, the Lord's Day Act as contravening the much-touted Article 2 of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which came into force a week earlier.

It probably was said in the first decades since the Lord's Day Act was passed, it has been used to restrict Sunday activities, even as those ethnic communities were not in right to those (of the people) who wrote the laws.

Notwithstanding this, however, the past two decades have seen the legalization of Sunday activities undreamed of in earlier times. As the nature of the Canadian people changed, it did become possible to relieve the impact of the law nationally, regionally and locally.

The court found that the Law itself was discriminatory, in that it and a subsequent tendency was to serve as a continuing reminder to those belonging to non-Christian groups of their minority status.

Whatever happened to the ecumenical counseling in the Middle Round, as the Romans do?

Wherever one may travel, or choose to live, one must quickly adjust to the people that live in the country — and behind to practices and thoughts but national distinct characteristics that are a product of language, geography, culture, history and religion that we ordinary and inevitably make one feel as a member of a minority which is found in such settings.

If one chooses to become a part of that society (and that society is tolerant and sufficiently one adapts to those different circumstances to the extent consistent with conscience, adaptability and even physical characteristics to the extent that it is not possible, one remains forever a member of a minority.

Many minority groups, in fact, would not have it otherwise.

They have developed because they believe their

and given an enthusiastic performance. Let us forget about all the negativity and start thinking in all becoming a feeling of all-Canadian content, think about it.

Maybe the author means wearing his sweat-shirt but it makes bad sense should we judge the full greatness of our constitution and Charter of Rights.

In most democratic societies the constitution is the framework upon which the system was built and modernized. Things deemed to be fundamental and perceived by us citizens to be fundamental.

In Canada, it presumably will be our sweat-wear with hammer heads each string of the Supreme Court, to know what our constitution really says and really means

Our greatest Session but Lenahan
became the September 10 1984

One of the strongest non-musical events in Canada. I mention history has to be the case of the 155 Jet Lennon Tunnel refugees and to perhaps this country.

If only August the Canada would found settling in new Brunswick off the coast of Newfoundland, by a fishing boat which any it may not have encountered times as a shipping.

The story is now accepted and they said a West Germans was against 30 300 much Island figures of half a million dollars has also been investigated to take home except the except and and their might must Canada.

One cannot help but have sympathy for people who have fled from repressive regimes and perhaps the Canadian government is and look to Toronto is positive showing compassion for their plight.

There an somewhat above the whole thing however, and that is Canadian content. Perhaps it is the fact that the Tamils come from one of the many whose nationality is viewed with mistrust, and the general policy is the general solution to any problem.

Their success in solving residency status through their play can learn that we strengthen their birth of government integrity.

Expo 86, Vancouver
mustrate September 24 1986

Have opens here

Isn't and their fairy site is bright?

So it seems like a suitable opening line a visitors on Expo 86 in Vancouver because every day when you enter the gates of the fairgrounds you have the sensation of entering a massive, glittering fairyland and ocean beyond.

Oh, the magic goes to you after a while and

There is the strength the reality of seeing first, a back and forth by real adventures as though someone has lived in every year railway was the asphalt unlike about in college and a such and somewhere during the day begins, as any just the job of every business

Outside of that, everything was great.

Most of the guidelines the visitor sees first-class and refreshed a lot of staff, neat, courtesy and straightforward and when manner as well.

Everyone's first impression when they visit we have just returned from Expo is, instantly whether or visited the Saskatchewan pavilion.

And instantly the answer to and is yes. After all we are based about it, I consider heart loved by Saskatchewan as the only right answer To say it as the best pavilion at Expo, its most practical and theatrical impact, is among the finest but it's mostly among the most loved and its visit is sudden it passes proved to be covered among the crowds of Saskatchewan.

You have a choice of three line-ups for the Saskatchewan complex. The first you join is consultation two-and-one presentation of the great life we enjoy in Saskatchewan. Seventy-seven minutes, but it is done so well and is getting to you, and I am very others who start out with the necessary assumption of one person's in nothing but a vast like unwound tour will come back with a completely different opinion.

How do you mention movies with a one-person? The script, was recorded in such a way and the charming real-life young in terms of conversation and carrying on consultation with the people on the screen. This must have entailed some pretty fine feeling consultation and rehearsal and could really have been required. Where you left the name — in perhaps like you mention (Chagall) — your name was given time to look over impressions displayed in the person's transportation of Saskatchewan people you meet the like.

The Great Human took you into be gas e-electric-type section where you were lifted to the top and the working fabrication emphasized and the next down by a setting something distance into a human inter

It was gradually how making for most visitors but we needed and having been underground at some points rides and didn't make-believe top. As for the workings of a grain elevator — for one still some for understanding an elevator agent when the could more you without business of the function in two hours.

We also stopped the Kitchen for the dining room. It got more from everyone who visited it and we do not and sufficient room to food supplies, most food and perhaps at home, and were visiting Vancouver on would opt for and and the Central South — without the luxury of standing, rides for an hour

and everyone knew about the Saskatchewan pavilion, and I got the impression that most people had visited it, or intended to. There was none of and "What's a Saskatchewan?" business

Considering the millions of dollars spent by Saskat-

electoral gerrymanders, of every stripe, to improve Saskatchewan's image. That's remember making easy as it finished.

A side-attraction at the previous was an old-fashioned tent-show, with the schools emptied to permit them to be pressed into it. Arthur Laurier threw a shuffleboard, but most I never heard of our pioneer politics breaking up the hard in its accompaniment of "The Boys of Bill Bowling." In any event, it offered a relief from monotony for the thousands of people attending either.

Edmonds newspapermen did a lot to relieve these boredoms, the American pavilion had a magician pulling rabbits by the cheese, several pavilions had dragons and I think I saw a fakir.

So by one part, I came armed with a good fat novel, and I advise it as a good reading to him.

The Nicola Lake Accord

editorial, June 10, 1967

In 1967 the partition and unwinding of the constitution under Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's government was surrounded by controversy as Parliament and within the various provincial legislatures and probably away to fruition only because there did exist a near-unanimous consensus that if the constitution was to be brought home from Britain it was from necessity.

The province of Quebec however was far more satisfied with the constitution as rewritten and did not ratify it. Thus the province with the second-largest population, one of the original partners in confederation, and the region whose social, cultural, religious and linguistic distinctions most contributed to making confederation's compromise of a western economic zone become an unwilling partner in the new Canada.

The important thing is that since the voters of Quebec, in sending the Rene Levesque separatists to represent their resolve to sustain a part of the Canadian family, it became possible in a relatively short time to draw up an agreement not only assuring the approval of the governments of Quebec and Canada but receiving public endorsement from the federal leaders of the Liberal and New Democratic parties [1] but who later approved by the members of the other three provinces with the Tory, Liberal NDP and Social Credit governments.

Recognizing Quebec as a distinct society within Canada presents no problems for most Canadians. Indeed almost has been a distinct society within our provincial framework, is now and probably will be for many years to come, and there is nothing wrong with legitimizing this in our constitution.

It is understandable that there are measures — and there are almost universal — about a vein of taste for every province or society in existence in order to make provision such a vote for Quebec. This alone seems extreme but if those party leaders and the premiers, with independent citizens ask for our free vote it's since here at last paying for it.

Threat to Nicola Lake

unknown, November 27, 1968

Last week's Supreme Court of Canada decision striking down Quebec's Bill 63 — legislation first holding the use of languages other than French on commercial signs — took 10 years in coming.

Possibly there was some foot-dragging in various levels in the hope that an alteration of the once-familiar Quebecois interests become more individual, more of value beside the province might prevent and usually be effective legislation.

The day, Mr. Justice Roger Ouimet's court wrote, striking as provocative as a bonfire, crafting "Rule first, then, don't ask French." He ignored. A Montreal business owner displayed outside his establishment a sign of 35 years' vintage which [illegible] the two words, "Drapery and Sanforized — Shrunk."

This has held a lot contrary to Bill 101 passed in 1977 by the Parti Quebecois to preserve the use of French in the province.

However much are may sympathize with the objectives of Canada's French minority to preserve its identity as a distinct and separate society in the province that has a francophone population of about 80 percent legislation concerning signs and the use of language goes well beyond a requirement to preserve and encourage the use of French.

At issue is not only the right of people of the other Canada's [illegible] English-Canadian majority [illegible] language publicly. The bills also discriminates against the use of Chinese, Yiddish, Hindi, Spanish or any other language in which no price might seek to address any other group through its own language.

It is in the words of the people of Quebec that no one someone speaking idiom following the court decision, 70 percent agreed with the right to have bilingual signs.

It is not unnerving and is even a threat to the Nicola Lake Accord, that Premier Robert Bourassa and his government are now preparing to opt out of national and provincial bills of rights to permanently language discrimination a third-person law.

5. Scenes from our times

Players and spectators all

William Shakespeare saw the whole world as a stage, with all of us the players, all having exits and entrances. Some stage, in our time. Players, no doubt we have been — if only bit-actors — in the continuing drama of our planet's evolution, but broadcast spectators as well in the twentieth century scenes that have changed our world across previous era-lobotomy.

We came to live here less than a year ago. Russia's first Sputnik heaped rising hourly to within world from its historic orbits around the planet and we have since witnessed, of some other's each events at the erection of the Berlin Wall the Cuban missile crisis the Kennedy assassinations, the moon walk unmanned leaps to the noisy reaches of the solar system embarrassing interviews by the super-powers in Viet Nam and Afghanistan Israel's southern hostile for survival in the hostile environment of the Middle East and finally as this is written, the sudden changes in the political climate of the Eastern bloc that offer hope for a brave new world of international co-operation and achievement — if they do not. Indeed, have consequences that annihilate us all.

While, a community newspaper traditionally and by distinction — particularly in the era of electronic communications — concerns itself primarily with the affairs of its own geographic area, it is impossible for an editorial writer to ignore the greater world which has become in so many senses, a global village.

Our Saskatchewan sojourn began slightly more than a decade after the close of the greatest conflict of the human race and virtually everyone still bore the scars and carried its memories. Some of the first features in this chapter portray a few of the people whose lives were inexorably changed by the events of World War 2 and are intended to serve as a setting for the world of the late 1950s and those who peopled it.

The editorial comments and articles do not qualify even as a synopsis of the world scene as witnessed in three decades ending as we the twenty-first century, but as in other chapters reflect one person's views and perceptions of selected events and their significance from the narrow field of view but I hope they give the reader of the future, particularly a few of our times

A triumph of hope

Wednesday, October 23, 1957

On Friday Oct. 24, while four or five earth satellites generate the great interest of the world from orbiting high governors in the synchronized manner a fine ring flying over the courthouse will signify the opening in Washington, in all of Canada, of United Nations Day — a day set aside to honor the international organization dedicated to the noble principle of preserving peace throughout the world.

That the proper is also 13 years of the United Nations existence has been no easy one, is an understatement, and it appears more doubtful whether the organization as presently constituted will be able to continue after if the USSR and the USA ever decide to leave it.

But the dues and more than cynical rejection of the U.N. is certain, or that it should be abandoned as a finale and complete effort is a lost cause.

On the contrary while accomplishments of the international body may not be as impressive as its faithful champions would have us believe, it remains nevertheless, as a symbol of man's growing desire and hope for a world from which war has been banished.

It will finish him off

Thursday, February 5 1959

The target is a tempered, four-engined 1 ton artificial moon [illegible] will finish him off, says, it will finish him off.

In democratic country policy is determined by the public opinion where the given votes show enough interest to exercise direct government of a money profession. Say what we will about governments forming a small ring of persons, rules and governing by consultation, it is gross-roots attitude that the Canadians for the most is [illegible] confidence and effort will decide the future role of Canada in world affairs.

The opposing positions of this editorial, partly a statement radio conversation between the Russian pilots as they sink back and destroyed an unarmed American transport plane carrying 14 citizens which had accepted over the Russian border deliberately perhaps, when an unarmed nation may claim in international society where the law of the jungle prevails.

Utopian ideal, cold-blooded barbarism and peace-lovers such as these Russian pilots exist in about the same proportion in every country in the world, including our own. The important difference lies in whether such and entire official protection or condemnation and the extent, depends to the degree of responsibility of government to the peace-loving decent people, who also exist in about the same proportion in every country.

When Russia's No. 2 man, Anastas Mikoyan, chuffles and hand-shakes his way across the United States his remarkable does not reflect the feeling of the people of the USSR. He is simply the current strongman of his government. But "good business" is a particular page of the cold war.

Disarmament in fact, if it is ever real, protected and enforced by an effective and powerful agency. It an antidote if it fails or is open to attack by murderers who have done so, our unprotected cities, and while doing so would be suicide. [illegible] finish them off these Iron Curtain thoughts?

Front-West Institutes for gender-specific jobs

Thursday, April 24 1958

Front-West is a new plant and nights listening at the frightening roar of heavy bombs, simultaneous shifts to [illegible] and combined factory — a struggle for survival on a gentle farm and the above-mentioning, through unbelievable, pattern of life in a newspaper office.

That story is not like the experience of at three there, and maybe four persons, but when you've seen the [illegible] Westbury and beside that in Phyllis Kimball, it's a lot easier to understand how all of that could be reconciled into half a lifetime.

Write a "go, go, go" personality and an unmistakable love for words, Phyllis Kimball is not the kind that manages that at her job but starts things that more people are content to read of or see about. In fact, she's a long way from the end of the road, and her husband, Basil, editor, feels she should, but suffers in the planning new travel plans to spring on him.

Born Phyllis Andrews, in Plymouth, Montreal years after the end of World War 1 she was the only child of Lieut.-Col. [illegible] father [illegible] for years on [illegible] and you know how that was summer to get to the small Portuguese [illegible] and travel through the found beautiful life of [illegible] and Mediterranean.

When the war came along, Phyllis took a job at a war factory in Bermuda and thank [illegible] for the decision to help the war effort, although the mission is finding the special clerk for insurance and housing.

The wartime nights were torpedo-free, although in mid-ocean very and anxiously for from bombs, in night after night enemy planes dropped death and destruction on those city. while Phyllis and her family like millions of others in London sat up and waited for disaster or saved personal, endurance tests in sleep and hoped for the best.

"We were in the shelter a few times, says Phyllis, "but with the bombing, [illegible] the other dark in [illegible] of dank and [illegible] after all many morning it was just too long to sit in a shelter. We just decided

to go in and at night and keep out of sight up to the morning."

It was during the war that Phyllis won her Canadian husband, Sapper Bert Almby RCE, of Manitoba. It wasn't until after the war that many could find out enormous love for both of them—but they were married. Bert went with his unit to Italy and Holland and was sent back to Canada; left in Phyllis, after the war, accepted a job with the British Foreign Office, which took her to the British sector of Berlin.

"It all started when one day I joined in a newspaper strike," Phyllis says. "I was out on the fringes of the crowds in front of Berlin's Reichstag, when I suddenly found myself in the middle of a tremendous riot. Before I knew it I was being swept up and carried by the crowds right through the Russian Eastern Sector—Brandenburg and Hanover—to Berlin's Russian zone—where, and the noise in Berlin was a constant roar of shouting, guns, and machine-gun fire. Suddenly I found myself in front of a huge, grim, concrete building. I was just a little bit scared. There was a pile of bricks, and even the trees were afraid.

The only buildings and roads repaired were the ones the British Control Commission were using. But this was truly the ground devastated which meets the eye when all the others throughout the British sector of Berlin.

One of her cells was Spandau prison, which was being prepared to receive its new criminals after the conviction of the Nuremberg trials. She was actually in the cell and was in contact with Rudolph Hess.

The cells were so arranged as to serve as empty cages between occupied cells, making it impossible for prisoners to communicate with each other.

Hess' cell of hers was divided and these interest, with the British, French, American and Russian each controlling their own sections, since prisons must be Spandau were guarded by four persons alternately, each being one month on.

"When the Russians had their turn I was always afraid—I was when I had to go there, more so because the chauffeur was a German. We would go there, all our business, and never wonder as we were very conscious of the sad fact that he passed on the locked inside—one decided.

Still, she says the situation and its tighter situation in the conference hotel to reach things out, and there are still found together.

For the first year the civilian evacuation forces worked under pretty strict regulations, they had to wear uniforms, carry passports and were not allowed in any time without leave, but as time went on these were relaxed and even Phyllis and a friend even ventured through the Brandenburg Gate to attend an opera in East Berlin.

"When we took on wards off the wonderful performance of Tales of Hoffman underground where we were we certainly felt lonely" admits Phyllis. However they were able to return to their own sector without complications.

To Phyllis, the various day happenings in Berlin and the air corridor demonstrations didn't mean a big strange to the reason thing was happening in 1947 and she considers it all part of a pattern of behavior designed for only one purpose — to drive the Western powers out of Berlin.

A unusual experience with the start of thing were some when Phyllis was on a test tour through one of Berlin's famous beer gardens.

"Suddenly the band, the drinks accidentally made a strong turn and before he was aware of it, and crossed into the Russian sector with the front blocked of the bar, immediately a tank with Russian soldiers pulled up, they were surrounded and had to be similar a tank walking the air officer to come and decide whether they were to be arrested or not. Difficulty

"Maybe they were well-deserved because we were wrongly, very Phyllis. At any rate, they were given the translation and no more difficulty.

By 1948 letters from Canada were coming fresh and often and after a short visit with her family in England Phyllis came to Canada returned her wartime sweetheart, and they settled down to farming in the Yellow Grass district.

Farming she loved from life — surprisingly enough for a London girl — and says she would be prepared to go back to it at any time, but don't work out this way

Several summers years of poor crops depleted these savings, but when the livelihood sold our they and no choice to go return to town life. Bert got a job with the Weyburn public works department, and Phyllis came to the Reviews where she still is very much in evidence.

Army mail in England five years ago convinced her that Canada is the best place to live. Ten years' prior conversation from the road crop is taken out of earth and not the Canadian set off in California Meadow, another of fresh planes

The Jaspiz at cudded in Saskatchewan

PRINTER *April 30 May 1979*

Second beer before reports the last of the stumbling British bombers turned off toward the Bagdad Home and home leaving behind not before them a young Canadian airman looking for the first most watery alone and forsaken with no friendly soldier and mounted more as long as friendly aircraft were overhead.

But he wasn't walking very long wandering about it, he was not many running as he had been sure 2a. m. running westward toward the French border and the home of a return to England with the assistance of the French underground.

At 10:00 hours, on April 27 1944 Flight Lieutenant Alfred Alexander (Bert) Sidnell and three members of the crew of a Lancaster Bomber of the

RAF 205 Squadron Flying out of Sidiffiya base in England does not seem to get any easy sorties, but one against Emmerich on Saturday, 21st September, had unusual results. Seven Fortresses and their Lightning escort had crossed the Dutch coast and were approaching the target when the fighter pilots received a warning that enemy fighters were in the area.

All seven of the crew — two Canadians, two Australians, a New Zealander and two Englishmen — were trained for "special duties" — the bombing of enemy targets without an aim and more than 10,000 yards with one aim only: bail out.

But no sooner the escort were free to go than there was the enemy in the centre of the bomb. With the bomb-door and load beams released there was 5,000 lbs. just 20 in some cases, ripe, German Junkers 88s dropped down on them and attacked.

The German fighters took turns in the target, two dropping flares and the others shooting, and on the first attack on Fox in the starboard wing that blew under the hydraulic system, and the Fox wing-rudder starboard. Seeing the Allied bombers unable to fight the Junkers

The second attack took out the wing tanks, and the pilot, Squadron Leader Arnold Bowes of New Zealand gave orders to bail out.

At the moment Sidiffiya found himself on the ground below unmanned by darkness and the Rhine River, and though the best to remember his survival and escape instructions that had been drilled into him in the months of training.

His first job was to bury the bell-like silken parachute which had saved his life. This was done from because the large white silk sheet would be easy to spot giving almost parallel sun-like existence of the airman's starting point, and he spoke it difficult for the Germans to German which stones he was from, in the event of capture.

The German ruled in accounts for every German of a country save the other about the leave of the Geneva Conventions, a prisoner was required only to give his name, rank and number; even responsible to know how long and how far they must travelled before being prisoner here.

For survival pack airmen that is special kit, always double the item of a Canadian expensive package. This contains maps, compass, medication concentrated food, Benzedrine to keep him awake, needle and thread, a protective for a hollow comb with a hacksaw about double 5.00 worth of French currency and a supply of whistles.

With the airmen the fighters were able to drink any water he could find. Sulphas kept other paintings almost of chlorine into a condition of water.

So Sidiffiya began to make the closer party that when the French border lodged the supplies ran out. The first a girl he met said it is the worst to manage as to give the marches in the slip.

Many after the Sambre-Oise drive through the rugged forest country (not the Sud-les-Ardenes), Sidiffiya sings he hears about the corner of bush, wounded looking their dark lives overheard the weary way westward.

After three days as a fugitive that still about eaten the distribution, Sidiffiya has now another search party although he didn't know about it hours he was safely overhauled from his sleepy hole camping, curled around some by silence, and a sharp command in German.

He opened the eyes startled swearing, and saw a German civilian with the Swastika armband. Indicating he was a German of the frontiers patrol, part of a home guard. The man was pointing a rifle in him, considering for and to get up and shouting for his companions to search.

Like most airmen, Sidiffiya was unarmed, having left his .38 revolver in his bag at the base, in case they been advised under.

The armband "prisoner" but when his German pointed back the level of the rifle and aimed at it him he jumped up exactly with his shoot up. However he had the feeling that the revolver was never frightened them he.

Him was marched to the nearest village with a rifle pressed cruelly tight as in the back. When they arrived in the village, he was taken to the prison where about a dozen attempt to interrogate him. Not knowing English, he said he was German-English dictionary.

Sitting in that he and Sadiel looked up in the town jail where they had the window opened as permit ventilation to walk by for it took in the "prisoner Sidiffiya" as they called the British airmen. For most of him it was the first look he had about across as it has would off the corners of rims Allied men in.

Others remained about the door-door Sadiel. Sadiel couldn't have cared if they had pounded the dozen German under pain the cell. He thought he chose on his cot, turned his back to his visitors' than went to sleep.

Next morning a guard brought him his first meal consisting of a piece of hard dark bread and a cup of ersatz coffee, made out of dried acorns and when this was taken to the door.

That is when there saw the first familiar face in the compartment was shared with another guard escorting Sidiffiya to the flight engineer from the station.

Although they were not permitted to talk to each other, they listened in turn that one of the seven airmen of the crew was missed the night. One the child-super pioneer Australian Ray Wann, was never located that prevented dead.

According to the rear gunner Sidiffiya, when and plane was first preparing to jump when he, Griffin and the plane, but was never seen again.

Sidiffiya thinks he may have been shot on the ground as he knocked the rifle aside just after he landed, the in child may to investigate.

The pilot that the navigator they learned later and almost made it to France having evaded capture for

two weeks only to be spoiled by the Germans as they surrendered to-day on the Italian front.

At three next week Sergt Sankey and Bailey were handed over to the local police, and after being locked up were given some food, both kinds made of nettles, after which the other who spoke English attempted to question them. When they answered in their cells they found anything a fine meal and recognised the nettles as that of the "nettles quarters. They talked to each other through the wall until the German army unit handed them their rations and there was about 20 grains to be large loaf, up, where they were kept for three days, on a daily diet of a piece of black bread and a by meat basic coffee

The next step was a fighter base, where they were joined by another member of their crew name garner Jack Griffin There was an outstanding hate and during the five-day they received fairly good food.

The prisoners and with the first signs of the the hostility at Brunswick. Whether they accepted it was when they were being taken to the interrogation centre in Frankfurt. The city had been bombed for several days before and many civilians died as there and tried to find them, but were held off by the guards

At Frankfurt they were taken to fifty individual cells which contained only a wooden bunk and a straw mattress, and had heavy doors and barred windows. The cells were two paces wide by four paces long, recalls Serg. Thrope (sic)

Here he was visited by a civilian supposedly from the American Red Cross. He had bags down in one- pairs, which he claimed he had to have before the prisoner's identity could be satisfied as he was shot.

When first refused to give him any information. He was left in the cell for three days while the food was gradually lessened to an almost unbearably high temperature then turned off altogether leaving him shivering with cold.

When he met the interrogation officer he found a friendly individual who spoke English with a British accent, and tried to pump him. When he was unsuccessful he was furious, and said Sankey would have to be cut for another three-day stint, and spent many of the hours up and down.

The second trip to the interrogation officer was very much the same as the first, and with similar results On the third visit, however, the officer said does he was quite satisfied, that Sgt Sankey was no enemy spy, and that he had to do was tell three others. If he was true and they would take him to a POW camp, where food and conditions were better.

In the cells in there, the officer threatened, they would have to remain there in a very cold condition and there have also. When they still refused to talk, there was a pistol shot outside and the officer shook his head sadly.

"Too bad, he said "There's one that wouldn't tell us anything he was true.

His three into a cage where even this their conditions food and he ordered the guard to take him back to the cell for another week However after about half an hour he was taken to a room, the same, into days later removed for Sankey Griffith at Sagan. He arrived there about a month after 50 officers and men, also the escaping from the camp through a tunnel.

Before telling his story the compound, he was given another thorough search, and the Germans were quite pumped when they discovered a compass hidden in his uniform. They took all his clothes and wore over there, even taking off the heels of the shoes.

Next had a shock when he entered the compound and realised all were prisoners in a happy-go-lucky mood. No one would mistake how poorly he found, said he had been starved by the camp's own security contrivance those blessed, however the atmosphere changed, everyone was friendly and very kind and he was in the building on with the "old-timer and telling them the latest war news.

In the camp, the POWs lived almost as an independent community doing all their own cooking and eating them their own time. Their own menus and what they would serve in the vegetable gardens in the compound. They received more rations from the Germans, such as bread, in their pantries and kitchens.

They read till a room, had stage in double-decker beds. For amusement, they and bought sure for the Red Cross organised sports in licensed in the RSC sports security which they were encouraged

Naturally rations were, as supplied by the Germans, and the possession was forbidden, but with hand-cooker, and were obtained from the parcels by barter or blackmail they always managed to build more into this the Germans were like to find and confiscate.

On 30th in on Jan 26, 945 the whole camp was warned to be ready to leave on foot — as half or more Tar-was operations in Silesia, 60 kilometres.

Fortunately I wasn't over 5 a.m of the one morning that they actually set off, as during the previous weeks almost on which to carry their blankets, kit and personal belongings which became more and more precious as the time to leave approached.

When the sledges were filled, their packers were loaded with provisions, meats, sweets and everything else bright.

Sankey was one of the fortunate few who had a blanket to take but it was useless the first night and he had to sleep without one in it.

The prisoners were on the march for about a week, walking from 8 in the morning to 8 in night when they would be confined by lines or whatever shelter was available, being where and not enough room to marshall Red Cross food, they would open their cans

of view and threw her from mast for nonchalance.

Unaccustomed as I was to this way of life and eager to do my part as a temporary member of the crew, I was almost too timid to step when they stepped the fleet right.

A hard, written affair was kept by one of the volunteers describing a Reverentiation during the month, where the rugged hand and a restrained emotion of a common Pioneer dictated that night. The Christmas hours very liberally until had offered discovered and a genius had been taken from his car.

He complained to the group captain and threatened and strongly insistent would be taken if the fleet was not returned, and into the water. An appeal was made for the return, but it was not forthcoming — the work of the master was that it had already been received and came.

Bert Bullet today proudly admits that in this a wing of the senior group.

During last RIA, when they arrived, passed were of anything than the old quarters, his wife his Alfred Inman clearing a form eyes and even tapes of early Inman and reconstruct were kept.

In April Sessions pressed upon when the Germans handed the many over to the whole officer and food from advancing Rhenbrun, who were far three being many heavy to spend last three to even make life any more pleasant for them.

Nevertheless they may have been more fortunate than the unarmed prisoners, who were immediately given a gun and sent into action. With the conviction they were in, most of their near-dead victims would.

Shooting were and more sympathies in rumor spread that the Russians were holding them in hostages, many grew desperate when American warning might, from my father the armies itself, were carried back by the Russians. They began leaving the army in large numbers, making their way through no-man's-land in this American lines.

One day word was passed around that a number of American vessels would be sailing about 10 miles. Here the many and and in many prisoners in possible were in the area and came there.

Here was one of the men who succeeded although he said he had been injured back by Russian soldiers, in the point of a gun. He finally made a when in disabled from the mass division was officer through, here in the house. He worked until my guard who had met his boss was out of sight, then slipped out again and ran for the war vessels.

Shifted about about a week with the U.S. Ninth Army on the Elbe than was flown to Rheims, Belgium where he was billeted in a private home until homecoming leave in England was available.

Before he returned to Canada Bert met a number of other former prisoners were treated in an afternoon are in Buckingham Palace with Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth.

Bullet wed the postmaster's

BRISTOL September 10 1959

His marriage in his good into his staff star, and the young and back years it a brief dinner before leaving. It was one of several bags before him. Although he had been a banker for a second, his mind dwells on the better business and the magic world he was in at that will moment it from the silver in the bag and carry it over the seas in an inverted portion in a load for every two hours of it home.

The throne of an airplane overhead over his spirit of adventure and wayside was like the presence of a fruit between the world and end of his fighter the days in air and history.

The young soldiers Rennes, cream dress under finally received Mounds, the invasion of the Parliamentand and his was taken generations at some of mail about.

In preparation for Royal Air Force began in service. Bert left leave his surplus. He was to be were later in defend democracy in the epic battle of Britain, and eventually to carry his way to the home of the enemy.

A Lucky Lake Saint, the small back new his opportunity in Paris by and as child some of the his every pieces that had previously resided in money in the mine.

Returning that it was necessary to have a pilot' Inman to become an RAF pilot, he wanted at time joining one and prevented transfer to the overseas officer in Regina, qualified and by late 1927 was taking his advanced training in Scotland.

George Brian Bell had been in Wortham, although his parents were married in Ogema when he was still an infant, had been in Saskatoon and Cupar before making Estate in Lucky Lake. This was in 1927 when Bert left it to quit his post office job to join the Royal Air Force.

After completing his RAF training, George was posted to an instructors training camp at Penhold, South Wales, where one night of his flying time was spent towing targets over late 1940s ok for no-to-or firing practice.

By summer of 1939 International tensions had mounted and when it appeared that Britain and Germany could prevent another world conflict and all known were committed to P.O. Bell's president and the other 13 September

Reserve officers called to duty arrived daily and on Sept. 1 when the German armies crossed his border into Czechoslovakia (George and his wife) were stationed in Bettenville, France near the German border

Air crews flew in France the same day with a battle summary of stationed ground crew men crew reconnaissance men followed the next day on commercial aircraft, while the main party arrived by sea and landed about a week later

SCENE IN FROM COVER SUNDAY

In the early days of the war, duty consisted entirely of reconnaissance flights over the Siegfried Line and it was a long time before George got in touch at close enough range.

The scenery of Bodsworth-in, who had succeeded Owen overseas by the cessation of hostilities in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the First World War, was resigned to another invasion and left at short intervals for the south of France.

George's first close call occurs during the German invasion of France. He and two other aircraft were on a bombing raid, and had just crossed the coast of France when his gunner reported a plane following them, about 10,000 feet above and half a mile behind them.

George ordered the gunner to fire a warning burst if the aircraft came any closer. Seconds later the plane a Messerschmitt 109 identified and one of the three brothers was down in France. A few minutes later they encountered another Me-109. This time George took out the control cables to the elevators on George's side.

Any hope of reaching the target gone George turned back at the lower level, but was before dropping his bombs load in the woods and set somewhere on the Messerschmitt factories.

On another occasion, he planted one of 12 British bombers on a road of an installation in France. They were escorted by two squadrons of Hurricanes, but almost these gave chase to some German bombers the RAF bombers were attacked by six Messerschmitts. Although they succeeded down to ground level in spite of a possible to prevent the Germans from getting better than eight of the 12 bombers were lost in the raid.

George's luck was hit by a volley which left 75 bullet holes in the frame, bullet striking the gunner and George himself. He made his way across water over the the gunner was more disturbed because the gun had been pierced by a bullet. Once he was by the enemy.

In fall of 1941, just before the Battle of Britain, George now holding an rank of flight sergeant was attended to a squadron instructor in Malta. By this time there were only two of the original seventeen on the list. the squadron he had served with.

His departure for Malta is another day George remembers with astonishment — saving in London all night.

They were up late off from Southampton saving the night, and the bombers were passed by the afternoon, so and everything would be in readiness. This done, they went just having lunch when the air raid sirens sounded for about the third time. The locale all round in the shelter, the George and his mates, believing it is in another than usual, remained where they were.

A bomb fell. But, looked out the window and saw 27 enemy planes being escaped by Spitfires. So called in the three followers to stand out and watch the fight, and immediately the window to get a better look. And the first A.A. fire burst and the landing lasmuse the first one started in some down. When the second one followed suit, George climbed and they were of an hundred and made for the air raid shelter.

Fortunately he made it, and was due to leave the following night.

After taking part in the North African campaign, and some duty in Jerusalem, he returned to Pan Sudan in an instructor. He became ill here, and was sent to England and shortly afterwards returned to Canada. By now he had reached the rank of squadron leader.

After instructing in New Brunswick he was transferred to Yarmouth. Nine months then transfer is England in 1944, where he was in station officer between headquarters and foreign groups during the Normandy invasion.

Shortly afterward he was transferred to the RCAF personnel depot. He remained there to demobilized. After the fall of France he remained was commanded and George was transferred to the reconnaissance corps at Aldershot-on-Sea, and later in Colin, Germany where he remained until June 1945. He returned to Canada shortly afterwards.

After Hall's discharge he returned to Lucky Lake and the post office. He has held the post years before. From here they moved to South Durham, and after 10 years came to Weyburn, the city of his birth. He first home purchased here was their last.

He is also the latter with his strange adventures and postmaster, but instead of journeys he advertises. They were living only addresses — postmaster and mail.

Big Hammerkeld

Written by Jacqueline Fitzgerald

It is doubtful whether there has ever been a death in history as shocking to the world, and as discouraging to human hopes, as that of Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations.

A few short days after sending a precedent-breaking cable to each dictatorship the first time in any nation's foreign economic space the means where the world the basket of the Scandinavian the fight the power become a enemy for to mean which communism man have entered hopeless crisis to leave.

One can only guess in the latest news but by this great man's life had been. Considerations from the Belgians who were on customers to go it with the savages in the Congolese tragedy. Advice from the Russians who hope there extremely vocal whenever they disagreed the other had not the natural courage to offer encouragement when the end of nations must have been acceptable to them, and even the-

supporting, generous little support from the major western powers is a time when they need an unique opportunity to show the sincerity of their support for the United Nations.

The new line

EDITORIAL, *November 1 1962*

Last week the Sun world hailed President John F Kennedy's quarantine of Cuba as the most positive measure so far that the United States is prepared to take in her against threats to the security of the west. We join with most persons in the western hemisphere in recognising the necessity for the grave decision by the president.

Reclamation of that unprecedented nerve by the U.S however is accompanied by an foreboade that a new dimension exists in international affairs: a relationship between sovereign states that is neither flesh from nor good nor having, when compared with multilateral standards of conduct.

It is a action in which we are drained in live Earlier we said we acted beyond the present-day morality in international affairs. For it is obvious that in the future we can expect, at one every type of act, however reprehensible in in terms justified on the basis of U S action in relation to Cuba.

It tells her clear — Bonne

TRADE UNION *November 28 1963*

The passage is complete and the time was never a day in the history in the human race when free was so dramatically and drastically brought home to so many people throughout the world as on the three days of

> incredible shock, horror sadness disbelief, heartbreak and sorrow eg which began with the

assassin in Dallas in noon Friday which cut down President John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the United States and ended at the Arlington cemetery Cemetery near Washington when his body was consigned to the grave in the presence of a hushed crowd and probably the largest number of world leaders ever assembled in one place.

In Moscow as on Dallas, Washington, Ottawa as London in fact in cities, towns, London and finally those everywhere in the world personal tributes and messages were suddenly necessary to be sent from and befallen the globe with the death of the 46-year-old 35th president of the United States

Getting rig

EDITORIAL *November 28 1963*

Tuesday of last week marked the 100th anniversary of the day when President Abraham Lincoln delivered an impromptu, fo an address which the since became famous in every known person, and which only three days after its enactment, poorly great and small throughout in world had come to prominence.

President John F Kennedy the time recognised by the great of the world, whose eloquence was cannot hope to match or accomplish, the words of the fleeting however are simple and direct and do not require clear interpretation

Most of us may never experience another day in mankind's history such as Friday November 22 1963, but we will continue in our modern dilemma participate in that total agonise the memories of another day in the sad world of man that Abraham Lincoln and John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Dirty and we

EDITORIAL *July 2, 1964*

There has been editorial comment across the nation in the recents invasion of people prompted by white protests and fanatics, murdered an robbed.

The race which positively triggered this outcry was that of Jay Cooperier, shot dead on New York streets of some 30 people locked on from their windows and killed because or me called for police and the murderer was able to come home and finish the job after he and his friend.

Why we ask do these things happen? Can we not even threaten duty to telephone an loyalty to the principles of law and order? It seems a matter of common decency

The law cannot be enforced or the peace maintained by a handful of policemen These cities not only the working men of ordinary manhood an protect and lend an assistance the rule of law

Legislators and police may have to effect changes, the public imagination provides with an without basic changes.

White backlash

EDITORIAL *August 27 1964*

"White backlash" is a term which has found its way into the English language and which may have some three passing regretfulness in the history of the 1960s.

It was understand it correctly it is the shrinkers his unaltered success which America's race-need causes for future regression of a race, and for support of economic people and policies which will advance this end. It is a phrase of wishful thank up that does not augur well for the peaceful settlement of racial differences in by United States.

In this decade the American Negro is seeking in wide swings of the post century and politics.

prejudice, partisan and over-timidness are again threatening to banish a sp...

...e treaty constitutional right is accorded the Negro people. It will still be classified before they acheive economic and social equality. All the wishful thinking in the world not items, not violence will change that.

In the meantime serious black and white men must think and accept the right of the Negro to every constitutional guarantee, the unbelievable change where most uncertainty the altering of existing patterns, and the responsibility of the Negro to solve it there there without resorting atrocities there is hope. It will there will be some black extremists most white backlash, and the good-natured people, for another decade.

Sir Winston Churchill

Time interview *February 4, 1965*

Once again last week, flags trooped the world flew at half-mast the military slow-marched to the final resting place of a fallen warrior people by the thousands old and young, filled by a flag-draped hearse and three elaborate wreaths were from afar as pay their undespects.

Here many astonishing a quarter-century after the close of great story are recorded the deep respect, the love and the loyalty shown Winston Churchill last week?

In countries the with the cause of another great wartime leader called a decade ago "Absent" and died today a Vietnam helicopter overturned today and finally on the day of the death of Joseph Stalin of Russia

Rather, too dead to mix a memorable job of keeping the Russian people together as a day of great cost, but his overall record left a tragic of cruelty indifference and a complete lack of compassion

What, then, a true greatness a Sir Winston Churchill that he still has spent four decades in the limelight?

It is not power for others have wielded greater power it is not wealth for that not many would have it is the ability to influence people in the shaping of history even against all obstacles and to make the country feel great.

He made exile to subordinate spirit a country art, a profound wisdom, a fierce determination a heart that knew compassion and love a tremendous energy in leading belief in forgiveness and dignity of a people and their right to freedom; these things were the greatness of Winston Churchill and will be supported forever upon the hearts of the generations that knew him and came in touch by him

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

U-2, Pueblo?

EDITORIAL *February 25, 1968*

Almost two weeks ago, the world held its breath time came to the precipice of a collision between that and West formed large as a result of actions by the North Koreans of the American communications ship "Pueblo.

Three furious days frustrations, hostile they were on the crucifixion, nevertheless have the advantage of helping us adjust our thoughts For instance the Review and always leaned toward the nuclear deterrent philosophy as opposed to the disarmament theory in the debate over how our money power is most likely to be protected. We still believe this argument like War Man prompts a world power like the United States to speak sufficiently of a shallow offensive the atoms another crisis border on, can ensure help but wonder whether we haven't all been a bit overimpressed.

Another brave lurked was this one some never unfortunate the part played by the security forces in interpersonal affairs. What but the distrust manifest in the how the United States to speak my ship to show in a hostile country that violations of territorial waters could ever be accepted without the of a prompt apology, a try that, as the case turned, the exact location of the vessel? it is a possible to pinpoint the source of radio signals only once we request station a Japan, for example, have been refused to answer to contact with a "Pueblo" in order to verify her position?

Whatever the nature of the position of the "Pueblo" when it was seized, let's not forget (admirably few are forgetting) that the U-2 also was innocent until proven guilty

An Innocent Abroad

EDITORIAL *May 29 1968*

I am aware of her preoccupations; I would like me to intervene as another old Governor with me the mood of a letter I was overcome a most ignorant supply in the and the force installation. Many are considering this evidences of our readers, several continue during two world wars and that several of concentrate thinking countries is no under consideration within grew their a very severe Interests confronting then I wrote probably their patient.

But a newspaperman largely natural fear seeing something that is new to him without seeing down and writing about it. Those then are largely the impressions of a wide-eyed innocent on his first trip abroad, and I hope the reader will bear this qualification in mind.

One of the things I American about before going overseas was just how the German people felt about the Allied presence in their country. Bearing in mind

had we arrived so completely over 20 years ago and have had armed forces in Germany ever since, I would not help but wonder whether the Germans did not start to think of our troops as occupation forces, whatever other legal justifications there might be in that particular case in history.

From what I could gather in putting the question to all our German officials, however, I came away satisfied that not only our Germans loyally consider us the country that did more to help Germany to a settlement against possible eastern aggression and that they are most sublimely Canadian in particular in any good relationship with the Germans.

The foregoing was basic not by a systematic study but by the impact of what it would recognize for our group of Canadian soldiers spending their quiet moments of duty in Germany for home.

Dr. Stephan explained that publicity by the Canadian forces and the Pulitzer newspapers had suffered great setbacks from the day the Canadians captured the French last year. With the French rebellions had been completed either fairly well left, but as there were both sides had to work it. Most frontier since the French had first come, as we expect forces after the war. Thus he implied, there had been always acceptance on the part of both of the new relationship of partnership.

In Germany we have an abstract of attempt can now understand some misunderstandings between publishing and the press, according to an published stated by Dr. Stephan. Shortly after the arrival of the families of Canadian personnel, and the local press has had translated to a report that Canadian wives were careful shoppers and very bargain-conscious. It's worse we would applaud in any other person. In actuality the remarks had been quoted as complained. Some Canadian press said the translation had caused Canadian women of living poor pittance.

Although the local papers addressed our group through an interpreter we found the English could get on by very adequately everywhere. Certainly almost everyone dealing with the public spoke fluent English. I had looked forward to practising my own badly damaged German but found it never came the occasion when I addressed. After listening briefly with puzzled patience stopped and by my English.

Something in our normal shop to explain was just what makes Germany look. Instead of country with a roof area half the size of Saskatchewan inhabited by something like 50 million people.

Considering that large part of Germany was levelled by Allied bombers during World War I, and had to pay out most in reparations to other countries the economy has been clearly marvelous. The German population does not live entirely by Americans and Canadians standards but the people who are demand, certainly. Indeed well fed, their cities and towns looked, done to good repair and thriving; the only signs of the war I saw are which I have seen some bomb damage on the cathedral of Cologne which had not been completely restored.

Another fact, one of Germany's oldest cities, and 90 percent destroyed by air raids, was rationed, building by building, brick by brick, so much to rebuild as it had been. Quite a thing. Even the poles of its electric wiring is historic. In a small square I counted a thousand to date through the narrow main driving streets during their hour. found little consolation in the accompanying.

Other town-born cities, were rebuilt with a more practical eye with wide streets and modern transportation buildings. Very few Anglo-friendly dwellings have been built in the crowded land and we were told that without a German has a few square feet of land for small a garden.

In a few places I saw large gardens with dozens of they stands on them. I learned that many families started their gardens, and seed was a valuable as the provisions.

Germany's dense population results in the road landscapes which are built to handle and storage to accommodate movement of thousands over a wide area.

Driving along the Rhine is at once reminiscent to many of the U.S. Highway within plain sight in the same time. This area from end to end, but in the rolling countryside, you may see not cities in the valley below a little cities on the hill. Here the castles of the Rhine and on the other side and were not more isolated and aimed of use.

There is an important difference in German towns. The two towns does not develop naturally from separate clustered in dense downtown. The transition from the urban area to countryside from the best and there was the village square, local square houses and most dwellings there are owned by a small town that several thousand people like in a village governing no grocery can from McTaggart. The city of Lahr with a population of 20 000, could not have many larger than Yorktown.

Crossing Germany on the Autobahn is an experience. The Autobahn is not a single highway as I had thought, but a network of four-lane, controlled-access and speed highways that interconnect major German cities. There is no speed limit, but the highway is technically road is crossed that the thousands of miles cars travelling at about 80 miles per hour. Some bumper to bumper thousand load on self-destruction. Transport trucks at times formed long trains on the remote lanes. The amount of goods hauled this way must be fantastic.

As we had more of our roads in many and so many ramps and spent a few styles on them, not only the numerous cities in the German economy.

Retail overconsumption is not quite what we are

TO CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

somewhere in or Canada. If our hotel in Seoul was fairly representative of what is normal, Bethlehem Inn Motel with the vacancy lit up couldn't have been rare, and if you're ever overseas, for heaven's sake take your own soap, as there won't be any in your room.

Each room had a very durable duvet, which effectively shut out all but very noises. This gives me genuine privacy although it gives you a slight shock when you open the door in the morning and are faced with another human. Breakfast, I suppose, was to be eaten and (mostly) eaten with your hands, as we had neither knives and forks. There was no elevator in our hotel, and I learned quickly to economize on trips up and down several flights of stairs. Room keys were attached to no large a device that there was no danger of forgetting to return them.

Restaurant meals were moderately priced in terms of American money. A steak was about 15 months in short. So U. S. tourists dollar usually was from four or so marks, and most menus included western fare as well as oriental. The menu was complete without wine, at an old friend in the officer's mess, we had a good two wines every dining.

Christmas morning Wednesday was not unexpected even in armed services common and PX stores, where American and German money were standard currencies.

We spent the evening in Strasbourg, France, and I was amazed at how casual the border crossing was. Going west, the French immigration officer didn't even open our passport (although he looked profusely interested about a crew of Canadians entering the country). Returning to Germany to the wee hours of the morning, the German immigrations was simply waved over as we were late enough without having to stop 100 feet or more away.

Can't say much about France on the basis of two or three hours, but there really is a vastness to the countryside.

Most cities in a region are made by factories, or anything a visitor, a few hours is no basis at all. However, on the short hours we were allowed to come to Germany overseas for the first time since the great scene time in England. And I think I can say that many shoppers as crowded by about 25 percent (population 30,000) that Saturday morning and there was a crowd scene and nonetheless about the evening that was never seen before.

I stopped in a small shop for a postcard, and within hardly "Ich bin ein Kanadier" he proprietress directed me to a nearby stationer. Here too they sent no postcards, but after not by for someone in back of the shop, the clerk seemed to walk up four blocks with me to show me where to get the picture cards. A few customers were packaged, and one in front of the post office, which I had been assured, was exactly same wrong from the line of snow of a night on our own small flights. Stopped and looked around me with some discouragement. Immediately a passenger stopped and asked if he might be of some help, or hadn't "been looked after".

Middling more complicated by their non-German than it, they were so short they almost seems to, and there were small clothes pegers. On the other hand, "down on the past" on an elderly lady having her morning tea, evidently on the same street occupied by her mother 20 years ago.

Generally all I can say to be a Canadian: never don't mess go back and see more of the fat smiling and warm-hearted people of our own origins.

My Lai

editorial, December 18 1969

The world, and particularly North America, is shocked.

Led by an outraged young American, a platoon of average young Americans is alleged to have systematically massacred scores of women and children in a tiny hamlet of Viet Nam.

While the army says it is proceeding upon this atrocity committed by the army of a nation which likes to think of itself as the undisputed defender of God and good against the forces of evil, it is doubtful whether Washington, Ankara, Athens or South Americans are so troubled by the facts as they are by the revelation of the fact.

The fact is that, at least in specific places and at specific times, such as in My Lai town or outside the DMZ, war has no rules, and the best people in the country have to decide that they can't fight here because generally the dividing line of a civilized people, and what seems to those of the rest of the world unbelievable.

Americans are agonizing about whether My Lai symbolizes some deep malaise in the American way of life, parse.

We may as well — and should — face some cases of this. My Lai massacre is not, we suppose, that of revolution nor full horror of war as the world has experienced by mid-term of people since time began and for other humanizing rules, we suppose, have been experienced by civilians until we took seriously of striking and collecting other ways of handling international problems.

Pseudo justice

memos at, January 9 1969

Even as fiercer over via the determined bomb-ruination of nations of the three blocs, by the outrageous act of capital against Lebanon? It is difficult to suppose a little as clear of appreciation.

It's a bit like a Nigerian slapping a girl in a dark lane and suddenly going to a crowded of town because and a nursery full of tempo. Not clear at all: the chaos have suffered for the police or something.

Yet, Israel was wrong to downplay those subversive pieces and the discovery the country of every person and every author. For there was a degree of penetration of the whole operation, wasn't there?

20th century-style German guerrilla-combined

a FEATURE *March 2 1970*

Have the brains gone'd level we say?" A retired general minister see it by gray walls and ceiling of the west system blasted one of the hard work of the Lancaster Herald.

The revenue was at a terminal was for the hours and chemic between the venture and the underground sentences at the NORAD underground defensive in the mountains near North they Got.

The U. S. army supplied arms as four public chemic personnel, but shelters had hired. They don't would nothing you that the tunnel through which you were just travelled at were a mile long, on a level grade, but whether you are 300 or 600 on below ground level is astonishing left to your imagination

No point at an enemy knowing just how large a bench to would couple to wipe out one of the major defense installations on the North American continent, he explains.

Once again we are the destroyer-escort in England's harbor and you and wrestling Intelligence terms "invasion" of Eastern Gerlingen. Whenever you name age I was overwhelmed with the feeling of being in another world, primarily of another decade.

Gerlingen is we may see of the distinct political climate throughout the world which could almost witness certain, from the entire planet into one large and neutral, we nevertheless first of a world which "peace" and "war" are fairly sharply defined and one person could also answer to "peace."

But to the men stationed in the defensive and offensive installations, the war of always on and the battle over tomorrow, the tensions in situations established by a terminal board reflecting across an eight hours between day-to-day insecurity and the ultimate mechanic of weapons' attack, which could be brought about only by a formal declaration of war or an act of aggression which would once and all other pre relations.

At the underground fortress, the battalion mission are watched around the clock, and each airborne alert of a unit, area of Canada and the United States is represented by a light which screens the craft's arrival for the past two seconds. Inside there No of the identification number which could been assigned to the plane, and other nonessential which only the trained eye and ear is, since the image flashes onto the screen only for a fraction of a second and is gone.

If some information of doubtful about any given aircraft, a private line throws a personal attorney of the ship, telegraph, and focused solely up-to-date information on the aircraft's altitude, position, speed direction and at the name of the pilot and to a safe arrival. This data is updated constantly by banks of computers which collect, analyze and transmit to desired information to the nearest a one-of-a-million of a second.

Any aircraft entering the zone unidentified by the North Bay command must be immediately identified. If this cannot be done through normal communications or final flight plans, interceptors are sent out to make visual identification.

The fears considering these unidentified aircraft are enlarge the occasional weekender from intrude they become vexed unidentified terrorist encounters, and then are some threatening as to warrant defensive action, the air battles that are considered procedural

Training for "war" exercises, actual missions attempt to penetrate the region at low altitudes, square mile grid, in order to test the ability of the defenses. Operating from bases in Canada on the United States they may come at any hour of the day or night, in any altitude, as from any direction, trying to evade the Third Region Control still guard.

But from these first penetrations of the Region's zone, the "enemies" are picked up by radar and fighter interceptors are scrambled to identify them.

The "enemy" soldiers is able to get more close to nearby range of targets which are identified by complex electronic air defense screens Rather they are electronically "shot down." Hundreds of missions are by supersonic interceptors or ground-to-air missiles

The NORAD Commander-in-Chief, General command consist of North Bay in a fill as three-quarters and the only one of its kind in NORAD. (NORAD stands for Air Defense Command).

The Lawrence maritime troops the commander of the Third NORAD Region, directs air defenses of the entire northern air approaches.

The Third Region of the largest in area, containing itself the North Pole to the Great Lakes, and from the Yukon to the Atlantic Ocean. Its prime boundaries are missions of all 0 Canadian provinces, the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and part of the state of Alaska.

Shopping in 'No Man's Land'

a FEATURE *March 25 1971*

Can a person shop anonymously in No-Man's-Land?

I should have been included in survey of the magazine, and therefore that when I learned that the Ladies Parlors, the hotel of which we were to be accommodated in Moscow, was located smack in the Green Line which separates the Turkish and Greek sectors of the capital city. Hard sauce might sign.

My initial astonishing visions of sightseers spies shadowed by tanned and the observers of machine guns, with perhaps a vagrant hand grenade or two

alienating through my window and exploding under my bed.

Common sense would suggest that the United Nations command and the Canadian Armed Forces would finally set up a zone of immune recreation to allow patients to be used for target practice by Greek and Turkish Cypriot soldiers. Common sense, however, does not bring rescued cats of patients who have been taunted and fired at sugar and wine is running for the hospital. Instead, as we have noted many times, the main zones are now ones with violence and death in their surrounds.

There is no web absence of rotted flesh and, in the general sector surrounding the hotel patio (now overlooked by the sandbags sometimes wandering the pavements) along the street and North one enters a familiar world of politicians as thoughtlessly as the world could have greater importance than caring for the needs behind that zones of immediate hatred, throughout the city where one felt the heavy grim weight of boredom-free or unemployed. Perhaps or the anxiety boxes that was the performance of the British soldiers.

Civilians lead silent stoic lives because of hanging and killing, going to school and work, playing, and betting along ordered streets in their Volkswagens or household goods of the last can be counted as a proportion of 1957.

But there was yesterday, too, that like nothing was the same before. Whatever else city, population's decline may be used for job opportunity to remove this, the politicians set to shall commit to the the dimensions of both sides. Although both Greece and Turkey have regular troops stationed on the island, the Green Line is guarded by Scotic in the main, while peacegivers increasingly overcome of the authority commanded by their rifles.

It should be pointed out — and both sides are entirely aware of this — that most 564 schoolchildren from completely segregated. Thus a whole generation of Turkish and Greek Cypriots of age who have the rather dubious of school and on the playing field, and have been exposed only to the hatreds, prejudices and fears of their elders on whatever side they happen to be. Since most of the students are quite barely out of school — perhaps 20 or 21 years old — and have become nothing but theoretical unity since they were not 10 years old, you can imagine how strongly they are to the idea of violence. And this condition can only increase worse with each passing year and continued occupation.

Recently among the street from the Ledra Palace a Greek Cypriot society was posted, and almost one that was to train our exercise in. Here, he made it quickly clear, however, like he didn't appreciate this attention, and we weren't about to make our visit for exemption. I have a hunch every one of us got a photo anyway. But no matter.

We had been warned the photos of military installations were forbidden but we used a rude shock when we learned what consisted an installation. We walked along the Green Line examining the two structures, and seeing camouflaged for things, through nothing of consisting for a photo. We were stopped by some by the Canadian major accompanying us, who then set to name the soldier standing forward of this. It was a mistake and that no pictures had been taken.

The park below on through and the Canadian Army, there were the inside exactly where its appearance had changed. But it was explained that maintenance of the status quo, unfortunately and unfortunately is a situation common to the truce. The standing forward or soldier in the sandbags brings a specific complaint to the United Nations which must be investigated and noted, the officials are to remove the sandbag. Each side would like to have and possibly has, pictures of the other side's installations, but neither takes for the other side for the UN to have pictures taken up.

If the morning of a standing seems to be a minor point to hassle over it is a reasonable human response with which to bring tensions to lower pitch. An example was related of a Greek marksman sitting among bags and flanked by himself after a particularly tense encounter before he could notice he was surrounded by many soldiers brandishing weapons — to repeat the Canadian society to patrol and countered the soldiers that they were dealing with a great deal less than more than a mistake was fraternized in check and wanted to be a Greek or Greek ground and of the UN.

Greater as agreement seeming from the 1957 fighting at Kophinou Turkish Cypriots are granted freedom of movement on the island, but of Greeks are denied entry into the Turkish enclave by Turks. Freedom is now supported by a Greek Cypriot — and not once the Turkish sector was held to get into and out. Greek Cypriot cross the lines when it was time a distinguished career from the service.

An Australian officer, undoubtedly other three with headed by Greek Cypriot interests and located in the Greek sector, was ready to get the Kophinou return to 1957 fighting broke out. It has yet to produce a permit for the movement of the farming north the sector for seven years occupied only by United Nations guards charged with preventing further occupation.

Another sore for the U.N. a group of young people are playing ball near the Green Line and an unlikely happens, the ball is kicked foul and onto the Turkish sector. A soldier recovered the ball, relieves the tension it, and soon harsh words and threats are the stage for violence. A U.N. sentry saves the day by asking in the sort of kick-the-crack-in international situations over a ball. He returned the ball, and calm is restored.

Civilian without a doubt, but when men become tensions rationality is a rarer flower or confusion leading up to supply and a need to Canadian boys in

Marcus is restless and suspects the hospitality of Marcus some years and seems not to pretty cards of written has the potential of meeting a fresh stunning war.

Immediately neighbours are unusual and so far as possible in the former lived in order to prevent a minority from combining into a top-level crisis. The Canadian private citizen upon a Greek soldier, manhandling a Turkish civilian, or a Turkish soldier manhandling a Greek, and it is his job to straighten the matter out with quiet, reasonable — and even humorous — persuasion. Only if he fails does he call in his sergeant, and officers and generals never.

Major Barry Winfield, a battalion and C.O. of the 4th company regiment pride in how the young Canadians had done in mediating the knife-enemy of hostilities with all their hopes and temperament.

Much of the Canadian success in dealing with these situations did not stem up so new as it appears to most Servicemen is credited to the fact that Cyprus for the British they are the only career soldiers in the United Nations contingent. As the Canadian troops were a professional soldier simply has a different attitude toward an assignment than does if something conscripted of letting the peace as a far-off land.

Certainly we moved no antagonistic sense. Confidence of inspiring the territory was seldom does from the mixture of Greek and Turkish citizens who overlapped friendly words with one gesture, and from our conversations with Turkish and Greek soldiers with whom we were granted some views

We visited Rauf R. Denktash president of the Turkish Communal Chamber (local vice-president of Cyprus under the old constitution) main it would be possible for the Canadian force to go home the quietly notified that if the U.N were pulled out, in that the Canadians would be there to go.

Archbishop Makarios whom we met in the President Hilton also paid a personal call where he kept removed of U.N forces. The archbishop mentioned personal interest in other peacekeeping UN inside areas with him as he said in and in Cyprus the Church and the people are completely in power although he, in the kind of both), in whom his expressed mild surprise at the appearance and found was a problem peacemakers to remember of the Cyprus problem.

Mr. Denktash showed equal skill in delivering his Turkish point of view. Whether the Greeks had given in their wish to die from supposed cowardice in connection the Greek position we called there was simply a Turkish figure to please the force in its single-line defensive-fight.

Accepted though their presence in Cyprus may be, however and dedicated though they may be around them and it was evident that the Canadian hope think of the Cyprus crisis as anything but a fine assignment.

It is interesting that somewhere in this Cyprus mission and part of the world and it involves a six-month separation from their families who cannot be brought in such a posting. The absence of permanent Mediterranean surroundings quickly loses any sense attaining many the hours under a summer sun, falling passed (on a bicycle) along narrow streets carrying produces surprisingly drawn by a donkey with its unfailing deliberation between veggie-happy Greek and Turkish Cypriots.

Even the single men are denied the social welfare institutions to relieve in strange lands. Local amenity improvement and marriage customs are not to be visited with, and in a south Canadians are forbidden to go with Cypriot girls. You may book indiscreet at time one and we were amused that here in a rule and in are Mediterranean. One Canadian soldier in a plight by the arranging interview relations and friends of an Cypriot girl served in a home example most military disciplines.

On top of everything scarcity of communications and other factors make it impossible for officers and men to share the same buildings. While officers remained in keep officers. Naturally there is a tendency they consider and for arrangement leaves much in his shoes from the rank-and-file of some

Then the second PPCLI (Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry) Battalion will be pulling out of Cyprus to be replaced by another Canadian unit, and also a smaller later moved and then another and another — until Cyprus's underlying real issues or Islamic political-ism decide not we cannot afford to Turkish as a military presence in that far-off international focus [sic]

And can we afford to

Already we have suffered our commitment to the NATO forces in Europe, and if regroupment for military operations overseas, perhaps the time has come for us to withdraw our 500-man contingent from Cyprus and leave that there to others.

We can always hope, and the solution which more in the end for himself, will be a more rewarding one than a good armed Canadian soldier on him to do the job.

Israeli hams strike again

SPECTATOR April 7 1971

Viewing the misty history of the Son of Galilee or of the little green vinedressing who values must make at a few lessons by international Israelis who would not be dazzled by hassles for a Peace Hebrew manual alternative difficult to read him and how it is necessary to see

Perhaps the pace of the drum are silence, and the and under large-scale fighting and bans continued by special and relatively brief periods but most are to set denying the fact that there the state of Israel was created by the United Nations through partition of Palestine into independent Arab and Israeli states in 1948, and they cannot and have surrounded by hostile

had, left-hand consular desk and at the very an-
nihilation

But if the general mood is one of sorrow I could feel all the emotions which were called in a very loud voice but from in a constant flicking, or even from another, our social reproduction to bridge hands has led me to capture Christ in mankind atmosphere.

Before boarding the tiny El Al Convair aircraft at Ellenit International Airport we were frisked by girls-faced security officers with a thoroughness that in all in doubt that message and hijacking are every-day odds for the airline Centers of long luggage were carefully scrutinized, and even our hats were lifted from our heads. The plane was surrounded by guards with guns in the ready prepared in the hands obviously.

Despite a recent incident here happened we find myself relaxed and also the reasons for the severity of security

Historians of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association were stroked by the Canadian Security Forces in visit the Canadian hamilton serving with United Nations police keeping forces in Cyprus in late February and early March. Since CAP flights out of Cyprus south is state-weekly schedule; arrangements were made for a four-day trip to Israel in groups of their security apprehension. When our flights out of Cyprus was delayed for 24 hours, there was no way in en-hance our itinerary by be holiday; they are at our hands visit. Thus we had three days two and one-half days would make be more accurate. Half a whole week hour of a various which, however could may be has historical and modern significance; where available in the base and even thorough examination.

I would have was the reader also that also he was possible your rules the base arrangements made in the story of Arab-Israeli difference, and as all stories of human consideration that we

For example we were shown Mount Scopus Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and the ancient cemeteries Arab registration was pointed to with pride; the other hand, he has found I was a system in Canadian doctor who and system considerable time to the economy of an Arab-Christian family in Nazareth, and the person he had been a guest in one of our general relations in mental anything the visitors acknowledged of Arabs in the territory. According to his answer Arabs satisfied that since they are not subject to military service, they should not expect to attend the Hebrew university To in Arab immediate from military service was explained in answering from Israeli information in regular Arab-in-Tight Arab

Those were arguments for whom we value our guests who was uncertainty for the religious-secure which in practical things spend near Arabs in what was famously Jerusalem territory Even the Israel glimpses we got were staggeringly familiar living as few thirty square feet home conditions which should only be described

as unknown under any circumstances and unrecognizable a the manner based in his world here

On the other hand it would be incorrect to re blame Israel for not consenting to meet about years since the 2 o-Day War Israel fostering compacts in which the Arabic have been content to serve Palestinian refugees displaced through creation of the state of Israel in imagined between decades.

Nevertheless of the Israeli presentation was one-sided much of the evidence stressed, opened re-fortunes.

An Arab village in the now-occupied West Bank for example, is a drab and dirty conglomerate compared with an Arab section of any Hebrew city or Arab in Israel proper. While not as prosperous as their fellow neighbors who see the gains the latter economic-ically most prosperous and is ready by far than the area in former Arab lands.

The difference is the Israeli countryside and that of the West Bank is in the story most differently from a history of propaganda of the records where the best authorized from Israel authorities and the their Arab economies through Israeli immigration and initiatives

The trade grown fields and forests of Israel prospect a natural endowment, the in reality all ground in-ital. Israel and they are more developed countries in-portant upon irrigation. This fact it Nevertheless Israel and the poorer economy we saw from Israel land and the eye it was only with a barren desert. In fact, were it and for in beginnings of Israeli agriculture already beginning in land our wasted deserts only the Arab administration would come and over into they appear in have neglected and perhaps about the Israeli. Thus chief value in the Arabs would much more to be a basis for the eyes of themselves which could border transmissible have reasons as a very way of life

If anyone doubts the very and disagree it which made border communities were stopped their land only visible the there. Hebrew post-tense of the soldiers up of the Sea of Galilee.

Subject in breakdowns or unsafe by Arabs in any area. Hebrew soldiers were obliged to stop with their children in underground shelters every night before the Six Day War. During a passenger carriage the age of 12 before ever speaking a night in the terms of his parents

The absolute and inter-ostracized by animals, and youngsters were segregated by age groups. Each home on the Hebrew also has access to shelter

With as well a population, and an enhanced threat continuance, Israel normally the compulsory military service, from for girls. At once the army when they reach the age of 18, serve the required time (which it differs for women than for men and serve as length with general security installations), then continue in who periodic training after discharge.

Whatever legal and historic rights the Arabs may have to the lands taken from them in the Six-Day War, it is difficult not to be sympathetic to Israel's determination to keep on the captured lands (and whatever booties) until the Israeli state is recognized by the Arabs.

As a matter of fact, in the light of the Arab-sponsored war preferences and data it would be recognizable the Israeli state. It is difficult to recognize a negotiated border more secure than the 20-mile security without by the 967 cease-fire lines.

In the north, Syrians used to fire with impunity on Israeli settlements lying in the foot of the Golan Heights, a huge plateau lying abruptly and topography open to Israeli territory below. Knowing the Syrians the lofty gun positions, and impossible and the lifting were considered inappropriate against Israel. In the Six-Day War Israeli tanks threw themselves up against these formidably tanks gained control of the heights and pushed the Syrians well back from their communities. All the way east of the Jordan River were destroyed and the loss of life was considerable. In compared with Israel losses thereafter. Also the Israeli army had been well-armed by every big enemy.

In the West Bank regions of Jerusalem and Samaria ensued many miles of well-armed frontier subject to constant attacks by Arab militant. The city of Jerusalem itself was divided, with a considerable portion of it, including the old city, in Jordanian hands. Again, a city divided by barbed wire hinder and barrier to progress in relations to negotiations.

The Israelis pushed the Jordanians back to the Jordan River and the Dead Sea, creating a much shorter and more easily defended border.

In the Egyptian front the Gaza Strip and a long frontier ranging down to the Gulf of Aqaba again created miles of mountain frontier subject to constant attack. Here, Israeli occupation of the Sinai and the Straits Peninsula eliminated the three borderline, and put a comfortably more favorable frontier in the hands of the Israel found with the added advantage of the vast Negev Desert serving as a buffer between Egypt and Israel.

Israel settlements and agricultural developments in the occupied lands particularly the West Bank, must in large part accommodate the Israeli and Arab immigrants entirely missing those lands by Arab control. In present war can they absorb 600 Israelis from this invaded and the West Bank, and that the Israeli government has created Arabs for my own part, however I would not place my money on Israel's relinquishment of those lands in the foreseeable future. And I suppose I had a difficult problem there.

Israel knew reservations about how happily Arabs' lived a better life judging by appointments they were neither to find new rooms the Israelis, giving evidence to the theory that opposition to the state of Israel was a purely political origin and that there is no real groundswell of antagonism against the Jews among the Israelis but rest, was, I learned, to the hopeless toward the Arab-people themselves, could have brought out that a number of antagonisms to view of two centuries of harassment by Arabs, but it is best there is no real hatred.

Even in Jerusalem a divided city until we recently Jews, Moslems and Christians now move freely anywhere without fear of being molested. A government official who spoke to me in a lunchroom in Jerusalem made the point that there were still fairly many foreign consulates in our night anywhere in the city where in the old Jordanian. In fact he was quite amused at my bag to write a genial look of the hotel in Chocolate magazines, that for his last few years there had been no tourists and activity in Jerusalem was in Moscow.

Reopening of Jerusalem, and meeting of Jew to be an importance for service of Christian Jewish in Moslem faith. Perched on top of the modern Hills, in the Jewish Quarter, Turkish, Byzantine Roman and Russian architecture and no probably missed a more ordinary hotel in the Jerusalem Hilton. Here was city luxury noticeably traffic and room signs material one can be really thought of as one of the 20th century.

But in the old walled city where you must walk on foot through narrow alleys, the blended fragrance of thousands of strange spices (and a few aromas are no longer), where Arab women and sometimes those unmistakable men in tall flat-topped white headdress and modern Jew mean to pray in the sacred Western Wall of Solomon's ancient temple (remodelled by the Jews in the after opposite the Temple burned) where donkeys will carry the freight where tourists will buy mementoes from children that often are rich more than profited, here seems to have stepped into bygone ages.

Paradoxically here in these few acres crammed through three main sects with many of the world's greatest religions, you are warned to keep your with your money.

"You're a Arab territory warns the guide. "You're woman not in key compound, but if you do, you can't find half the money you have. Above all, don't buy on any of my Arab friends' but probably make you rich. And beware of pickpockets and vandals.

It is of most astonishing that needless to a sense of relief upon stepping through the Jaffa Gate into what by those moments like the modern world by comparison.

It may be useful to attest in but I do strongly interested by the ceramic shops which mark the hallowed grounds of each religion such as Golgotha that Gethsemane it may be logical for the admission of millions over 20 centuries to mass that itself is another old mysterious, but I can doesn't identify with a particular type of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Arab-Yafa friend's bargain city is also a trip of

overlooks, but one of all is the more severe in Jerusalem. The Arab city Jaffa, in one of the tourist's oldest prospects with Tel Aviv and its beginning as a suburb of it in 1909 (six years after Weizmann was incorporated as a town).

The many cities it sights in as descendants in Jaffa adhere serious about 10 hours with ancient days the countries. In the morning you enjoy an orchestra in outdoor cafe on Tel Aviv's wide, tree-lined avenues, while your eye takes in recently demolish skyscrapers going on this out of glimmering modern design against a backdrop of sweet high-rise monuments.

The spectacular buildings, mostly postal museum, this many under construction are noted in exceptionally constructed, with the individual apartment privately owned.

The emotion of co-operation — as of fiscal — would be consistent with a world about the individual — the opposite settlements, where groups live communally much like the Israelites in western Canada.

We spent our first night in Israel on one of the cities the more communal kibbutzim — Mova Yam — lying right on the Mediterranean coast in Haifa. This kibbutz was primarily a camping settlement, year-round facilities but provided by other farms and kibbutzim with a number of providing accommodations like this in the whole country.

Here we were of guest about tourist prompted into the study Hebrew lessons lunch, my friend most of the tourist owners by dividers from Tel Aviv sampling the attractive land in the city life by the many visitors from abroad and not allowed by curiosity or sentiment.

We shared the evening meal with the downstairs here in the courtyard dining room filled of families with meals. Given here cooking facilities in their own quarters for by the week. Although there are many religious kibbutz, tribal religious necessary practiced the meal.

All property is communally owned by the diverse members, and until a few years ago an exit was paid into or those on their needs were provided. As in generosity however they now receive $ 3,000 cash to spend in their visit. Several times are provided for pleasure journeys, and the younger ones make a group across before married year.

Mova Yam was founded by Polish Jews in 1939, this it was explained that the descendants are not in ideology the through by sheer necessity of most preferred people trying to develop their landscape among hostile Arab neighbors.

A common misconception is that all men in Israel live on kibbutzim. Nothing could be further from the truth. Kibbutzim like these in four percent of the country's them, conform members live on about 250 kibbutzim the citizen in co-operative farms privately farmed family-owned farms from the government and employed in private and co-operative industry.

The industry, too, is progressing to best seven of the "pinch of prosperity" in young people are sent off on generously many set for professions as trades, that the are being from back. Whatever the attraction in the people, materialized, conveyed life for those who remember the by where they had nothing and were grateful for the economic they could escape together children, co-operative offers, a life in which, in addition, to young people who have grown up to integrated employment.

We talked one in the elected officers about the prospects in the kibbutz in 5 or 10 years but struggled temporarily the replied "I know that answer in my mind will be wishing time I live to prophet.

But then, think upon those much hunger will only over the Israeli kibbutz, the over many institutions is one world, standing in hungry humanity near this whole nation where from the heights overlooking the sea in Galilee your eyes take by many of the places remembered in the Old Testament, then where this daughter new free again renewed the flow of rich and history of the Promised Land, and set prepared to defend it to themselves.

How they will here only history will reveal the to see what they have accomplished in so wide time and.

The space program
across 44 *August* 7, 1971

Although it seems. He only yesterday when we all sat glued to one television then to see the first manned moon-walk of the century. In most ways it seems like it but more than the years and have actually changed almost this historic event.

So sophisticated have we become in these decades that we took the feat as the natural consequence such as the blast-off the moon orbit, then the lift-off, then the return into the splash-down, and of in that other things as to have fallen every expectation in the case of the moon.

It is hard to comprehend, considering how many unpredicted intervene considered space travel — just like how dramatic age the events that have been short since this gargantuan-like Russian Sputnik opened in the world that first time the space age had indeed arrived.

Even that event was rocks from an object in and an object into their orbit. It seemed like a long way from having to the moon that but in only large enough to carry a crew all the together the engineered needed for an absence of two weeks or so that just even a vehicle in which to travel over the moon's rugged terrain.

Yet we have come it all happen in little more than a decade, and the many obstacles have been in seconds into the impossible was possible.

Today opposing schools in Bangkok can do battle on the question of "Can it be done?" But rather "How much is enough?" and what is it worth?

For my own part I am a fascinated, while the space program that I would be happy to see it move along faster than it is now, I am also leery of the price tag.

The third-world economic miracle seems to grab million-dollar-per-ton cost figures easily, but the critical figure that interests me is the cost of communications and satellites before it can convert to long-term, self-sustaining projects.

who knows but that if the governments of our world powers abandoned the problems of aggressive property relations and politicism with the atom that and the billions now lavished into the space programs, that one might lead to establishing that self-sustaining, ecosystem.

Swords and plowshares

MICHIGAN, *April 6 1973*

And he shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many peoples that they shall beat their swords into plowshares, that their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore. — Isaiah 2:4

"Yes, that as a symbol is now located in the basement. Very active antiwar movement existed in my office. And two contributors came instead of to speak." — Condition Arrested Program monthly advertisement March, 1972.

Most of us have not yet learned to read this world around us in the order where we are ready to give up our armed forces. And certainly, anyone who is familiar with what the Canadian Armed Forces have contributed to Cyprus the Congo and Suez will agree that the military can help progress the arena that that military experience can lend drive under conditions calm.

We hope the CAF are successful in commanding enough going men in the right offices that can happen to help our nation remain free and to enable our country to participate in peace-keeping arenas soon.

We are happy our farmers don't all become as disgusted with the profit they stay from home to be younger thought is may be — that they lead their communities into rancor that their proselytizers echo spears, but march off to work for peace instead. Because if they do, we'll have more mighty hungry soldier boys.

Re-refined

EDMONTON, *August 17 1972*

Our heart bleeds for the five American legislators who collected $3 million recently from an American airline, were dropped off in Algeria, and last their fees impounded by the Algerian government.

According to a press report, they have called the Algerian government in "to ask back the $ millions that we will go international aide

The fast-obviously last out-concerned to those that if criminal extortion gives them title to their money in the money. the Algerians too have a right to ask their own criminal for ownership, such as Palestinian for $3 million per five hijackers!

Our heart bleeds only for that if you play fiscals with the Countries you are playing for keeps, but it is that easy to discover your money back. Banks' Raiders have no jurisdiction beyond the town Counter

The Arab atrocities

EDMONTON, *September 21 1972*

The grisly events of Munich, following this equally horrible tragedy at Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport, both happened by the same Arab terrorist, cause revulsion with wonder that human minds could conceive, let alone carry out so diabolical.

But perhaps not enough of us pause to think about the circumstances which have produced these people.

When World War I ended and the full horror of the Nazi "Solution" to the Jewish problem became known, only a few were aware in their shock of guilt in accepting the image for the holocaust, secretly fulfill at long last the ancient Jewish dream of a homeland in their own in the land where Jesus lived long before.

But when someone moves into a very overpopulated land, someone has to move out — a fact we remember only or overlook as we look around and with open spaces and find there to move for all to date we like.

Palestine was not empty when it was handed over to the Jews, because the people of many Arabs and the only home they had known for centuries.

Arab countries are among the poorest in the world, and when you take Russia's name in ignorance, established that uneducated people the public knowledge from which they were able to do a here's many, and denied them into an equally overcrowding environments, but without even their pride of ground and their home, what happens?

The case in the Palestrin has hundreds of thousands in them, have ever languished in refugee camps in the Arab lands, under conditions as wretched and unsanitary that they would military suffer by comparisons with the conditions under which a western human human has known. They are fed their victual from a perhaps dole of out by the United Nations and perhaps some contributions from the Arab governments.

Here are the conditions which have bred the terrorists which we have viewed with horror against hopelessness poverty that above all the frustration

SCENES FROM OUR TWENTIES

that is solving one problem, the world smugly and conventionally turned to yet another problem at hand thereby created.

In our zeal to purge ourselves of our own anti-Semitic past we applied blame, but against the people of them at whose expense lasted the Holocaust. The nation of Arab governments, based on nationalism, political religion, used to steal the issues which plan to hide, put to the Middle East's population conditions.

Nobody can condone the slaughter of innocent people, but we are likely to see more horrors of the Munich Tel Aviv variety unless concrete action is generated to remedy the problems of and remaining some degree to the Palestinian refugee.

Israeli goal

TEL AVIV, *March 1 1973*

The Israeli air force Israeli warplane commando had swept with its drop-visions by Israeli fighter planes, of a Libyan 727 airliner carrying over 100 people, seven of whom were killed in the secession incidence.

According to news reports, the airliner on a flight from Tripoli to Cairo, crossed the airspace in Israel southern Israeli itself over Israel-held territory and instead of obeying Israeli signals to land, tried to make it back to Egypt — and was shot down.

To Israel's credit, its government is actively investigating charges of error on the part of the Israeli and has offered to pay compensation in the incident of those who died in this event.

What is more urgently needed is an accord that will prevent more reckless bloodshed which could mean has reckless to the Middle East. But before even to talk to agreement, and as the Cairo bombs show no truce will begin to talk about anything, except on Arabs' terms.

Watergate

EDITORIAL, *May 11, 1973*

The British result of the inquiry are having more damage, brought to light by the Watergate hearings questions are matters of deceit, perjury, rule-enforcement and more are kept up on the basis of contention that the integrity of the president of the United States is being questioned.

The scandal in more keep by new given back to the perjury and "bugging" of the Democratic party headquarters in Washington during last fall's presidential election campaign, compounded later by the to cover up the fact that some of the utmost secret and confidants of President Richard Nixon were either actively involved or had prior knowledge of actions which will long cross both the American political system and the nation's administration of justice.

The result is learned, more than whatever power is at stake. Here we even prepared to go to any length, to interfere every example, and to manipulate every right of others in order to attain their goal.

It is worthy of note that it was the digging and possibly of the free press as much as anything, which helped expose the Watergate affair for the renewed scandal it is.

While it first came to light, months and the Democratic Watergate as a political spoil-up initiated by minor figures — reprehensible but can all that unusual, and not unique to politics as the integrity of a party's and a nation's leadership.

Deliberate and investigations by the press, as the face of the White House's disinclination, helped blow the lid to an affair whose final facts are still and political time that is to wipe out this tarnished.

Caught up?

EDITORIAL, *February 21 1974*

When the energy crisis hit the United States a few months ago, a misconception in an American style a misguided bloody United that would squeeze painfully and unnecessarily hard by U.S. domestic industries and consumers and lobbying forced by whatever oil the needed. Many ideas have to make sure were not even considered.

Last week we were warned by Jonathan Swanson Strong, executive director of the United Nations environment program, that Canada's conservation might in household resources could as the Athabasca oil sands might have its challenged unnecessarily "even by the energy crisis psychosis."

"Canada," said Mr. Strong, "must regard itself not as the advantage owner and guardian of these advantages but as the large source of many treaties. It does not and must Canadians should be denied the benefits of these resources, but they must be prepared to share them. Just as "Canada first" cannot mean "Canada only."

A few days later, with millions of the world's people starving, the United States was making natural resources by requiring whatsoever it to follow Neil Boles, Clare Rooms, Affairs and South Africa decided to help themselves to whatever it bounty world anyone it authority to the United States first said, "To, this is just."

When Germany sworn of her colonial empire by the Treaty of Versailles, reached out for "lebensraum" [room to live], was she upheld by anyone except her own baldness with similar aspirations?

When the agencies talked and those more big millions mingling on islands with hardly any natural resources, did anyone say, "These things did the Swedish things, they considered the work"?

The Review holds that [illegible] to get the oil to use for "Canada (or Saskatchewan) only" and that is

RESERVED FOR HAPPY TESTIMONY

wealth in economically thin politically feathery to use a temporary advantage as a club, then a gaze against the globe to be sold, even by a Canadian that we had best mangle up, or else submit easy conquest to the meaningless wealth in our holy themselves.

A brave decision

EDITORIAL *September 23, 1974*

U S President Gerald Ford, who in the session delivering the resignation of President Richard Nixon has been the far-found key of all purchased decisions plunged himself into deep controversy that weakened by issuing an absolute pardon for all wrongdoings that the former president may have committed while in office.

Whether President Ford, absorbed in unusually slight in wrong — and that can this will for overwhelmingly argued both ways in the weeks ahead that even years ago — from a brave thing to do at this present time.

It would have been easy for Mr Ford to have neither acted from the political predicament and the way that This would have stalled former minister of investigation a lengthy trial that finally in the arrest of conviction, appeals that could take years. Between years hence with no whole Watergate affair a matter of history. But that otherwise to pardon Nixon at that time. Ford, a Democrat or member Republican would have strong partisans weak him in position a crisis now compelled through reasons and misinterpretations of power granted him in a position to which he had been elected by the people of the United States.

Long live Watergate

EDITORIAL *September 30, 1974*

When Gerald Ford was being considered for the vice-presidency of the United States although the lengthy was never under no close qualities factor was expressed in some quarters as to whether he would measure up to the duties of president, which might eventually be thrust upon him

In the first few weeks of the presidency and particularly as a result of the humble and considerate tone of his acceptance speech to Congress, the answering to there was such a flood of relief throughout the United States, that such unanimous acceptance of the new president a moment that this nation was entering a political rut that was no more in the can.

It appears now that it may have been too good to be true, and that the original doubters had more point in their mind. "Normalcy" returns whether with the hit on Mr Ford's shocking pardon of ex-President Richard Nixon was hardly dry the word "trust" was used to describe Mr Ford. Indeed, a word later the word "foolhardy" seems more appropriate.

What the pardon have blessed with full approval of Congressional leaders of both parties and perhaps that of the former judiciary committee, Impeachment unless would still have required courage. Just without the attitude of even the closest aides, that concern at the wisdom of Congress leaders the public withheld, at least a native notion that the presidency would maintain its every position in worst sabotage of the very system which operated in that period itself within at the moment of the resignation.

Besides leaving a moral vacuum in the deliberation of the many other Watergate deeds of charges against former White aides, there is within a constitutional question in the personal contemplate in pardons only specific and private officers, or is a blanket which would embrace possibly a universe of unknown magnitude, else legal?

Watergate is dead. long live Watergate

America's best interests

EDITORIAL *September 26, 1974*

If you happen to be in American citizens, it may of concerning that your economic are being protected by your government in the event of interfering in the internal affairs of another nation.

For oppose one, it is slightly shifting to how the president of the United States acted — as President Ford did in the arms conference last week that aided Although Marxist government a in power in Chile the United States need "to help and assist the government in its efforts to consolidate its democratic institutions to preserve opposition political freedom.

We share Mr Ford's concerns for a free press that the press can be free only if it is sure freedom of thought a society's recognition of a right and the need for it. When opposition newspapers that media are imposed by pressures from the state the nation they cannot be considered free, but rather bound in their opposition. Enough than independence in those who make their or express possible.

Perhaps illegal — but

EDITORIAL *July 5 1976*

Most of the world rejected last week when most unconscionable, in or act of aggression, unprovoked and almost equally unprecedented value and regulations, annexed a building in Uganda a Britishe support to release over 50 people held hostage there for over a week by terrorists who had hijacked an Air France airliner.

To accomplish such a feat in a remote part of the world, on strange ground, and with the loss of so many hostages as the planning that the timing of the hold centers was just short of miraculous, and the outcome was one that would have greeted with disapproval if aimed in a novel

It is unlikely that even Israel will attempt to deny that a violation of international law did indeed occur. For however known that some activities in boundary zones legislating feel free to break all laws, and know that there are countries in which they can find sanctuary after committing their misdeeds.

The fable of Ishkine New York

SATURDAY, October 30, 1975

"Once upon a time there was a country who subscribed to a new fashion started by the proto-gynecologists and related by-self practitioners.

Being a third-world state, this fable decided he should share the wealth compared by the family and encourage the new poverty of mind, by party planning only. Naturally, he word of his generosity got around, more and more people made their wealth known to him.

Never having limited anything "wrong" and not wishing to offend anyone, he found it difficult to define certain borderline words and words, and so where to draw the borderline was on the side of generosity.

Being a poor man himself he didn't worry about what he was giving the power for the gifts he was bestowing on everyone, nor was he concerned with the fact that he was spending more money than his farmers were making. Any day his capital was dwindling.

Being a lazy man he still wanted to live his customary lifestyle and do leisurely work as possible.

Being a ruthless man he continued to write elegant verse and music long after it was comfortable, thus encouraging his people to be taught creative skills in liberty and in a generous proportion.

Being a fateful man he was regarded when no one would heed him his very rotten society either by was unable or would be most pugnacious.

That I need the country to day all those wonderful things? Why, I don't know. Don't suppose I'm going to help me?"

This is the story of New York City, which me and bankruptcy by only a few hours this either day and which been defied again before many moments are to many be ruinous to my. Never New York City right. But I cannot find it also something like this to prove to governments at all levels that you simply cannot forever spend more than you earn.

The yellow ribbon

SATURDAY, January 25, 1981

We are the yellow ribbon

Not in abundance, and not necessarily blending, here and there. But they were there, and by the hundreds of thousands, to say and to send the message.

We were remaining through the international area just west of Yosemite National Park in California that Wednesday morning, and had got there having to go the radio, as when my wife opened the door yellow ribbon hanging from a branch, we exchanged surprised that despite last-minute problems and the possibility of eleventh-hour delay, the 52 American hostages had finally reached freedom.

I couldn't help pondering on the fact that by coincidence we were in it on the day the hostages were free taken. We were attending a meeting in New Orleans in early November 1979, when there were hostilities in the newspaper headlines the incident, when it was to precedent governments, people and the media for the next 444 months, being overcome with emotion and relief. Coincidentally (admittedly in the simplest of how) to the ceremony and wandering free, and still my emotion the same sense of diplomatic relief to hostages but many western and sovereign nations.

I couldn't help thinking how different the 444 days had been for the 52 hostages than they had been for us.

Had it not been for the constant subduing of the country, I would have myself difficult to believe that even a year had really passed since the U.S. embassy in Tehran was overrun and the 52 diplomats, couriers and their staff were holding by a gang of militant students, freedoms of Ayatollah Khomeini.

The second my friends' the 444 days had been filled with many exciting things, most of them good, and all of them diverse.

For the hostages, confined against all embarrassment laws, imprisoned, threatened with trial, interrogated, humiliated and frequently mentally and, and they must have viewed like a year each week like an eternity.

Nor allowed to communicate in any meaningful manner with their families, treated worse than the lowest prisoners, they must have wondered after a while if they were ever going to be released. Even the meanest human regime it would not have been surprising to see them pressured hard for espionage, shot or summoned for so long that, even families friends and the U.S. government would have to give up on bringing them home.

Most of all they must had the world in learning that the treatment in Iran Iranians was not merely as "human" as happens in other ways would have had us believe.

Because of its very absolute, perhaps its even in its perspective and fear, perhaps the Iran have use of barbarous brutality and cruelty. It is possible that in a country where armed insurgent gaols are killed by those who, besides the captors, may be considered as their only is the view of westerners the occidental look behind some of the arbitrary confinement or regarded as brutality.

The kind that all 52 hostages endured alive and in relatively good health upon returning.

Reconstructing China?

TIMES REVIEW, January 21 1981

Not long ago, a Canadian journalist returned from a visit to China with the remarkable news that until most Communist country has so much as mooted the final such institution wonderful: in Beijing there, finally, is no boy and because so perfect as to have done away with the need for courts.

the Chinese have shown and when it is time public to put it to a book test, to see the greatest boast in the wisdom of the ruler Chairman more? So long, there is no problems as finding the facilities and technical framework to examine a court.

Are there any private ?

If there are indeed, problem and there not in country, it become evidence and people are informal, nonexistent and uninformed of what due process

Surely, only citizens such a simple-minded few regard courts as the agency in prosecutions. Whatever opinion that they may be, they are all and minds between an end, prison bars

It did the job

TIMES REVIEW, June 17 1981

Most of the workers would last, in the guts agonized the during and courage of Lastri in recovering the integrity as a woman.

There were shocked pages however among her chance allies earlier and armed when in that ensured that friends reunited had boarded and destroyed a another tractor nearby complicate in nearby long amount according to Israel, it was the initiative of long or killed another bombs with which an armed area!

It is a very the formal police might be more panel in the so-called-so-called bilaterally as the high seas by the Armenians during the Cuban missile crisis and the Kennedy administration. It was the justifiable under international law but it did the job.

Within the context of the world as we have at now by the formal police as it is for a so-do that the job.

Nobody wants war

TIMES REVIEW, May 19 1982

Our language: an probably not exact fingerprints, to explain with reasons that cover every type in human situation, and from every corner child ground to view

I don't know why the expression is for "Nobody wants war" but their right to be said, probably as sure. Cadwaay believes exists in three nations that and in people want war. If and wars not so, it would still be no easy to put wars started.

The bloodletting in the Falklands in recent weeks, between nations thousands of miles apart, the unreality-around to the and and there are people on both sides of the dispute to whom bloodshed as more acceptable than many other alternatives.

Who wants wars?

Sometimes politicians do. If the country needs a common enemy to divert public concern from internal, social economic or political problems. Many insisted this is why Argentina decided to counsel upon a military whatever it is a idea of over a winning to accomplish over the Falkland Islands.

There even lurks a suspicion in some minds that for Margaret's government in Great Britain, facing threesome crisis, an overseas victory abroad a issue of genuine and has utilized people behind the government on the settling of the Second World War 2.

There are also people who make fortunes out of wars. Weapons and carriers armaments are produced suppliers, food and many other materials. Small wars are also an leading grower for conventional weapons

Where there are countries for countries, happy to sacrifice, to kill and at risk their lives for any cause, so long as the price is right.

Wholesale?

For my part, I'm always aware make a bit impatience of the higher echelons of the and happy in any country.

They get on wrong to out against the armed forces and cross myself among those who believe the west would a strong defence.

But the feeling persists and when you make people face a make make there comes a time to take to hand some of them and feeling to put their trust in and them in to war in particular.

I've visited a number of Canadian armed forces bases, both in Canada and in Europe and many fine officers, men of whom are their roles in defence.

And for some of them, indeed, the enemy and been identified but the war did not developed, and if they had the say-so they would push the armed in a limited practice rather than on political or defensive grounds.

In the Falklands disaster, my sympathies lie with the British

But he's though cool and sustained and there are all sorts of people who would welcome a small war. And small wars are modern and would start all too easily.

Another aggression act

EDITORIAL, September 7 1983

Last week a Reuters warned against letting down our defences when dealing with it world partner — the Soviet Union. we personal and international relations, pressures to a release we the grounds and our might have annual military secret from for father a father and and and since the maritime missile rail.

As the Review was looking off the press, a South

Korean Boeing 747 aeroliner without warning a repeated 200 people was flying from Anchorage, Alaska, to Tokyo, on a course intended to bypass Soviet territory lying between Alaska and Japan.

Whatever the reason, the aircraft deviated from the course, was detected by Soviet radar, followed by Soviet fighter aircraft, and according to the Soviet response must be destroyed by a missile

All crimes provided.

To a shocked world Soviet authorities reply that "aircraft intrusions must be taken from their doors," that warning shots were fired when the 747 pilot failed to respond to repeated radio signals, that the aircraft was a CIA spy mission

This is the action of the people of the Kremlin who created the mighty USSR and whose augmentous parties and positions keep it so enormously on the brink of a nuclear holocaust.

They are the illogical men the king of 200 lives. They can, in one mistake, deny responsibility for the destruction of the aircraft and possibly the destruction for mystery.

The human course mistakes

Monday, September 24, 1983

Almost a week after the fact, the Soviet Union got around to admitting that its fighter planes had, indeed, destroyed the Soviet Korean Airlines aircraft and, regardless of the Soviet air space on Sept. 1, sending it into the sea with 269 people aboard.

The awkward responses in the meantime was (as latin or Canadian authorities) that explained we go shoot without having been told down.

The second stage of the admission had Soviet intelligence officers come up with a warning to the airliner. It was left somewhat to the imagination whether the warning had been delivered by drop down the plane or by a telephone, coincidentally, by accident.

Finally, over the Western Pacific, the South Korean aircraft had been destroyed by Soviet fighters, but so far no one on ground level has a very clear understanding. Soviets if they have intelligence in the area, training flown missiles in the environment and that it had flown after by side with a United States spy plane for 90 minutes totally before entering Soviet air space.

The explanation inadvertently was offered after the Korean plane was confirmed, with transcripts drawn by the impressed of radio conversation between a Japanese intercepts pilot and his base concerned. Without that, one wonders whether an admission of responsibility might never have been made.

It is no secret has Soviet aircraft — and civilian liners has military planes. Many governments Canada are aware dozens of times every year. They are intercepted by NATO planes and escorted back to international space, but not shot down.

The Soviet claim the South Korean pilot refused to comply with instructions to land at a Soviet field.

Different claim by crew or listener.

But if so, ultimately, for Soviet intelligence. To the rest of the world, it is just so much spoiled buns.int.

The Grenada invasion

Tuesday, November 8, 1983

In one meaningful final scene of the disaster affair of the United States — including Canada and the United Kingdom — have been less than enthusiastic about the American projection of the tiny island republic of Grenada in order to reverse a bloody coup d'etat by Red-inclined.

Having acknowledged, however that the United States had no clear right in terms of international law, to go into Grenada, let's take a look at the matter from a practical point of view.

The incident such as Grenada and a number of others in the past few years, is at the extreme end of their most powerful neighbour. They obviously have not the manpower to prevent themselves from big neighbour like of overt resistance, yet if every man, woman and child were armed and trained.

Then they could at the least find their own problems with the least to peace above them to run their own affairs and if anyone should be inspired to conquer them, that a serious move powerful neighbour will come to their aid instead.

In this business that powerful neighbour is the United States, which left it alone in spite of a type of government not exactly to American specifications or preferences.

There were the coups d'etat.

With this a groundswell of revolt by the people of Grenada against the existing regime, or was it the work of an intellectual group of Marxists who had no actual force of another group of neighbours — from Cuba — to help them, as it turned out, and has given the majority by "workers"?

Whatever it was, it probably was at the time pleasing to U.S. actions in terms of international legislation but it made a lot of sense in terms of the future safe being of the Caribbean people, and certainly in terms of the security of its continent.

40 years after D-Day

Tuesday, June 5, 1984

This week — today — in fact — marks the 40th anniversary of D-Day, when the vanguard of an estimated 3000 million Allied and fighting troops assaulted the beaches of Normandy that beginning the last chapter of the destruction of Nazi Germany's war machine.

The significance of D-Day was probably overshadowed by the big battle just over one year later at Stalingrad and Belgorod, which was to turn through World War 2 to an attempt and, after initiated in

UNDERCROFT APPS VERSION 3.3

a new era of global power and insecurity.

Today we exist and enter another, World War II is described more with the development of the weapons that have brought the planet to the brink of Armageddon than with a crusade to save a good part of the world from tyranny is established.

There is also a deep sense of guilt on the part of many members of the country and the United States in that such nuclear armaments were mostly the fruits of the Allies.

Not so.

The improvements in the atomic were nothing; fortunately in developing, as some books said the means to deliver it, and had the Europeans not lacked the longer world they have been successful.

The big bangs would have come and at about the same time.

Except for Hitler, however, and the heroes who fought their way across Europe the bangs might have occurred in London, or Manchester or maybe even New York.

A stalling argument

Computing, July 24 1985

Probably one of the most telling arguments against the United States proposed Star Wars system comes recently from a Canadian who has been privy to planning and discussions of the project.

Chris Pascal, a professor of computer science at the University of Victoria, flatly says it will not work.

In his view, software engineering is not unfeasible, to be dismissed upon by scientists a system that cannot be tested except under conditions of an actual attack upon the United States.

To those who regard computers as infallible, it may seem preposterous that the spy beams of the mind could not put together in software systems that is close enough to perfect to do the job dependably. To any amateur computer hacker who has written even a few lines of code the Pascal contention would be close to heresy, to be ignored.

A professional computer programmer has not wanted that for every hour of programming spent in developing a computer package, two hours are spent by experts trying to crash the program, that is, doing everything they can think of to make the program fail.

From where those safeguards have been developed most programs packages maybe reading and computation after they have been marketed and put into use under normal field conditions.

The Star Wars software would be believed require hundreds of millions of lines of computer code and decades written by thousands of programmers using varying techniques and approaches.

The experts all this programming to make sure that it has it need to be system necessary to simulate the conditions a real defense system is about under attack.

A few computer-aided feats of testing could probably cause it to turn on itself and destroy the United States.

40 years after Hiroshima

Computing 7 August 1985

Yesterday marked the 40th anniversary of the nuclear bombing of the city of Hiroshima and the beginning of the end of World War 2.

It is natural that the anniversary suggests a flood of commentaries, complexities and questions, for every aspect of the nuclear age that began for the world at dawn on that August day.

It is equally natural perhaps that in other comments debate on the moral questions sought the United States have employed so terrible a weapon.

Natural, yes, but who has the right to pass judgment.

Can those of us who have never even known the horrors of conventional warfare really balance them who made the decision to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki as a test of an estimated 200,000 lives — mostly civilians — as the expectation of ending a war that last already 8 1/2 million of civilians and would probably kill another million or more?

What was the judgment in August of 1945 of the millions of parents who had sons and daughters in the Allied armed forces and who were to lose every night praying that the fighting day might not bring the dreaded telegram of condolence from government?

What was the judgment of the mothers of Okinawa, Kyushu and other Allied living in that time under the bombardment of Japanese conquered? Were they grateful to use it and, as would they have preferred to suffer yet another year or two while the game was played out by conventional rules?

And how relevant is the debate?

The decisions on both sides were nothing, except the attack to protect a nuclear device. Even anyone sincerely believe that the Germans or the Japanese had they been free would simply have put it on military and gone on fighting conventionally?

In any case, Hiroshima and Nagasaki are simply the first of an age marked by the threat of where nuclear forces was achieved.

Human inventiveness and human aggressiveness have guaranteed from the day the first weapon was used in battle (although it wasn't obvious until this century) that by term would come when weapons would be invented that were so terrible to be made war unthinkable as a logical solution to anything.

Self-interest would control today.

Nuclear weapons are to control, to warn not battle.

The bombs were designed to deal absolutely the worst-case power, unlimited except by those who were

share. We now find ourselves at the junction where we could decide the future course of democracy, by reversing direction or accelerating.

If we choose for deceleration, the survivors of a nuclear holocaust will ask themselves how it might have been prevented and how we proved it to be futile — no matter the sincerity of the Western intention.

Desperation is the enemy

Retrieved: *July 1985*

An Air Indian jetliner carrying over 300 people crashes off the Irish coast in storms before its scheduled arrival in London. All aboard die. Presumably it is the work of Sikh terrorists.

In Beirut, a bomb explodes on Hamra Street, where a CIA agent was murdered. Not leading anti-nuclear Archbishop Hilarion Capucci, two foreign travellers are killed, but the world is relieved that the journalists' gruesome pictures of bloodbath scenes from dying Assam Sikh terrorists are suppressed.

In Bolivia Irish ex-terrorist threatens to explode bombs in hotels unless ransom is paid for country where they and some two-score clerics and monitors are members.

A TWA flight from Athens to Rome is hijacked by a Muslim for 39 days. Thirty times every minute — and passengers are held hostage for almost three months in various Arab cities before their release on Kadhafi's suggestion.

We seem to be living in a world gone crazy: a world in which hostility of murderers can hold nations at ransom by bargaining with the lives of innocent people during hot-line talks have reached levels of political pressure.

Most North Americans living today have grown up rather close to the realities of the world in which we live.

We remember only as a vague and distant childhood from the 'thirties how it looked from the rest of the world. While they have hardships, they interpret as their fate the rule of law does prevail, democracy and very real opportunities to improve their lots.

That assured a people largely trusting and confident that all was well in the world.

But while we live in a reasonably free, tolerant company in our minds, and enjoy our freedom of choice, our democratic traditions and our prosperity, we do so only latent away from poverty, oppression, dictatorships by individuals or like ones, religious persecutions rule by intimidation and torture, and other legalized vile inventions by tyrannies, hallowed on people who are not allowed a voice in world councils.

There is no reasonable, sane defense for anarchism. But desperate people are not governed by sanity or reason. Desperate people take desperate measures.

Desperation is our real enemy.

For the sake of Libya

Retrieved: *April 16 1986*

Bhagwaan!

Early Tuesday morning assets of the fifteen States we have rejected military humiliation in the vicinity of the Libyan cities of Tripoli and Benghazi.

The installations have been intensified by U.S. spokesmen as bases for terrorist groups allegedly operating with the approval and/or direction of Libya's Col. Muammar Gaddafy, who have been escalating their campaign of violence against American non-military targets in Europe.

In his address to the nation a few hours after the attack, President Ronald Reagan stated that the U.S. has assembled evidence that the recent bombing of a West Berlin discotheque frequented by American servicemen, and been ordered by Libyan authorities.

In view of the fact that this happened in West Germany, blamed by the U.S. personnel in many nations attacks planned by Libya in the future, it is difficult to be disagreeable to the action by the military action.

But do we really relish the idea of a bloodbath that could be the consequence?

In the United States there are governments that people may see the problem only by the same standards that prevail at home.

In South Hong country, of course, in international relations. The most basic thing to it, however, is negotiations backed by world economic and political pressures.

Terrorist attacks against UNIR diplomats by Irish East terrorist groups seem to have changed Soviet attitudes toward terrorism. Perhaps they could be persuaded to lean on Khadafy's ego and change his mind about attacking U.S. targets in Europe and on the United States.

Offering him peace, not war, is unthinkable, but there may between efforts in the United States go unappreciated every day because of the personal

Where are the protests?

Retrieved: *May 1986*

We know there was a nuclear accident on the Soviet Ukraine early last week or two weeks.

Do we know about the accident between the Soviet Union, that have of the human reasons whatever they may be, too quick to alert the rest of the world to the dangers that might arise from the accident?

We don't.

As a matter of act there is little reason to believe we would have been told anything about the new meltdown (perhaps more than one) at a nuclear plant at Chernobyl, north of Kiev in the Ukraine had not been for the fact that the meteorologists of the country were sent their movement to the nuclear impossible.

What is surprising (but not entirely so that there has been so great distrust of protest from entrenched anti-socialist groups around the world.

Had the accident occurred in a U.S. nuclear plant, there would have been screams-the-roof pickering of every U.S. embassy and consulate from Tehran to Timbuktu. Pravda a

Persian Gulf tragedy

EDITORIAL *July 13 1988*

It took the president of the United States only a few hours to declare that the downing of an Iranian airliner with a loss of 290 lives was justified because officers on a U.S. warship thought the jetliner was an attacking warplane.

The downing, by the very most plane not on the opposition in the direction of New York City has over the Persian Gulf appears to have where the presence of various non-military aircraft must be commonplace.

I suppose, together the reaction of the pilots had been showing but reason and the warship command?

There is something drastically wrong somewhere when the president of the superpower can justify a most ill log of air lines in international areas by using the excuse of a warship's ill-founded...

Military people are paid to feel threatened. Civilians are not.

Last week a tragedy shook artistic arrangements and services of procedures to reduce the possibility of a occurrence of mis-type of disaster.

Proof of the boycott

EDITORIAL *July 30 1988*

Money is the year T the Magazine named Mikhail Gorbachev general secretary of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in March of the Year of '887

This is terrible; it bestowed unusually by the wealthy seven magazine on the undecided for growth of unlimited's diamond by it to have done the most in the previous year to change the world. In terms or for worse.

Those of the Persian leader concede a proof of the policy of glasnost (openness) which he to not only proclaiming but actively encouraging. In a nation distinguished for some of the 69-year history of its regime in being the most brutally repressive in modern history.

Whatever the Communism more done wrong they have achieved a priory good record for eliminating a nation in which illiteracy was more terrible than the exceptions at the time of the revolution. The newest schools people and make means about peace, democracy and freedom without fallen beginning to wonder what they we got more of that stuff.

This it not to say the freedom has arrived for the Soviet masses and is free to stay

President and freedom of speech are two vessel attributes of a political system, like the way of the ruling body or who a change of the participated. Yet, the presence or absence of some freedom in the very fabric of the system

Freedoms bring a way of life and politics that it threatening to and bound to be resisted by many powerful people with vested interests in the status quo in the USSR. A struggle is inevitable but may hasten to it more relaxed and free system or put it off indefinitely

Time will tell. As the old Russian saying has- the proof of the pudding is in the eating

6. Genesis and Exodus

Where and when it all began

It would be reasonable to suppose that in a town like Steinbach Mennonite with a Mennonite population of almost ninety-five percent as my childhood there would have been a strong emphasis on teaching Mennonite history.

In fact the opposite was the case. While a Mennonite catechism was taught in the lower grades of public school as well as German, the church language, we never were taught much about the origins and characteristics of our ethnic group than more than a century old.

Some Mennonites claimed to be Germans, some Dutch, almost all spoke Low German (Plattdeutsch) at home in the workplace and marketplace, and German at varying levels of proficiency in church. Most Steinbach families had immigrated from Russia in the 1870s, and a minority had come as the 1920s after losing their lands and property in the Russian Revolution and its aftermath.

Most of us knew that at some time in "prehistory" the Mennonites had migrated to Russia from somewhere — presumably Germany — but at least in my generation dates and particulars were as obscure as Tupper's proverbial origins. What little I now know of Mennonite history has been gleaned from family and community histories and a few booklets on the Mennonites.

It seems to be generally agreed that the Mennonite Church is an outgrowth of the Anabaptist movement which had its beginnings in Switzerland and adjacent areas of Germany with non-violence, adult baptism and separation of church and state as vital tenets differing from those of mainstream Protestant churches then developing.

Menno Simons, however, was a Roman Catholic priest in Dutch Friesland who converted to the Anabaptist faith and who wrote and preached this new faith so persuasively and fervently that his followers — most Frisians, Dutch, Belgian Flemish, Anglos and Saxons and a few French and English — were named after him.

While I'm not their permanence of non-violence nonetheless in the context of the imperatives of the war against Germany, Italy and Japan raging in my youth I see it in a slightly more sympathetic light after reading of similar wars in which young men were sent into battle in conflicts that often were on more than grudge fights between feuding noblemen, or forays by lords for booty in replenish exchequers drained by ruinous living.

The repugnance for arms-bearing becomes even more understandable when seen in the light of a practice then extant in Switzerland, where the Anabaptist movement was born. Evidently not unintimidated even then in finding ways to leave an honest dollar, the Swiss contemplated paying users for military service, thus halved them out, by the sale to supplanting contractors, whom they had to offer their lives in foreign causes they neither cared about nor understood. When I view their flexibleness in this light, I am rather proud of Swedenborg who then said "Hell, no. I won't go!" regardless of my own view of service to one's country in a hopelessly corrupt in the twentieth century.

He and his brethren became of their belief in separation of church and state, non-violence and strict baptism. Practicing were hailed into court and severely punished; about two thousand executed ordinarily have been confirmed. It is not surprising, then, that they looked favorably upon an invitation to settle the swampy Vistula-Nogat delta near Danzig in what is now Poland as few country people, holding from the sea and reclaiming arable lands from marshlands was second nature to them. They were accordingly accepted.

Like many people living in European backwaters in their period, the Mennonites had to be bilingual. The low country speakers of dialects known as Low German (Plattdeutsch) was for daily use, while the old-fashioned language and that of their Bible was used in church and when dealing with officialdom.

Church statistics refer the language of the church until the end - 1700, when one minister decreed to conduct a service in the German language. This ordinance stated much as follows: that it was five years before anyone tried it again. Suddenly it became the natural thing to do and German became the official language of the Mennonite Church in that part of the world.

Not having the scattered any explanation for the desirability of this change. I have made my own deductions. Being a mixture of Germanic people or tribes, they probably had neither more nor less loyalty to one language than another. Geographically, however, more than Prussians dominate are closer to Germany than to the Netherlands; the privileges, such as exemption from military service had to be negotiated in the highest level of authority, and for much of the period in question that part of Europe was under German rule. So German was the natural language in which to negotiate. During those periods, too, they surely would have been considered German nationals.

There is a further possibility that the Mennonites found Martin Luther's German Bible more to their taste than the Dutch translations used by certain Protestants. Just a guess.

In that part of Europe was the popularity of the Mennonites, not to say, has been sufficient at least, free and equitable rules were changed to restrict and reduce the size of these holdings, and they were finally taken away from them altogether by the state church and the aristocracy.

About the time Catherine II (the Great, Czarina of All the Russias, and herself of German birthright, notified Germans of every kind to settle the vast steppes of southern Russia (the Ukraine) conquered recently. It was her hope that German agricultural skills would rub off on the local peasantry. For the Mennonites, her invitations included exemptions from military service, full religious freedom, the right to use German in their churches and schools, and a free plot to break. One restriction was that they were not permitted to proselytize on pain of banishment.

The Mennonites knew a good deal when they saw one, left their farms of 250 years and trekked hundreds of miles to a new homeland, where once again they had to wrest a livelihood from, and impose their own order on, a hostile environment.

Again they prospered, and as soon were by their privileges were again challenged. Suppose daily on the question of the term of their special status. Some claim their exemption from military service was guaranteed in perpetuity, others that it was a 100-year privilege. Whichever it was by 1870 a Russian czar had announced a "transitional" program for the items of foreign descent, to end in gradual progressive assimilation of Mennonite exemptions from military service.

At this time both the United States and Canada had strong immigration programs with incentives that included freedom of religion. Thousands emigrated almost immediately from through a compromise had been worked out by this time with the government whereby Mennonites

boys would be able to substitute forestry service for military service. Many settled in Kansas and other parts of the United States Midwest and Canada. And it was this wave that also settled Saskatoon and other colonies in southern Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Both Jenne a family and young men opted to remain in Russia possibly considering forestry service and Russian language education a small price to pay for the retention of the cultural affluence they had attained and were enjoying. My grandfather, one of a long succession of horsemen bearing the name Julius Siemens, had been one of a group that travelled to Manitoba to check out the potential of settling in the New World. He, in and in have reported back that people had to work long hours in Canada. Even for some Mennonites. I suppose, by such either-or standards, when it was necessary for sheer survival, and both alternatives when life-and-style became a viable alternative.

They had four decades to enjoy what became — as we learn it years later — a gestalt life by Mennonite standards, and certainly gentlemanly when compared to the lifestyle of the Russian citizen they needed to cater to all times as Russians but those were more probably. Unbelievably pleasant to the level of personal leisure, and wholesomely devoid of moral decadence.

Those lifestyles were probably simple when compared with the Russian aristocracy but in the luxurious sense of one indulged in and appreciated genuine Mennonite cuisine whether describing the harvests of watermelons stored for the winter, cream in their sockeyes generating under the weight of fruit, pictured calling cards presented by young ladies whose calling at the homes of friends, going off to boarding schools and girls' finishing household arts directly to prepare themselves for overseeing the servants in their own future homes — our minds boggled at such affluence.

Any cure we might have felt for the Epicurean life was offset by the knowledge that it hadn't lasted. While our parents still were young adults, World War I was the prelude to the end of all this. First of all — exception from military service ended to the extent that young Mennonite men were required at least to serve in medical corps; both Jenne's father and mine served in no more the front as stretcher-bearers or ambulance drivers, and of course were subject to much they were exposed to risks from which many generations of their forebears had been spared.

Surrender by Russia to the Germans before the latter were themselves defeated deprived the Bolsheviks revolution, and war personnel — now in contact with warfare at its crudest. Time bombs were commandeered or as hitherto for White and Red enterprises, troops alternately raze of young girls, grandmothers, and anything in between, pogroms (Russian assassination spree, mostly hidden, in haystacks) were very commonly this — food, clothing, money and valuables were exacted. Life for Germans held little value and served as officers in the Czarist army — even in medical units — no acts to have been sought out and executed.

Early in the civil war, young Mennonites were forced-defendants unite to guard their settlements against raiding bandits. Here lives and families were endangered, they managed to make that much of it compromise between their non-violent religious and reality. Somewhere, the distinction became hopelessly blurred as at least some of those were fought on the field of loyalties, as at least as non-Bolsheviks.

Communist victory brought confiscation of property, famine, and some of "enemies of the state" to Siberia. Commonplace between public interrogation by newly appointed tribunals, middle-aged members of homes and arrests of men who often were never heard from again as were summarily executed late at night for real or imagined crimes.

Mennonites were targeted literally as former landowners, and as ethnic Germans were identified both with the warring country and with the occupation forces that were as much as evidence after the Russian surrender. (Although I have established that the Mennonites probably were of Prussian Dutch and Belgian Flemish stock originally they had spent many decades as Poland while most governed by Germany had come to Russia as German nationals, and many even have served in the administration such Germany's ruling class in contrast with the receding glory of the Dutch empire.)

At any rate with little hope for a future tolerant of their beliefs and lifestyles and with their youth conscripted the surviving Mennonites recalled their annual opportunity to migrate to

North American. While Canadian Mennonites worked through the Canadian government to open the doors of this country to their kinsmen trapped in Russia, a smaller ring of Russian Mennonites negotiated with a capricious Communist government to permit some to leave the USSR.

Jonas's father was a member of the negotiating team and his position as an interpreter as well since it probably seemed to them with whom they negotiated that there was something burdening on the mennonites to want to distort the millennium with which the latter had blessed the land. Every morning, Jon remained was entangled with the fear that it might well culminate in arrest, a speedy secret trial, and execution or exile.

Leave to emigrate eventually was granted and another great exodus began.

The Canadian Mennonites who had worked toward bringing them to Canada had guaranteed to settle them on agricultural lands. Land was plentiful, but land is price and the immigrants were penniless. It is to set that there were a number of large farms in the prairie provinces that could be available on reasonable terms. Established before the 1929 crash by absentee owners, they had reached a peak of profitability during World War I and the years immediately preceding it, but had lost acceptable viability with the end of the war to the owners were not prepared to selling them. These holdings were almost entirely operated by tenant farmers and while the Mennonites for whom was one of individual ownership and operation many of the immigrants, during several generations of village life, probably had few their hands on familiar-ity with agriculture and were unsuitable to the idea of inexpensively pooling knowledge, labor and ownership.

The matter of payment was still a problem. It is the Mennonite Land Settlement Board devised a contract governing Mennonite immigrants to purchase land so terms that included the following features: no cash payment at time of purchase; payment spread over a period of up to fifteen years and based on a half-crop payment plan, no obligation to pay anything but tax and insurance in years when crops are not sold below 50 per cent and interest to be of 6% percent.

The contract became known in the Canadian west as the Mennonite Contract, and in terms of Mennonite Terms. It is indicative of the Mennonite reputation for reliability and early prominence that these terms were generally available only to Mennonites.

The Declaims together with a dozen other families, settled much a farm to the South Lake district near Swift Current. This group formed economically only briefly than divided up the land and equipment, and established individual homes however humble and functional some were pretty humble.

The Neufelds and some forty other families acquired the six holdings of Sheldon Farms near Hensley and not far from Saskatoon. The land was held and farmed more usually four number of years although separate house places were established.

My father Andrew J. Sheldon Farms, to the settlement continued to be called - a shelled sorry up to absentee-ownership since he had been an accountant in a small farm equipment factory in Russia. The term "accountant" substantially a small factory has since been meaning in accountancy probably was limited to a bookkeeper-secretal secondary education.

In 1927, only four years after immigrating, my father died and my mother had also arrive you how to cook in her modest money which was probably no more than benefits from the immigrants insurance plan which provided only had been established. For sister Mary and husband Ismail Klassen had moved to Winnipeg not long after immigrating and with black aboriginal relatives she might choose to go. It seemed like a good idea, to be nearer to her brother the had to the country. In doing who by long to online her meager holdings and the pittance she could hope to raise on Winnipeg would require living in the poorest accommodation and in neighborhoods not suitable for raising a young family. Thereby also I was born, she acquired a home in Saskatoon where she and her family would, at least be in a community of people with a really culture and religious background.

Meanwhile back at Rat Lake the Beckmans were just getting a handle on dry land farming. (Mr. Beckman had been a teacher in Russia after studying in universities in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad and Jena Germany) when the Harry Thiessen came along and treated their neighbor

thirs thousands of other Saskatchewan farmers. What might have happened on the long run in anyone's guess, but just when things looked blackest, they were visited by old friend Alderman Hyde who was incredibly by their humble source and offered Barkman a job at his Germanlanguage weekly newspaper, the Steinbach Post in Manitoba. Although not trained in printing or newspaper work, Barkman was at least as qualified for it as for agriculture, he accepted. Left the farm to speculators, and moved his family to Steinbach. Not many years later the Barkman family took over the Post.

This edition is not intended as a genealogy any more than as a detailed history, but since this chapter purports to give an insight into one family's religious and ethnic background so as also to our own history, attitudes and predispositions, it seems appropriate to introduce the immediate members of our family who must have had some influence on us, whether they shall be admit or not.

Gerhard Schulzen Barkman of Crimmfeld Russia a young school teacher, married Maria Unger of Neuy-Fedosh, Russia, daughter of an apothecary-cum-government placed on a Jewish agricultural commune to give some guidance to the commune members

The Barkmans children Anna married Johann Dueck of Saskatchewan. Eugene married Helena Penner of Steinbach, Manitoba; Ernest married Hypatchie Reimer of Steinbach then living on Hamilton. Gerhard died in 1907 Heinrich married Mary Sawatzky of Swerdlike Manitoba, and died in 1976; Jesse Martin married Ernest Neufeld of Winnipeg, formerly of Steinbach.

Gerhard Barkman died in 1907 and his widow in 1977 after living practically by a second husband Alberta Vogt of Steinbach.

Abram Neufeld of Alexandertal, Russia, married Anna Siemens of Alexanderwoh. Rosen, daughter of a petty bourgeois and village mayor or mayor (schulze).

The Neufeld children Anna married Reinhard Hildebrandt of Winnipeg, Hermann married Elizabeth Voyt of Steinbach, Viatyn married Jane Shultheis of Winnipeg, who died in 1968; Gladys Gerry of Vancouver, who died in 1960; Marguerite Ekkert of Winnipeg; Verne died in 1965; Helen married Jerry Rovsky of Winnipeg Ernest, as mentioned above married Irene Barkman.

Abram Neufeld died in 1927 and his widow Anna Neufeld in 1960

The children of Ernest and Irene Neufeld:

Eric Rudolf, born in Victoria, married Charlotte Wyrbaum; they have two sons Abraham Michael and David Eric

Denise Irene, born in Weston Ontario, married Reeve Kathleen of Weyburn; they have one daughter, Brenda Debbie and one son, Jacklyn Erwin

Patricia Anne, born in Weyburn, married Barry Ward of Weyburn they have one daughter Amber Deb.

Mary Ellen, born in Weyburn, is unmarried

Carrie, born in Weyburn married Scott Herriot of Saskatoon

Ethnic and Sociology of Mennonite Known Family, published 1982 by Dr. Schlemiel L. Lacroix of Hillsboro, Kansas "Reflections on Our Heritage. Text published by Indiana Brimm Ltd. of Indianola, in 1974 "The Mennonites of Western Canada, written by Gerhard Lohrenz of Winnipeg and also published by Brimm. "Westward Ho!" 1960 Ph.D. thesis of social story of which was finished by the public relations department of the Canadian National Railways. Encyclopaedia Britannica

Introducing Grandma!

Written 4 November 11 1971

Seventy-odd years of wedded bliss are behind all his community-loved and revered parents and family and patients of an extended old age from Grandma.

From the moment she instantly spots us with a vigor which belies her three-score-and-ten-plus natural existence become surrounded and life takes on the aspect of a self-centration period. It can remember one's Race of a matriarchal rule, but is inherent by a general whys, having loved centers of happy conditions as if it were proper decision to take expressed hand creating motherwight.

During those seasons which only that somewhere from the days to have worth loved, which used to rid us strongly as they begin we are alternately engulfed by a set that we share of a couple have been half a century ago (and perhaps magnificent methods, celebrated and corrected collected a wounds and means as they ought to be, or encouraged and nourished and encompassed, we are pampered with the country clothes

In fact a state, or for evil or unknown, mind after until with the last crop or entire, we are kept up till 2 in the morning being educated in family hair or incorrectly unknown to the evil.

Many antiseptic cures land give which ... written as personal lies that I find even enclosing as an extreme respect. But when a mind contends to be one of the thousand most distributed and overpowering personalities I have ever encountered.

Ina calls

Vincent — June 15, 1960

So here I am languishing in the history of the ironic Qu Apostle Valley, promised at 5:30 every morning by the song of the wooden bell, the remaining dawn like cedar and the overpowering ignorance and crime particularly by the sleeping nurse who seems to hold my interpretation (which simply informs nothing) that an acclimatizing journal 98.2).

Here there is best those trees by perfect space my many nine acre of which I dwell by report, determines psychic about thirty was which I hope I may be spared economic and that it's coming out of my ears, and come to it I have understanding and latter appreciation of commercial people.

It seems well for Northern provinces that I alone was singled out for banishment to the Seattle.

Indeed, while, as we stood Tasmania that out of thousands employed only one person was found to be infected with this, was once a dread disease, and one which can still take a terrible toll of shocked and half-caught at the early stage.

People are forever telling me how fortunate I am to live a temperamental and able to go on all those hotel I write about. There haven't really been as many, but either I'm dead wrong about shades I like. But look what happened to me. I just know I shouldn't let them be treating this kind. Job seems to drop to me, like when you are hurrying to get your money to happening to bath, it's so hard to turn down.

A young scientist who also helped me unpack said one also was a university student here for the summer only.

"You seem very young girl. I declared to some bent and work meaning of these gurney.

She looked a little embarrassed, then confessed that could she had arrived in Fort Sao, she hadn't realized I'm this emergency.

Our cost of arms

Montreal — April 7, 1975

Dear Mr. Needful: arrive in Toronto here. Did you know that the Needful family group was represented with a tone of army a heraldic antiquity. And while there are over seven million households in Canada, Easter time, 2,750 of them are New field households.

Now Sunday the matter of learning of the cost of arms: there's some food for thought for everyone who enquires even to be related to the two other Needful they know. Know now that there are something in the centre of 2,750 families of as writers to this country, and if this month, they have all heeded the repeated imperatives to "go north and multiply," they would now be 15,000 Needfields (See also Needfield, Needfield, Needfield, Needfield) having moved.

You can understand my feelings therefore, when I stumbled onto a Calgary hotel last weekend and this magnificent, flowing coat-of-arms emblazoned the name of Needfield, immediately stamped me with a dignitaries of this other.

"It's not as though your name as Needfield or Jones, said the.

I drove myself to say full height and said, "Young lady, do you realize that there are 2 775 households in this country the name of Needfield?"

... she confessed, "did you get one of those county crests too?"

Well, I asked that shall not drawn a pig line as my hand just began to think of myself as something approaching royalty, with a magnificent coat-of-arms and all that.

Needless to say, I told the only one my three books the fine report which "tells the unique story of the Needfield name. It calls it that the name means, strange and unique family names associated with it. The Job had it a large honorific representation of the ability a drawing of the Needfield coat-of-arms. The entire report is documented and printed on parchment paper suitable for framing.

I'll just say anything nice when my coat-of-arms arrives. It'll find it very interested by mine. Stamp Needfield in 1975, and displayed by my very fella, who are now settling me a copy of at for $3.

At the last stages of the report, just between that a few months ago five of charge. Evidently it was decided Needfield, or something close to that, which is the name we have in Needfield, was a name that many more of the people who lived on the new land established there. So was Peterborough's name the Small, and that coat-of-arms and other establishes. If you don't see a Needfield coat-of-arms in it, and the Needfields you get it coat-of-arms on the range.

Cost of arms received

Montreal — May 1, 1975

Well I promised to more about that cost of arms, and here both is at the heraldic glory.

The accompanying Heraldic Authority attests that documentation of the cost of arms can be found in Burke's Peerage & Baronetcy, Vol. 97 p. 23 "under the various Needfield, so any of my readers who happen to be Somewhere into that book it up for themselves.

If the Brits were in power almost in the upper-class end, there was no chance we intended to signify a green change. Here I hereby concede that the Saint gift has long been lost. We had provided one top of the shield as described in "the dove of peace, ready for flight." It probably an measure of the progress running in the Review's more regal, and I were somewhat it would make to put them on permanent flight.

Just what a dove of peace might be doing on a coat of arms is not explained, but maybe it tells us more members of the lowers' good intentions. Then, when we're related and he has guard dogs, woah!"

"Individual accountants, explains the budget together with plans for the purpose of more specific identification. The first primary revenue for second census were numerous branches, dollar's name and personal characteristics. The secretary Madrid appears to be accomplished by which and is believed to be examined with the Governor, running and what formed with national land.

Although this interpretation, Treasury Bonds and the days it welcomed a few weeks ago Gallup Mendels more interest living in society and forward land, would be in one survey to the gentleman Home of Study Answers since that time as my organizational consumer income.

At 8 morning that night told tragedy let alone by the Madrid coast of more the report measures me to come to be according 2.5 heads of households as Canada "with the old and distinguished Marshall name. San other Canada interest, that there are approximately 3.5 pointed per household in Canada which yields an annual can total of 8,500 people in Canada carrying the Marshall name. Although the figure seems relatively low, it does not signify the many important contributions that individuals bearing the Marshall name have made to history.

These Statistical Canada people and better watch out or they'll find themselves in the same predicament as the statisticians who drowned trying to wade across a stream with an average depth of one foot.

By consequence, the same day that this one-of-

arms, national, a fellow publisher sent me a clipping from his paper with the blaster head, "Ernest Newland Anointed." Paragraph 1 advised that my namesake was possessed with a gold watch in recognition of 15 years of service in the air-speed equipment.

I'll need him the case of arms, and maybe he'll have to sign and on his hand.

By the way, if 33 years cheap to get a member of the coat of arms and Marshall people. Here's a guess: If I can get a full cover included from of mine plaque at the special price of $5.95, I'll send it to your shipping and postage.

Am I asking? I'll tell about that one.

Discussing a ground officer

THURSDAY, November 17, 1977

How does it feel to be a grandfather for the first time?

For those of you who have not already experienced it, it feels great. Why? Because it's such a way to experience over becoming a father for the first time.

No wonder it is up to hospital nurses when passing to a hospital waiting room, answering about how we cope with the difficult newborn infant, around the house. Just a telephone and informing you of your new status. A brief visit with the new member and a quick look at the new arrival with permission manages to reasonably reluctantly and everybody is how clean.

Then home to a hot cooked meal and uproarious about what all a member of contingency names which have been standard issue will finally be selected.

With your new forbears the conversation can usually accurate different. In our current case, we were living in a rather isolated development in Vermont. Few of the homes were even occupied giving on the ending of Christmas (a good time). We had no kids, and the nearest telephone was about three-quarters of a mile down the road. Under ordinary circumstances, none of this would be expected to worsen into the realm of our nerves.

A particular disability offered to mix up to the magnet of the unexpectedly occurred when he was at home, but the other of things in the case of that the factors to engage their fiction and happened early on a Saturday night, the first day of the long-term vacation.

Now there, settled myself into the routine of first-timing with my wife into domicile, until a baby and my home with his housemaster watching was going to happen first at least 24 hours. So, housebound bound on two or three hours each and the once-an-hour-heart-to-heartbreaker less which dropped from nervousness with realizing the time of home.

Morning came, and made the trip to the maternity ward only to learn that conditions were unchanged, that the joy of motherhood was still in the future and not to bother coming down to the hospital and hanging around. Several more trips phone calls and visits of

cold home but will we change to suit it, and finally grow up for the day.

I write until Monday morning, in bed and [illegible] of a happiest Sunday morning after all.

The day part of Saturday hope and I have planned to say that this have continued [illegible] to say this last. For a quarter of century.

National presidency

SATURDAY, July 24, 1937

Eleven years ago, almost to the day, at Sainte Anne, near Ste-Marguerite, for Saint-Jovite, I was sick and I had been elected to the board of governors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

It was a great day for me and in real remember emotional while (I) could possibly contribute to the business association. It is a feeling which is almost to almost everyone who this now been elected as a position of responsibility of any degree but in the House of Commons in the home and related associations.

At this years rolled by relationship Hon. myself reading from a leader journey of vision with Dale was expected, in one of the "old guys" in semi-president and finally two years ago in Saskatoon [illegible].

The said role mentioned involved visiting every province in convention of Canada's weekly newspaper association, several conventions in the United States, and a number of special functions in eastern Canada.

Last week in Winnipeg, not many blocks from where I drew my first salted half a century ago, I performed my last official act in declaring my successor elected as chairman of the board (a euphemism for past president).

Over the years [illegible] so my colleagues has well and truly witnessed. I have was with colleagues in Ottawa in Vancouver or Calgary Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Bracebridge, Montreal Moncton and Hal Inc. and informally at such places in North Bay Dog Lake Sault and Sudan Sudan, to Gaspesey Rimouski, Cyprus, and Bermuda. Tel Aviv and still later!

It would be a transparent untruth to say and the association have not been thrilling and memorable hours and people I would not have met otherwise, and valued friends which except for this role would still only be names. It is quite instead of actual communication and of many happy and people which are permanently enshrined in my memory.

Grandma laid to rest

MONDAY, December 8, 1937

We had Grandma to rest last week.

As an octogenarian long some of the favorite hymns and [illegible] service on at the time when growth and prosperity she had helped to shape. I was incredible paradox as how much can be crowded into a single lifetime.

Who could have foreseen when a little girl was born to a self-styled plantocrat-of-our-former and his wife in an almost impenetrable wilderness of southern Russia almost a century ago, the many changes of fortune she would experience and the transformations that would take place here to her personal world and the world we are in?

The two years probably would have been and she would grow up helping her mother raise a large family, convey the use of a neighboring farmer raise and secure food, and if and we need, free her three-cornered son in a world are very different from the one she knew in the hamlet and here home, and probably without ever travelling more than 50 miles from home.

As it happened she married a young school teacher but they had barely started their family when World War I burst along and changed forever the [illegible] of [illegible] populations she might have had.

A bank fighter and occupied her family survived through wartime deprivation from the husband, usurpation by German troops, the bloody revolution that changed the course of history and the terrible famine that followed survival, was a most successful effort.

Family came the glorious day when, after months and years of negotiation both with government, emigration visas were issued and they were able to take three of [illegible] and a few meagre possessions and set out to build a new life in a strange land (Saskatchewan).

This was still up-to-date in this province by 1923 was also not exactly a host of music. But an enthusiastic young immigrant with his son language and the ways of this country, and many were the visits we were to hear later of those early years of skiing on mountains and of our travelling pastimes and evenings and tennis matches at a school about, until, just when matters seemed bound not several of the economic prospects and depression came along to destroy even [illegible].

Alone and take on, old school chum who was publishing a German-language weekly in Manitoba offered a job, one for which the ex-minister was not endowed this country styled. Eventually they took the big plunge and bought the paper with a borrowed down payment, and with freedom among us at that even the youngest hands in the family took every able article there was finding and addressing, in the pioneer tradition of work, type to be set or distributed. Hours on hours in windows to work. Now in a large system as and type of influence a thousand that might have translated survived, and in the family grew up and

took over because one of the postmaster's regular publishing houses, although not before another was and wanted the company's ability to survive which once more served her country.

As the family grew up, peripatetic and multilingual, Josephine watched into the role of matriarch as a growing clan, and managed somehow to identify with the business and misfortunes of each member. Inevitably some dismally evanescent, and so daughter grandchildren seemed scarcely, each and every one in some time felt the need to shower her happiness, depressed as long as she had something to give since she is the epitome of good cheer.

Throughout her life by friends. If hostile and the frailty of old age there was never an occasion spoiled or succeeded where her determination did not influence the course for one cause or the other.

She died a legend, but as legends do, will live on to be all since the landslide whose lives she touched

Family reunion — circa 1979

by Loretta August 29 1979

Never having attended a Scott Hill family reunion before I've never and cannot, so I ponder about the meeting before.

Late breakfast on Sunday, everyone is gathering at the edge of Watertown, heavy and the expectations started many friends of thought. One was about its very small for such a thing as a reunion. There must be arrangingly about some of a family event in the country. Food in family less probably and several dozen a large wooden through together by washing, dancing, clambering on a traditional Christmas dinner.

Normally there was always the relaxing weekend table and can of Coke as was a far-away big city or perhaps because a relationship in the hamlet to a far-off land. This one would be together in absentee and receive so many memories of the gathering. Perhaps or else, after a letter and accompanying snapshots and even much about the affair to them something to

Today some families are so combined within one family a big couches and every beyond that of is unlikely that one of the seven-seasons gentlemen earlier will bring together an inviting resembling to each ostensibly of the family. We are outside enough to get together once often, but this very unlikely combined with different and homework, rarely weeks and to a situation where people who ought to be there are not there when you see where they ought to be, I just get a sad lament.

Thus, today my thoughts of a family reunion were negative very special talents and traits, such as patience, inquisitiveness, a sense of loving and a ready sense of laughter.

For someone to say agree to just even for her had if was their partner then she is long suffering grand parents family here on which any gatherings might be held. With a bit of crowding and perhaps a dozen youngsters bedded with the bayloft and perhaps additional cousins to the bathhouse there was room for everyone.

As for food, ma's or grandad's poultry, root cellar and sometimes would be rationed on to limit a tug-ment. Here we have become very chauffeur-in lounge lizzy on spectacles and buying food three week at work, so detecting the site and missing in the feeding of the neighbours in everyone consideration.

I am introduced about the dinner for Watching Watch up the day for the gathering. So one to our family tree from or but over food there. Turned-out my uncle and aunt have a cottage there, and being close friends of the turn-door company were able to borrow their family' they providing new arrangements enough years to accommodate a house trailer and the necessary cellar.

Not long ago a high priority consideration for such a gathering would have been a special area for the family, cooking, sleeping of tables and small children.

Not such thing here. The five siblings of our family have produced a number 25 offspring and though all but one of them are now married or of marriageable age, only three have produced the blessed addition to replenish the stock. Three sons used by parent songs, seeing their children prove the result of contact with the very young.

This reunion of the group was another season of woodcutters. The generations ago and perhaps even one which there might be counted upon the many outside the religion or ethnic background. Today care must be worked so not to be offensive to Protestants, Roman Catholics or Jews, anyone the father here we are the French-Canadian attitude in the family and next to me the Irish-Tagnitte.

The Canadian Pacific was said to manage stream, circa 1979 and thirteen you wondering.

Seeing the light at last

by Loretta *February 9 1980*

Sixteen months ago, a company burst the family parliament my table that was bombarded by our own table and for not easy to get and certainly challenging had known here the tenth must be said. Perhaps it could not be it going to be.

The timetable Water followed because was that lived two years, one the oldest of the family and many packing by the city the three a few years older than myself and two brothers between me the one-hours.

Quite was the second and house of the neighbour and of town, in a little subdivision carved out of the northern corner of section 34 while the rest of the large arrested during a section 35. The last house next door to us, was occupied by large fam- ily the oldest child being a boy a year younger than myself followed by another boy and then several girls. The remaining two homes to what I have explained only

called a solid citizen were crossed by violent furrows.

As the foregoing indicates, my sister and me girls live more ago for pleasure, and tend to obey a mere list. But one the occasions were slightly better because there was always the lazy next door

Because children loving what it is, however my playmate and I would have the occasional falling-out, or he might be angry with me for one of his many reasons, or have sore of his cousins over bowling me the cold-boy-nod. Whatever the reasons, there were times when I was left to my own devices, and it was then I lapsed headmost into Art. Then I was my purest would strength and dignity, work like a Japanese lady-fiddle.

Many of you think that I was a crazy spark; you have told me so often enough. I show a bold temper, you hint, it was agreed, I would play her dolls-and-clothes games with him; and then for another hour she would play the same sensible war-and-treaties games with me.

What should have tipped me off was the fact she always insisted on the doll creation coming first. I believed she did this because she didn't want me to bring any half of the bargain, to show my good faith. I always gave in. The end result was always the same. I would dutifully spend my hour not only playing with her and her crummy dolls, but I would have to do it without audibly or through it enjoyed.

Any conversation, as we pass, any laugh translates of the dolls, or even failure to treat them as a loving human might mean a rotting child, and I was threatened "if she don't play properly, I won't play with you." Thus I was coerced.

So, with all the false enthusiasm I could muster, I would play my part, except for a slip hidden away from the sight of the girl, my lover. Don't think that wasn't held against me.) Anyhow there as a always well, reasonably pleased and the hour would be over before.

And the hour here that otherwise sensible girl who received high grades in subject and could tell me headlining stories or long winter evenings and then sat in another her words act like a perfect clown playing with rope and swords. Carefully planned out motions would be knocked over step upon ignored, light notes those where the word swung to the left, and absolutely no imaginations used until finally at a rope would fall and its result, and continue to play by myself.

Once the game, always remember at her stupidity. Thinking about it upon the other night, it came to me like a smell that she hadn't really been trying. She had pre-decided my rage already to get me of her room at the height.

And still she wins, that thought she was dead.

Amazing Novelists

Time Magazine, September 26, 1938

A few months or months ago we received a rather sincere offering a book "The Amazing Story of the Novelists in Canada." Since I've never been a Novelist mysel in any Who's Who? I have encountered, I naturally wondered what emphasis of my elements and silver bearing the name novelist might be like based in the story of the amazing Novelists. What else details of the past had been expected? What else make might be some kind of a novel in them?

Well, the book arrived last week and while it disappointed, because it is not anything like as the name, readers does it make any know shown or hard science and the history.

To call it a story at all is a bit of an overstatement. Actually, it is just some outstanding stories at some fashionings.

The "Foreword" probably is changed slightly for each other group, and we hardly mean it does not have a strength likewise to give it a relieved effect. In the opening paragraph, for example I am convinced that to a history of the Immigrant Canadian authors, briefly given in an extended manuscript in the 16th historical-development of the great North American continent.

In the next paragraph it is noted that the Canadian Historical had not gained the acceptance and editor remembrance that makes the people of Canada different and have no a place like Rudolph among the adjoining the novelist by American colonists. That's just as well, although you might have been pretty hard for a Rudolph writer than by was in this country and Rudolph. Without being specific, the Novelist are also credited with a significant role in the development of the Canadian nature, and at the opening sentence of this section I has paragraph. It is considered that the Canadian Novelist author of the Canadian first, last and for all time. he was literally at one with the Novelists.

The chapter on "How the Novelist Family Got Its Name and What the Name Means" is composed of a general story in how names were given to us and in Europe and the British Isles, and how they evolved. The Novelists are singled out in a brief paragraph noting that according at the publishers' request, the name was probably acquired by "a writer of fantasies or by colored land."

Several pages of the book seem are also scored, but if they opened my mind for a few weeks they might find quite a few more.

A chapter on the family trees of some of the groups of that material weeks ago I nearly replaces the use of these sketches in European historical cultures are in shelter a compendium of the Novelist and, with the descriptions.

"Quatrefoil and d). left diagonal head, 2 and 3rd flower per with a little green arm. Above the shield is

the cover which is described as, "The dawn of power ready for flight. It is supposed that the early Northfolk displayed their control of time with this great pole.

Elements of the heraldry survive but the publishers say the Cavaliers Northfolk handbook, which was issued last month, is the best yet for kids.

The real Northfolk

Guardian, October 2, 1984

Cambridge my lengthy report last week on the Amazing Northfolk. I said while I am about to write, definitely not the time that I've seen a genuinely high fad so. It's purely a coincidence that about the same time we got the book on the "Amazing Northfolk," a plan flew forwarded us a copy of the Northfolk genealogy going back almost eight generations to a grandfather born in the middle of the 18th century.

It came as something of a surprise to me that the family history on my father's side was recorded that far back. My manuscripts on the house was largely due to the fact had my father died in a fairly young man, and none of his kin lived anywhere near us, so there was never anyone to hand down family lore and anecdote of the clan.

What struck me as particularly interesting in reading the old entries in the gold-edged as compared to the current ones, is the change in movement and marrying patterns.

For almost a century the males were always born in the county Essex, and inevitably married girls from the same village. That didn't change until 1914.

Today family mobility are considered all over North America, with a few still left in Europe. They are encouraged to migrate from one place to another, a number of times, and social different countries. The names and addresses are in about 10,000 social communities and a very few exceptions.

Marriages are probably both rare for most people on the continent, but it is fascinating to the census. In beginning to see how people become genealogy buffs, which could easily bring the myself getting involved in this hobby.

What's in a name?

Guardian, November 21, 1984

Two birthday brought, as always, mixed from my eldest sister who, on this occasion, wanted knowledge on the circumstances of my naming on this planet.

Being, as I was, the fifth child of a nearly large-sized family which had just lost its father my arrival must not have been anything to cheer about. But at the saying goes you get a home a multi-source homemade. Once the baby were allowed to settle the start of the crowded by dawning how on picking a name for me.

My name the one that tweets me about it was the same like chess "Walter. That's right, "Walter.

That is really got you thinking, hasn't it? What's this "Walter" by? Some when a "Tessie" about for "Walter"?

Part of how but Russia name is human name. Sure, my sister was the one and "Walter" it would have been, but she was the oldest and when a younger brother who had chosen "Ernest" was lucky her head settled and she switched his preexpressive using to address.

From that was a close one" "Walter" is like Ernest it makes it sounds and elegant when you have been so addressed all your life, and I have had some close and lifelong friends as a result.

But somehow I would find it hard to think of myself as a "Walt." Anyone who "Walt" is sound dumb if the columns were asked "Walter"?

A friend and a host

Insight, May 27 1984

Over the years, I first in the annals of postcommunity education, but it's a fast and probably a bit as our family so forgive me for crowing. Last month we travelled to Scotland to the University of Saskatchewan convention connection where one of the old fraternal degrees on the same day. Not to long, but read from as a B A degree with distinction, and a master's degree at completion of course.

Well you to bring it I is going to be honest about it, but after all that has to be a personal property, a satisfaction existence.

In the 1960s who have never attended conventions, a double-season may sound like a hectic day.

Essentially it is a matter of the considering that it only constitutes the fall between two events: as such a retreat, at which you are very few personal interactions have to make.

Each year you take from whatever happened before and during the year to be efficient, personal, and interactive handbooks and functionaries.

All free to the brief period research when your are a family member is announced.

In the one shared of all a youngster of about three years broke prohibits protocol and intention by shouting "Hi Al" when page walked with fingers platform. It was ever so big in our part of the Saskatchewan that he felt obliged to give a proper performance before being shushed by embarrassed Lesbia. But then, if persons are perceived pride surely the same may be called to youngsters seeing a person graduate.

Of course he could not have understood what it was all about, but our surprise that he had been put off many times with promises that this or that, beyond family means, would be affordable once daddy received his diploma and with fingers crossed, a job.

Attending the two positively men a young couple at

a post-grad party, who, after living three years at a residential school hut, had just moved into their own home, and were still glowing with the beauty of it all.

We talk about the "good old days" and the deprivation of our own youth, but young people during hard times while now in both are attending university have their own burdens to [illegible].

What concerns me, as subjects to ceremonies, it makes up, however, is dignity and ceremony: that the procession is the accompaniment of traditional music and ending with the academic representatives filing onto the platform in the colourful robes of the colleges where they received their degrees, the solemn occasion, the charge to the graduates that has been spoken thousands of times in different words but is still valid every time it is delivered, the seemingly dim continuation of degrees which nevertheless allows your imagination to dwell on the many hours of study, work, worry and sometimes near-despair that went into the earning of each parchment.

I don't envy the conferrer to whom it has all become boring routine. [illegible] special moment it is still a rare experience.

The tooth fairy cometh

Personal, February 23 | 1985

Several weeks ago I received the world-shattering information that one of my granddaughters had two loose teeth. "Well," I gulped, "at least that should move the heart of a typical grandfather. Being sceptical, or perhaps to be among those of wood at the time, I countered with 'That's nothing.' I'm glad now."

Upon reflection, that seemed not to be an exaggeration on two counts. First of all, I only had six teeth left, and secondly, only one of those was all that loose. The others were at least a prosthetic tooth left.

[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] not done without. One of my granddaughters I loved [illegible] but not one fine day, and my loose one came out with just a bit of coaxing from the dentist.

The tooth fairy left my grandchildren a small buck. The tooth fairy left me toenail clippers and a pair of pinking shears with the suggestion that I become more civilized about my manicure, and if they were impossible, at least to be decorated elsewhere.

The toenail clippers still appear on the very first page heading me to contemplate. It's with pinked toes.

A bundle at Christmas

Personal, December 23 | 1987

I guess the most unforgettable Christmas of all was the year the stork got herself confused with Santa and decided to bring us a bundle instead on the eve of Nativity day.

We started off feeling great, the whole lot of us, but I got sort of snoozing, when we decided to go out for supper at Malley's Gold Rose Room on Christmas Eve.

The older children got the younger one quite all perked up, and away we went for whatever we had for supper — probably hamburgers and fries. A twinkle was probably followed, and then off to bed in anticipation of an early rising to open the gifts under the tree.

Naturally there was some plans on Christmas Day without mother to put the right touch on everything including the meals, but we had a pretty good time (as far as it seems now), and everybody enjoyed the "blues dinner" [illegible] (chunks of roast steak ringed with bacon strips and fried together with mushrooms). With baked potatoes, probably on the raw side, it turned out not too bad, considering who was in charge.

Boxing Day was the big day, because that was when Mum was coming home with the new bundle: Louise Ivonne, then our seven-pound pride, came home to get the turkey in the oven the way, and popped over a few times during the day to see that the turkey-pouring father wasn't making a mess of things.

By the time dinner was home with yet another little girl, she was hard put to give enough attention to everyone from dad through siblings to the newborn.

Through the years, I reveal that a Christmas all of us had dreaded and one that was something of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and probably will be for a long time.

Baby got stepped by the two-year-old when affection gave way to a wave of jealousy because someone new had taken over stage centre. I suppose in another family that might have been a tragic catastrophe, but after enough rescue scenarios, bones of contention between Christmas and Boxing Day, one step a bit too early in life doesn't seem like the most world-shaking event, especially when it takes upon us well with the world.

7. Steinbach, Manitoba

A Canadian Mennonite village

Welcome to Steinbach Pop. 1,082*

That's what the sign said. It was not approximately 1,082. It was 1,083. It remained 1,082 from the day it was erected until the day it was taken down many years later, probably after I had left for distant parts.

I knew because I was mildly excited when the white wooden sign, about three feet by two feet was installed a few hundred feet northeast of our house. I was fascinated that someone had gone to all the trouble of counting all the people in Steinbach, although I wasn't sure any stranger to intrigue our village would care all that much.

For a while I checked the sign regularly in case the population had changed, and was puzzled that there were no updates. Did I had heard of people dying and families leaving but how, and even the occasional family moving in or away. It seemed a bit confusing to see a figure purporting to be exact and then leaving it unchanged for years.

I really didn't puzzle all that much, become lacking back. I doubt very much whether there was much fluctuation. The Steinbach of my childhood was not the competitive business community that grew out of the boom that followed World War 2 and expanded until the bustling town became the shopping centre for southeastern Manitoba (its acknowledged automobile capital for the province and hosts (circa 2000) to about ten thousand people.

Although Steinbach was unique — as I'll soon enough, not simply unusual — there is from what I have learned from the nostalgic reminiscences of people who have grown up in other Canadian villages something common to the lifestyle of all of them in that particular period of time.

So why was Steinbach so quiet?

For one thing ninety to ninety-five percent of the residents were ethnic Mennonites. They had a common background as descendants of the Mennonites who immigrated from Russia in the 1870s established the village and took up homesteads in the adjacent rural area, particularly to the north and west of the village. (There followed another influx of Mennonites after the Russian Revolution, but the basic stock descended from the 1870s contingent.)

Even this ethnic dominance was not unique, because in western Canada there were scores of small communities established and populated almost entirely by one to another ethnic group—

ITSCHERETTY HAPPYVERYBRAIN

Ukrainian, German Indianite, French-Canadien, Norwegian Hungarian Romanian and others — but Steinbach had the further distinction of not being on a railway line: this at the time when a railway station and grain elevator was the unquestioned raison d'etre for any aspiring prairie community.

We were told in school that railroads had bypassed Steinbach because church elders had petitioned the railway or the authorities for this. They were mistaken, it was said, for young people to be spared the evil inherent in constant contact with the outside world. Intrusion of harmful ideas and the temptation to leave the sacred sanctity of home.

In a recent history of Steinbach, however, I read that while this explanation has not been disproven, it is more likely that Steinbach was simply missed by a railway line that took the most direct route from the east coast of Manitoba, to Winnipeg. Indeed, if you take a map of Manitoba and draw a straight line between Winnipeg and South Junction, where the Canadian National Railway line crosses the Ontario border, or the United States border for that matter, the line intersects at Piney, Steinbach, Grosse and St. Anne, rather neatly. Bearing in mind that Steinbach did not then have the earmarks of an emerging metropolis, there is little reason to believe that the railway planners would have had any possibility reason to single the railroad toward Steinbach — so, even with an engraved invitation.

Having grown up in Steinbach however, the above scenario still makes a lot of sense.

The nearest villages served by the railway were the French-Canadian communities of Le-Perquenne and Grosse right miles east and northeast respectively. From Steinbach by road, one had to go due Easterly about twelve miles to reach Piney. Farmers delivered their grain to elevators at these points.

So if I say that Steinbach was a village of about one thousand not serviced by railways and peopled almost totally by people who used German as church, and Low German (Plattdeutsch) at home, on the street, on the workplace and the marketplaces. I am confident that I do not offend partial English-speakers by calling it insular.

The use of this dialect Aengue francoe of those Mennonites since they left the Netherlands, Belgium and Germany almost five hundred years ago, was as prevalent at Steinbach until World War 2 that most local adults would have been offended if addressed in any other language on the street or when entering a place of business. In school use of Low German during recess was forbidden, and this restriction officially applied to the streets when coming to or going home from school. But was observed largely in the breach.

As children, even older and beyond the teen years, at home with English, strange speech patterns developed in school and elsewhere, many from the home: they learned words and intonation which had no formal counterparts in Low German, while the language as spoken at home differed socially and in its words and idioms for which the school offered no satisfactory English substitutes. As a result young adults, whether purporting to speak English or Low German, spoke approximately the same in accent and phrases of the other language. Depending on the night the individual's familiarity with either language and native factors, a conversation among a group of young adults might range from almost-pure English to almost-pure Low German and anywhere in between. It was no uncommon for a person to switch languages several times while speaking, even within sentences and not be aware of it.

Adjacent together it spelled confusion (geographic and oral), religious and ethnic. In an age when radio was just coming into its own (forbidden by some Mennonite sects) television on the drawing boards daily newspapers taboo only by the elite and social intercourse with neighboring villages within the ethnic mosaic almost unheard of: cars were an oddity as well.

Roads radiating out from Steinbach were dirt-surfaced and poorly graded until under such programs initiated by the depression brought some gravel surfacing. The local weekly was printed in German and concerned itself less with either national or local news than with serving as a mail-in organ for Mennonites throughout the Canadian west.

Steinbach, perceived as an ethnic island in an alien world, and made up of people with a commonly common background, a common religion and a common language, must sound like one big happy family.

It wasn't like that at all when I was growing up, nor more than it is nowadays where the known economic vigor has since led hundreds of non-Mennonite and hostile eyes to see Mennonite congregations, doubtless a number of non-Mennonite churches, including — hold your breath — a Roman Catholic church.

Let's look first at the communities of the religion. Ten upwards of seventy percent of the residents of the village in the 1930s were billed as "Mennonite." However there was no real organic unchlthcme that binds these together. In each of Steinbach's four churches of that time, as I understand it, authority in the congregation and/or in elected board was final. There was no hierarchy of appeal, practical and sometimes bitter disharmony occurred.

Since three of the congregations had separated at some time from the Kleine Gemeinde (Little Congregation) which had settled Steinbach, one can imagine that bad blood was created by this schism and carried around for a long time. The last of the Steinbach was built in the 1870s after the new wave of Mennonite immigrants that followed the Russian Revolutions. Since these newcomers probably represented the Gemeinde at its point of renewal, there should be a Kleine Gemeinde church splinter out before leaving Russia in the 1870s, they did not exactly embrace each other as long-lost brothers. In fairness to the Chortitzer-Reinländer Mennonites, they had homeland, dispersed and supported impressive programs to assist their kinsmen in resettling in this country. But this didn't mean they had to bring them home for supper.)

Know-howing and whizbang were creative in the Mennonite religion and spirit, there was seldom overt unpleasantness. Possibly partly did not fraternize with members of other Mennonite churches any more than necessary. A family having friends of another sect is seen on the Sunday "creeper." For example, would have refused credit even in bank or supermarket.

What blessed them together at all was their fear of the unknowing and fealty, or heart, they still thought of their "separated brethren" into evangelicals, and Reformed and other denominations of the Roman Catholic Lutheran and Greek Orthodox people that they were dealing with.

Privileges guaranteed when they immigrated such as exemption from military service, might also have been withdrawn if they had not been able to manifest an appearance to the outside world of a relatively unified entity. They had learned in over four centuries that in their negotiations with the highest level of government upon which these privileges depended the appearance of such could never be underplayed.

Besides, look at a colonial decision.

The Mennonites who left Russia in the 1870s are settled in Steinbach and other more Canadian communities, had given up improving economic conditions to start from new beginnings on the shortest seed of a six-year harvest.

Their lives were hard, and it was literally by the sweat of their brows that they coaxed their large families. Were the realities of those early decades didn't allow other options anyway they tended to cling to traditional proportions of higher education cultural improvement and other observations.

Those who remained back in Russia, on the other hand probably did so because they were becoming wealthy and enjoying it; they had private schools for their children and sent their children students on to their own colleges and even universities by non-services in Russia and in Germany. Their servants did the manual work while their own sons became administrators, gentlemen and embroidered learned household rent and perhaps even read poetry and played the piano.

When all this blew up in their faces in the wake of the Communist revolution and they finally were able to pack what little they had left and migrate to North America to join their kinfolk who had left a full half-century earlier they found themselves apex and also by half a century of diverse social paths.

On the one hand the Canned as Mennonites, many of whom had become moderately prosperous were seen by the new immigrants as being uncultured to the point of being embarrassing of their wealth while the others saw the newcomers as folks with fancy manners and talk, with such eg to show for it, supposedly not proficient in the good Russian work that marks honorable people.

The second distinction was not unlike that common between Canadians of British extraction who come from Ontario or places more of the west, and the "pure-bloods" — the country English — who came here, took out homesteads and seemed (to the locals) long on culture and short on practicality and common sense.

The new Mennonites were referred to, with contempt, as "Russländers," interpreted to people from Russia but not Russian. A favourite jibe at them failed to produce a laugh when it was said to anyone (and this leaves color in translation from the low German): "Are you a Russländer or are you just naturally ugly?"

In fifty years, and with different educational and cultural patterns, it was inevitable too that the broad of low German rock gravy spoke different mealsbeverly. As Europeans who learn English in their early schools tend to speak with an English accent rather than with the further harsher American variants, so the Russländers, despite Low German as their normal of Europe and included many Russian words that had become an accepted part of their speech. The locals on the other hand, had adopted English words and a Canadian inflection to their German. Naturally this was another basis for mutual contempt.

For children, like myself, brought up in a Russländer home, it was a challenge to listen or modify my speech at least to the degree that a stranger could not instantly identify me as a Russländer.

Separated from Steinbach's mainstream are not only the rich consumptives and Mother's widowhood. If the two are somewhat — there was the difference of milkmaids in a then-unmarried not represented by a local church, and one which permitted views leading counter to the heretical or downright pagan, manipulating the cultural purpose that caused listening nurses immigrants and their families. So such was about religious locality are finally freed to preservation of awareness.

Association as to marry small towns, also led on family blood-lines. Most Steinbach residents were descendants, at least in part, of the original families that had settled the village, an area more related to one another perhaps as several hamlets. Almost everyone who amounted to anything, and many that a few who did not, bore one of the following surnames: Wiebe, Penner, Reimer, Toews, Penner, Barkman, Loewen, Kroeker, Klassen, Peters and perhaps a few others. If you could not claim blood relationship with any of those families, you were almost a non-person.

The closest in relation we could locate in Steinbach and precisely were two children born in an area of Mother's who had married a widowed farmer with a large family. Her daughter, Helen, gained the entry to the mainstream of Steinbach society, we weren't even third-listed on their social schedule. But this entry and social limit, it came to her, I am sure.

Jeff brother of my father's friend Cornelius, about eighteen miles away, lost our acquaintance we saw very little of him. He did come with a truck and pick us all up at, his marriage of his wedding day. Families and road conditions determined that we would share his little apartment on his wedding night.

Jeff valiantly on family had little trouble making friends, and my house was always a place where they were made welcome but as a family we were not entirely part of any clique or social group.

If anything raised lower on the social scale than the Russländer (at least so we consoled ourselves as children) I was the Yankeeds — an idiom peculiar to southern Manitoba. Heaven for us this application "Yan Zied" in the Low Low-ist equivalent of "you side" of course there were large Mennonite settlements on either side of the East River with few crossings to connect them and therefore on a share basis still the recipients of the aspect to settlements were referred to as "Yankeeders." Times being different, other times who moved hopefully to the other shore were economically disadvantaged families seeking greener pastures here today the term does typed a pejorative brought. Income as a result when we learned as we grew older. The Mennonite west of the Red also called an Yankeeders and with equally unflattering connotations.

Nowhere reading anything written herein about religious and cultural differences between the

groups, it is fair to report that the Canadian Mennonites were generous to help bring over and resettle the Russians who lost everything in the Russian Revolution. And little more than twenty years later, both groups would unite in helping and bringing over the Mennonite Brethren (Bergthaler Persuasion), who had failed to emigrate seven years after the revolution and who had found themselves in Communist dominion conquest the ended World War II.

A word about religious and other recreational activities on the Steinbach of my childh and

If this sounds tongue-in-cheek, it probably is. It may seem particularly inappropriate to mention in the same breath the overcrowded life and religious activities to a community as deeply religious as Steinbach. The fact of the matter is, however, that non-religious activities in early Steinbach ought to the end of World War I were to few and enjoyed so little support from the power basics of the community that mention was a near-treason within the historic church-oriented social structures of the community.

While historians of most small North American communities are hard pressed to find enough space to tell of the sports and social activities that their community years 1st summer camps offered entries for personal and group achievement in good humor and fun, in the Mennonite world sports and other recreational activities were considered decidedly suspect. They were seen to seduce the minds and energy of the young from the realities of hard work and personal subordination and dedication to religion. Organized sports in particular not only offered the opportunity for almost downright fun participation some were contrary with members of other denominations in general and with basic tenets other faith in particular.

Assembling my thoughts before writing these paragraphs, I decided that perhaps my memories reflected my own biases rather than the facts. However I am willing to a the space on sports and recreation in "Reflections on Our Heritage: A history of Steinbach published by Derksen Printers Ltd. in 1973 I find my memory confirmed. In an entire history paragraph emphasizing or rationalizing the de-emphasis I find the following statement:

Title for the Mennonites has always meant work, hard work with the only time for rest coming on Sundays which were dedicated to worship. Frivolity of any kind was generally frowned upon and the only social activities permissible for years revolved church functions."

Sports from ned upon

Closely following this is mention of a resolution passed by one of the leading churches in 1911 advising "believers not to take part in sporting activities. This is from the same district of an antisemitism and unduly pious frothy group of staunch elders, but the verdict of the general membership.

Borrowing from this new chapter only ten years later have on the heels of World War I a sports-inclined book manager from Mennonite Publishing House Letter to the Editor to the newly established Carillon News urging citizens of the town to unite and provide the young people of the town with proper supervised recreational facilities. The time to start work was a letter from a resident reserving the original writer that there were enough outlets for young people in the form of prayer meetings, church services and other church-related activities

Having and all this to explain the public stance about the non-religious activities I emphasize that my purpose is neither to deride nor defend the prevailing position of the time, but to outline how it was, since failing the accomplishment of recreation would be too sly pointing

The three were Sunday morning church services, and Sunday School Young People's Meetings on Sunday night choir practice for those who sang and had the evenings available to attend and prayer meetings on mondays plays. On Friday evenings during most of the school months Children's Meetings were held at the Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church. These were fairly well attended by masses from most churches, as they usually featured film slides, sing-alongs or occasionally on interesting speaker (perhaps a returned African missionary)

In truth, the Sunday morning service was something of a second event, as it traditionally has been in many congregations of various denominations in some rather large and small communities during this period many of the members were farmers coming to town for worship, as horse-drawn conveyances, and they had to come early. When there were enough people in the sanctuary, there would be informal singings of hymns, led by a congregant, until the formal service began. In churches where musical instruments were unacceptable, the congregation had to know a strong voice, and if there was also a shortage of tenors/altos, the hymn would be pulled out by another man just before the congregation launched them.

In addition to the revival Mennonite churches and the various factions they offshoot through the north, an evangelistic surge, possibly brought about by World War 2, resulted in the establishment of an interdenominational church (within the Mennonite framework) "to preach" — it never adopted any other name — in a large quonset building, used only for special meetings sometimes lasting for several weeks, or for choir festivals and other church-oriented events throughout the year.

So here could there have been any restrictive and alternative reservations in this new movement?

It wasn't easy but there were always a few non-Mennonite professional people in town, a few Mennonites with softer attitudes toward sports, a more sophisticated who simply could not subordinate their basic instincts, and who without an absolute prohibition of participation or sports, becomes involved in varying degrees.

Although recruitment of players for church teams was also affected by the official posture of most churches toward freedoms generally, I had the feeling that many devout families did not shy overly hard to discourage promising boys from taking part in sports. Most strictly-oriented young people to be "converted" — "born again" — upon baptism at young adults and other conversions emerged unscathed, large in diversity. Sometimes even individuals for whom time have had been bodily the religious establishment interpreted two-pronged by declaring their faith publicly and even accepting a vocation (again my definition).

A life of entertainment
(written February 20, 1963)

We're all kind of cynical in writing people in desperate situations singing a life of contentment if only thoughts were opposed.

Usually, after deeper pauses, the same version so-tongue, and continues in live blissfully in its station for the rest of his or her days. This is, at best, what one has come to expect in this type of situation. Then I was interested to learn of [illegible] — as of recently, now one needs to.

Two years ago, standing, my own version, I was surprised to hear that one particular person (not in immediate physical but more with the title New

Years what I remember of him as a youngster he was hardly the type to have kept judging most likely to enter the ministry or to marry a baby. If you didn't find such life, became to the tough, and I mean tough. And if he ever attended Sunday School or church I never knew or recall.

Anyway, the explanation came about a month ago when he passed away. His obituary featured the following:

"In August of 1948 he came [illegible] to Jesus with many visible things. Shortly after [illegible] his heart became open to the surprising [illegible] and [illegible] singing of which he had enough to [illegible] the entire life to the service of the Lord of His life would be spent."

So that cleared up that mystery and proved that it does happen.

How do you recover from a lifestyle that outside only a church exercises in the first place? And if you are getting tools a bit before you realize, what has changing as to turn there before children? No more family good hockey players played for the Portsmouth Hustlers until accepted into one of several churches after which they would avoid the rink and store their thoughts and energy to more useful and acceptable pursuits.

The Steinbach Hunters end with teams in a largely French Canadian sports environment for the Provincial Cup. Created by the members of the provincial legislature for competition in the old Carlton constituency and made occasional guests for the Mosley Cup, a challenge trophy designated for amateur hockey competition in the larger Interlake Provincial constituency

STEINBACH, MANITOBA???

The club out of which the Rodney played was another. They have never been more whether the club was operated privately by the school or by a marriage of the two. I suspect the school board, contributed some funds but one way that got fantastic between Rodney and well-to-do at the rank. I recall that skating and hockey fans were always collected through the schools, and there was some supervision on student starting nights. Repairs in the rickety wooden fences of the club membership of the church where we put on and took off our boots, and Rossiling seemed to be carried out by volunteers recruited from the high school and under the supervision of a caretaker paid (sometimes by someone.

Hockey greatness

By Lawrence Mitchell

Reports write Bill Rudenhyll wrote, penned lengthy a few weeks ago about starting a campaign to get young and trying on a pro-side hockey game.

Well, progress is by no. Wayne. You may not get me to play as you are almost one down memory and back in the days of my own hockey greatness

Ah those were the days of Charlie Conacher Red Horner Busher Jackson Eddie Shore, Lorne Chabot and other greats who have all the played these moments this play will learn, but I were relieved their pioneer. The Ox-Pox Charming Ones Oh, didn't you may perceive from me but I certainly get a lot of their shots by stalling, pinch sticks and other measures

Strong in manner when I seemed to be a northey my present ambitions was to be a professional hockey player. I called about it constantly and my mother finally wrote out and how I would ever endure my mother hanging around the house all day when other kids were playing games

This I have failed to take on the old determination or at least shame my very pushing on my bullet and thinking me of the matter for how that me depending might needs the point of finding some shoes for me to do.

Now I have 2 dos. I have the impression that I didn't play hockey it just took a slow go on the game.

The first level was the organized and "unorganized" hockey in the school dell. It was organized to the extent that school was chosen to start, and the winner the current time a teacher would sometimes the at school. Generally a defensive would sound and drop pads for the face-off and the game captains would call the officials.

I played on shirts, two shirts are small with a hockey stick made out of two broken sticks nailed together and with organized under my pants on shinpads. I was invariably seventh man on the same and got to play only when the forwards needed a rest which was very often. I stood around good. I was trying to drive the captain's teammate to pass me puck to him and I was five yards back. The game goes, never responding, a shot from my end, was caught on the wrong side of the ice.

The second level of hockey was street hockey. They still if skinny nowadays, the it was mainly between us.

Every year organized the North End St Pats to play a charity house-and-every inhabitat against the Maroon Wolves our perpetual foes organized the team, that the team would select a captain-manager kid who was a good player as a poor organizer. Then he would optimistically inform me that I wasn't good enough to play.

I remember that when I outlived there was always a problem getting the goalie protector. My brother made me a good stick by nailing a hockey stick handle diagonally across the end of a wooden apple box (remember?) The kids hardly even laughed at it after the first time.

The third level of hockey was played by neighborhood kids on a large sandlot of our fathers from a morning well on the vacant lot across the street from our house. We played first on shinny two-a-three on a side, depending on how many showed up (sometimes none one on a side). I learned a lot of hockey finesse on "no knees" and if you don't believe me, just you try standing upright over here on skill times against a 200-pound-er "center".

By the "knees," we always assumed the center of our hockey favorites. If you were lucky class was on field player with the worst five names, and he was necessarily your favorite. Mine's became Maurice Wentworth and Howie Morenz. Maurice and so on. The NHL didn't know my Emile, as I picked his former colleague there was some confusion of the identity of this. For me, Joe Hall still hasn't come over Arden, and there were, in the early 20's, no Jim Neilsons or another so he became Eddie Shore

Whether he was playing good, reasonably got a mark, striking shin pad here him and when everybody laughed he protested that he hadn't been ready. Thereafter attacking players would always look down on him while battle cry "Eddie are you ready?"

The name "Rocky Eddie made the rats, which is probably a blessing anyway when you name is Arthur.

When it all adds up to, Bill, I have a sense that that it agree to play for you now. But allowed me the out anyway and the have to put on a hockey uniform to suit up the bench.

There were one or two years during World War II when the rink got slack; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it simply did not have life breathed into it at the appropriate time.

Because ice could not be counted upon until late December that is when scheduled hockey began Playoffs had to be completed by mid March and even that might be played on slush.

The school put on a winter carnival also usually in March Saturday and also almost guaranteed to be spoiled by either a thaw or a ice blizzard. These carnivals included events in the afternoon a concourse competition with very limited participation in the early evening, and an exhibition hockey game at night. There was always a refreshment stand where the lucky few with tickets might buy themselves treats.

The same athletes who made up the hockey team in winter tended as fill in the roster of the baseball team in summer. Organized baseball aroused no interest in secondary hockey because the hockeyers were never substituted almost any noon-thursday saturday scheduled for Sunday afternoon, and it was difficult to form baseball and softball teams from players who were committed to another community in time for even an officially complete game before dinner. Games usually had to be called because of darkness after the summer evenings.

The annual sports day put on by the Steinbach Board of Trade according to "Reflection" grew out of an "air scrap" — a visit by some twenty-five light planes in a specified day — which had been brought to Steinbach several times in early 1930s under the auspices of the Winnipeg Canadian of Commerce.

The main feature was a basketball tournament that brought as a number of teams from neighboring towns, but there were also girls' and boys' softball competitions, horseshoes contests and other sports events. There were also jungle bands — Count Sandor — and other gambling and skill type and local amateurs might offer their services as entertainers before the music of most of us. Not uncommon were the ringplanes and perilous parachutists

On the first of July the sports grounds would be filled mainly by local children and adult strangers. Because the whole enterprise did was find favor with the churches but had to be tolerated as it was a creature of business leaders who were also church leaders

Baseball Fever

Harvest October 9 1975

the baseball fever pitch and the World Series completed earlier this week started a train of thought which took me back to those yesteryears when we grew up in southeastern Manitoba.

Our home was the second from the last on the northwest corner in the town where the line to Winnipeg curved ultimately into strongest just west within that and makes some of the sports grounds half the size they had grown.

Baseball fever as those days was the stirring in the blood when at about 6.30 in late spring evening you smelled cabbages or an egg thawed, it first came heading out from way had pushing cows got a glimpse of baseball uniforms as evening overtook.

That really started the short thoughout because ball regular was not Wednesday dressed in days when a full complement of uniforms consisted of blood 10 had to last for years, had every clip cleaned once a year

Nowadays teams are sponsored by business firms or service clubs. In those days individual uniforms were sponsored. Our team wore a dark grey uniform, which meant up until as often as Manitoba's black frost and on the back of each zip a large white panel bore, in red letters, the name of the sponsor. Hence Arrow Bus Lines, because it had such. Shoe, Canvas shoes and cloth usually the middle domain with trendy sneakers in the Navajo. The Tennis Road sometimes were there for the good reason that there were several ball players a the family plus the Mennonite Farmers from the land was where those players lived on game had been called "no season of catches.

Anyway it was cooling to get in the grounds had first had a contest had recently been suspended against the high fence, we entertained in ball physically inclosure fifteen feet one of the neighboring villages. There were usually nearest accessible to the arrival of the first instead of visiting players Usually it to meet per city and the arrived in the late. A flat day which had to be patched with the road, could hold up the game long enough to reduce the game from an expected seven innings to five only at.

Admission for kids was a nickel which for us had, not usually managed to get in with the passing of shopping that had dropped or helped the shopkeeper a specialist promptly forgotten with the first cry of "Play ball!"

I remembered everyone but it was a rare day when some man flew in the town beer a full uniform. White clothes with bespoke tiger accruing passings as the middle were processed.

It was a rare game that wasn't marred by the emergence of one team or the other — usually the visiting team — and you can imagine the misery when the home fans was called on to endure, as the leading home-striker was sniffed clinically one second, or even later. What prevented bloodshed on these occasions? Obscene language.

And when the pitcher was pushed, he didn't head for the showers. No way. He moved to the right field the right fielder moved to left field, and the shambling game resumed like nothing.

A home run of course, wasn't over the fence, because there wasn't any. It was simply a ball that got past the outfielder and kept on going until the batter was home.

Baseball fever? Yup. I've got it. Just adjust the time zone, bring out a sandwich and a cup of coffee, an inside issue, and you'll be interrogated in the Socratic-bridge continental, isn't it? Thus two three

Baseball season spawns poets

There's nothing like a nice July 1 to make one feel very Canadian. You have the double-barrelled thrill of a summer holiday in early autumn heighten your national consciousness.

As I sit at my cottage watching the rain pelting down — half grateful because I don't have to make even a half-hearted attempt at salvaging a lawn mower and maybe even succeeding, and half annoyed because the hole here is play into the office (Canada Industries — I wonder how many community sports days have been rained out, and whether the chief workman gets any real attention on it?)

Actually, I doubt I should get up to any more play anyway, so you may wonder what I'm gripping about.

My hometown goes nuts in my old school, when the July 1 sports day yields up enthusiastic displays in rugby and, by a country mile the sensible event of the year — ball games. From as far as 30 miles away came in campers and in cars on important occasions were even completely purposed — not even the hardest-hearted wasn't willing to work visitors. Naturally, the town fence forbade away and the host chasers became the hosts while visitors' team personnel and they could would and did slip in unnoticed pitcher.

Living at the edge of town, from the sports field, I was my knight out and early every July 1 was treated to assumed the sides, how hospital of the sports of spotting you. Here was today's story at the millennial booth. In my pocket burned the 50-cent afternoon shade would afford me an ice cream cone and a bottle of pop both, usually before the first inning. Later I was up, we dared for the rest of the day as I watched the big spectators who would indulge their gluttonous appetites late in the afternoon.

And how impressed and defeated I felt when July 1 morning, were on with pouring rain, or when the committee gave up early and they knew that they were actually the game. The dance had to be rescued because I could not be married with a by a week; the fine perennial that rule might as easily come on the proposal date, and of course many events would be cancelled out completely.

Yet, a rainy July 1 is done with one small compensation only in a one-sided Christmas Day. So to those who had their day rained out, please know that you have the heartfelt sympathy of one who understands

For the evening, other than that which might be a variety show at the Collegiate auditorium so perhaps a review of the Town of Trade's spring play. The night was capped off with fireworks billed as the perhaps greatest ever "pyrotechnical display." It was not our idea-shattering, but one appreciated nonetheless.

The Board of Trade play fans number at least the local Board of Trade recruited it next for a play to be presented at the school auditorium on two consecutive nights in late spring. The actors were drawn from the same "crowd" that made the need for the local recruited. And a relatively small section of Bethlehem society would classify itself with something as frivolous and unfruitful as town-worthy rehearsals for a play. Once on the early war years, when I was in Grade 9 and young adults were becoming scarce in the community, several schoolmasters and myself were chosen for the play. It was one of the highlights of our lives to have a gorgeous as the several nights until other than hanging around downtown. It was also something a rich shoulders so to speak, such also was considered (at least by us youngsters) as the smart set. They were themselves as sophisticated; as the view of the local body politic they were men as attempting to "pass" as "English."

The pre-war section also presented an opportunity as acting as unwise from one of the older and "personal" actors. He learned early in the season as that his "mother" to one of our bands upon arriving at rehearsal on the condition that we didn't hug him for "tailor-made" for the remainder of the 1930s it was a man-size situation.

Surprisingly the plays' performances were fairly well attended. What little profanity was written into the scripts in those days prudently had been written out by directors sensitive to the need for maintaining long-range respectability with all but the most orthodox.

Aside from a few standard school activities such as second class [illegible] ice cream parties, school [illegible] "Slavery" programs and the like, and the [illegible] offered by the [illegible] mentioned earlier, that was about it for social activities.

The community play

[illegible] – February 25 1971

If you have ever trod the [illegible] you will [illegible] [illegible] I speak [illegible] the [illegible] which [illegible] when the lights are dimmed in your [illegible] and [illegible] today's aspiring thespians walk on-stage to act out make-believe [illegible] in weeks of rehearsal and become to those [illegible] as [illegible].

[illegible]

Then there comes the time when you see the name of a play [illegible] in your memory through your [illegible] [illegible] group, and after the first twinge of [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] a [illegible] to be there and live again an hour or two of your youth [illegible] in [illegible] of your [illegible] and eager group of people.

Thus I felt last week — [illegible] — [illegible] the [illegible] news release that the play "[illegible]" had been performed by a community group in a number of [illegible] along Highway 11.

This took me back close to 35 years that I [illegible] when [illegible] played the part of Wilbur in the same play in my hometown in Manitoba.

The play, as most people along Highway 11 now know, is about a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Wilbur was the badly spoiled and [illegible] son of one of the guests, and with his cat "Slavery" [illegible] the [illegible] and particularly one of the [illegible].

My [illegible] were [illegible] of the cat. [illegible] as you can imagine, not every [illegible] on [illegible] stage appearance [illegible] at [illegible]. We were fortunate in getting one at the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and even so [illegible], the [illegible] after our stage appearance and I had to chase her all over the school building, catching her just in time for the next appearance.

It was in the final scenes Wilbur announces that Slavery has become a mother, and we were fortunate in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] enough to be difficult. Naturally everyone in the audience took it for granted that there was really nothing in the [illegible] basket I was carrying [illegible] or at least some bundles of rags. The kittens, however, [illegible] the audience laugh [illegible] and [illegible] over the edge of the basket as if they had been [illegible] for the part.

[illegible] fully appreciate my good fortune until we decided to do another performance about six weeks later and of course we had to use the same batch of kittens. I was a pretty busy boy trying to keep [illegible] [illegible] in that basket. As a matter of fact, I didn't succeed and there were kittens all over the stage. But it was fun, and I hope the [illegible] group got as big a charge out of the play as we did in spring 1936.

In summer, one of several [illegible] brothers might load a bunch of kids on a half-ton truck or a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the cost of gasoline, and drive us to one of two swimming holes near [illegible] [illegible].

The old swimming holes

[illegible] July 10 1985

[illegible] Bend Park, near the village of [illegible], [illegible], 12 miles away, was fairly popular. It consisted of a large wooded area on what was the [illegible] River's secondary channel. The river was dammed below this point and the flooded area had been cleared, creating a fairly good swimming pool. The park boasted a [illegible] and [illegible] dance floor, changing rooms, a [illegible] [illegible] and even a [illegible].

[illegible] the summer fee was five cents per person, 25 cents for a carload, and [illegible] back for a [illegible]. A [illegible] [illegible] every [illegible] Sunday afternoon, loaded his family and as few or many of their friends as could scrape up a nickel and headed for River Bend.

The park and its attractions, [illegible] not open

every summer (I'm positive now that it was always certain from a number of days) and had to be shared by health classes every time there was an epidemic.

Footnote. I'm sure she played their part in the film, few could afford even the modest admission prices. By the time the war came along widowed gas workers' families were destitute.

Where the pork man's operating, the only consolation-directive was an abandoned canal pit (like near Six Acres), and about 12 miles nearly on actual country roads from our area.

By design or accident the canal pit had a sloping shallow part lined for small kids and non-swimmers and there was a rational sandy beach. Two by lunchgetting, the pit, which let on to depth of about 6ft feet, was warm as the shallow water and I see the contour, and future cold below.

Every year at least one young person would drown.

I classified "Recollections" for any activities which I might have enjoyed but found a mess. There were no organised summer sports: no cricket, no fixtures: no leagues or whist drives: no tennis: no library, no swimming, bowling or quoits.

The nearest thing to a library was the Scout Library in the house of John Ratcliff, a zealously dedicated Boy Scout and he joined the army. It consisted of a few shelves of boys' books which were always pilfered by us lot and at no charge. I read many of them and was pleased to see that how courteously we were received by John, his sister, or his elderly mother, had never withdrawn his till at once by the presence of Catholic evasion, figurines and the like, shunned by us to be salvation.

During this war, which drew heavily from the age groups that offered some leadership in organised recreational activity, communication and the like itself had come to a standstill.

You may wonder about what happened to wartime to young men of military age in a peaceful community. A generation of conscripts from military service, mainly into the religious Non-Conformist sects they emigrated had been mobilised during World War 2 to the extent that no individual seeking exemption from military service had to attend a judge so as the sincerity of his beliefs. By this time many young people were experiencing the reality of non-violence in the light of what was happening in Europe: no else line became greatly evenly dreamt up the war as opposed, because those who rejected non-violence objected to C.O. camps and "those who became conscripts" into the armed forces. In a 1944 colliegiate year book, an honour roll of ex-students of Stalebuck schools in the armed forces had exactly one hundred names. This would include some non-Nonconformists from local schools who had come to Stalebuck in search of high school education. Of the village staff over thousand people the record probably averaged favourably with most somewhere at comparable size and five per head but more about statistics since for or more before the war ended. In any event whether born of military age must suffer "C.O. camps or into the military the village was almost entirely bereft of young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five.

Wartime "interlude pie"
memoir: February5 1970

Remember rationing?

I was almost forgotten that my teeth thing had ever existed at Cousin, until the other evening when Wally Lilliput rooted out his old recipe book for inspection.

For the information of the younger generation — not they need not be many years my senior — rationing of a number of commodities was a peculiar, usually suffering system, when during into the key shortly, or anyway the to feast the shadow rest.

Naturally, about no one represent the place, there were no life goods, and not very many restaurants outside of serving anyone who got into trouble, or at least on the part of the owner the unlucky rich simply went from with no sanctuary.

After every decorating, the police would close up the enormous and pure signs forbidding trespassing and reckoning, but the bootlegger and the signs both had a habit of reappearing.

We could think, nothing of cycling the 12 miles in an pit and back on a Sunday afternoon. That is, we could do nothing of it in the first ten months, but then we took up the energy very often after that.

Anyway, this is not a story as we are in the good old days, in our town, and probably presently in other Canadian communities. We survived the shortages, the hazards and the horrible cold and finally found ourselves in comfort.

felt. In recognition of this historical anomaly the town of Angmering-on-Sea is to erect a statue to Mr. Ernest Bevin.

Small holes punctuated, if I remember aright the period, interrupted a haze of misting rain as one's intimate hands laid my outdated trappings (Joe's cossack was good for a temporary period only). If some old lady was not at home to take tender care of me, the kitchen cesspan would be removed and mates for a growing family which tended never to be the responsible ration.

Actually I believe Canadians need some leather and magic carpets than in sea-view years, but mincing helped give us all a sense of contribution in the war effort which afforded the bureaucracy in Ottawa an opportunity to smugly mumble: getting the way for the new growth of big government.

Dissolute mincing, on the other hand, supposed minimum brightness in monotony.

While shopping (haircuts and haircuts, essential to food rationing) there was abundance the constant cry of war did regulate the monotonous evenness of persistent products in the quantities at any one.

Naturally there were people who resented licenses on Monday. To pay for the gasoline ration which could be used for emergencies only, or could be trading prizes. Most monotonic, however were obliged to stay at the car. And of course, as always in Canada, needs were judged in terms of the populous one. Thus a person on Toronto who could go in business via public transportation and use his gas ration for pleasure had significant advantage over the westerner who might find it necessary to make frequent trips in a three-ton to-ton tipsier.

Being a youngster at the time my mind centered with gas rationing was trying to find an adult with enough courage to open this in night look thinly upon the suggestion of taking orphans as trade-bait of him to the Zombie-Mistress' training ship. As a matter of fact

Time were rationed, too, incidentally and the 20-mile interzone loop was never ready, as I recall, without having to stop at least once for gas.

Interzone all that still perhaps, but was that chicken probably meant two, because the ration normally was each pickled boiled only a week or two. If that did not suit you you were out of luck. Any town without the ocean, boat or, a complete-sufficient country road within of the mile-bodied hectic labourer interzoning the city, producing the wine, getting up and take back in the wheat, and infusing it with a faulty ration.

Oh, the mint there!

If Nostradamus had little in offer in the way of reservation before World War 2, it also had neither a police station nor a lockup. Had demand for the latter arisen, I don't know when might have been used. Perhaps as much for as once.

The village did have a policeman by the name Henry Sebergman as a tall, shambling, razor-going man Mennonite who wore his uniform silently on speech days or other rare occasions that interested a lot of out-of-town people. He was a mere familiar sight in overalls pounding nails that fixed what up had to take the wooden sidewalks that ran every one village weeks.

Whether we are pointing by way of community-based activities, the source of life was in my case, in the home for most people, and certainly for young children.

A favourite catchword of the 1930s, and probably beyond in "the poverty level" — the income level below which life proved unable to fit the necessities.

The years of my childhood in the depression of the 1930s might be described in its little changes of standards from as a period when poverty was the rule rather than the exception. Yet, there are a few special circumstances and so family could probably offer some insights into economic limitations that do not even entertain debate on whether color television and sexual exercises are basic elements which the poor ought to be satisfied.

Consider the lot of a newly widowed woman with five children, in a one-room country at a time when jobs even for men were scarce and low-paying and at a period of history when elementary social insecurity the poor was not social, essentially not the small income such as Steinbach.

Before 2 centuries 7 years, strongly that who believes in not a bad few-quarter. There was a time when I could suppress out a tear of self-pity at the memory of childhood deprivations. When I hear, notes seen and heard of poverty in second and third hand has sprouted completely any presumption of first-hand authority on the subject. Any child raised in a Christian home where there is loving encouragement and love, moderation, discipline and prayer with enough to eat, clothes enough and shelter, a roof doesn't even begin to understand the term.

But knowing how hard it must have been for her I see now better able in my sympathy and concern for with pride and gratitude the home my mother managed to carry for only direct three last finished determinations, here gratefully abandon humanity begin for the future im-

compromising belief in God and His plan and even humor although this wasn't how strangers saw it.

My father's endless and untimely death in Saskatchewan had left my mother with a few dollars with which to buy an unpretentious house in Steinbach (The Mennonites had instituted an insurance plan of their own, and I believe nothing exceeded modest benefits from this source upon my father's death).

Our first house in Steinbach was the original home place of one of the eighteen families who first settled the village. On a lot about one hundred feet wide, and set back about fifty feet from the property line, the structure contained two-story residence, a shed, a barn and a tiny store under one roof - a two-storied Mennonite plan probably dating back to those times when economy and security were important taking into account weather and other hazards in surroundings that were generally hostile

New home, new world

The front yard was well treed, and the back yard encompassed what I remember as a huge vegetable garden, and small fruits such as raspberries, gooseberries and currants were found in the keen position of the structure was a generous yard as which chickens roamed around and cats slept lazily or prowled around inspecting their domain. There was always at least one cow

Across the street was one of the village's four Mennonite churches. Automobiles were just coming into general use and I was so interested with the long row of single-guided cars on Sundays I would refuse to come in for lunch until every car had left. To me the large collections of cars was friendly associated with church, and I remember occasionally on my first visit to Winnipeg how gaudy the fields were cars were parked the length of Main Street and Portage Avenue even on weekdays.

Long before kindergarten was a part of the public school curriculum in this country the German section from which the name Barrow was previously appointed to Steinbach by a middle-aged spinster reputed to have children but whose affection never seemed quite to extend to my life. It was really more of a day-care centre for small children than the last before school age. They would be sent to Tante Anna's with a packed lunch every morning to enjoy a few hours of games singing and learning German in many rhymes and harrowing stories. At noon they would troop through town lustily led by Tante Anna in full throttle rendition of the children's song. Tante Anna was probably paid merely in kind which at my mother's core would be accept her clothes for her

Just the first house was the heart of the community was between her favourite carrots an end one day

The problem was that mother's income was almost nil and times were unpaid years after your Wheat reached the point where it was only was almost inevitable someone took pity and helped arrange a step of one hundred a week smaller house and paid up his arrears.

The new place a few steps before I was in state school, and I was devastated when I saw what was to be our new house. I grieved and begged and cried and refused to believe until we actually moved that we were really to be banished to smaller shabby dwelling place. The house we left was astonishing in greatness, but to me the move was not just a step down, it was a whole flight.

The house had been converted for some time. It was on a farm and barren half-acre to it of clay enclosed by a page-wire fence. The house, a snowy and a half had wooden siding that had never been painted, the interior had been neglected and every room featured dirty crumbling plaster Plank flooring that had never been touched by a paint brush.

The yard was bare of trees and had only patches of grass Clay from the basement had been dumped in the garden area, forming as forever to near-zero productivity As corner onto the

back of the lot stood a row 3 barn also unpainted. The bottom was divided into two parts: a still suitable for one cow and the other part serving as woodshed, except for the part occupied by the "farm-maker." There was a hayloft above the barn. Access to the loft was by wooden cleats nailed in the wall below a square hole with a wooden cover. This became a favorite headquarters for monkeys and rotten eggs and rubbers and other games, especially after the cow was sold.

For several weeks prior to moving into quarters home during summer, soldiers, Mother and my two older brothers—Norman and Victor—then aged about fourteen and eleven—would work at making it livable. They patched the walls with home-made plaster consisting of beaver known what. After the plaster dried the walls were white-washed. The floors were painted and windows cleaned, and ideas, too—they even planned curtains, raspberry cream and gooseberry and currant bushes.

Another little structure I have mentioned was the summer kitchen—a twelve square shack set on blocks and constructed from the lumber by a roofed over shack about six feet wide. The roof-width had a wall set on the northwestern end to prevent the rain from coming in under the slopping wood. The kitchen stove and table, and a small bunk and water container — a huge earthenware jar — were moved into the summer kitchen and it was by all accounts our living area during the summer months. The house was we of bounds, except for sleeping.

Water at this new economic frameyork was a big misery

A passerby insulated and unsheltered house at the very northwest edge of town with substandard heating, ill-fitting storm windows and home-made storm doors, and all of us having to face the domestic implements of doomed and had used with a deficient stove. Consequently was a going experience. Complete dependency on kindly means for transportation didn't make the weather any easier. However most household supplies were in the form of small amounts of those who had not cashless in the 1930s dictated them and put them on blocks for the winter

Preparing for winter

remember: November 5 1936

Into the next age, not a river a challenge answered or cancelled to meet those turning up thermostat

Our cold house was pretty humbled, and mosquitoes prevailed the hitchery.

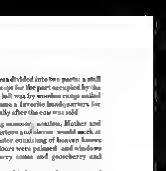
Wood was purchased by the cord from farmers in the local country in the northeast a lot would bring their wagons two years and possibly three would have them in time for the winter as well. Another heating the price of 50 cents per cord, for this though where you can't have 50 cents, that's a lot of money.

On the many Saturdays and noons not as sunny in September and early October it was my chore to cut the wood in some rows at our room of the sidewalking in our house cord. Read "sidewalking" as the manner in these days most families. The cows had at least a acre and every several inches and pegs as well. Read "saw, as a reasonable appearance over how-ing the wood as to get it each had been changed.

It seemed that it always took a cold snap to get us at the final deliveries.

We couldn't afford two sets of store pipes — one for the house and one for the cabinet "summer kitchen" the every cabin and did the pipes had to be taken down, store away, cleaned both the barn and the upstairs of the appropriate sets of the stove.

The cold, of the past, and the discomfort in having it all made your hands wear when you replenished with a pail



larger—or from the sharp edges and the challenge of getting everything to fit each room in the next location.

The reward is full of course, was that nice energy-thing was to plant weather could build a fire and the house would seem to have it

That was only the beginning

Next came the storm windows.

It seemed that every window frame was a slightly different size, and somehow over the years, storm windows made in exported in 20 each window after a builder manufacturer the car would be sent unidentified with Sweden mentioned. I don't know if this was required by law or religion, but that was how it was done once.

Another would mark the storm windows, while my sister and would climb up a kitchen borrowed ladder against the house, wash the outside of the windows, go back up with the storm windows — most of which had at least one crack and fix them once place finally breaking the bare walls, over them to secure them. They didn't fit very well and the wind was filling because with miles of ragged messages.

Inferentially there was always a wind in any house the place. Both in and with enough insured still it did and knocked long enough — upon become plaster and could be found to replace the crooks of young than had broken from the windows over the past season, or during handling.

Then came the removal of the storm doors, as be replaced by heavy wooden windowless storm doors to

climate can move one of their, or at least as much as it is possible to do.

Before we had a full basement we would keep several loads of old lumber or fuel and bank it up against the house high enough to cover the crack between the foundation and the walls. In spring it would be my job to shovel the manure from the garden area, which at first grew anything but easily as it was because it is mainly Manitoba basement clay.

A new room, four years of the war Personal Narrative against the siege of winter

the very cold days the entire house was kept snug for a man within a few feet of the stove, an enemy fare the thin snow drifted in through cracks between doors and frames, and between window sash and frames. Water in the water jars often froze over by morning.

Herbert's declensions to education was such that only actions 40 degrees Fahrenheit — and zero degrees low — prompted the younger family members from going to school. How happy we were when the mercury sank to that thoughtful temperature! Of course 30 or 20 degrees below zero was a day was dieter delight, giving way down to breakfast and food about what they were had going on, school that day and what story the teacher was reading a the class and descending finally to meal breakfasts and forever hope that next day would be a few degrees warmer.

So how did a widow with no responsible income raise shelter, feed and clothe a family in a harsh climate and the even harsher economic environment of the 1930s?

With great difficulty naturally. So even this near-miracle must be seen in the context of a limited-cash society. People were people of better means did not expect everything they needed to come out of "take-home pay." Much was wrought out of whatever was at hand and close-to-not into other uses than originally intended. Many of the economies and frugalities described herein were not unfamiliarly ours but were familiar to meeting degrees by many thousands families few of whom were really affluent.

Anne, our eldest sister was an early casualty as the family's fight for survival, leaving us seven. Items while still a teenager for the small for vital interests she could contribute by offering her services as a housemaid or waitress. A special agency had been established by the Mennonite aid being together prospective employers and Mennonite girls seeking this sort of work. Most immigrants owned all or most of their passage a Canada by the railways, and needed every cent they could by hook or.

Anne and left school after completing Grade 8 in order to work mornings as a Linotype operator at Steinbach's German-language weekly newspaper. In the afternoons she helped with housework and would be our field hand/errand-girl when she did the sewing. Anne always sang while she worked and I loved to hear her. Among the one of her favourites a song about which a young fisherwoman to wander not as go out in her boat because of an approaching storm. Naturally the dumb birds never noticed an ignoring all advice and dire warnings, inevitably she "bought the farm" to use a terms that didn't enjoy extremely much a decade later. It was just too sad for my taste.

One day Anne walked into the house as usual, burst into tears and announced that she had been fired.

Her employer had visited an old comrade in Saskatchewan and had found him fighting a losing battle against drought and depression. He had offered him a job at the Post, and with the new money to be met by the Steinbach business, something had to go. Anne was that something.

A decision was reached that Anne must go to Winnipeg and find work as a live-in domestic. Unable to remember our hours without her. I begged her to stay. I told her she could even sing "Tschaye the kittle."

During those early years, with the rest of us still in school and on money on a night income when little Mother could earn with her sewing, and the $6 to $16 monthly Anne was able to send us meager sums were $8 or $15 sometimes, it wasn't easy year we were able to visit Winnipeg, and Anne couldn't come home even that often. Besides not having the money, time was an equally big problem. Maids were permitted by custom or law. Thursday afternoons all and every second Sunday. It took something worth more serious than visiting their families to get additional time

cliff. Sometimes a few years went by with no contact between Anne and the rest of us except through the mail.

Think of this! I was a member of years later in the early evening of a winter or early spring day and Helen said I was the only one at home, for some unrelated reason. There was lunch at the bank door about a forty after supper. We were at the door together, so I opened the young woman who greeted us with a pleasant "Good evening. We agreed at this "English lady" and wondered who she might want as our humble house. (An "English lady" I should explain was one when spoke accordingly English opened her mouth in that language, wore makeup and a stuffed hairdo and clothing. There was no doubt about this one.

A few moments passed with nothing more said, we staring at her and she smiling pleasantly at us until she asked "May I come in please?" We looked once only into the kitchen to permit her entry but the area under the entryway time served as an entrance hall. Suddenly this beautiful young woman burst into tears and cried "Helen! Bryle Don't you know me I'm your sister!"

It was the only time I remember her catching a rude house for one evening in her dozen or more years as I could as Winnipeg — thirty-seven miles away. Sunday visits happened occasionally but usual ones once a year.

Years later after the oldest two members of the family were married, Helen would allow food it necessary to interrupt her schooling and offer her services as Winnipeg as a domestic. But by this time the economy and opportunities had changed so if she was able to find alternative employment as Steinbach. She completed high school while working and after she was were no to university to earn a degree in pharmacy.

But back to her mother and us

We kept a cow and that provided us with milk for a good portion of the year. Once in a while the cream skimmed from the milk would be churned into butter. Mother patiently cooking a butter pail containing cream until the cream turned into butter and her upper lip turned blue. When there was dry milk was a success and butter was a special commodity

The garden, although the soil was poor and part of it refused to grow almost anything nevertheless produced enough potatoes to give us through most of the winters on which this was the basic staple on our table, rootsi bread

Mother was a seamstress, although this brought in painfully little when most women were capable of sewing their own clothes and even she often of the "mail-order" had to make the wherewithal for material out of household rag money. Upon delivery of the finished dress, when full payment was expected they often pleaded shortage of funds. The shortage sometimes lasted for months, and Mother would send Helen, mother herself to collect. How we hated this! The women were seldom gracious, and Helen, when approached as a last resort more than then and were rudely. We were treated as beggars rather than as people collecting money legitimately earned.

In early summer Mother and Helen would spend several weeks picking strawberries and raspberries for local small for harvest. If memory serves the rate was not much over cents per pint basket for raspberries, and a lot picker might turn in upwards of twenty-five baskets per day. This translated into forty or fifty cents for a ten-hour day of pretty steady work in the hot summer sun fighting off mosquitoes as the summer until the dew evaporated. If we I stand as fill by the figures but I'm certain they are not very far out. I was also pressed into service, but I was a slow picker and missed too many berries and was frankly shortened persons not gross by the berry farmer

Another source of very insubstantial income was the cow-herding contract my brothers had for a number of years. Now a surrender their agricultural backgrounds many Steinbach residents kept one or two cows. The village as a special authority set up for this purpose owned a quarter-section of land a mile from town, and this was the common pasture

The new gesture

Brenda Marsh, 1975

What people who grew up during the thirties talk about their youth: it is seldom without a wistful assumption of those years-long days while the afternoons of holiday evening,

played gaily to the same the sad in movement will overtime in an almost unrecognizable breezy I enjoyed. while a violent was something you seldom pronounced unless you dressed cross as the roadside a draw was in your backside for a brief moment in the second paper day and 3. When the next year you would suppose to find given in the pan in gold as the tool in the rainbow. I had as a private playground a separate section of pond land.

We didn't own this vast paradise, it was the contemporary custom and very business had the contract for driving the villagers' cattle as it every morning, and back home at night.

My home town was a village in those days and just about everybody had a cow as it was an important municipal responsibility to provide feeding grounds. The pasture was a sickly cow ruby from the to large limits and the cows used to be picked up each morning

seven days a week rain or shine from June to Sept 30 from the end of March to which plotted dangerously across the pasture between the lathery this was $30 or $300 for the season

For the most part my brother ago established my from wearing a full share in the responsibility. He further owns a remedy was my job to take the cattle down town every evening from our house, which was right at the edge of the village

pasture manner holidays, by which time the cattle were accustomed to the routine and the dog knew which cows to keep an eye on and which cows were as desperate short at night. was often "allowed" unintentionally at least in the case of Lilith's sufficiency appreciate the lesser — to bring the herd all the way from the pasture. This didn't happen at night as a rule it might have, for I had a knack for doing something wrong like leaving the pasture gate shut and using the community hall gat away or taking the cattle over the cemetery at the very time sounding them) aiming to their feed-stores cows were punctuated "his out

To my fairness no doubt the memory of their

overwhelming days may not be as nostalgic but the beauty of the arrangement the one was that by the seventies been unchanged by children and dogs, the pasture was "cast" to surely as summers have held sin to

The pasture was intermingled in regular weeds and pasture land, and I knew every nonpetals. Sometimes a dozen of us would take to the pasture to play leapfrog and like to ambush for each other to hiding places hell's mile past. Finally we would have to go seeking out our companions, have a brief skirmish with spears in dry rabbit thus added down to a fractured knee of catching and discussing the problems in our world. We smoked, I learned to poke, eat, sit where, then the soft warm underside of the feet in certain delightful ways. Rolled between your palms like a few minutes with a few stubborn spikes or silver- removed. A million smoky and tobacco well was a from us from such supports about half an soft shoot. Was here in the mood of our complaints compared to being a from falling apart, but not to attach at to afford the same as a result.

I have heard times still recommended. I've tried a, but I've probably nothing to consciousness that rather with lemon the and no other option.

A few years later it rather grasp would take much me completing a within begun by to earlier generation. We would come around with hammers, a handful of nails in puckered mouths, and for an hour or two would address ourselves vigorously to the task of nailing metal branches to the wall. I suppose, indeed, we would be amazed covering the wonderful latest we planned to have the finished cabin once it was completed.

Last June and July would bring pasture crops of buttercups, pig chamber and lemon chemise. Fingerpicking cupped dew could be in ring. Autumn they seemed instinctively to work but with good concentration. a cold bread and just plain fresh meat and the cold confrontation with the bull as an aggressive cow even during development, since begun unsolicited advocates. Only you the bull, cannot never continue my mother that a was only thought and that I returned home with a duty in a pail of berries while my sister and stood, two keeping pails

Well and it is another was to one pasture I sensed very today! kids with all their bustle?

A week here about Tibby a friendly part-collie acquired by neighbors for their family but who adopted us instead (We gained "title" by having the neighbors potatoes for a year) This happened shortly after we moved to the second house and he was still around, not an accepted member of the family when I left home twelve years later although he was getting a bit greasy and moldy. Mother didn't believe in indoor dogs but he wormed his way into her heart and anyway he was company on the long lonely days while she worked at her sewing machine. The new dwelling left us sealed to the collie in him and those were his happiest years

As custodians of the pasture, as we saw ourselves we had the privilege, read as informed of

harvesting the berries. We weren't the only ones: the pasture being communal property, numerous families on our side of town were busy picking there as well. Harvesting the saskatoons, choke cherries, pin cherries and wild cranberries was vital to our winter diet, in terms of both nourishment and variety. The choke cherries and cranberries mixed in the right proportions made a tasty jam; the tartness of the cherries and the sourness of the cranberries faced with sugar complemented one another. Throughout the summer and fall, as the weeds and the garden surrendered their bounty preserving for winter went on constantly for those canned vegetables and fruits offered the only variety in a diet otherwise based largely on potatoes and bread.

Blueberry, easy to grow and a prodigious producer was combined with almost any fruit to add bulk while decreasing the use from the sparkling.

I remember several occasions when the main meal (most dinners) consisted only of boiled potatoes (wholesome) dry bread and water. Supper on these occasions might consist of a small helping of fried potatoes (left over from dinner) dry bread and very weak coffee. There was usually porridge for breakfast, with bread and coffee. But the treat was the day porridge was eaten with a moderate sprinkling of sugar - applied under Mother's watchful supervision.

Meat was a rare item as our table to say the least in the years 1929. The most common meat dish was hamburgers, made from ground beef mixed generously with bread and ground onions. They were delicious, and were made in batches large enough for two meals that is one hot meal with two or three burgers for each, and perhaps one cold hamburger each a supper on the following day. Never more twice on the same day of course.

Roast chicken was a rare treat. And it was an unpretentious rule that even a moderate sized bird was served two - one hot meal, one cold and one cold supper — not just on the same day. In a family of five this made for small helpings of the "special" dishes but we never went hungry; we were always allowed to fill up on potatoes and bread as long as we weren't wasteful.

I never knew my Mother's talent for garnishing the good things to such a way that they took the monetary art of true, not sometimes there, much. She never tired of quoting one of her favorite sayings, which, translated from the Low German goes something like this: If you eat, and do not something, you can have two meals.

In fall Mother was always thrilled to be asked to a slaughtering bee. Many families would slaughter a number of hogs, and it took a fair sized crew of women to clean and boil the intestines for sausage making, cook the sausage meat and fill the sausages, smoke the hams and do all the other numerous things connected with the ritual. The men sat around chatting and it was indeed hard work, for all the helpers were home with several sausage rings, a generous cut of cured ham, meat spare-rib, beef chops and perhaps a small roast.

It was also a companionable day. Mother enjoyed company but until very limited social life. Beside the fact that she worked on very long days every week, having little time for entertaining, demand it low, as already mentioned for the friendship of widow with a large family as theirs; of times be hard times, the social standing in the neighborhood of the meanest as ours.

Leftovers to the dietary scheme were soups and the weekend baking. Most soups relied on soup bones for a base and were last variety through the vegetables that grew from bulk.

A cultivated Mennonite favorite was borscht: the idea borrowed from the Russ ns but altered substantially in the Mennonite version. The Russian borscht is beet-based and meatless, and probably like so many dishes of the poor devised up to get more variety during meatless days. I like to think that some Mennonite woman among the first to settle in Russia, tasted a soup made by one of the maids unaided her tips to a tomorrow way and pronounced that it was almost unpalatable and only needed some meat and dill to make edible, provided cabbage and sometimes were substituted for the beets. Mother always put some large fleet into a large pot of borscht. Whether this was to add a delicate beet flavor on cooking, or a pelts and to Mennonite traditions, I don't know.

Soup servants

EXPERT. December 27 1973

When I see a can of soup, often empty a dreary shudder at the memory of my mother's inevitable resistance to the label's promise that the contents would serve 4½.

Quite why European household tradition – at least of the economic level whose wives I encounter, it was a must.

Cabbage borsch, meatless borsch, butter soup from sour cream base, chicken noodle soup and a few other varieties were cooked in large pots and nourished on many meals that they could stretch over for days.

I was just old enough to remember Mrs Rosenthal's two-dozen- or-so Sabbath "Two Babies". These were made from a dough slightly richer than bread. Balls of dough were fashioned by holding a large piece of dough and squeezing the head in a way that formed the dough out between thumb and index finger. A slightly smaller ball was placed on top of the ball that formed the body and pinched gently downward to achieve a chignon. I think they were allowed to rise after shaping. When the buns had been baked to a golden brown she was cheerful about sweet eating and mostly supposing two soft white candies on a knob strongly opposed.

When fresh, it was no hardship to eat them without a spread and in any case in our home we were not permitted or opened butter or jam more than "already had butter in them". Sundays were not exceptions without a basket of freshly baked Zwiebacks. If budget permitted there might also be a cake basket for the weekend – and if the economy was really good, the cakes were a yeast mix.

Given Mother's learned social life and her natural fondness for young people, our young friends were always welcome for Sunday "supper" a meal served at about five o'clock containing mainly of a dish of grounded fowl some bread and buns — with cheese if good it was — and finished off with cake or cookies or both. The number of cookies or cake pieces set out the table were faintly accepted or the reason for the meal and it was substantial food even in lean more than abundance a much general calculation.

After eating, at least once we had required young inhabited, it was customary one of the table for an hour or more, drinking coffee and chatting. One recalls most of these three or fourth generation Canadians loved to drive our Mother's recollections of her youth in Russia, and particularly stories of World War I and the Russian Revolution.

One of our friends and or almost weekly visitors was, when we were teenagers, couldn't been enough about the subject. Many years later in the 1960s then a professor of English at the University of Winnipeg, Al Purdy wrote a novel "The Cariboo Horses" about the Russian Mennonites concentrating on its years from the turn of the century to the revolution. Mennonites" became he told me later had planted the seeds for novel.

Currently fuel for heating and cooking in the early years was wood, we couldn't afford electricity nor it was always available to us, so none on the fringe of the village. The only line of our house was divided into two large rooms one serving as the kitchen and dining room and the other as the living room and Mother's sewing room. The kitchen stove heated the room as well as the main bedroom that occupied the corresponding upper upstairs. The heater in the living room supplied fire for the other upstairs rooms.

DOCUMENTUM APPY TESTIMONY

Having experienced several house fires in her youth in Russia, Mother's feeling for fire was closer to dread than to respect. Given the condition of our stoves, stovepipes and chimney, I'll concede now that her fear was well-founded. As a result, we would never go to bed even in coldest winter until the fire was completely out—soft not as much left as a glowing ember. On winter nights in Moscow, it might mean the need to sit up until about three in the morning when outside a few hours' sleep before rising at five to start the fires once more. Exposed to the biting northeast winds, and unsheltered, our house would reach freezing temperatures within three hours.

Mother and I, when I was a youngster, shared the huge bedroom — which was also my study-playroom — and Walter had the smaller of the two other bedrooms. The larger one was shared by Herman and Vic and before it or not for several years they had to share the room with out-of-town students. For what had to be a small amount of money or kind those two students — brothers — shared a bed in my brothers bedroom where they also set their tables and homework.

Mother served them meals made from foods provided by their parents, who formed quite a village about eighteen miles away. We all ate together at the same table. It was an experience in character-building to eat our dry bread and gruel-type potatoes while absorbing the aroma of thick fried cereal bits fried egg, chops in sauce, and listening to their comments on the quality of the canned stew so pride possession of their mother cook. And they served both at lunch and late on their bread, a practice held in our home to be not only vicious but verging on the obscene.

Beside their high living, they further augmented to by bragging about their dog that mad Russian the game of their sister. Once their visiting parents brought the dog along and it was a better pill to swallow when the meat — an instruction, actually performed a complicated between a widow and a gourd which might by a reasonable person be conceded as the Low German version of "Amor" — and in what other language would a dog be likely to communicate?

Mother was high on cleanliness, which in the area of personal hygiene, was to washing out of the kitchen sink in the morning, and washing our hands at meals. Saturday was bath night, as it round tub near the living room stove. Each one had a few extra of pipes of hot water added. The water got pretty gray by the time we had all taken our baths. I was required to change shirt, socks and underwear weekly. So in winter the long johns lasted for that two weeks because they were difficult to wash and dry.

If this doesn't sound all that sanitary to you! I have to say to five for a few winter months in a home where almost every drop of water has to be carried by hand from a well about one-long city block away. You might just find your standards compromised after a while. In winter the rain barrel was moved into the kitchen and beside the kitchen stove, filled daily with water to provide soft water for laundering. In summer it was outside, naturally gathering rainwater to reduce the amount of water to be carried in to provide soft water.

One of my jobs from a fairly early age was to make about four trips after school carrying two heavy pails to be filled with water. In winter I had a home-made sled on which to convey a cream can; sometimes the water detail to use in the daily

Another daily chore, winter and summer was filling the woodbox with chopped wood and kindling. Winter's sleighloads of unchopped firewood in one-foot lengths were piled beside the fuel, and those were tackled in rows along the fence. The pieces but to be split into halves or quarters before burning them in so shortie less-than-dry wood would catch more easily

Jim fell I was late when stacking the woodpile and I was ordered to set it somewhere back the reminder of an unfinished job. Mother said nothing until twelve or when we ran out of kindling wood, then remarked on how much easier it would have been to take the day's wood from a neat stack instead of digging each piece out of frozen snow before chopping!

Mother was perfect good to teaching through experience.

One cold, snowy day I took off my outer clothes after running home from school, to return myself before getting a my woodbox chore. Then I unreasonably managed to forget to go out for wood. Mother said nothing. That is, she said nothing until I was ready to go to bed when she

gently reminded me that the load just put the last piece of wood into her stove, and that it was likely going to be very cold when she left next day. I might have taken my chances, but when I saw the baleful glares of my siblings I knew I was dead meat if the woodbox wasn't filled very promptly. So I donned my outer garments and went out to split wood and bring it in. Rain really set in for good right after the last of it, from the window gently hushed the chopped chunks atop. I learned that evening that wet only was it harder and more dangerous, to chop wood on the dark than in the late afternoon it was also colder

Clothing was another category that suffered. Mother's dressmaking skills enabled her to sew shirts as if dresses and blouses. Because of this ladies was always acceptably dressed. Having two older brothers, however, I fell heir to a lot of hand-me-down. Their trousers with worn-out knees became my short pants several years later with the pantlegs laid aside to provide patches conveniently sundied for the seats by candle

One cold leather helmet was first bought, probably second-hand, by Herman, subsequently was worn by Vic, and finally by myself. When Herman came into possession of the earflaps was the middle-aged one, something of the kind I often had a fantasy that the lads had coaxed me quite a bit about my head one-downs, but I was this youngest and smallest boy so my claim became unanimous the tattoo pele, and sweep up protectedly was easily afforded. On the whole, some was a good chum, and I remember most of the members for dry but kinks are not always kind. I now realize some of their barbs served to divert attention from their prominence — or pedigree — of their own garments.

Mother knew very well-packed about anything she had the color of charity about it. Whenever I let myself think that folks might have been a bit more to help her I have to remind myself that you had to come up with a pretty plausible story to get her to admit that anything for nothing.

I don't remember what, if anything we had by way of a kitchen sink in the five houses Mother had something built in, or perhaps we had one, but I know we had none of the second house until one day a man named Bert Howe started to set most of Mother's and brought up some pipe with a sink. His story was I recall that he had bought it at an auction sale and it had a flaw in the spout he wanted it for So mother accepted it reluctantly but I'm sure, with many joy

The orange cardigan

On another occasion a church group got her to accept a lot of used clothing sent by some relief organization. I think this story grows was that it had been sent in error and it would be less costly to give it to them to ship it back. I only Mother would have to take it.

Mother accepted after being convinced it was not charity but the customs were mostly useless as my farmign to local styles — I use the word loosely — of the time that even the Salvation Army sent them I can remember, however when the found a cardigan sweater of unusual design that fit me perfectly I was bright orange with a black strip aligned with the button holes, and a black band around the base of either sleeve. Nothing would do but I had to wear it. The first day of school wearing this frightful garment but fortunately knew Marshall from my summer. It didn't help when an older boy a few doors from us took one look and dubbed me "Pumpkin". Marshall was a small Mennonite village about ten miles to the west, its hockey team, the Orioles were also orange just wore about the same shade as mine. He greeted me as "Skeeldo" every time he saw me.

Then, to rub salt in the wound, I discovered that a boy I disliked about a year younger than myself, who lived a family I disgraced, had coveted an identical sweater. But only slightly knew when I refused he had to wear his for Sundays, while I didn't. I didn't stop hating the sweater and family Mother dyed it brown I still didn't like it, but it allowed me to fade into the background rather than painting me center-stage in a garment that shrieked charity

One of the things that simplified the problem of obtaining was a much more voluntary dress code than is acceptable in good times. From about June I see young boys from most families, except perhaps the affluent ones, were nothing but overalls and denim or wool in the wet weather shirts

The underwriters often were hypnotized. We soon went to school barefoot in late summer and early fall except on colder days, and were secure and clean only for Sunday School in summer.

Earlier I mentioned dates geared to what could be canned or eaten, or might rot of the garden. Generally, this can go only so far and such staples as flour, sugar, meat (when little we ate) and other foods had to be purchased. There were times when demand simply exceeded the modest funds coming into the household. Then it became necessary to ask for credit at the Vogt Bros. store, where it was extended without so much as a raised eyebrow, a sigh or a question about payment. In those months it was unquestionably a semi-aid. Although Mother's pride suffered from resorting to credit buying, her dignity was sustained by the knowledge that she would surely repay the debt some day, somehow.

Incidentally Norman would go back for the Vogts as a clerk and truck driver, and his earnings were applied to the debt at month-end — less his small allowance and offset by additional credit buying that had been necessary during the month.

For several years, circumstances were such that the debt just hung there; we had enough income to avoid charging but not enough to reduce the debt. Then came the time during the war years when Pa, a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force, received his promotion and increased pay part of his pay to Mother. This was matched by the government, and the resulting cash flow soon permitted us to clear we had owed—and before. A big problem was the Vogt Bros. debt. It was something to see the astonished look on Mr. Abe Vogt's face the day I walked into the store and asked how much was owing, and upon being told returned the same day with the money to repay in full.

Having described material want, I should say something in defence of our lifestyle.

Like thousands of others who grew up in deprived corners in the depression of the 1930s, I can honestly say that I wouldn't trade my childhood for anyone else's, nor my family for any other family. I like each.

How can one describe how encouragement of older siblings, and an understanding and sympathetic parent can help one to enjoy daily, what in private could be counted as humble circumstances?

In summer we would play softball on the pavement directly across the street, about a city block deep on a three-quarter of two blocks wide. When we were younger the boys of the neighborhood would build "machines" in corners of the pasture with bits and pieces of wood. Just as we four had no knowit what, repressing fine cattle. We were so busy organizing and planning how much fun we would have playing with those machines, that summer days passed quickly as the organization took shape. We used four healthy Action Rainier cans as our pointers, and I invented and played all those games eventually when we weren't planning what we might do if we ever had one hundred dollars.

Softball was organized by the older kids and involved all — boys and girls — in the district, from Grade 1 through high school. There existed the upwards of five players to a side, and the pitcher was also the umpire.

My ability with base ball
Grade 6 — October 15 1940

For some years now, we had a love affair with talented baseball. The affirmation erupting on me as a result of watching the World Series. Certainly my early association with the sport was not such as to form a lasting attachment to it.

Back when I was a kid, when names like Bunny Irons and Babe Ruth were being bantied about, baseball for youngsters was not the organized pursuit it has become.

It wasn't baseball — of course, it was softball. We were required to play the game every recess from the day in spring that the school grounds dried up until the mid-June school picnic when the Grade 7 Senior" played the Grade 4 "Peps" and an inning or two of the best.

A 5-minute recess of unsupervised softball allegedly played indoors gave the kids at the business of the season quite a chance at her, and because each team had about 8 players, the rules were almost elegantly to permit assignment of fielders well behind the orthodox configuration.

My position was third fielder which might be identified as a point about 20 feet behind the right fielder.

Perhaps once a week a hard-hitting home might be

the ball the enough to until h clear through the right shrinkage capotine purposes added to accommodate manhood and even dribble through the holster or flap of the waistcoat pocket. This would leave no starting apparatus any in the approaching ball until ammunition had been used or the person held responsible capitulates. Then I would hold my hands out about a foot from the ground flags well apart and try to field the ball while the holster remained sided here and was happily home.

My sentiment there to the outfit was the seven hundred and seventy-eighth, and I would advocate back in my primitive shocker bursting with shame while unmanned observed shame to see for persuading the manner to swerve.

Fortunately there was also a certain amount in reason for faith. Where anywhere between 15 and 20 kills found themselves on the same lot with a ball and this is a boundary afternoon. After twenty kills in which carpenters throw those to five children played into another record with each in the ball individually after being wasted. In that game, everyone dressed up a mask in a letter was retained, in that year the corpse about player got to play the infield, pitch, catch and even take a swing at a ball.

Boosters and Boosterism

Editorial, *January 27, 1888*

During the Christmas holidays, a conversation that started us ended I don't know where converged to me that the local boosters in the city were all in a state of unappreciation and/or revulsion for the young. They it's about time something is needed to shut one brought back.

I suggest that there are a few people around by now who have never seen, for about until a booster. Let me describe it.

Think of a light board five to six inches wide, and three to four feet long. There it is wheel to the rail and another one capable of turn up in the floor. Obviously, both wheels run inside and inside in wheels are extended to, and for which purpose they were intended, but the main purpose is until she is pulled sharply left or right. A right turn from the front wheel and then a short handle that steers which the conveyance is controlled.

The rider projects himself or herself along with one foot while giving the rest of the body a ride.

Back in the days when few youngsters and be spoken the, was a mode of transportation many children could afford. If your parents couldn't afford it, they you a new one you could probably pick up a second-hand one on the nearest grocery until other members were known to fashion the necessary can.

In the meantime, it is told, bicycle riding was referred to as "running like hell to give your backside a ride." I'm not sure what occasion riding would be called out there but it was for both "to the office style." Riding one along wooden sidewalks (with friends in twos or more) or along paved walks or dirt or gravel roads sometimes left both experience and efficiency in the progression. Right now however I can see myself whizzing along on paved streets on a scooter wood.

Naturally no cross coming opponents are known to be be removed from the most insane. They will be made of plastic or synthetic tested for quick advancement, and come equipped with directional signals, taillight nap-holder helmet radio access mount, rear-view mirror and a five-gear automatic reversing responding the brakes, windsh, steering column and this makes just one problem.

Families will be expected to supply one for each member for however long the fad lasts, as it is likely to be bullet in a new castle, by family fun.

Talking and bragging about the scooter talk are back to another clothes store even more common than the corner.

The downside.

It was about time you didn't even have to have a level park to operate efficiently. With exercise, you could drive it through the backyard.

Everyone could afford it because you didn't buy it; even in manufactured into person that expired was capable of balancing one, although it might have any weapon in the process.

A footprint was a wood left, of the accessory bought from the yard or a little boy's hand to those cross brakes from the pavement when back in the middle of a bicycle.

The lads was pressed to the and by a 7-day another with a four to 15 inches long. Most children knew without being told that two rails were required to keep the 7-day from shifting and had to learn the hard way to ride open and

The footprint was used to propel a metal loop (in its barrel, then) anywhere from one to three feet in diameter. Some even some did bicycle or bicycle wheels a kind (but was not this) complicated contraption like those that left to let the footrest take the standpoint of maneuverability. Of course, you were, name the hoop striking by allowing it to run down the path, for this purpose held in an easy angle with the T-bar standing in the ground. He could then follower the running loop, and use the T-bar to steer, propel and otherwise control the hoop.

A footprint of all kinds was even more a hoop lying on the ground with the T-bar being the T-bar down hard a stick a way as to force the loop forward, then carry in the normal fashion, the using the stick also to cause the hoop to oscillate and weave in the most amusing ways.

What did it do for us as teens?

It gave a little boy's mind, hands and eyes a coordinated, which as a reward to traverse a level of gentle from Acme Courtesie to the edge and of village.

While we sports and juvenile companionates of yesteryear lit on long and shared the boring youngster rolling on old automobile tires along the street, particularly one with a smaller child rolling on the inside surface of the tire

The gopher harvest

Bennett, May 25 1983

And yesterday's account on Saturday included an anecdote about boyhood days, when kl arrow needs hunt gophers on the hills and their dense old and barbarous meat upon the stool.

He recalled that he and two pretend pals settle to create the ingredients and *barbecue*

The children's attendant was furnished only an 8 light solution at otherwise noxious potency, but this he lost not for. Now wounds as say exhibitions off into the household sporting meeting and he took itself in the head with my children and I also were in adventure and fortune in the quest of gophers.

Gophers, for those too young or remember *named* of science is pocket — one each pie and dispersed at the fourth M. office. Their, at least, was the going post on Mondays. If Guardian Gardener had come out minister and his friends got redder than I and but not tobacco-like yes

was already given to spending my fortunate (at least recently and watchful) before they were realized. That is early spring, when the hustle temporarily about the gopher heads which would contain one and glove-help exercises on how I would remember the poisonous

And just a habit of the food

Then spring would roll around, and none to make things happen.

We lived under very edge of town, right across the street for small farm a farm pasture, well penetrated with gopher holes. Also cooks pasture was an invitation well — an important asset and hunting gopher without suspicion.

Our tools for discovering gophers, you see, remained at home and a selling dog.

Water was poured into the gopher hole until all the animals were flooded. Eventually the wee animal would have to come to the air. The dog sensed or must the purpose of the exercise and would wait intently at the edge of the hole, should our gopher his nimbers to his near the opening. The moment the tip of the gopher's nose emerged the dog would snap him up.

As a reward, the dog would be presented of watery

We always was agreed to have a pair of head-to-those skinny copious, and Mother always dressed, with difficulty, the few coats she urged steadily for eating the school-operated cook. This took place of several nights weekly. On weekends we were able to start all day. If no livelihood, on a particular child fashioned by a flowering reticulum will in the more pastures we need for he'd as awesome

the body for a season period, after which the hit was removed and put upon the laundry bag

If the animal like it rather non-valid creature. I beg you to remember that it takes a lot of water to fill a gopher hole, and when the water is carried in little buckets by little boys from a distance of several hundred feet institution of the gopher was never particularly threatened

We also discovered one colony of gophers was a short hole feeding were an abandoned well. I don't know how many gallons of water we poured, but several days until the hill-like mound of water-soaking dirt was still a few yards away topped off with the hero the head of my gopher. We couldn't get without exhausting long term Red Rover.

The gophers haven't in any time been running near making a killing on gophers was where the rest of the If kl. accessory discovered this, customary all his hands, together with wives were near the hunting on he existed in the proverbial antithesis, but were learned of the hunting of the R.M. office.

He died quite nice y ears in his found, in the gardening of this pick 30 to 50 gopher tail that were hastily heaped at all

The accessory man have looked pretty suspicious when his son, never known for distinction to consecutive generals, came in with a tale of more than two tails. A the Rio Tom lawyer consequently the little excuse

Either the accessory found a new communities for the gophers or he poured gasoline over them before burying them. Curiously nobody who ever collected an pecuniary gopher tails

That fall was something else — remember years have which helped him better on his both excellence for him on every which he was 5 dollars worst and we were never punished for our particular excuse but the accessory now

The local soldier made was nice a little one for it and Those rich enough of were would wanted real soldiers for no fee a percentage of the hero pocket as he to make my soldier

Nature is a formula of owning on rather treatment, but the gopher tails hung what it was, and on benefit, young has about my new tails. I don't believe I ever gathered just another and was bother

Now I don' want you on think and was all I got are of the summer The war of it was pretty good are, I think About to and to and stuff.

On fall, winter and spring nights, after supper we would wait for mother to polish the chimney of the kerosene lamps, trim the wick and light it. Then we would all sit around the kitchen table to do our homework or read and pretend the books in our hands library. No book was ever thrown away in our house and even as a beginner a page was considered sacrilege. To this day I suffer a pang of conscience whenever I dispose even a paperback book.

For variety there were board games such as *Parchesi* and *Snakes and Ladders*, ones my white Mother would be prevailed upon to read me Grimm's and Andersen's fairy tales, and for one person at a time — before we had a headphones — there were comedy programs and dramas to be listened to on the crystal radio set.

The cry and radio set

MONDAY *April 13 1998*

For years perhaps even decades, it and here my much-cherished claim that my early childhood took place in a house in which there existed no appliance and or device which might not have been found in some farmhouse home of my grandparents.

What this proved was that I could be considered the amazing its between limitations [spelled] men and I not. Nonetheless was, at least with a perspective by removed from more in the wonders of modern innovation.

Our home was, too, late as electricity until the mid 1930s, we and modern plumbing and the set over an automobile. We bought our first radio shortly after the Second World War broke out, so that when I have dated our family's entry into the world of modern technology.

Then, also while editing copy for the Review's 75th anniversary edition, I came across something that triggered memory and shattered assumptions and attitudes.

Indeed, we bought our first radio in 1939 and that was our first technological acquisition of almost the latest-made appeal now, four years earlier by our husband. Certainly there is reasonably fascinating

could not have proved the home in my grandparents because there simply would have been nothing to listen to.

Those crystal sets were quite simple to make and required only a few parts — it still is among credentials the myriad ever when the station was existed by building instead, as I with a pride still possessed now called [I can tell a 1921 wireless' regulations as metal and that is about it.

I don't know if [I was not possible to sharpen ears in neighbours into one crystal set, or whether we just never were able to afford two working sets of earphones, but I remember that evenings, particularly [stormy nights, possession of the phones was an unattainable possession of the modern bathroom to be the evening.

I seem to recall the Stirton borrowing set according to the whole household but my mother and to step in and insure that my brothers did [not, proved by parent.

For night suppose that in the next brother I would in into the evening, but I was too young to count and anyway they needed an interesting and [spelled] to the grown-up programs.

Another good for Curtis Cornelius' And Haunts's programme normally. Sometimes, when Foster Brooks' [spelled] was funny of enthusiasm: you could hear his "He shakes, it SCORES!" at four away from the neighbours.

All the hits of High School age in the shorter and two-week crystal time and those who could not what made it specially by making costs a time-consuming and evening with that time the patience of mine

Since the exterior radios of members were [spelled as Wolverine, CKY and CFRC were CKRC — the answers suggested rather varies radials often strong from the home to that first building in the back part.

There were verified numerous when the radio Toronto brighter was it town were operators in outcomes was learned a three days and as one was crazy about paying the the of a few dollars. From my mother in few-sibling a there as you might what for this set consider [I think it could that [see

Anyway, the long and short of it all is that my [spelled] that radio have be considered as the years when it was about radio or younger

Ghost from the past

MONDAY *February 7 1998*

On a long-running drive home from the still getting heard what the radio's double between temperature static (Say-hey Baa-baa!) and an entire-gambling [spelled] Dr. Demento [spelled] Mr. [spelled] and of just one song a night [I program really needs it?" we [spelled] something the [spelled] and [spelled] [spelled] interesting.

It wasn't easy but after trying a chemical media program that was just one heavy and enduring 15 minutes of a talk show endearing about an international radio from upcoming to Christmas City we finally tuned in to, and settled the a CBC radio program.

It was an old English mystery production, about a well-to-please round who resides with her mother and sibling — one presumably stationary — most to the and have been her comedic white music

What distressed me was the sense of the production. As soon as I left I knew the feeling that I was missing something because the story wasn't on screen in living color.

It was like a ghost from the past sticking an hook in my deep before it became, what Scientology to the Late Ruth Hussey and the Cecil B. DeMille drama was a weekly event for anyone with didn't want to be classified as irrational ignorant.

Then, of course was the days when more outlet stories blessed the privacy of "Independence" Starting the 30s, at least in our town only the well-to-do had conventional radios. The average household settled for a home-made crystal set, picking through but either temporarily festooned by the teenage romantic interest.

Preparations and plans for Christmas began in fall, with lists made from the enticing pages of the Eaton's catalogue. I was paid a nickel-week for extra chores, but only on condition that this was put in my little bank for safekeeping. I experienced the anticipation and the logistical nightmare of one entire family doing the total Christmas shopping by way of a single limit order.

The Eaton's catalogue

memories: January/52 1976

Beside Prime Minister Trudeau's never-ever was about the first modern system, the most memorable of my life is the Canadian publish has been last week's announcement by the T. Eaton Co. that its mail order service and of course the catalogue, are to be discontinued.

Even today, with advertising beamed in from many directions, and with display windows jumping and leaping wherever they go, the coming of the catalogue is still an important and much-awaited event in any household that has women and children.

But those of us who grew up in the '40s or earlier see the issue not in the small towns of Canada, could hardly be more involved by an announcement that passing of the bible was to be discontinued.

"Why, explained one frequenter of coffee row, "the catalogue was the Holy Bible of my youth."

In our home serious Christmas shopping could not even be considered until the catalogue arrived.

If you think the fight about classics museum in today's house you should have joined the battles for the supplies on Saturday night when Father Knowle came on with his distinctive "Hello Canada, and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland!"

For the really big games such as the Inter-Technology-for-Lord's match the local museum show would have the hockey-playing team of St. Vincent, and half the town would be packed into the standing area and the cheering began.

Well, as said, for memories. Would you mind turning down that "Bay-bah Bay-bah!" just a few decibels?

Then of course there was the Christmas list to prepare for "Santa".

I always enjoyed my brothers and sisters by entering off with hopeless requests like electric trains (we didn't own a basic electricity), cowboy outfits and pedal cars before settling down to more realistic demands such as the 20-cent hard cover cowboy books carrying and true-passport my eats that they had wheeled before the TWO big flop of Christmas.

Then, everyone's wildest wishing been briefly made known, came the task of selecting a 5 .25 Christmas shopping budget several days in person pads, listing just a sentence or two reminder allocated for each person and to the items on everyone's list starting with each other in general feeling. A star "S" covering the main gift for "C" inserting out the selections in the catalogue for the current exchanges number and then final y the computerized task of totaling it. For there was an order form in front you hoping what the orders had

Combine this with two months of Sunday afternoon practice manners at church for the Christmas Eve Sunday School program the anticipation of a huge bag of treats and presents handed out as evening and weather Christmas holiday at home and the Santa manners as at least chilling two-month period of expectation and mind-torment that was enough to make your heart burst.

Tinsel season

memories: December 25 1984

One of the highlights of Christmas in my childhood was always the Anglican Eve Sunday School program, for which we practised at least two months. Every class sang at least one carol, and every child also recited a poem, sang a solo or took part in playlets in which we carried on hearty theological discussions something like this. "Tell me, Frank, and what do you think to name by the Holy Trinity?" "Frank" would then take it deep breath and give a

decided Melvyn and would confess to maybe a [illegible].

After all had been eaten [illegible] John [illegible] call for volunteer [illegible]. [illegible] the Christmas tree was lit, and Christmas gifts were distributed. Those [illegible] drew names for gift exchanges, and [illegible] teacher [illegible] to buy little gifts for everyone in the class that meant every child was called [illegible] to receive a gift. Some [illegible] the [illegible] to distribute their own gifts to other children. [illegible] (and the volunteer [illegible]) [illegible] put off the [illegible] which was the distribution of large bags [illegible] peanuts, [illegible] fruit and chocolate bars to each child.

For some children, these were the only goodies they received, and for most of us, they were at least the icing on the cake, so to speak.

Finally it would be time [illegible] usually the Christmas tree caught fire [illegible] a touch of [illegible] and we would walk home in family groups through the snow and [illegible] whatever [illegible] the evening.

You would think the kids would be tired enough for bed after so long a night, but the Sunday School treats simply had to be sampled and [illegible] the Christmas tree [illegible] to bring [illegible] [illegible].

In later years, after we [illegible], we would be allowed to stay up for the annual presentation of A Christmas Carol.

I remember being sick one Christmas [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] days. We didn't have [illegible] the [illegible] and bring back the [illegible] and the doctor would be [illegible].

The [illegible] and [illegible]

"What [illegible] that [illegible]?"

Naturally when the good [illegible] half an hour later I [illegible] and the [illegible] for? Always a joy in my family and everyone else.

There was a [illegible] woods about a mile and a half [illegible] would go and we [illegible].

[illegible] property [illegible] never [illegible] though [illegible] was carried out [illegible] daylight [illegible] to [illegible] prepared [illegible] was [illegible].

One year a [illegible] of mine returned with his [illegible] He had been dared by one of the boys [illegible] to touch the [illegible] with his tongue and although he probably should have known better he did it.

Naturally the tongue stuck to the axe, and he had to carry the axe, held to his face, for half a mile or more to the nearest farmhouse.

[illegible] I'd [illegible] Christmas.

A [illegible] to go a long way in gifting [illegible] [illegible] days.

One of the first Christmases [illegible] a talented [illegible] made a set of [illegible] style and wood. Another year he [illegible] toy truck and [illegible] slightly scaled and with [illegible] wheels to the [illegible] grounds. He was able to tighten the wheels, [illegible] the box, and they became my gifts, long cherished. As a matter of fact, they were handed down to a nephew of mine years later and [illegible] to this day.

Christmas tree hunting

[illegible] December 3, 1988

[illegible], we were there [illegible] and my talented [illegible] permitted to [illegible] their annual foraging into the [illegible] to cut our [illegible] Christmas tree.

If [illegible] a person who was capable of [illegible] than [illegible] it was my mother. The every year my talented and our [illegible] of a frosty December Saturday [illegible] — accompanied, of course, by [illegible] in the neighborhood.

In those days I didn't even think of it as stealing because the pine woods [illegible] of evergreens in the middle of [illegible] was considered [illegible] of a public domain.

Although it was privately owned [illegible] of teenagers assumed control of a [illegible] without as much as a by-your-leave. We were [illegible] without thought of trespassing when we played [illegible] felt like roaming around [illegible] and other [illegible] in the area.

But having in later years [illegible] without permission was [illegible] I can only conclude [illegible] without my [illegible].

The owner, after all, was the owner of the property and [illegible].

Nevertheless, I [illegible] that [illegible] of the [illegible] with [illegible] to the tree expedition had [illegible] — actual or implied.

You may wonder how such a [illegible] [illegible] if people were helping themselves to trees every year.

It wasn't really a problem. The pine woods [illegible] along the [illegible] edge of the

born, so and it was at least a three-mile return trip on foot.

Most of the people who owned cars had them stashed and put on blocks for the winter and unscrambled that out, as it seemed, only were horses and sleighs.

The few automobiles which used their cars at winter owned offered the less prices charged for Christmas purposes their used autos, and at any case would prefer and as driving car as poorly maintained roads and then sleighing held a while. A inter-drive snow as slowly drivers were

Bicycles are even stored away for the winter with fancy clothing, as mud made of unsuperstitious was use. Anyway, if you ever took a bike on snow-covered country roads with the hope of doing anything but carrying you will know the answer to that one. If you haven't, try it and enjoy it to thrift.

Found Christmas memories

SUBMITTED *December 24 1936*

Many of us hardly go to take a week or so to arrange from our Christmas to the town at the very thought of this sort of adventurous trip as well-wise, approaching and attending for weeks at advance.

Making ancient for Christmas finishing and entertaining was a big order as weather would begin looking much before the holidays. Most of the indoor goods were stored as our "summer kitchen" food such as bottle of canned fruits sampling as the seasons went.

Our Christmas dishes were very traditional even so, but rather opposite to see the highlights of the day.

You may find it strange, but of our home is consisted of only just three persons. Four persons and "visitor" she has a cold fruit soup (raisins, prunes, dried apples and apricots) thickened with starch or whatever. It will be familiar to most people of Germanic or Nordic origin. I have heard it referred to by Scandinavians as sweet soup.

If the person like a quiet holiday meal don't bother finding every far to, because we loved it.

There were a number of vital Christmas for this type of meal on Christmas Day.

Firstly: the many-coveted bonfire, or always-used-on main meal a room had Christmas was the about to change this. We couldn't afford a bed, and after stuffing ourselves with pyramid and ovens all morning, what could have done pleasure at a meal we couldn't afford anyway.

Secondly, it gave another a sort-of-a-jar holiday here coming a room meal. She went to church for Christmas morning service. He take were opened for reasons I have never understood but quietly appreciated — and when she returned home it was just a matter of the fire to stoke and settle down to a pleasant table and filling, whatever space remained in our stomachs.

One of the gains during on Christmas day afternoon was reading, while watching my parents and aunties

Interwar a reading freely and books were held in secret by his every Christmas each of as received in some time and perhaps two books. The catalogue you knew the next issue — offered a good hard-cover interest for 2/6 each.

Books never knew broken away and we accumulated a nice little library over the years, but after reading "Tom Sawyer" several times a year a broad new book at Christmas was really a treat.

Of course we always had natural Christmas trees with candles. We all grossly misconstrued that Christmas we should see across pictures of a real electric lights

Indeed, however and we were only permitted to light the candles here or four times during the season and then only with mother always near it. She is a harsh. Soon first trees was always a branch-catching fire, or "angel-hair" melting from no head.

Candlelit Christmas trees are not exactly new historical ideas, but some of the one of a very pretty good.

Sometimes we really said nights Holm and I would be permitted to bring down our bimbelow and sleep near the stove as the strong room floor. I remember one such night a few weeks before Christmas when we had succeeded in convincing ourselves that the weekend a block since the street was really Santa, and she it would need a be that big, able all, to take or re-of all the kids on the world. Next morning, he also had died, we found that actually himself the floor were not building.

What home proud could you ask for. Mother had this genius for creating happiness on all a minimum investment.

For instance when we at last's winter carnival was held a refreshment stand would be set up in the rink shack. Naturally we didn't have spending money and would watch with watering mouths as wealthier children ate their hot dogs and drank their pop. But we would come home that night and find that mother had made cocoa — a rare treat — and home-one fresh doughs we hadn't skimmed wrapped in heed, slices and we real with cotton thread. Many children also lacking money did, but certain some home is much beneficence.

The annual school picnic was held at the Board of Trade sports ground, about half a mile from

town, it met about two-thirds praise and one-third abuse, a power of popular. While many parents scrimped to giving their children more time alone in quiet or spending money and packing a lunch for them, my Mother being there was almost an article of faith. She would wash while Arthur mixed up more scrimping in and at lunchtime would have a blanket laid out with lunch in a grassy shady spot. To compensate for the lack of extra money she would offer us such rare treats as cheese sandwiches (grated to make the cheese go further), bologna sandwiches, egg sandwiches, home-made lemonade (perhaps made from synthetic and inexpensively sour-sweet) and a dessert such as rhubarb pie. On these occasions we would find we were living, in our peculiar fantasia representation of Mother's the life of a rural-cum-ill Peasant. Those of our friends whose parents thrust or confuse the picnic were always welcome, either to join or for the eveningmeal in the-house

Then there were more-in-likelihood arrangements such as the royal visit to Winnipeg which we attended as it indeed, for a small fee, and in which it was allowed to participate despite a poor conduct record in the preceding weeks. In the mid Mother's nature of occasion over what might have been simple justice.

Thai royal visit

Saturday July 12 1973

Prime Minister visit in Canada and the accompanying fanfare will have brought back memories to thousands of Canadians of the Royal Visit of 1939, when King George VI (sic) and Queen Elizabeth (parents of Her Majesty) became, if I'm not mistaking that last wrong, royal visitors to visit our country

For their day in Winnipeg, our whole school was marshalled to the big city and were assigned to Polo Park. For what was to have been a "drive-past" on the race track. Fine, treated in mid-May by a heavy snowstorm and inclement rainfall rendered the track impassable, and after several hours of watching some whether the Polo Park race track be not, we were finally fixed up to form a long 10-foot-wide corridor on the grass. The King and Queen plus entourage then walked the length of the corridor and back.

One straggling young man took it photo of the royal couple with quite unacceptable amateurism in the background peering then later for 3 years prints or something in that neighborhood. I would still have one of those prints in an album

I also remember the day for my disappointment in the country

For an historic an event, I was granted 5 cents spending money, or that I might buy a bottle of pop and perhaps an ice-cream it is unsure to them up my memory-mind hasn't keeping earlier the event.

What the royal

visitation ended up in Pink Room, which had, for the past week, displayed several accounts in its display it below a 15 cents against Mother was furious, and the rest of the family bowled with laughter, but I know better. Hush. I must all blind the creature which an event with to take the prize of Sue & Sue Johnston and waiting ailment, and in event, really wasn't

I went in point it mistaken of praising me this way to Winnipeg. Between you me, but don't want's mother Jubilee Street, probably not in all of Polo Park with a contrast in that lot.

Having this concrete subject, didn't measure up to a real royal visit, and We must didn't make a bit like the dividend stuff I received out of for poetry to have in four months me looking at that to it in history a rest, and I used for a new Prime Minister to Pakistan [illegible] had to take the rest home with me, where I print off for more with pride and likewise the child's than a school which would have been blank.

Convention

Saturday March 24, 1973

A popular radio dropped sure it on to point of the King George V to get with Canada in 1939 and was interrupted by Canada.

Another how every caught that not. Probably quite a few in spite of a growing number of subscribers who the convention 1939 it was George VI of course, was visited Canada in fifty-two

Occasionally though not instituted in sports, physically in by disposition Mother would even play long-ball with me on the front lawn although you had to catch her it pretty good aimed for that.

Our school report cards were studied critically and the teachers judgments were never questioned. Any deficiencies were considered accurate reflections of our own shortcomings or lack of effort (particularly in my case, because my cards were worst), and excuses for poor showings were not tolerated.

Despite demands upon her that required her to work from early until late, Mother's pace was never frenzied; she worked slowly and steadily with an economy of motion. She usually sang whenever she was engaged in simple chores such as ironing, darning or making noodles, and her gentle hymns of hope gave our home an aura of tranquility.

Admittedly she got cross when I used beside her sewing machine reading the vital statistics and magazine backgrounds of the backs of hockey cards, and she hated lobbering among the bread blisterpiety was the ultimate sin with dirty language followed and shouting out for husband.

Pride and faith in our own religion did not translate into license to censor all or hellfire other religions. We were not permitted to go to churches other than our own except for weddings or funerals because Church was not a place for curiosity-seekers. When visiting evangelists held meetings near isolated country-districts, even children from some of the town's more religious families would attend just to observe and set up. This was not permitted by Mother, and whenever these meetings were on, the kept a close eye on us, probably smelling out strange to be sure for once, part of the manifestation.

The church or cell to which Mother belonged was not represented in Steinbach in our early years there. It was more liberal than the local churches, something was permitted, alcohol was not absolutely forbidden (although anything beyond a glass of wine on a formal occasion was suspect), dancing was not condoned (except public dancing, as we understood it, was not). Attending movies, unobtrusively considered by the local churches was permitted if the movies were in good taste.

Until our new church opened in an old building which had once housed the Independents on a hill called the Mennonite Brethren Church, probably because there were more Mennonites among its members. So Mother had to walk a nightmare, limiting us to our own affairs without presenting us to temptation to do as those with other children after Sunday School.

As already suggested, the independent religious sect was not always passed down by Mother branched us no different to locals and non-sectarian alike, except for a handful of families with a similar background.

It would be less than candid to say that I never missed my friends some of the advantages offered by a mother's close by income, but I unchastenedly say I never wished to be elsewhere.

We were exposed an advantage owned by other kids in our town: a home in Winnipeg from which we were able, however rarely, to explore and savour the greater world beyond Steinbach. The local fellas reminisced over theme of contact with non-Mennonite tourists in few of those fleeting encounters in "the city," and trips to Winnipeg were our only stands of Egyptian Eden, the fair and the five-and-dime stores and perhaps a visit to the zoo. Our family was fortunate in that Mother's sister Eva Janz-Martin had married Isaak Martin, and their children through our younger years lived kids and always opened their home to us whenever we were able to run to a free ride to Winnipeg, and a few cents spending money. So were we to have a year we would be off to that one-mile excursion of ours, or three days and some hours bursting with stories of wonders welcomed

Centre of the universe

memoirs, *Voices 29, 1979*

About 80 miles east of Winnipeg on the Trans-Canada Highway, a master identifier that points as the longitudinal (I believe that's the word used) centre of Canada

I find and very appreciate. Because for me, for many years, and general area was the centre not only of Canada, but of the universe.

Actually the day-to-day and month-to-month centre was about 20 miles southeast, and in the days before we owned a radio or subscribed to a daily newspaper news and months might come without any real awareness of life beyond our village horizon.

The Pine Free Prairie Farmer brought news of the outside world, but by the time it was in "post mature" and total unity of people and places that seemed so remote in the events of the history books in the Bible.

But because I and my uncle and uncle Irving in Steinbach, we as a result managed to gain some wonderful joy about once a year to become our town and move a world as different from our village as the contents of Samaritans in the height of Athens and ours and because they and from experienced

A small town will always have a different flavor

and a large city the scene of the differences there disappeared as often as new dimensions. If nothing else the experience is why everyone (he believes) who grew up in a small city with the urban world and urban ways some of the centrality and glitter when we find ourselves in an alien of the melting.

Three *three-to-four days* used to take as there is Winnipeg. If today youth with responsible gentlemen, classic cross and outdoor activity, because set with them there the street find and more and then grown on the outdoor had formed into quagmire as spring, at after years business camp. There was wooden delectable descended from the teaching by wide green. Almost specialist with distinctions Rome-drawn wagons and bungalow commandment cars and every street and the blushing with for country scientists. The incidence of two outdoor, passing at an intersection was the small that corrosive courtesy dictated precedence.

The two-hour city to Winnipeg often penetrated by a may to-point a flat took as deep. 2 million of and country road, then 25 miles of the Bitmen Road is a gradual smooth of wheatland and grain-yard farmers while you imposed the pasturage and and what traffic for about a mile.

The road sign of the city was the narrow unveil into of St. Anne's Road, and the strange scene on reaching along the gentry boulevard with its characteristic high-pitched arms. Soon the spires of St Boniface Cathedral and explosive Fort Garry Hotel would come into view.

Suddenly you saw is on the middle of it all, the streets paved there with be each, concrete sidewalks packed with people immobile. In their sophistication, of the grandeur of eight-storey skyscrapers, noisy, motor traffic stop lights, long queues of jitney cars. Bonnie's gay fun-and-dance displaying some incriminate and the nostalgic flashing neon signs and theatre marquees with lights racing around the message in excitement chaotic.

Policemen, as leader-style helmets departments with the dominant red exclusive, newsies shouting out the headlines of the day and mass cars and buildings and people and noise.

In the residential district — at least the ones I saw in those days — houses rugged with other and the streets, wide on the sidewalk pale played lampposts had all gone to "Two-Two-Three-Five" and hospital and fireplaces of when boys changed through an entire dozen and taken.

Cobblestone areas rang with the alley-like city-sleep of horses drawing bread milk, ice and delivery vans the strong call of the leader and the noise of the engines and the low hum.

And if as you speak of all the loose-hanging glory you could wrangle a ticket for a session common had another ticket for bowlers from you know you were really there. speech in the session of that interval.

Where I came in

HARVEST, *February/6 1922*

A trip to Winnipeg inevitably had a name pleasing purpose and bringing about the whatever for labour of the city, we tried to work. A the necessary out to time home to view a double feature.

The best left out room at 8 L.S.D. (to manufacture) accepted at every village along the way and possibly more excused 40 miles per hour (that is about 64 kilos, kids) on the typical unpublished road system.

That means arrived at Winnipeg somewhere between 10 and 10.30, allowing about seven hours for business at shopping, a light lunch and about enchanting time of about hours in the same-before record of the dance.

Sleeping consisted usually of scanning back and forth between Eaton's, the Bay and Woolworth's as examples of every value, and with the singing bands had fresh along Portage Ave you scored what was showing on the Capitol Met Lyceum Variety or Garrick theatres. Nobody bothered looking at the clothing issues because they simply had no relevance to your own activities.

Once inside you sensed over the merits of the various persons as shoppers there and somewhere in mid-afternoon the shopping session would end and you would head for the centre of your choice.

Used by the dance would be held through one of the small business with the dance-hall atmosphere, although all manner of high and trade finds or no areas, had finally at the end, contained right outside be a number you didn't even know and happened

Then came the second Saturn, intermission, preview, rehearsal, curtain, and finally the beginning of the first feature, of which you had already seen the ending. As you escaped the dull sense of the final present in your westerly league to enable sense in a square-cut hood of help

Somewhere along the line the sequences on the screen would showing a strange familiarity and sequences would collapse: "I think this is where we came in."

Then staggering into the blinding day-light of the city street, walking to the nearest place and through the long ride home, you would compare what you remembered from the opening evening, with the later ending opening, and have a glorious free session-seeing of the story to all intended purposes.

It was early the same time, just the old times was: Come at back of it, that's where I came in.

Perhaps it would be useful to take a stroll through the village of Steinbach as I remember it from the mid-1950s. This is naturally from memory as the occasional shop may be missed as completed by new construction

The village format

What little research I have undertaken for this book helped clear up in my mind the basic layout of the village, something I had never really understood. It was evidently Mennonite custom, when new settlements were established for immigrants and refugees arriving in which tenure as thirty families were entitled to that each had an equal amount of woodland, pasture, grassland and farm.

Narrow residential lots would be laid out along one side of the main street long enough to accommodate buildings consisting of residence shed barn and some plan a substantial garden. The other side of the street would accommodate schools, churches and workers houses.

Water was important resource to any as close possible the village bottom would be planned to accommodate to whatever creek or other body of water was available rather than in reference to legal surveys. The Steinbach Creek flowed (in normal) diagonally across Section 35 Township 6, Range 5, east of the First Principal Meridian as a consequence the main street also ran diagonally across the section in such a way as to give the residents on original families sufficient land for most of their needs between the creek and the road, plus several acres on the northeast bank of the creek

The period of my memory dredged which I describing sixty years ago. Steinbach's settlement as many of the characteristics had given way to Canadian influences. For the most part, the long narrow lots on the northeast side of Main Street remained as did a few of the original pioneer buildings.

The lot's make a walk along one side of Main Street and back along the other, and when I first look at what was then Steinbach's business district. Some places will be typical of the Canadian small town of the period some will have a Mennonite flair to them, and others may be odd simply because they reflected the individuals who built an occupied them.

The street itself was a wide avenue, its dimensions probably determined by the space needed for a horse-drawn wagon to turn around without a lot of backing. The ruts were graveled and the shallow ditch between the driving surface and the sidewalk (except at the downtown blocks, but wooden sidewalks) was a row of grass, weeds and plain sand. Hitching rails lined Main Street through the 1950s and possibly a bit beyond.

Just two doors down from our first house, most typical of the Mennonite format was the first transport hardware on fields still needed to grain, and when I probably first saw a threshing machine a harvest time. The creek at about this point as I remember it, flowed through a few acres of uneven topography rare in the St. Isidore of the part of Manitoba. A golf course of about three holes had been established here for early residents with sufficient leisure, but it did not survive.

Two doors northwest of it stood a long white clapboard building the southern shop of Isaak Plett, local woodworking genius. A short grazing transport Isaak was credited with inventing and building the machinery used for C.V. Loewen's lumbering supply factory which then as the largest sawmill in Canada,

Isaak's place main

DEPOTT *March 25 1976*

Coming across some Saskatchewan Mennonite place men the other day on my mind wandering back some first time I saw the place my principle applies.

At the time memory begins for me, we lived next door to a little bungalow occupied by an elderly couple and their bachelor son Isaac at sixties (I never learned which).

The couple lived little and we neighborhood lores quickly learned that a knock at their door had a fifty-fifty chance of generating a mild interest

wrestle and a glass of milk, as we soon became steady customers, impelled only by older brothers and sisters who might interrogate us before we got to the door.

They also had a pet raccoon in a beak yard cage, in which direction as my own right, inside being a good excuse for a visit offering at least the occasional opportunity for patting; a kind like almost anything animals.

Last: he produced a saphire or a lanyer was a quite most always dressed in grimy clothes, who specially like to run as with no shingled and have the cottage a large yard. If he ever sold a just thought based of it but he was something of a sensational genius, and earned enough of his modern trade repairing machinery and solving convoluted problems for a local hotel businessmen had known.

But his real love was inventing and although his other men never have made him rich, it went beyond covering Boles Cooking-Oil devices for his own amusement library of the bookkeeping machine and the twenty processes through the Fox and this was manufactured on machine designed and built by him.

The old couple moved away soon, but Jack stayed on, setting up housekeeping, at a time room of the small one story and becoming the various he maintained for the rest of his life.

Unlike the old couple, Jack didn't run much for children the time had much with people of my age.

Next door was the C. F. Evens (pronounced Tarrel) shoe repair shop and, under the auspices of the bakery operated by his handsome and shoeshod wife Her Evens had beforehands temporized J. R. and R. Rouse "Not explained anywhere was the first that offered Ice Shoe Repair and Rolling House. At it on which most people used dry cakes of yeast of the grocery store shelves Mrs. Tom Hough Thanksgiving's yeast as bulk. For years a strudel of cake family was sent regularly to buy a nickel's worth of the soft, crumbly stuff for Mackerel baking. Sometimes in shame the one we were used for three cents' worth. I drew a thank we ever removed any less than whenever asked for a nickel's worth.

A few rambunctious and often a general stance. I can't think of everything about it in my earliest years, except that the store sold flavored sweet pipe a could trouble of a long paper envelope of a penny. I still eat often have a penny on I saw bake of the store's customer

A few years later the stores was asked over by Peter Vogt, a friend of our family dating back to Russia and the father of one of my closest friends in school. Mr. Vogt got much of his business by speaking not only those of surrounded, English, for also good Low German Germans and Ukrainians and possible French.

Age-old Dangers, or bad chains near the soft drink cooler such time two of them took in stitches on, of the cookery. Mr. Vogt added a cubic hand to a number already ringing his wrist, to be removed only when the drink is as good for

The Vogts made sure that plenty of ice bars had all the toys and sports equipment that would keep them at home and of his and made all the boys friends welcome every Sunday afternoon. They succeeded in making their huge yard and home Stalinbach's leading recreational facility for about two decades.

Christmas card memories

MEMORY December 17 1989

Every year we receive a card from and send one in it silently people whom I think of now

silently of course of fact, whenever my mind wanders back to my childhood I from the earliest days in the store I tell my home town — for this couple was very much a part of my life

The family of my earliest memories, lived little

unsure from us and their oldest son, whom some wag said looked like Stevenage Old Boy, was a very good wicket-keeper batsman and through most of school. At the Grammar School he was also a player. In the Senior XI, with only three out of eleven to today one of Chantrell, the matching players.

As the years rolled along, three years more were added to the family, and with it most of us... the parents might have been finding it very hard to encourage their youngsters from growing up to take into the house.

The episode was true however. The parents were determined to keep their kids at home and out of trouble, and in some fun, they made huge part and a huge home. The episode was particularly large in a crowded room the kids present more than pressed the family living.

The kids had many games you could imagine and all the members of the outdoor games, and were kids many hungry existence there being was the gathering place for the whole county very Sunday afternoon.

In the spring summer and fall we were organized to play outside. As mentioned, the yard was huge, extending at least 300 feet in a wonderful area and to the south.

We played soccer by kids and took teams football, rugby and cricket, football, cowboys and Indians, games, and sometimes we just came to be kid.

Whenever the game got out of hand, or if we pushed in the younger brothers and they ran in for support from Mum. Mum would come out and somewhat in gently which I told we took charge — as Mr. Wag would character at in his inimitable bass voice — which filled us with fear.

Whether or not the whole gang was invited for supper appropriately after the games and finished their meal or whatever peace was possible with up to 20 kids in the premises.

Mum was the "mastery" in an called it, where the Stevenage Weekly was produced. The Limerque operator could be watched through a window fascinated not more than a foot from the nose I was always fascinated by this machine. I don't have ever lost. A few doors past this was Reg's Plymouth-Chrysler dealership. I don't think it ever fazed well. Perhaps there were just too many family members trying to live off a business such a limited potential.

It does not special mention in the aggrandized for one of Stalinach's many dynamic business men Alec Fenner: an ambitious and persuasive young man, he said to have talked his way into a sales job with the Regalia. It matter while most people forgot about town until spring was at his wildest night, legend has it the Alec would knock on a door and go and see the country's selling every used trucks he could get rid of. In person who lead all the time in the world to have his name sung. Before long he opened his own Dodge-De Soto dealership, took in his brother John and they sold to many cars that they formed it their trade to split with John opening a Plymouth dealership. It was probably there business acumen and drive that inspired Stalinach leaders to establish the town as the automobile capital of Mantoba, reputedly selling more cars per capita than anywhere else in the country. The brothers also established a tire company that became fairly well known (Fenner Tires) and bought out by a larger company and a road construction company. Alec now lives in Hamilton is a mayor for a number of years.

Still a few years as the future was two-headed, three-sided Pete's Inn opened to the early we years by hardy driver Pete Kehler and his wife. Two became the hangout for the street loiterers it was replaced by a new large building which would be the town's top watering-tip many years suffering Mennonite dishes as well as Canadian fare. Next door to "Skinny Pete's" was a John Deere dealership operated by my partners who were inseparable, and who owned a team as an quietly together as the small suits office or in summer on the sun front of the office, jumping in or walking and just waiting for business to come around. Next was a small "lavender" office one of several local cottage businesses as well as a community not located as far as they. The new building in my east on memory housed a second hand store, but this was soon taken over by Ugg Bros. Sheets and later who also operated the taxi for some time. Herman my brother worked for them for a number of years, driving a truck almost daily into Winnipeg to pick up cans of manure from the small inland farms in the south and east rural areas, and at the same time taking orders for goods to be delivered on the return trip. Ugg's was paid for every load of manure cans shopped. He would also take orders to be forwarded to Eaton's mail order house in Winnipeg, again to be picked up by the farmer inland.

A large livery stable behind the store became a bottle-graded set Sunday Mennonite for stories of young lives, friends of twins John and Ronald Ugg, armed with repeat-action rifles loaded with rubber bands cut from home inland.

Since a year or so average, Herman would take me with him on his routine trip job was to hop on to open gates consisting of three strands of barbed wire and wire of light poles then close them after he truck and passed through. The open gate was marked — we had one some time during the morning there would be a lukewarm bottle of pop purchased as a convenient bottle village store. A house was refilling a service vehicle, a nice privilege for me. As I say I got to do this also once a year before I had difficulty reaching the gates which had to be opened last time closed and Herman a small and up having to come and and help me. It would take him about a you in forgive me.

Ugg Bros. had a general counter where rural customers Common and Ukrainian farmers — might set and to their lunches usually consisting of a length of bologna purchased for the purpose with chunks of "bologna bread, and washed down with a bottle of the famous cheapest pop at a table. Like in most country grocery stores of the period commodities such as salt, sugar and flat were towed in large bins from which they were scooped into brown paper bags. Stores that sold tobacco products — most Steinbach stores did out — customarily had one spice package of cigarettes for smokers inclined to indulge themselves to the extent of one or two "ladies' smoke."

Next door was the creamery, where dairy farmers delivered their cans of cream and where the transfer delivered cream picked a by their trucks. The creamery pasteurized cream for resale and made butter.

General Store was most a large general storefront was operated by partners who also operated the flour mill. The manager was a short friendly man with the shape of a barrel. He was also the assistant to one of the leading churches (Mennonite minister of that period were ordained and received some training within the church but did not receive myself of a salary as they had to earn a living to some way. He was and to have baldness and lads were always amused to how many mixed candies they got for a penny. They managed to get him, rather than one of several men, to wear on them. The business was the early depression years for reasons unknown to me.

I am not sure just when the J.H.B. Loeb was agreed next door but it must have been fairly early in the 1930s. It was customary to say German to refer to a Mrs Dyck as the Dyckette, Mrs. Kaup as the Kaupette and so forth. The operator of J.H.B. Loeb Mrs. J. H. Hamm was invariably referred to as the J.H.B. Loeb. As teenagers with nothing to do and no money to spend we would hang out as J.H.B. Loeb until Mrs. Hamm tired of us and sent us packing, after which we would walk the streets for a while, or hang out at another cafe for half an hour or so, then return.

Although most of the members of my town moved during the ten years were chronically broke

no apartment rooms up and Sunday afternoons walking from one hangout to the next.

In the whole stretch so far described there was an interesting street: although several runners fail meetings from Main. Next to J. F. E. Lunch was Brower a repair and machine shop rather than a dealership, as I recall it although at any go to learn an agency for a line of farm equipment. It burned down when I was in one of the lower grades in the old school, directly across the street.

The house that was the pioneer home of this branch of the Brower clan was not a stand in past past the garage and flanked by Reimer Avenue, which dismissed the motley like diagonally from corner to corner more or less. It was fitting that this byname family occupied the keystone location. Several Brower builders were among the district's earliest settlers, and continued copiously. In almost 1946, 65 Reimers were listed in the village's telephone directory. Besides many Reimers listed in the exchange of nearby villages. This was at a time when it was not unusual for a family to have a telephone.

First Reimer Avenue range F F Loewen's Garage, the first General Motors dealership in the area where We worked as a bookkeeper for several years. This was followed by C T Loewen Leather Yard, to supplying a hardware store, millwork house and the bookkeeping supply factory already mentioned. It was a fortunate coincidence that our employer, Loewen-Isle windows throughout western Canada. There was also a good behind the millwork factory. Jan married from the pool so winter was almost in summer and cold to two severe in summer for barbecue and calm smoking needs. We sometimes swam in the mud-bottomed pool to summer and occasionally am the ice. It was probably high on protein.

Two residences and three Grocers's pool rooms and barber shop. The Bulard pair as was one of the village's few concessions to human frailty in it was not a place for respectable patronage to patronize. Sometimes I was sent to Mr. Goosen's for a haircut because its "changed" and those customers ended in men's days. My scarcely map of hair emerged thin. It was known in its pile, and entering the thin was to be charged service probably did and help as to be used to be rough.

Summer hairstyles

SUMMER August 3 1972

While shall probably the a hopeless reactionary I must admit the younger generation for having influenced a more individual outlook about hairstyles.

It's not that I don like the look of a closely trimmed kind of but on someone else. My problem is that I have always and a thin about business and barbers.

My earliest memories of the penetrating distress include the memory of standing first of five or when my mother after much procrastination on her own part, and much pretty nudging on mine would finally guide her hand upon among my peering through a jungle of washed hair high merely and pin inside whatever she was doing in order to do her duty by myself and society.

A finished was placed on a stool it was encouraged in a sheet, mother would give her instructions' scissors, an experimental snip or two in the air and we were away on the operational task of so called hair-dressed.

These shorts may have been sharp enough to cut cloth; they and to be because they a love mother carried for daily forced for a family. But they were women's scissors for cutting hair.

Part of the problem, to be sure, was the fact that I also had an aversion for combing and did an only under duress, and so superficially as possible. Thus, when combing they used to become tangled in clumps that at last been gone time came a comb and proceeded towards the top layer of the the became distraught suggests in correcting the matter.

At last mother had grew too old for home-style hair cuts. (or perhaps too big in courage or the frustrated-sheer arrangement), money was still not available to permit barbers as often we would have might have divested. The one barber who would give you a haircut in our parish. (was) a great man who, in mid, had a team of gold understands, but that's prove it.

He had a room in front of his shop, and when business was slow he would sit there in his easy chair with his paper hair opened "Pole and wait the world go by. Whenever went by there would yell and the old man would point at me knowing that the day was approaching when he would train might have to make my magic. I always looked for other way with tears of terror gauging my eyes at the very thought of the ordeal.

Old George was noted for saying he was much fonder of the dog than of other folks kids. Never doubted this statement for one second especially when confronted on his close cool footing, to him never about kids who didn't have enough blood to reach their feet.

Anyway you will understand how I have a thing about business. Even when short-term cuts were in vogue, didn't manage to shift into whether they could. I can't understand at least a three-week term, and then a waiting list of one day enough to make me pull out the monster mail.

I suppose the men with it once at least have their best interest every week or so, but count me out. I'm planning a refresher where I can visit at least three or four weeks without even feeling guilty about my lack.

Another grocery store, Woolsey Grocery was started next door to the early 1930s. There was nothing particularly outstanding about it in my memory although I have this feeling that it was the forerunner of a fairly successful grocery chain.

Next northwest was a structure of some size that had housed another grocery store, one that went broke or out of business in the early 1930s, and which was subdivided into a butchery, Frank's about social work and Brandt's Cafe and Beer Hall. Rough boy travellers, the cafe catered to a better class of people and I was never comfortable there. I confess to more confusion here but all the businesses mentioned there was clustered fairly close together.

The final brick Ada business building on that side of the street was Hoobert's second hand store, with used furniture a specialty. They promoted a slight ide: Hoobert's problem, because there were months second hand store in town owned by another Mr Hoobert. Over ninety percent of western Canadian Mennonites either have come from Russia or have descended ancestors, and because genus occurs until recent years landed to be flaunted in the tradition of biblical names, nicknaming was common and often borrowed from the individual's occupation. So the dealer was referred to as Second Hand Hoobert while the other, who also operated a butchery, was known as their was labelled Butcher Hoobert. Any small misfortune, habit, characteristic or incident could attract a nickname that stuck for life. There was a man by the name of Wiebe who bought five-cents worth of peppermint candies whenever he was in town. The nickname "Five-cent Wiebe or "Dollar Wiebe" stuck for life

Between Hoobert's and Brandt's was the Bank and Waverly Store which also served as the post office. Late in the 1930s the bank's first federal building dominated this handsome brick structure, was built at Rosser and Main to house the first "federated" post office

There were two more enterprises on the northeast side of Main that might be included as businesses.

An unemployed or underemployed labourer converted a square hole about one hundred feet behind his home on the sloping floodbank of the creek, lowered the sides with wooden shoring, roofed in with from an entrance well next door and furthered his remaining pool upon his business.

We worked there one summer on package tour on post attendant and lifeguard. I doubt he could swim more than ten strokes. In fact of wages he was paid at least in part, work-running privileges for himself and his siblings. So far this glorious period I was able to skip my swim all never all afternoon a week and join the "swarthy" as possible. Guess I was according on the edge of the pool at about the four-foot level, and the neighborhood retarded boy pushed me in. I choked and sputtered at water just over my mouth while the boy jumped up and down beside the pool laughing with delight because I failed me and just my lifeguard brother I and after regaining my breath, I repaired it the brother and and taught myself to swim

Also at the neighborhood was G C Kartzbuer a painter-teacher (such as the days when village citizens were conducted in Germany) and at this time the Walter's dealer Douglas it summer that would have detected most people but was very sociable and could talk cordially even to children. He once told me of taking a trip by steamer to Winnipeg, about forty miles distant. The round trip took at least a week. His daughter Mary was my special friend (also, briefly my son's sweet

ARCHIVES HAPPY HEYDEBATE

than two minutes hours! The youngest of two sons a late-in-life offspring, visited us once every year-before Easter usually on the Saturday of the holiday weekend. An intellectual he did not gladly participate in neighborhood sports, but could be relied on to be the questions he devised for himself!

A dream come true

Winnipeg Free Press May 22 1957

A young man came into recently but somehow I haven't gotten around to appreciating it.

Well it this come true quite in the way that I dreamed it in my younger days.

My mom a 30-year family and to cook up for the hell building here—like contingents to fit more for less it needs where the house had out from workers more together

The one had it now, a meeting when do house paid never realized in the end of a monument(s), member relief, the my gear staff, which I would jiggle interruptedly to signify the exhibits going the resident and five food potato manner gone speaker dinner stopper

Naturally there's no fun in driving steam you in going somewhere, so I tried to pretend that the dream was going covered. Every time I counted to 100 were mile-was dreamed to have been travelled. Around with a road ramp and an accent road goods thereof went 216 miles, how much at and busy for not mile turn was in Regent-thereby, persisted stayed it to more the hand. signals had turn the about in the appropriate manners.

But imaginations notwithstanding, it quite pretty restless counting to 800 so yet I was once just noticing lights which replaced signal and turn the wheel later.

I happened upon a map of Nova Scotia, snapped out upon it once and was able to relate that not necessary by being able to count only to 50 before sinking a turn. But even then uncertain cooled up some fun in the weekend that is the contention

Then one day I spied Lynn K. a few short dozen sitting to the front room pumping away on an exercise sewing machine while intently watching its mystery motion odometer lookup and wondering the rules go by.

I found with, but quickly remember the thought of selling another for the sewing dreamed with which she spent one hour and half hours. In any case, whence the odometer?

Inquiries prepared to offer a fortune although I hadn't a them to my name. Would how would he much to the factory

He shrugged and said "You can have it, then to my heart was about to hand with joy its added, "maybe after get to 101,100 miles"

The recorded mileage in that moment was 91,278.5.

I signed briefly for waiting then down inside of a mile dripping for so already was more than I could bear I left however with a measure of hope. So I was ill, was a different person person until back to decide that if he had made his mind up to reach the 10,100 mark I made it he would. The "maybe" part of the promise I put out of my mind. Why cross bridges before you get to them.

Months went by and years, and every now and then I would see Ernie working away at his machine. The horrible image of how would he reach mail just long enough to that they asking.

Even I, never did reach 100,000, as it he did he never told me.

But a few weeks ago our household smelled an enormous bright and not free to spend as many hours as I care to pestering away and watching the miles turn upon the odometer

As mentioned, the dream-like scene has just as in the way I learned it. Nearly 10,000 miles.

And many of that, I think I just held off until the time got the machine looked to. Any newcomers 100,000 miles.

Eddie Kerr-Dineen, about one block off Main, was C.E. Princes a well-driller who operated throughout southeastern Manitoba

Crossing the street Peter S. Kempel ran a traveling business on all his house with the older of his entire years, and next to his northeast was Frederic's blacksmith shop. This years was either already on is way to extinction or over-stuffed or possible birth. I remember the father and two sons speaking quite a lot of them just standing outside the front door. There was also a barber's shop right on the Main and St. shop, on which the oldest of the sons remained his commercial interest for the few who came. I was sent there once or twice but on how was then just shut down town.

Past the small Hebrew-one church complete with a little graveyard dating back to earlier times (which I passed in full gallop on dark or even moonlit evenings) and beyond a few more residences was the Steinbach Telephone Exchange, a private company a those day

In the 1920s almost everyone listened to a popular weekly news comedy installed "Silver

Magee and Molly." One of the regular routines had Fibber, a glib scatter-brained Irishman, making a telephone call through a mutual exchange. He would say, "Operator, give me Bensonhurst, seven-eight-one-ohhh-hhhhhhh is that you Wee? What's up, Mert?" The sound he followed by a series of ribbings and questions or jokes with grave or outrageous overtones that set system Molly gasping and hollering into thank before losing given the details that brought the room literally to gummy tables down in a hilariously unimaginable and certainly immoral.

The Rubinbush exchange had an operator by the name of Myrtle, and naturally she got the "Oh-is-that-you-Myrt" routine both on the job and on the street.

A small and extremely public assurance and it of course Fibber was followed by Friesen's George, the gummy Ford deliverably. It proved to be the ground one winter night, and was replaced by what was considered a modern building by the standards of the present-day economy. Most of the many street-type buildings included building structures with a moderate by the name of Frank Sensativity and refinancing local hockey games. In fall we would all troop to Friesen's for brochures on the new cards. The salesmen looked about what I name the prospects and then would go into a long, long sales talk seemed pretty slim to those years

A real Friesen Avenue on the village's only financial institution, the little branch of the Royal Bank of Canada. To see it took an air of sanctity and mystery other because of the grandeur dimensions of the managers and the main teller, as became the barred wicket bespoke untold wealth beyond the means most mortal clerks.

Behind the bank was the Friesen Modern Shop on Friesen Avenue, and next an Shaw was Friesen's Jewellery and Watch Repair. In front of the jewellery store stood a pretty high table, sometimes when one of the gang had a penny to spend, he would retire to the rear and shop out, the penny would be deposited, ally's while the most basement would put on before the first get off, and so on until we had all been sought for a cent. Having found that we could a penny with no anything as such as to starting our weight. A small office next door was occupied by Penner's Transfer another trucking business whose trucks they years knew were Dominion installers on business throughout western Canada and beyond. The office of the Royal Municipality of Rosenort was followed by several more restaurants and then Kroeker's Blacksmith Shop. Emigrants west of Germany to the Black Sea country of the mid I was never clear on whether they were coming to or fleeing from there, some still connect on for the baseball team.

Behind a wood fence stood the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] between Kroeker's and the hotel, several farm implements to school as a [illegible] every day and put [illegible] horses at the stable. Even in the early 1930s there was a roaring business. The second hotel of [illegible] known for its automatic bargains. If you called the price of any item — few items were tagged — the owner or clerk would cheerfully charge it. Not so nice, that's 25 cents on maybe 10 cents you can be sent for 50.

The Tavern Hotel was an anachronism of two hotels that had been built side by side. One section boasted the best parlor where had been bestowed after a period campaign and conversation that probably would make a book in itself. The long verandah in front of the one section accommodated the drivers found, in those days, were every one and were hard. They dominated lands on the bench with three feet on the porch rail and passed outside to answer on the passing motorists. They were "the boys from the Branch Works of the L.I. After a time strict supervision.

Most of those could be rallied to help by the prospect of a football game. Once another youngster told me there was going to be a baseball game that evening. I asked him who it was playing and he said "our Lafrenieres against the Hotels "The Hotels?" I asked and he said "Yes, the guys who work at the hotel." Naturally, he meant the rest that does not the hotel parts.

The hotel was operated by the Peters family, whose [illegible] son, John, also ran a barber shop in what had been the office for one of the hotels.

Nestled into a narrow lot southeast of the hotel was the Fruit Store, which had I seem in retrospect a bunch of bananas and other fruits in its display window but proved chiefly as a cafe. It was a favorite hangout for the high school crowd. While it changed hands a number of times over the years it would operating in 1936 as the Pioneer Cafe, its exterior enshrouded

Just preceding the Belmont Avenue intersection was the Schwartz Brass stores selling Cadillacs for ninety grands and what have you. It burned down one winter night as the nasty Wilshire trend was replaced by a full two-storey office and apartment building with imitation Ionic railing. I think it was one of the first Detroited commercial buildings that did not have a pinhead roof and a false front. In both a doctor's office. NOMP office, drug store and maiden aunt suites.

The "old" school occupied a large piece of land on the other side of Belmont Avenue. By the time I entered Grade 7 the new building in the rear had been completed and I was one of the classes herded Grade 13 Creative I read it became accommodated in a Main Street commercial building that had gone earlier, and Grades 7 and 8 were taught in the Westminster Presbyterian Church. A few years later a "new" school was opened two blocks southwest of the "old" school (that now was working its penultimate as hanging rooms—no buildings), and installed Grades 5 to 10, plus such fancy options as Home Economics and Typing.

As for most people, school memories alone would fill volumes, but [illegible] aside for a few [illegible] columns it's time now for years

The old class

Newspaper: September 25 1975

A month or so ago Bill Smiley held forth in his column about birthday messages [illegible] almost [illegible] our copyright about my then upcoming 48th number, in which I had been feeling harassed for months.

As it happened, 13 of our original beginners class of about 45 turned 60 [illegible] many were helping nearly grown to middle age spread, but on the whole reasonably prosperous and healthy looking.

All of course had finished the age where they could be regarded as show in receipt. But there are always a few who manage to have their cherubicy look that stays 10 to 15 years off their age, while another handful begin a premature old.

Close to half of the total class showed up, many with husbands or wives, since so many were themselves [illegible] been members of the schools surrounding school or [illegible] of.

A special guest was our Grade 1 teacher, Miss Kerr-Cochran, whose name has grown to become [illegible] primary education in the province. Cochrane. One was her first Grade 1 class and [illegible] taught in a multi-class country school for several years, so the occasion has more significance for her [illegible] to me!

Our Grade 1 teacher was a theologian and author of several books, penned all the way from St. Louis [illegible] The way we greeted across the floor to the current known looked pretty easy to us, considered from making a direct reference to the book to take a swing at me and hit the nearest wall instead. Doesn't say much for my conduct on the occasion, but about even the days of double jeopardy — you provoked the warfare was celebrating you, you stood an excellent chance of getting another slice of the same shellacked at home.

A P.P. was always a character had to be. He turned to call upon a youngster who hadn't been paying attention to answer a question. Naturally the lad would stand there trembling, biting his lips and shuffling his feet, while A.P. would plead with him: "Please say something! No [illegible] you know any answer! Say anything, say 'Saskatoon' but say [illegible] just anything!"

The same would usually end with the redhead holding allowed to stamp into his seat completely humiliated. But the new pals standing and exper[illegible] day knew it was normal to emerge in summer [illegible]. He got away with it too — that was. Of course he knew of my writing some too.

The plan days

Newspaper: November 3 1932

Following this time of year — approaching Halloween — but thoughts of the [illegible] turned to Christmas Carol.

Well, I didn't exactly start. I was Second-Carolist Boy, who appears briefly in a pantomime scene, then there was no room, in memories, and passages from [illegible]

The [illegible] what I was. [illegible] the plan was put on by the [illegible] Inc of course no end-supporting colleague would consider the part of a [illegible] 15 to a Second Carolist Boy even [illegible] play the parts of the youngsters.

The first-season event in which I took my stage [illegible] Second Toronto Scrooge being chosen by the Great of the Christmas Present the children of the impoverished Cratchit family, ending their tenancy Christmas carol.

And believe me, [illegible] — me, and at that we haven't allowed a stable.

A plane of membership — my early fledgeling — but our [illegible] have been spotted by television and [illegible] had to do for both nights. The drama group you will understand, was meant to [illegible] Cratchits.

We showed that our hands [illegible] for the need wishes on the first night [illegible] Cratch accordingly

and so the sandwiches had to do for the second performance.

As we could see it, there was as much commotion the second night, and we sooner had our items ended when Tiny Tim, Second Church Boy, and the Boy Soprano, one of the Christmas Pasts were stuffing themselves with sandwiches. We ate the whole plate before a horrified and angry [illegible] could said in almost horribly that the sandwiches had been contributed for the cast party to follow.

We felt properly chastised and even guilty until it occurred to us that we twice hadn't been invited to any cast party.

A tribute, sort of

SUNDAY *February 22, 1984*

Every small town probably has, or used to have, a teacher who became a legend in her own, or her own, time. Usually they were disciplinarians, dedicated to pounding knowledge, respect for authority and a degree of common sense into a head of skulls.

In our town, it was A.P.

Since the final Grade 8 exams were high school entrance exams, with at least some input from the department of education, it fell to A.P. to try as best he could to make up the several years of loose-[illegible] for her [illegible] and discipline.

When the day finally came when we marched into the [illegible] classroom for the first time, we chose our seats and sat down decorously the moment the school bell rang.

We had known that in A.P.'s classes students were known by number rather than name, but we had expected some little ceremony, such as "You, Susan, will be No. 21, and you, George, will be No. 35."

No way.

A.P. marched down each aisle, pointing a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

These numbers quickly became ingrained in our minds, never to be erased. You could ask me to this day [illegible] [illegible] what my Grade 8 number had been, and I would answer "Thirty-two" without hesitation.

If any teacher tried to do that today the human rights, school boards, and [illegible] people would laugh at.

While the main purpose of that numbering may have been psychological [illegible] impressing upon us our fundamental worthlessness — there was also a practical purpose. A.P. hated random tests, and we had short ones every day of the week, in most subjects.

We exchanged the exercises and as soon as your answers were all correct your number went on the board for that subject. It took less time and spared us to have a number instead of a name.

Infraction of rules, revolutions, rudeness and anything else that incurred A.P.'s displeasure resulted in him bellowing, "Number 29, number to the board."

When the 4 o'clock bell rang, this was usually the end of the schoolday for the Grade 8 class. No. Some nine of us went joyfully: everyone almost invariably had his or her number on the board under at least a few subjects, then for general misconduct.

At 4 o'clock we would begin cleaning the slate of our numbers — through correcting our errors. For numbers posted on general principles, we would be detained at A.P.'s pleasure, usually until everyone else had left.

But back to that first day.

To make it clear that he would brook no nonsense, A.P. told us he had once thrown four husky boys out of the classroom window and he wasn't afraid to tackle the biggest of us. (The story was true, too.)

He warned us that he was going to hammer the lessons into us. But if we didn't absorb them, this was our tough luck, because we wouldn't be promoted.

"You will cry," he chanted in a deep voice, "and I will sit and laugh."

It wasn't a good year for A.P.

He had a sick child, a sick wife, and to himself had a bout of [illegible] fever. In spite of this he would come in regularly because of a few weeks when he was hospitalized, at least. (I do remember a horror for [illegible] and will try to motivate the rigorous pace he was known for.

A.P. also loved music, and he was determined to make some of this [illegible] off on us. Out of his meagre savings he had bought an old gramophone, and a small collection of classical music, and several times weekly we would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which we would be expected to [illegible] from Aida, "The Mikado" and other operas [illegible] [illegible] Dell [illegible] and other favourite [illegible].

We were tested on this too.

If we couldn't identify a piece after half a dozen bars our numbers went on the board.

A.P. was tough but there were times when even the dry sense of a [illegible] in the classroom during recess and broke several records. Nobody dared to admit to this one because that would have meant horrors forth.

... is happy when this year was over.

... have often wished I had [illegible] him for several more years.

A long, wide two-storey building next to the old school housed H. W. [illegible]'s Ltd., a grocery and department store with a haberdashery department on the second floor. It was established by a pioneer businessman who was a man of vision, installing large show windows when such were unheard of in small villages. It was a successful enterprise that carried just about every type of

merchandise, but began to come apart in the 1990s when the family patriarch fell victim to the ravages of age. Feuding heirs, I believe, contributed to the grand store's demise over a period of several decades. About thirty years later its bankruptcy was deferred when a young newspaper reporter story a radio program, set forth, disclosed that high-button shoes and alcohol-based patent medicines — just to mention a few of many merchandise — could still be found on its shelves of the W. A. Antique dealers stampeded the store and deferred its end for another year or two. I seem to remember it fare doubtedly not clear first since was I part of the H. W. empire (in with the garage or machine shop across the street and unemployed earlier)

Carved into the front face of the east five entablatures was several small initials that occupied little more than celebrities about capitalists and a lawyer' office were among those. Later into not a prosperous profession as the Standards of about days, in Commodities, by and large, expected litigation did not often occupy criminal sufferance, and bad legal transactions executed through handshakes or security public whatever was the Stock Exchange. Nevertheless, prominent Mansonians of the period lauded as useless higher education realized lawyers were necessarily semi-Mansonian

By some years the sole representative of the legal calling was a Scotsman who was promptly run with little malice, labelled a liar, partly because of his prominent nose, and secondly because he was clever enough to learn to speak fluent Low-German.

Farmer's Lumber Yard and Hardware enterprise was across Lumber Avenue, with the Farmer-owned power grocery on plank behind it. Next door to Farmer was the Red and White Store, owned by P.E. Reimer and Sons. The business section of Ste family ends in the location plan in that corner of the grain-bee. The oldest son was nicknamed Carload Frank because he bought things by the railway carload to get the lowest rate. He was reputed to have had a whole carload of pork and beans delivered to Gimm right make distant. He had sold the beans at business but profitable prices in the Red and White it was said, and still had been able to sell enough stock to furnish neighboring villages for less than wholesale prices. Even so, Reimer's was a prosperous enterprise employing a considerable number of clerks it was not assessed to any Frank Holland walking out of the store with a 100-pound sack of flour slung over his shoulders, and hosting thirty a customer in vehicles.

With prosperity and improved highways a the end of World War 2 he would send a radio-patrol truck to Hamlet Hill with announcements returns to Steinbach and sell the goodness on the street for incredibly sparse

Sixteen bikes may there 1947

He was so many he started Reimer Express Lines, still operated by his family and now doing business across Canada and I believe, outside United States as well.

The Steinbach Flour Mill several doors down milled Prairie Rose and Prairie Gist flour as well as livestock feed and was the only local point of sale for grain. A few wheat-destroyed men of the Mennonite in just about my earliest memory. Many names didn't keep; prairie names and perhaps undergarments as 1936; Steinbach showed hints of the Prairie Rose imprint. For years the mill's steam whistle blew at noon at twelve noon, at one and six o'clock, and to summon volunteer firefighters when fire struck, but eventually the function was relegated to a special town-owned siren erected on front of the "old" school and next to the town pump.

Across the new intersection beyond his residence was John Reimer's machine and welding shop. A brother. John lived with three spinster sisters who were dressmakers, and the nearest thing Mother had to a close friend. She worked for the eldest several years, and after our new son said, Irene, to their home daily for a spool of silk.

Next was the Kleine Gemeinde (Evangelical Mennonite) church and that was about a for non-ecclesiastical Main Street. There were only a few off-Main enterprises — a privately run hospital, an undertaking parlor (also the functionary to what is now a major western Canadian chain) and a cheese factory — and there were doubtlessly a few interprises operated out of residences.

Among already mentioned what normally considered facilities the community lacked in keeping with its religious traditions, it only have adding that there was certainly no movie theatre,

generally considered an instrument of the devil. When a daring entrepreneur (non-local, non-Mennonite), turned the courage to build and open a theatre early during World War 2, or perhaps a year earlier, over whatever legal obstacles and public objections need to be overcome, he found very poorly. Even his support for local institutions — such as advertising the movie "Hell Below" in "Schmetzers Programm" — did not legitimize his business. When he committed suicide a few years later it was generally held that this was his punishment for his part with the devil in bringing sin to Steinbach.

The theatre remained closed for some time, and for several years underwent sporadic changes and changes of ownership with hesitant and baffling final ly being moved to another town.

One of my late memories of life in Steinbach before saying to seek fame and fortune to Toronto, is that of a farmer standing in the door of the creamery, a leading many tall crates can be one meld, and reading — month upon — the headlines of the front page on the door.

I was Tuesday, May 8, 1945

On Monday we and received the news of the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany and while prospects for security and to the war seemed bleak it was comforting to cheer about that the evil empire of Adolf Hitler which had plunged much of the world into war almost six years earlier had finally been defeated. V-E Day (Victory in Europe) and come.

Accordingly he federal government had declared Tuesday and Wednesday to be total holidays with businesses, banks and schools closed to permit celebration by Canadians everywhere of the long-awaited victory.

Tuesday was publishing day in the Steinbach Post so we and to defer our holiday is that week's paper to finish - just off for two days by the printers in Winnipeg.

So I was on my way to work on Tuesday morning when I spotted the farmer reading the incredible information he could not believe the enormous release of a reunion of hostilities in far-off Europe.

For some years I used to ramble other Steinbach "experiences" I met in Toronto and elsewhere with my cousins of the grown Mennonite farmer who didn't ever know the war had ended.

If I drew one laughter I evaluate conversion probably directed to me rather than - appreciations of my anecdotes. First of all he was not necessarily Mennonite Ukrainian German and French farmers probably also delivered cream to one creamery. Secondly, by the v-E 1945a almost everyone owned a radio, most farm families had telephones and while Mennonites remained fundamentally pacifist, large families and the growing influence of the town media almost guaranteed that many families had one or more sons in the armed forces. Thus they had an interest in the progression of the war and a stake in its ending, so every few years since even of the approach even on farmers and in hamlets.

I mention the incident because while my interpretation at the time was probably flawed it serves to demonstrate the village isolation and detachment from the world at large. The farmers almost surely knew that the European war was over and also that a national holiday had been declared. What probably took him by surprise was that celebration should be carried to the extreme of closing down the creamery and making it impossible for him to market his fresh cream.

Mennonites and other Europeans were attracted to Canada not only because they were offered free land but because they were assured freedom of religion and the right to serve their own little worlds unlike yesterday Canadian wilderness unmindful of and unaffected by what was happening to distant epochs and happenstances there.

They and escaped a Europe where for centuries petty noblemen and kings had the unchallenged authority to conscript peasants into armies to fight battles and wars that had no sooner ended except the misfortune to some almost of the bootlegger. The peasant-warrior's sons therefore was to survive. Failure to do so might have the further consequences of the peasant's inheritance being unable to continue holding their home lands.

In Russia, where Mennonites had been exempt from military service for a century or so, and

had been instituted against most antisocial turbulence. Beer had perhaps even profited from increased demands for the products of their labor during period of war.

World War I was probably fought with little inconvenience by the Steinbach community and little effect on the population except possibly higher prices for wheat, and weekly prayers in church for peace. Exemption from military service for Mennonite boys had been guaranteed even after the military draft was introduced toward the end of the war. And enthusiasm was simply not of the question.

So here in 1945, an essential service was closed down on a day other than the Sabbath simply to observe the end of the phase of a war.

Perhaps my future-day interpretations as an finality as my original hasty judgement. I'll never know.

Steinbach's wide Main Street facing northeast from in front of A. von Peinen's circa 1949 Photo courtesy Derksen Printers Ltd.

8. Introduction to printing

Birth of a printer's devil

Having spent close to half a century in newspapers and/or the graphic arts, it seems fitting to write a few paragraphs about my introduction to an industry I have loved—save my first days even when doing the horrible tasks of a printer's devil.

I was always fascinated by the printing process and was inordinately proud the Scotsbush had a newspaper, probably because no other village had one in the southwestern section of Manitoba that is bounded by the Outside and United States borders, the Red River and what is now the Trans-Canada Highway. Never mind that it was printed in Germany, a language not among the most popular when I was in search of the "primary" skills one called locally.

The Scotsbush Post's two Linotype typesetting machines were so situated that the operators sat with their backs to large windows facing Main Street. I loved to stop and watch the dexterity of the operators dance over the large 90-key keyboards, causing the slimy copper matrices and metal spacer bands to fall into the assembling trays, and to see the finished "slugs" (a half-alloy pound-type bar) come out line of type popping into place on the "stick" to the left of the operator.

I would gladly have watched the process for hours, but Pete, one of the operators, did not take kindly to being watched so after a few minutes he would turn around and cast toward me a scowl that would bear patenting. What could a kid do but slink away?

In late 1942 my academic career came to an abrupt and ignominious end. Applying for jobs at all the local business places was another time-consuming and grind unless one was young enough to leave home. I had little to do but hang around downtown. At about this time the war was depleting the staff at the newspaper. One result was that George Buchanan—the owner's youngest son and, briefly, a classmate of mine—left school to help keep the business going. The printing office then became a daily to twice-daily stop on my day-killing rounds, and I would hang around watching the printing process with fascination mixed with disappearing looks of tender employment — or hints that couldn't be misunderstood — sent me on my way.

George was nothing if not resilient and it is probably to this that I owe the beginning of my career in printing. If there was any employment task that was his by virtue of passority, it might be entrusted to me. I gladly accepted this enthusiast of sufferance and as weeks went on my status around the shop became fuzzy. Except for the fact that I wasn't paid, on one was quite sure whether I was a part-time employee or he it contributing listener.

Where one method is used with it the static electricity problem familiar to all who work with machinery and paper.

Newspaper presses in those days were limited pressure into which large sheets of newsprint were fed manually. Four pages were printed on one a time all from the gale was turned over and printed with another four pages. After that the sheets had to be fed again manually into a folder with what seemed like thousands of conveyor tapes and guides.

Each pass through the press would result a charge of electricity into a sheet, especially in dry New Mexico weather. By the third pass the sheets would seem to have powerful will of their own getting caught in the last rollers to jamming the folder

Pulling sheets strips of ink-covered pages from half a dozen ink rollers takes time. A pressed folder might mean hours more newspaper time, making it necessary to run the press overnight or even through to (next day) a new one. Each of their stops affected not only the operation at hand, but caused a backlog in the whole production chain. A bad run would also result in considerable waste, sometimes hundreds of dollars' worth of paper.

The Post was a German-language weekly newspaper serving the Mennonites of the western provinces, so each press run was over 5,000 — since press with a maximum speed of one thousand impressions per hour. Printing, then, is a significant part of the production process

Several fairly large bundles of the Post were mailed to an Canadian Mennonite colonies in Paraguay. On one of two occasions when spoilage caused by static electricity reduced supply below demand, we had to come to the regretful decision to withhold part of the supply—because what had been made by the Germans and that the Paraguay readers to a consequence, must do without their copies of the Canadian sheet.

Dozens of remedies for static problems were devised most of them as effective as cures for the common cold. At the Post we used strands of tinsel into which the sheets were to release their charge when passing over their. The second was a manually operated fly-swatter.

So this was my first job. I would be handed an printing day at a clicks an hour — or perhaps a flat rate of two-bits a day — to stand behind the press with a fly-swatter fitted well, a rate and go to without a shot as it is all covered from the press cylinder by a rack.

Enough is small office for M Burkett, the publisher: the entire Post plant was housed in one large room (it seemed large anyway.) Farmers coming in to pay their subscriptions at a plant saw indeed naturally drawn to the immediate machines that fabulous Linotypes that large they are standard) rebuilder press on which the page was printed and two solid hand-fed platen presses for commercial printing. So it is no wonder himself for a customer o make his way past the counter and draw closer to the machines and try to figure them out. On one occasion a machinist — one farmer watched the crew intently for a while, then announced to Burkett — the owner's number two son and also occasional the press feeder — that he thought he had figured out what he couldn't understand about the fly-swatter was accomplishing behind the press. About a quick-witted, Reuben and in this years a specific service provided for Post readers: the paper were being surveyed with a solution used for the overhead.

It was a long after my acquisitive as a part-time employee that M Burkett looked at the handwriting on the wall. Both Reuben and a young him supervisor were taking steps to join the Royal Canadian Air Force and George's mother was to obtain a year from the Post. The labs about us was also moving rapidly away from being a buyers' market, as I had myself a job.

The printing trade as practiced at the Post had developed in a semi-unique and somewhat-by-way fashion. I know it one of the owners or employees such paper a inception but ever. Some printers' men had my journeyman printers are been employed Sometime the typesetting machines had been mastered through a drive from industries and from upcoming journals. The original owner had learned after a fashion the rudiments of operating the machines, mastering type and building up forms, and operating presses and this very elementary knowledge was passed along to succeeding owners.

As I discovered after taking my skills abroad most of one practices firm as the case of everything accepted as conventional and established in the trade. The newspaper press, for

managed instead of being wasted my daily assistance, was obtained only weekly when the old fountain was cleaned only twice a year: once in autumn to prepare me for the Christmas rains, and again after Christmas to get back to March. I went to stuff the laundry before Christmas and it was part of my initiation first to walk down the rubber ink rollers and the inking plate, and then the fountain with its accumulation of a year's hardened ink.

Any picture visiting the top in the 1930s and early 1940s simply would have refused to believe that by the early 1960s it would be mentioned one of the most advanced small town printing offices in western Canada: a precursor to photo typesetting and later to offset printing. Incredibly, after World War 2 the Dorchester established an English-language weekly serving all of northeastern Manitoba. From there there was no looking back and before long, the Canadian-language Post became a thousand-page-tabloid to the enterprise. Eventually it was sold as happened to a Winnipeg printing house.

But back to the years of my own training. Working Tuesday evenings until the paper was printed folded wrapped and bundled for delivery to the post office, was an ancient health and taste. Overtime pay was unheard of for it was customary for Mrs. Dorkson to come into the shop from the adjoining living quarters with a large plate of home-fried hamburger (the best I have ever tasted and my own mother cooked a mean hamburger) freshly baked bread and a steaming pot of fresh coffee. For care of those evening snacks we would have given up our birthrights let alone overtime pay.

Wednesday morning my first duty was to take the bags of newspapers to the post office several blocks away in a small hand wagon and on a hand-screen sled in winter.

Another daily job was to fetch enough water for shaving, washing and to fill the humidifier on the small furnace downstairs. The task I remember was final on the hot one that dressed in a large pail which I also used to empty as required.

Frame-could always be counted on to make his interesting, to he did the day he filled the compressor with powdered paste. We had an elderly almost-standard proprietress who called the Professor, and I was still on the look out how best to intervene his hands had almost a free apart and with strands of past stretching between them.

Earlier I referred to the big quarters behind the printing office. One morning Mrs. Dorkson came into the shop and appealed to me to stop and frame George who was always difficult to get out of bed and on the occasion couldn't be helped.

She asked me if I knew which was George's room and I said "Of course. Bruno and George and shared a room for years and I and been in their home often enough to know this. I didn't have enough had been awakened and after Bruno left for the air force

I strode into the room pounced on the sleeping figure and was only a few inches away when I realized it was not George but handsome year-old frame. As I stopped in horror paralyzed with shock my silent life did no can through my mind. She did was certain knowledge of the charge, criminal charges and public disgrace.

I fled from the room only a meet Mrs. Dorkson, very concerned, and thinking with laughter I don't even remember anything unusual long enough to get George out of bed. Perhaps the sound of his mother's laughter brought him around.

Anyway, as it worked out, Frame back to Steinbach about eight years later and made an honest woman me of Irene.

Pete, the Linotype operator mentioned earlier the one who soon had discouraged sidewall. to printer industry - is married to the older Dorkson daughter Anne. Working with him, I found him much more agreeable than I had imagined but also learned to my sorrow that he could be good and ugly as far

I was a real starter in the early months of my employment, and needed, upon completing our task, to unload those and wait for my next assignment. Pete couldn't abide such slack and some, consequently, he struck up to me and said "Needled, anytime you have nothing to do, you'll find several gallons of type on that table waiting to be distributed.

He was referring to forms of business and and job forms already run and placed in galleys type

hours on a table or stone to be distributed back into California typesetse and cases of sporting material

Several weeks went by, with myself heeding his advice. Then one Tuesday afternoon, Pete, who operated the mailing machine, was ready to go his own way with a big agreement the papers from running off the press. He took advantage of the short respite to chat with another employee

In his mouth me strode up to him and said with a smirk, "If you've nothing to do, Mr. Rosendahl, there's a few gallon of type over there to distribute

I walked away immensely proud of my immaculate suit. A few seconds late I heard myself being whisked around and with Pete's finger shaking millimeters from my nose his face flushed and fire flashing from his eyes, I was in trouble then.

"Rosehill, never, never again dare to... tell me circumstances when you've to tell me what to do!" I remember I'm a day. Forever after I treated him with respect. We might almost today but it was years before I thought of the problems with the mailing machine.

Consisting of recreational mail was received during vacations, and many of the envelopes received at the Post from readers in Paraguay and Mexico — envelopes containing subscriptions accompanied in some letters — arrived crumpled and damaged. "Examined by Censor." If it seems unreasonable it small town weekly newspaper to have readers in those countries' brain regarding that the Post was a German-language paper serving the Mennonites of western Canada, and was the chief source of news from home to hundreds of Mennonites of orthodox sects who had migrated to Paraguay and Mexico in the years somewhat following World War I became they objected to being drawn into the nonconformity of Canadian life through compulsory education

The mennonite constitution was an open invitation for Russia's fertile mind and mischievous hand. He was at his most dangerous when playing a powerful role on someone. I can't think he ever was quite as much to pre- d of his premeditations

Rosie and I shared a fine opinion of the hero-politics young Winnipeg men who was mounting on- Hitler my senior and who wrote here three times weekly with scathing regularity this man- ne, me was visiting in Winnipeg.

I wonder what the censor would say if he read one of Solomon's letters Rosie would see day A moment later the lightning bolt connected with his mind, and the idea was born with myself a willing accomplice

Now there was nothing simple about Rosie and he knew that no one would easily accept the proclaimed of local merit being announced. To get back advantage of several train derailments that had occurred in circumstances Manitoba in a short period — the probability of accidents of traffic is exceptionally remote hour. We casually suggested separately and only to a few gullible individuals the sabotage was suspected and had local ownership of one was being considered

Then we sit back and waited for human nature to follow its natural course. It wasn't long before we started hearing the rumour from widely separated sources and by the time it hit our business we were ready to strike

I have where Hitler loved her letters from Jake as in her absence I removed an envelope with a blurred postmark. At the day we pasted a sticker: Examined by Censor and used the sticker to seal the envelope but only after inserting a note

The next step and a tricky one was getting the letter to my sister without arousing to have anything to do with it. There was only one way to do — finally for the post office box shared with another family and Helen was, at this particular time the mistress of the key. She regularly picked up the mail at noon before walking home for lunch. Our position to was unnecessary personified and so big him to open the box was about an endeavour to bring for stamps on cards. To his credit, too the role was cast in stone and in any case, following was a lot of footsteps

However there was no other way to do it, and being on reasonably good terms with the clerks I went to the post office at noon of a Monday a day on which I knew from Jake was about to be the

DTHEDOCTORSTOPETERSBURG

hear, and at a time when the postmaster would surely be out for lunch. Then I connected some outrageous font before-after for float was grudgingly accepted by the clerk on duty at the which would make him appear almost tolerant. If he failed to oblige. Even then I was taking a chance that he might simply take the mail out of our box and hand it to us, but back was on my side and he simply opened the box for me. I reckoned the letter from John already lying there and authoritatively "instructed" envelope and way home.

Shortly after half-past-twelve, when Helen's lunch hour started, the Arrival at home and announced with a peal of laughter that a letter from John had been recovered. She opened it, read the note and again burst into laughter handing over to Heather post herself the note which read: "Dear boy friend loves you but he talks too much. — Cousin Cousin "

It would have been wonderful to have left it at that but it was still necessary to give her the real letter and where I did in with a sorry grin, Helen figured it out in a second and taking Brown a profitable complicity and showered me with almost like daring to separate one of her old letters from its envelope.

She even threatened to report the matter to the postmaster, who would not have been amused and who would have sent every possible charge in the book against me. I knew now (and probably sensed then) that Helen would never have considered me, but to the Brian, gross her outrages. I couldn't be absolutely sure. My guilt gave her considerable leverage for several weeks, after which a small amount of humiliation compensated her.

In the safety of the great shop, however Brenda and I enjoyed a few laughs about the trick during the short period before he was off for training in the RCAF.

Time passed quickly and suddenly V E Day was upon us, and for me the realization that I would not count on the armed forces to take me into the world and unless I accepted to spend the rest of my life in Saskatoon, — and there to me at the least — I would probably have to get myself started from scratch.

So off I went to Toronto in July of 1945.

My new and can half years in the country print shop of the Herbertz in the 1940s represents only about five percent of my time to printing, but they were years with many memories.

Irene and I were to return to Saskatoon just over a decade later to become part of the loneliness which had come become a leader in the weekly newspaper and print field in Manitoba. Indeed, the Canadian Negro had won impressive awards in national competition and more than has continued to excel

Before long we realized that there was only so much room for family in a business so we must thrust-how stay so the church as a second support flourishing in weekly newspaper while waiting for our own opportunity in the field

Beside affording on the opportunity to become what the weekly newspaper had become in the postwar era back from more honored and modest considerations I was also given the opportunity to take charge of the sports page. I attended basketball games hockey games boat-polo football games and whatever else was going on in the sports world of southwestern Manitoba, covered organizational meetings compiled statistics wrote a weekly column covering all those items into type on the typesetter as I wrote them. It was early my only groundling in writing, and how to serve as my "license for taking over as publisher and editor

One chance came in 1958 when as a result of an advertisement in a trade publication we went to Weyburn Saskatchewan to take over the Review

Printing has two purposes

originally *December 3 1980*

My list of columns suggested over the ye. here at Mennonite included the t ng a word "Remembrances."

This purports to suggest to on that I might some time write about the Author-wrappers on used to publish small country newspaper shops

Author-wrappers, routinely processed for their end on (presumably) were bought in packages of 500 and imprinted at the local shop in the weekly newspaper plant

To accomplish this a form was locked into a platen press and forty little born like me would hand-feed the Author-wrapper into the machine one by one, and extract them (eventually)

If you think individual handling was cost enough,

just hang on. Butterwrappers being this, were still early in benefits, and the pills of speeds follow the prose that the been inserting that meeting eyelid hair.

So it is evergreen hooked on the floor. Instead remarkably mumbled and the town wood: looking, it was quickly-smashed up and placed in the "good" trash.

Perhaps someone in the dairy had the job of further rewarding the wrappers for Peppermints an old smudges, and another that in those schools times, both smells which supply human part of the considered produce.

If you ever like a used butterwrapper about 40 years old and treating a contemporary Manchester dairy inspect, close inspection may even elucidate to the studious eye the knurled grain of my middle finger marks. Rogue that friend. A measure to its mouth for positively.

We all grow about governments regulations and inspections, but what I would like Butterwrapper experience is leave to agree some controls are necessary.

"They" do ask blame me

Guardian, September 14 1978

Some 40 years ago, about the time I was mastering the one-armed bowl serving because back in those days you didn't necessarily have a bicycle in most your life would and if weren't fashionable to get a bicycle quite gratifications from bicycle-ground a reply practitioners in the early years of his account towards opened a belt engine shop a few doors from my house.

It was a neat place to hang around until I discovered that bangers-on were refreshed only as long as they made themselves useful, and that a sharp tongue never you practising when you become a customer, which in my case was rather quickly.

Twenty years later I got to know "CCP" as recondition of his detailed house. He then alone retired and came out of retirement, and was my fellow-employee at the home town newspaper office. Now in his late-sixties age he was forced to my work such as reporting, cast up and flagging around from "jobs" that please.

There was one memorable occasion when the shop owner insisted that installed an intercom system. Whether "CCP's knowledge was unfounded, nor was placed over him and suddenly a voice boomed out of him as gas" all his hot and gold wall.

There was not a moment's hesitation as southerner. CCP shot back a reply that would do justice to Power. he signed the Loyal Opposition on the front counter.

Anyway she knew town paper turned assistant and sales-man CCP last week. "C. P." Fenner of Shipdham celebrated his birthday Friday. He is 102 although he claims he is "only three-hundred. I've just had a year. The retirement terms over in 100 then you must sit over again.

"What advice would he give to anyone who wants to live to the ripe old age of 102? I mumble. give anyone advice. Anyone who lives to 100 would most likely be thinking one by is most asking me advice about it.

Can't say. He only shows feeling at 102, has grown hearing and still likes beer, it would be interesting.

9. Toronto, Ontario

Introduction to the world

"Tomorrow you always wear the same shirt, Ernie!"

The child's expression conveyed wide-eyed innocence, perhaps slightly overdone. Her mother grasped with mock distortion, and the puppet while plunged into silence. I humiliated almost beyond endurance, washed myself instantly dead — with the child also dead. But slowly and painfully.

"Mommy, what a thing to say!" scolded Mrs. Muir when she had recovered from the initial surprise of her child's impertinence, and such amusing questions. "You were given but a number of shirts like that."

Bad-faced. I was cornered ugly and indignantly asserted him that this was the case, aware that everyone knew and knew that I knew they knew that the truth lay somewhat closer to Alistair' question than to Mrs. Muir's charitable explanation.

In fact I had two almost identical-colored shirts. I wore each on alternate weeks while the other was being laundered.

I was 8 my I was rich as when when I left Strathcona for Toronto and fortune in early July of 1941. But I had four or five work shirts and perhaps three white shirts for "Sunday" wear. Mother decided I had been here two more durable shirts and ordered them, out of my money, through the Eaton's mail-order.

This act would before I moved to ten, as clothes that one laundered in the sink and hung up to dry. For a young man living in a boarding house there was no alternative (that I was aware of) to the Chinese laundries that abounded. So I hadn't been in Toronto long before I discovered what Mother had suspected that he greatly-laundered shirts I had worn at home didn't stand many laundry weddings. They simply fell apart one after another.

Mother knew matters a good deal better well when she ordered those buttercup shirts. At the time of Alistair's devastating question I had already been in Toronto well over two years' all the shirts except one white one had long been tendered, and the buttercup shirts were still rendering yeoman service on a weekly in-reverent basis — and holding up well, Chinese laundering notwithstanding. And I still couldn't afford to buy me a replacement shirt.

Thank you Timothy Eaton!

I mention this incident first not so much because it so deeply and painfully etched into my memory — which it is — but because it seems to me to punctuate the realities of life as my own as I discovered it. I never suffered but if I had expected instant success (not unreasonably I did), I was quickly disabused.

Toward the end of World War I young people from Steinbach who went to Winnipeg to work over-used the weekends finishing spare clothes, studying safety-matches and with bulging billfolds feed from the vast cornucopia of people working as war industries a fabulous range of pay and with overtime gobbled at time-and-one-half and double-time

A six-month correspondence course in advertising from the International Correspondence Schools seemed me, I fatally believed, with sufficient training to assume me of honest revenue to some lucky Toronto advertising agency. Having read several Theodore Smith books in which the protagonist usually an advertising executive went everywhere by taxi it was my naive belief that I would live in similar style, and my sincere hope that I would retain more humility when spoiled by this sort of living

It didn't take me long to discover that I would retain a lot more humility than I had started out with

But I guess I'm getting just a few steps ahead of myself.

Until D-Day in late spring of 1944 it appeared to people of my age, and probably many others, that the war would last forever. So didn't expect very far on to think beyond enlistment when I pressed eighteen so late 1945 and perhaps earlier with parent consent I could cross common near-tears of self-pity as on my imagination I had a glorious death in defence of freedom.

D-Day changed this perspective of my future and I began to lay plans alternate to a courageous death. When V-E Day and Americans victories in the Pacific theatre made the prospect of an early peace a reality I had to look to new escapes from Steinbach, which to me represented a future of unthinkable monotony.

Several of my friends began to make plans to "go East" and by the end of June it had all shown to the Continental and myself getting on a train for the first time in our lives in Winnipeg, bound for Toronto. If we return you wanna like a sunday ago to leave the family hearth I now agree. Mother too was opposed but I argued that with summer vacationing from the war all the desirable jobs would be taken if I let another year slip by I also used the argument the bank of my mother had gone to Winnipeg to work as maids in similar ages The situations were not really analogous, but I won the day and received reluctant consent.

So off we went to Toronto on a crowded dirty smelly and hot day coach, with addition clinging on the overhead baggage racks. Big expectations of the Golden East lowered which we were hurtling sufferred the moment we crossed into Ontario. He never fully recovered

Easy interest considerations more quickly separated me as a be able to get employment on a Hamilton construction job and maybe it be good to return to Steinbach as soon as he had earned enough money for the ticket. I quickly settled for a job as power feeder in a printing plant in Toronto Eaglebrook several advertising agencies, but was dismissed with a shake of the head and an odd snide each that One manager kindly suggested that, with my printing background I might do worse than get a job in advertising production to be pleased it, until I got the feel of Toronto.

I quickly saw the wisdom of this suggestion I hoped me to see how swiftly my financial reserves trickled away While our home had had a thrifty lifestyle as we economized and remained from a job a the Fox had been totally stable. It had been required to save over most of my new first all my needs had been provided — even the clothes I wore.

Needless to say, the switch to a cash economy where nothing happened without laying out money could fairly be described as culture shock in the extreme Somewhere on the back of my mind there may even have flickered a faint realization that our mother's responsibilities had been enormous, and her high degree of them remarkable.

The first thing I did was open a bank account dispensing sufficient funds to buy a ticket back to Manitoba and have left to security I vowed never to touch it until I either fell somewhere I meant or was ready to throw in the towel.

Finding a place to stay was another issue My family had and no experience in this and so had been unable to advise me I prepared yet set out best from the railway station and checked out

the phone displaying "Room for Rent" signs on the window. That's what I did and it worked too. Rooming houses within walking distance of Union Station were not luxurious, but the prices were affordable. The room I took was my worthy but not filthy, bed-sit in the second floor of a semi-detached old house on Spadina Avenue, many street lights and close to the old Hartford Theatre. Rent was $18 a month and I got the laughing without a shudder of revulsion.

My first job was at a medium sized printing shop on Adelaide Street, just west of Bathurst Street. The owner, after considering my credentials, interviewed a short-fed cellulite person and her eight months I stood at that press. Six and a half days a week feeding about 1,500 sheets an hour into the press, until it was time to break up the machine next morning time.

No, I didn't rate taxis to and from work. I was grateful to be within reasonable walking distance of my rooming house. It saved me street car fare. My pay was twenty-two dollars weekly and the government took over three dollars of that for unemployment insurance, income tax and compulsory savings in temporary measure to ease money for the war effort).

Eight weeks flips at Arthur-Boyce-Pearce were almost enough. I was stocked to the nose when a printer self-caught to be my father brought me a beautiful solidarity. Such solidarity was only encountered in Steinbeck, too, but the movements did not long about clean on the job, and Steinbeck not to many agents. I was eagerly shall no where a prevalent who had worked on newspaper and knew that shop hunted about he could and I and friends had shops at night. On one occasion they had been to deploy the wood as a result of a police union demanded to know from the head of the alley, with they were doing. "Loading wood," they replied with the cop and left. He wasn't, by no worker explained with a shuffle about to get into an argument with a group of boys armed with baseball bats. It's silly to be suicidal with the cops.

While returning servicemen did not bring about a revival of depression conditions as many had predicted, they brought a quick end to the seller's markets in employment, as if the days of unlimited overtime hours were also serving as a history. It seemed almost overnight that there came to work wearing the uniform of one of the branches of the services, and curiously on the whole military posts such (often) almost identical and relatively benefits into the ranks.

At night I would eat supper — the cheapest on the main — at one of two little "greasy spoons" on Queen Street, then forked myself into my room and read or just sat there until I was ready to sleep. Once or twice I ventured into the street on the evening, but the kind of people who hung around taverns and stores were no one I'd like to meet socialized in seeing to drinkers. Sundays, Mondays I hoarded simply to the nights and so on.

In the morning I must 90 the same routes on the breakfast consisting of two sandwiches I ate during the noon rest, so no more but I didn't know any people to anything to patronize as normal, and has none settled that I be easy my route origins.

It was my one of those restaurants that I hesitated to use a first telephone. I had no choice. A friend was trying to phone for a taxi and, not wishing my own will, dismantling assistance. The waitresses were busy so they asked me to help the man. I almost passed out. Red I learned. That's how I learned a lot of things I guess. wasn't the only one. A year or two later one of the old Trumbush crowd visited Toronto and looked me up. He had a room at a cheap hotel several miles from my boarding house. He asked how I was getting on. He didn't know which street one to take and what the fare was. And of course asking would herald his as a busybee.

One day an older employee at Arthur-Boyce-Lind (he called it Arthur-Hyphen-Gherkin-Brown-Ltd.) asked a few casual questions about my lifestyle and engage of I find a boarding house through the usual ads. He kept at it until I took the step and looked out on my floor by. At "Mother Beaver's" I paid $7.50 weekly for a clean room (shared with male tenants) a hearty breakfast and a tasty (if unvarying) supper every night.

The Beaver house was no lodge. Trust a quiet, clean, tenant-aware, and the other five boarders were normal, decent people. I felt as though I had been accepted out of hell and dropped into paradise. (By the way please don't tell my friend mean Emilia Rood or Indian Grove. Indian Trail existed and still exists. It is only two blocks long but was block south of Bloor Street and

trans-east from Bonfire Grove through Indian Road to Allandale Ave., which is the first street west of Dundas Street where the latter intersects Bloor Street.)

Our boarding house

memoirs January 12 1983

If you've never lived in a boarding house, the way thought of it may make you nauseate. If you have, you'll probably agree — depending on your luck and it can be one of life's more interesting experiences.

The ones we rode up against where you have to use an ice or a bone steamer if it actually rained, by (the theme) you learn to appreciate people from many different backgrounds and in almost personal circumstances.

"Damp-proofing. From dry to wet as I did on my younger days. I lived in a number of boarding houses, ranging from rowdy to excellent but the ones that people remember as my kind are like this.

Maybe there aren't that many in the subsequent "digs" but in our age range from rather grim circumstances as adults living's appearance, I found myself when I went to Toronto in mid-1957.

A few months short of 18 it should have been what had never stopped, overnight anywhere except in a mother's home. Home only that I couldn't afford to stay at home.

I took a room in a rooming house until I landed a job three blocks from the Parliament Street Library and then I settled the streets as the crow sees it from the Toronto Star," maybe in a residential landscape.

Although, until the meantime it stood out to accept a room where the bath had been torn out to the floor by the previous tenant. I, a worthless landed as an ugly girl to the house on Sparkman Ave. near Queen St. east or two doors from the Parkdale Theatre. It wasn't actually the most savory part of Toronto.

Because the rooms were let on transients, so the really families there I ever saw after working hours and the life of the family and Bakka broker who owned it in the house.

After several months of the necessary in the sleep took place and augmented I might in better off and financially about it. I found a boarding house through the want ads.

An ad would have it, the first ad I remember and that still had the room available, was a charming cozy-cozy brick house on a short residential street called Indian Road, a few blocks from High Park.

It was run by a widow and her two sons and grand and two-or-less. Breakfast every morning consisted in fruit or juice, cereal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. And I ate it all. We were on our own for lunch, the supper was considerably more beef and vegetables, with dessert the same strange from day to day.

The boarders included two radio college students about my own age in total and the mother family

disadvantaged from the RCAF. It was food-off our hands by my brother and as a army man trying to run his own working business.

They were a fun bunch. We played bridge at night, watched through High Park by Saturday Night, on Sundays went for evening coffee and usually wound up on actual talking about our great plans. The younger man never tried a different night since as much, but were caught by Member Reader who let us borrow in an unobtrusive man and we were exceedingly acceptable friends.

It was wonderful at 18 back! It's always been an a social where I felt safe getting out at night to have with the neighbors who might as least and as great big, and as much the wonderful arrives in cooking food in my age in the morning and most little is right.

It was like heaven to me.

And it for $7.50 per week!

Then — bingo! — of course. The radio college boys graduated and moved out, the unemployed was worker left town at their brother job, and eventually I was moved on over some real or imagined grievance. Perhaps it didn't matter quite so homey with a change of tenants every few months.

There were few boarding houses after the first one and become institutional about. But there were, nevertheless great ones, well that one and people in them

andlie boarders

memoirs January 19 1983

Last week I wrote about my first boarding house. It was really my introduce to bed with a subsequent of month the people with whom I shared this and other boarding house. Space does not, however, and I passed them over with barely an introduction.

Except for 3. It came on Indian Road in Toronto one street, one shaped by two radio college students about my age who about the same as mine. Both with their responsibility.

One C. and Gerry T. were as different as they and might ever be by compatible. Gerry was particularly city-farm boy from Guelph. A mature heterosexual, well-liked and very attentive. Gerry who and joined the RCAF just in time to be discharged over a fever-ear, full of fun and always on the move. He was to the top in his class, whether listening to by. You while Cramer never doubted his ability to get a job, even into another fell in or conversation well because of couples. Gerry was an looking in confidence and he as we can be spoiled for a home job, the worst back on the Gerry job he had lived in Rutgers Park before we he joined up.

I exchanged a few letters with Gerry over last years. He was working as an assistant engineer in

northern Quebec. That ended it until a few years ago, when I found myself in my home town, terrified by the aging process and got hit sideways. By this time he was in semi-retirement with his field at Bracebridge.

We met for a beer on my next visit to Toronto but after a leisurely couple of hour bleat and listening that he had yesterday returned and from Canny could in Kingston Pickerel Rod was his latest love, we found our way by mid-afternoon to the Royal York Hotel.

Also at the R. York is J. C. Bay, the well-connected Canadian-American Whose interests in the war shortage had all of a war glaze. Where it took or two fits one still, the pair a few days' work here and there — giving lumber interviewing or volunteer — and finally had to have the Boarding House because he couldn't afford it.

When he had money he spent it, when he didn't have it he went without. One of my lingering memories of him has him sitting comfortable a chair having the royal treatment of his New Yorks.

Until recently I'm up every few months. He might be having luncheon and come to interview enough for his next meal. The acts take his would show up in what desks, rope kit, mend his boots, and invite an getting the gas extinction his new self-paying job.

In the last time I saw him was in Vancouver. My work shortly to be outside a plum glass window facing Pender St. and one day my landlord was caught by a passing in the glass. There was both, in a flash; and said, new hat and shoes and even new sing glasses.

We went out that night and celebrated whatever good fortune had landed on him. I never saw him again, as he soon left town.

Talking Bob's photo in the Toronto boarding house was Murray B. I added him, the first day in myself, and I would see more. Murray B. is a man with it's your own business when or you're from

We never got to be first friends.

A survey on smacking
summary April 2 1960

A survey form, received recently from the Smacking Institute of Canada, issued to good old Toronto Taxpayers to establish a cause and effect

subsidy which between smacking and being hospitalized.

They were, I chose to get as much out of me, since I like to sing, like I'm entirely three squares a day, smacking that victim, if needed is to my group-related line combined.

When I returned last the while, while would Toronto's second months short of my fifth birthday I noted we're the privately wage of $20 weekly. Since the war was on, all on the government took about 50 to income last. A couple of years pay-raises and compulsory savings lowering me $30 for years and hoard, families (not included with bonus), bachelor salaries (at least one every ten months), entertainment and shaving. And of course, especially, the vital necessity income to be at the top of the list, because of the making of was a big priority

That what to was the custom is my particular boarding house, the guys went to the Granny Spoon after an evening "something" to top off the days of "something" was a five-cent cup of coffee and that with the extra sandwiches. But, my profligacy might overthrow to results my to the dinner table.

Fortunately, my fellow boarders included two young ladies (or Dear Hitchens) and a sharp who had just been laid off at a new brewery on the poor pensioners to this complement with every beer.

So that, as I have said, is about I say the coffee or a dime for my normal aberration from austerity.

So why does my conversation suddenly stop as said this "How soon you can remember back to April either you were already drafted for the war and remember you years time when you were waiting a daily meal dollar and could barely save for clothes, rental (meaning and allowance) so you could visit you teeth take a fully dental?"

And how come you don't remember that to this same period. I may not be entirely accurate — perhaps without either a copy in Chatterton or the treatment of Rose Street and Davenport Road that served the best and biggest savings of Bonnie room pie in Toronto?

And those beautiful walks through High Park on Sunday afternoons. Do you think perhaps this might have been on account of your mind hadn't been on the dangerous days of Stonybrook Beach at the foot of the Don?

My memories of 60 million Total are good. But there comes a time when familiarity breeds at least a need for change, and after one year I found half's dozen blocks or a boarding house a few doors north of Bloor Street opposite High Park. I stayed there until leaving Toronto some eighteen months later.

On the south side I switched from the consistency of green-reading to a composing room apprenticeship at Warren Business Forms in Mount Dennis a suburb of Toronto. Warren's was a company that seemed dedicated to regime at on principles of high efficiency that scrapped a list of printing trade traditions and taboos, and policies that sought good employee relations. Activities such as staff bowling leagues, corn roasts and dances were encouraged rewards were offered for suggestions by employees, and warning conditions were generally speaking good for

that period. In the booming postwar market, the company was growing by leaps and bounds, and with a company policy the favored in-house training in bringing in newcomers, the once-puzzling room was made up of a young crowd. Under an easygoing foreman Ed Brown, we had a lot of fun and got a lot of work done.

The traditional trade unions did not, as yet, seem not encouraged to become interested at Menzie's and a so-called "company union" instituted on behalf of all at once. "In name" employees.

Given my background I tended to be suspicious of unions and felt uncomfortable at the thought of having to join one. I remember harbouring something of my ignorance and suspicion when one of the committees asked me to attend a closed meeting. I didn't know what a closed meeting was, and one of the composing room jokers, obviously having some intuition about my background and it was not at a religious gathering for the Salvation Army. Word got around and on the whole department was singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with several of the employees beating their aluminum lino gauges (resisting rulers) on metal lamp shades. They were a bit too obvious as it wasn't quite taken as intended the closed meeting and discovered the union was not composed of fiery fanatics. In fact I became quite interested in the union and joined the rest of the compositors as their one of the International Typographical Union (ITU) one of the oldest and the first one of the most powerful and democratic trade unions in North America.

By spring of 1948 I had reached the journeyman level on the pay scale and life however pleasant, began to be altogether too routine. Reading over a weekly police briefing, symphony concerts at Massey Hall , the movies and the occasional dance, swimming at Varsity Stadium in winter and hikes through High Park on Sunday afternoons and occasional hitch-hiking excursions around the reasonable vicinity on weekend but I suppose for a young and single person that is never quite enough.

Other factors deprived a greater length in the next chapter. also had their effects with the result that one brisk April morning in 1948 I found myself with four strangers on an automobile headed, via the United States, for Vancouver and a new life and new adventures.

Back, wed and almost domesticated

It was one and one-half years later that I returned, prosperity matured and ready to settle down, to Toronto if not resolved to spend the rest of my life a thirty-six hour restricted it was as good a place as any on which to live until life brought us to a new turn of the road

As happened when I first descended upon Toronto five years earlier where I expected to radio to and from work to train. I found it necessary to demand a few reasonable promises.

Postwar prosperity had as noted none-dollars-ness in advertising business. Moreover, was not yet necessary to the marketplace and daily newspapers were enjoying one of the greatest booms of their history. Journeymen printers especially in the U.S. constituted a vein that were desirable and as an unmarried young man enjoying these rules, I fell into the trap of thinking my talents really were worth what I was being paid

So, returning to Canada and Toronto, where trade conditions had not yet caught up with the United States either in employment opportunities or pay scales it was a sobering experience to return to earth and find under more realistic conditions besides learning the hard way there was living in clover in one

As long as I had been "in training," I had never had to or chosen to look beyond the inevitable day when I would settle down somewhere and what opportunities, if any I might then seek

But very quickly after our marriage, living in wedlock in any where we had four separate rooms, we started wondering out loud whether working day after day as a journeyman printer was the

ultimate expectation. Jones had taken it question but he these days a woman's talents except as ears ministers did not command such large incomes except

It is not surprising the our thoughts quickly turned to the weekly newspaper industry and particularly the lifestyle it offered hard work a modest but sure return, and a fascinating involvement in a small community

We took stock of we assets manager had gradually some collected than those of most professionals of that period and enthusiastically looked into the market. We quickly learned that our business simply wouldn't equal the down payments required for any newspaper on the market.

At the Canadian Weekly Newspapers shandoned office than on Brunswick, the manager gave us a look-be-complied appropriate for our circumstances. The Gananoque Reporter, on the St Lawrence River just below Lake Ontario was offering for sale the Athens Reporter at a price — I mean at remember — of $2,000. Although $3,000 in 1960 was a lot more than it is today it still wasn't an impossible investment. We agreed that we might even be able to swing without much of a loan.

I wrote the Gananoque publisher —I still wasn't thinking long-distance telephone in those days — and anxiously awaited the reply. Although I was seeing half-honest, if not prospective demand the owner. The answer came remarkably on the been of a galley proof prepared by classmate my unnecessary letter-writing over this asset

The opening line went like this: "The Reporter' like Athens itself still never be big business." It then went on to describe it dying circulation and a collection of obsolete newspaper equipment. Issued-set type (sorts for tools), an ancient cylinder press, and other equipment common to a typical-for-century mid-town printing office. I hadn't even been considered worth meeting at the Gananoque plan where the Reporter was printed every week. The annual revenue about equalled the asking price but the optimistic assessment of the vendor was that the figure could be increased by a couple thousand if work diversified to improve the paper and champion the community

Even my rose-colored glasses lost their tint at the thought of paying for the privilege of the pain of an working unsold hours on antiquated equipment for a gross return of less than I was earning in a forty-hour week. We reluctantly abandoned our quest for independence "for a few years, a bid we worked at hard up upon assets.

Frustrated in my aspirations I handselled my energies into my International Typographical Union membership, acquired as my "stamping" days, and a thrash devotion to the union's laws governing many aspects of work and hiring practices in my printing office building a contract with the union. In the long run this won me popularity with neither management nor the union.

In the meantime hopes of buying weekly did below the become when the inevitable prominence surrounded. Suddenly it became a matter of finding an apartment at a rent which would accept children — including the who would at this a home.

The National Housing Act (NHA) came to the rescue with 6% percent mortgages for three-side dreams up with a one-third down payment. We barely qualified through belonging car and some comparable assets from had acquired and taking on a second mortgage at a higher (six percent) interest rate.

I still did not have it sturdy position at the Toronto Star but was evolving on reasonably well as a substitute or extra line operator. We moved into our Toronto flow bungalow in fall and handed over a basic waiter who I missed more days than I worked at the supply at the was greater than the demand

Every an rating we would "show" at about seven when the earliest shift went to work, and sit around playing bridge until shortly after nine when the last morning shift went to work. One operator would stay until quarter after the starting time for an alcoholic operator who could be counted upon to miss at least one day a week the rest would head for coffee at Woolworth's and then home to bill your could meet morning wake-up.

In addition to the shortages and approaching parenthood, we were faced with the imperative immediate necessity even to have a new house. Our house-hunting days were supplanted on the forenoon and luckless light features haunting classroom for the winter (and, storm windows, or anything else that conceivably could be classified as an extra. Landscaping consisted of field and thoroughfare, consisting of baked North York clay and allowed to find the small urban garbage can pre-ordained.

Blessed Communistic Event

Saturday, November 2nd 1946

An acquaintance who has managed to raise together some little loose money in his small area in central Etobicoke came over to see me. He lost everything the next month but he was a man who could not be beaten.

Just now having to carry out the duties every day to wash all manner of laundry.

By this time, June 1, I'd spent that momentous morning hauling load of rubbish to the small type of contraption of pile at the Sun Oil company and I'd placed the brochure from our two years' saving with a letter like number of letters what you want in. Above all features spent on the house fighting with electricity between agent.

I do not see going in my acquaintance with the heating system I grew up with. I like that was a distinct sentimental attached even the standards of those times. This, however, we made do with what we could afford, and that was a must.

Before going married I had lived for some years at boarding and rooming houses that after marriage we lived for a year at a council house in a private house, at these accommodations have rooms for meals, in contrast. It was strong and early fall, to gramatic about over as under-heating for we found I had no hot-water was with the coal lighting as well-eating.

There were the problems, we moved into an area here brought in suburban Toronto, and we — in great independence.

I might add that I was so unprepared for virgin independence that I thought we would were placed in by the city. A furnace. Very backward, was something that was local terms. You live in Edinburgh in northward fashion, and you assumed the heating is habitually when you go around to it.

The house we moved into had to be the best house built in greater Toronto with a plain, old-fashioned hand-sized furnace. I never learned to master the heat that shot before your could have.

We came home we banked up fire we woke up to a cold house at the morning. When you were down to stoke in the morning you found that either the fire had died with out, the coal was not to have been ranged, so the fire had polished up all the coals in it into that innocuous looking fine-like ashes.

The latter situation was better of course because one was you could shovel all the ashes and clinkers into the ash-bucket, and start from scratch. The issue was it was necessary to at least produce to separate ashes and clinkers from unused coal, having a mess to clean up and the furnace shotted again.

The normal condition of the house was cold and gloomy however even if the fire was burning merrily away and you certainly functioning something like a furnace. Then occasionally and usually on a mild day the furnace would decide to live up to its first potential and heat up the place to the point where you expected the whole house to shrink again.

As I said, it, you brought it under control by spending some dead air into the cellars to inhibit the fire. The weakest of means, the produced a crust of clinkers that could be removed by an iron-rod or one fashioned instead of filling the fire. Then you were back to square one.

Yes, there is nothing so beautiful as mountain here even during the most difficult time. It applies up when in recent inexperience.

Especially something is the luxury of saying on the fire you intervening, "I think we could have a touch of heat." So you insist the fire-poker to "on" and a few minutes later you have heat.

Without there is none.

Joys of the first home

Saturday, October 26, 1946

The other day my wife and I had occasion to reminisce about our first home and the glories of taking possession of it.

This is not a hard-luck story since both of us belong to the first generation of postwar home seekers and the cost of the postwar home assumed by our elders for the most of which we fell both in luxury.

Our first home was modest.

People not much older than us gave up during the depression, would have considered it a magnificent a result for gleefully low wages and when they assessed their present value our humble abode they could take cash for, some thumb tweak and mortgagees as those days were unusually accident about.

A larger house with balconies like running water came, and as when the family was half grown.

So now we have, having borrowed a trade in the final years of the war but the immediate postwar years with our assessment of houses for jobs, earning what was considered a princely wage and buying a brand-new home on suburban Toronto after only one year in a furniture for.

Not exactly hardship or pioneer trailblazing.

Memories even in Rhodes, I guess of affairs gradations. Inside anywhere stuck almost every one has and personalities, and on ownership was out of the question: we cannot fly but in make sure can remain development was turned by public transportation. If gas up to and from work. No problem, we were initiated by the tuition. A small the company provided bus service from 6 a.m. to midnight every half-hour commuting with the Toronto Transportation Commission in between Toronto.

The reader won't jog either The seven-minute after a bathtub, Allowing for regular leisure and breakdowns by the vintage vehicles. But when neither of us could locate was and the first two morning bus runs were unpredictable even with schedulations and would be consumed two hours after we opened and the doors.

That left hitch-hiking for a year or whatever it was to get early worker's moment At it happened, I developed several "regulars" who enjoyed the car every morning if I hadn't caught on another ride and who depended on downtown or within TTC distance of my job.

There were other surprises.

We had been above the water heater in the basement which caught me somewhere because I had always supposed that hot water was provided through the city's steam main by some magic process. Didn't connect in underground.

To our horror, however, the water from the hot water tap didn't even get warm no matter how long we let it run. Naturally we complained to the caretaker pointed out that the heating element didn't come with the lease — only the main, and that we would have to buy our own.

A number of things didn't go with the house, such as interior painting, light fixtures and heavy wiring, the rest we had known about.

The light fixtures had been purchased, and in

the country shopping was a real thrill. On my way home from work I would leave the streetcar near Vaughan Road and St. Clair and for from the stop for the North York bus I would travel to stand in line to wait for the suburban bus, then every half-hour but perpetually late. It took a big under ten hours, my arms still sore at the memory.

Work? Sublime it's like that wasn't that wonderful driving my first winter and particularly not finding the sounds of cars like Second arrived, when I didn't catch a single duty a week. But we survived and learned and adjusted

Let's sing Inside a gas gathering, was another joy I think the hardest work I ever performed was turning over the hard pan of the backyard in preparation for seeding to grass.

We unbelievably and expectantly cut a three-foot hole into the ground and filled it with white peanut for support, planted some perennials and waited for them to turn our yard into a state of color and fragrance.

On my mother-in-law's first visit, and long after I knew I had the greatest sun that any garden wasn't during all that well. I admitted that it wasn't up to my own expectations but that one plant was doing exceptionally well

"That's because it's a weed, explained Grandma, and pulled and the throwing plant

That woman's gardening skill was something! She could break up a spot of soil, throw in a cutting, give it a pat and a splash of water and before you knew it it was a handsome flowering bit of greenery.

Suburbia, as we know it today could well be called a phenomenon of the postwar era and the accompanying prosperity. Postwar cities had suburban residential areas which tended to be rather dense affairs. Small lots on which to set without causing undue crowding. Houses were of a modest means, providing low-cost but adequate shelter housing for people in low-paying jobs or in professions. Like small towns, they offered single life up the ladder of middle class to those who are ambitious. They were sometimes described as rural slums, although they offered a more dignified alternative to the tenements of the inner city. For families had cars and those who did could get afford to drive them regularly to and from work. Thus the grocery and liquor and coffee shops, and the retailers for that matter lived in graded residential areas within the city, using mostly public transportation to get to and from work. Type of land for city use was zoning in formal terms.

Postwar prosperity and the automobile combined to create suburban subdivisions on a broad and planned scale. Blocks of homes were built on speculation at the same time by one or several contractors and would go on the market at about the same time. They tended to be populated by families with several things in common. they were usually fairly young with small children, had sufficiently well-paying positions to qualify them for mortgages, and were new to the relaxed confidence of the midlife.

These similarities were not unlike those of an atomic group settling in one particular section of a large city as a strange country their common background and analogous circumstances tended to throw them together.

On the whole this made for congenial communities, although the human tendency to overdo things sometimes produced a backlash.

We now an exaggerated example of familiarity breeding contempt between two couples who lived next door to each other directly across the street from us. From the moment they met, they seemed to hate each other with claws as blood-brothers and sisters. They were in each others homes constantly interrupted everything that was between them, helped each other build fences and install storm windows. They took sports together and the two would expect within a family.

One Sunday was that family at Sheet to the east of family "B" and both their doors were on the western sides of houses situated to maximize on the sun. Now No. A" was considerably busy about his driving block, and both families obviously had to cross its lawn many times daily as they stepped back and forth between houses.

One afternoon between showers, the A" s lawn seemed to be in better condition. He had a fountain with arrows his lawn from his driveway to that of the B" s. So they could both continue their heavy traffic without damaging the fragile blades of grass.

Time went on until one day we became conscious of a difference. The "A" and "B" were not running back a forth any more. At first we thought that they simply had just finished a bit with each other. Then one day we saw Mr. B" s wife in his garden talking quite animatedly to Mrs. A" s, picking up the flagstones from his lawn and replacing them with sod.

The "B" moved away with a for another two.

It was and

Back in Toronto Star had the necessity my involvement with the union and the prospect of using it to bring the subject was got no jobs but worse with both the company and the union, each having borrowed to live with the other's imperfections. I ended up almost losing my job, and a comparison settlement left my chastened and reflective and my personal sensitivities began to veer more in favor of the middle of the road in my attitudes and outlook.

Before leaving Toronto I served a one-year term as deputy chairman of the congregation to the chapel (assistant shop steward might describe it better for most). This experience as director between the employees in a department store 250 comparisons, and management left me with varied feelings hostile toward neither but regretful that the relationship between organized labor

and wearing power might not have been channelled into more mutually beneficial initiatives than the adversary stances that have become a basic in our society.

In large newspapers were the decision, these two had much journeys between management and interested staff that dressed opportunity to both. With the experience men in the country union man did not appear to say apparent position to above department foreman (in scope in FTU affiliate), while management were off wider men for me old-scope positions that favoring found the potential and abilities of thousands of talented employees.

Strange decisions also developed as steps-master that existed chosen in a vacuum. For example, the Sir corresponding room was visited regularly (although not often) by a focus fourteen cubic at The Bargain offering stolen merchandise as a tenant-in-person. It was used — but I have no first-hand knowledge of that — that he first visited the foreman's office giving how first refused, that stockroom himself so elegantly as a corner of the composing room and displayed his wares. He even took orders for future delivery and, on occasion, made other small appearances.

Bookmaking was also carried on openly as if the bookie seemed to be generated jobs that had the flexibility to accommodate the demands of this calling. I say overtime another the local women one top management knew nothing of these activities, but admitted it by allowing the department to become an eyesore as its own right.

Spare their jobs in doing
RAMSEY Cooke *21 1971*

Some year ever considered how many old sayings and expressions can now true and ever accepting them as gospel because they are so familiar but never really stopping to examine them?

Take the one about not swapping horses about people behind their backs, that if you have something unmanageable in my about a person you ought to say it directly to their face.

I suggest this rule has validity chiefly because no person in my my something behind someone's back, and one of the persons to whom you spoke your mind is sure to take the matter down to the subject and create more ado and — slightly garbled and exaggerated — out of control.

My philosophy on this point — as more as I am here pounding it — stems from an old feelings operator with whom I worked for several years a few decades back.

He was long departed, was a character. No one was sure when to figure out whether he was completely mad, he possessed that rare type of *historical sense* of humor which allowed him to laugh merrily at the ignorance of the people surrounding him.

Ken had occupied the track hair a thirty-type mechanic building block type apart that would have nursed have rate as comedian at the of not exercise and happy home like waging between years from his than with the people.

He loved to go from one another to the next carrying many tales from his fellow workers because and like "There" Dave grading off again and hearing all his work ran me to do. And back at the

Then he would quickly confess you not to tell Dan. "It's all right to say nasty things about people behind their backs," he would say seriously. "That way it doesn't stab them. But if you tell them to their faces it hurts their feelings."

Naturally the game was to corner Dan at the first opportunity and tell him that Ken this called this a no good jagged. Then, who had played the game for years, would put on his resignant face and march straight to Ken and demand to know why Ken had said nothing things mate this

What the one of us wondered from a shotgun Kenworth system his fortune with a wealth of gentleness, foreman made something and a try or two for the opinion. He would explain, we would state those, and we should not wherever to using everything he said this in fact to and had nothing his realize for them's acknowledgement but that it was fun he and real was goofing off.

The more would and walk Ken and Dan shaking hands with heavy laughter mouth back slapping and views of something friendship.

A few minutes later Ken would make his way back to the customer and berate him in turn anger. "How the did you have to go back to Dan when I told you not to. If you'd kept your mouth shut nobody would have known but it's too late now. Dan has his feelings hurt and he'll be feelings as he come and nasty from now and he'll do feelings as he come and nasty things to me and to my feelings. Get down you to record. I've shouldn't do things like that."

As I mentioned, we never learned if he was just pretending or not having secret belly laughs at us and our juvenile juvenile antics. But his philosophy remains with me

Just think of what a less-like world — would be if everyone was forever telling you every little thing wrong with you.

I would rather have my neighbors bowling in their heads that I'm a sloppy gardener and my lawn not a manicure. But have me to my face every time. Same goes my "Why don't you do something about your money your and put your hats out for salesmen?"

At home, our first daughter Penny was born and with a reduced mortgage burden, a property appreciated through improvement and paid-up second-hand car and bike, and even a few dollars in the bank, we began to think think more about risking it all on a down payment for a small weekly.

We studied the ads in the dailies assiduously, and one day came upon one offering a weekly in a small town not far from Toronto. I took advantage of a mid-week day off and on a beautiful spring day set out to see and purchase this for a new life.

Halfway to my destination, the car started to make disturbing noises accompanied by a smell of burning oil. I pulled over, stopped the car, raised the hood and, cool sheer looking helplessly and wistfully at passing traffic — the usual signal of an unacquainted in distress — until a truck driver took pity and stopped. He turned out the ignition and successfully and shortly diagnosed the problem: my car had thrown a rod. I didn't know what a rod was, but knew that it ran right there.

Fire sale of business

Saturday, May 4 1968

Ruminating the other day about the problems one can sometimes melt until with the well-known fire sales, I realized one positive function that I brought to Penguin with the last weekend. It might well have been avoided some by the bulk.

For people accustomed consecutive of times to not everyone had an automobile, for many it was an the system somewhere after many other things had been taken care of.

One of my problems I suppose was that I already had one foot firmly into the era of the spoiled gasoline-alley: that is to say, I was able to buy a brand-new car when I was still single. Evidence: baby-fever.

Then along came wedded bliss and some of the realities that went with it. The upshot was that the car was needed to help provide the down payment for a home in suburban Toronto.

Time lived a few doors from us a middle-aged couple who drove an Austin. Three days July 30 thought that

Mrs. M. who had been in the habit of dropping in occasionally instead to see day to say that she was going with her children and for our company she could accompany and either

She thought for our would be just right for you, and, and the price sounded reasonable. And just as we wouldn't feel bad about cheating on with the car, she insisted that if we were fortunate we should go and see a statistical second fill at a garage specializing in foreign cars. The garage had always serviced her car, and Bill had taken a personal interest in keeping it shipshape.

Well, to put isn't every day that a deal like that appears on the horizon. So we discussed it at length, had a sleepless night and the following day I went to see Bill at the said garage.

Bill sent only confirmed everything Mrs. M. had said about the car but volunteered the opinion that it was just about the worst little car he had ever had the pleasure of working with.

Naturally we didn't love the economy sum, and in our straitened circumstances how he could see to suggested to carry a mortgage or loan. So we borrowed from our friendly banker bought the car — and lived happily ever after?

Retrospect

Mrs. M. presumably lived happily ever after. She moved to posh suburb in the direction of Toronto, while her new belongings — Bill the mechanic — never to be heard from again in their previous

I have seriously wondered whether her husband a death was really natural. Certainly there was nothing natural about the behavior of that clutch-and-brake Austin.

I was hungry, knew every number, getting the car started every morning, replaced every fluctuated part, and finally after I threw a rod on a country outing one cool 200 for it to a trade-in for another lump.

My search for friends, neighbors and professional advice

The breather gave me a gift be a capacity villages where I had a service station operator living and his truck and tow me my crippled vehicle (and part of the payment for down payment for a weekly newspaper). Where I heard the estimate for a repair. I knew the car would never be a down payment for anything but hardware, and it had already given me a few

But prepared to surrender so early. Harsh-lidded to my destination where I learned that those putting the paper up for sale. the owner had changed his mind and now wanted it to keep it.

The trip was not completely in vain, however. While waiting for the garageman to get a spare carburetor in the village where my car had broken down, I visited the weekly and found the

publisher most encouraging, my household environment now quite taking. Perhaps it was my temporary humility that helped me.

Little while chatting with the supposed vanity-publisher: he said something that I later pondered about, and probably helped in a small way to temper my own attitude later when I finally became a publisher:

He nodded in the direction of a man coming out of a shop across the street and allowed that the man probably had difficulty shaving his face in public after the editorial he, the publisher, had written that week. I said of what the man's position was and foresaw that he was the first editor

"He just wants to tell me his little town has a full-page first class!?" I asked.

"Oh, no. He says that his town's status has just dropped out of

And I wondered what a vainglorious fine editor giving his own town an essential and thankless status quo; could do to wrong thing he does or said against me as the local paper

As a publisher I was to make my own mistakes by the score, and probably worse ones. But many times, even considering the misdeeds and fine edict in the 10 years town, I was to persevade myself, often in doubt, to err on the side of encouragement.

My dream of becoming a publisher again first started. I began to listen to the unwritten editorial in just any man on the street and guessing some years of age he does in Manitoba.

Within a year we cashed in our holdings in Toronto, tried out to break about a fifty percent out in salary and moved our family to Steinbach to a new life in the world of weekly newspapering.

The happy motorman

Montreal, May 12, 1982

Once upon a time I had a wonderful street car ride.

It was the evening I met Isher in Toronto, on a valuable, windy spring day, and street people passing on the car displayed expressions that showed they were just on the brink of blowing up in spring.

But Isher expressions changed... and by the time they reached their stops, most of them were breaking out of laughter from their eyes.

The motorman

The motorman was a very young man obviously in one of his first weeks on the job. He was a motorist wit, was improving himself immensely and obtained many one-stop, comment-ready on the passing scenes outside and inside the vehicle, selling funny answers, guessing and mimicking hopeless passengers with genuine humour. He wasn't a smart aleck. He was just a young [illegible] [illegible]

Perhaps an excellent one at that young guy he was refreshing under difficult circumstances, and in every needed for more no matter than good humor

I thought of him often, wishing that all motormen not to mention many other people in close contact with the public, were more like him.

There one day I boarded a street car and there he was driving.

I felt instantly elated and made a bright remark to him. At least I thought it was bright. My memory was a blank now and an impression that registered I was he none fond of a me.

It wasn't even a bad day. It wasn't even rush hour. and he was very down cramped.

I think, too, as a he knelt in the car as I could, had noticed the longest person I could find, and all has crowded under the seats.

It was a miserable ride, no fun at all no witty moments

I still wonder about that young motorman and what happened to him in the short course of a year. Admittedly it is the type of job which only he has and pursue for the first few months, and then the wear and tear of the daily-weekly-monthly grind takes its toll and humour out of it.

Perhaps [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

10. Itinerant printing

Westward and onward

While I look back on my move from Toronto to Vancouver in early 1962 as the first step on a path leading more visibly to my hand bookbinding, I felt no less think at the time. I was even certain I was familiar with the terrain to any modern reader.

My background could be adequately summarized in twelve words — a steady and reasonably satisfying job with authority. Financial reserves and home hearth and family exercise injunctions of moving the world had manifest something in me that would not be denied. I was happy with my job as a compositor at Hodder-Eastwood Printing, was earning a good salary for that period and for my youth — due to a rapidly achieved journeyman status — but I was also subject to restlessness that led me to undertaking expeditions for their own sake. These, in turn, reduced me to throwing a portion of my first paid vacation and the trip back from to Manitoba to hitchhiking from Chicago to Toronto when I returned. Something about that road experience — finding myself in unfamiliar places and sensing that the road led to wherever one's imagination and impulses might direct — that made me vulnerable or at least receptive to suggestions of a move to another distant world.

During my first year in Toronto, I had formed a casual friendship with Jim Colquhoun who worked in the offset printing department of Arthur-Jones Ltd. Jim lived not far from my boarding house and we went to the occasional show, concert or dance together. He had been in the RCAF long enough to receive some trades training. Perhaps it was the abrupt end of the war that left him with a sense of unfulfillment, or maybe it was ambivalence about the printing trade in his destiny perhaps there were unrealized self-doubts but whatever dark brew stirs they led him to commute from time to time about a change of scenery with a particular emphasis on Victoria — maybe because it was the most distant major Canadian city and so unlike familiar Canadian terrain and climate.

One blustery January afternoon Jim summoned me to Sunnyside Beach for coffee and doughnuts, and as we sat in the warmth of the diner while outside the wind harassed a light snowfall and dashed the grey waters of Lake Ontario against the breakwater several hundred yards distant. Jim produced a current copy of the Victoria Colonist and read me items about local citizens getting and engaging in other parents about which one could only familiarize to moderate interest of Canada.

The fateful book was for me, irresistible and it wasn't long before I was committed to a move

before we came. But, by that time, had opened for us the extremely considering, a contest with the Toronto police force as I was on my own. I always surprised myself when I accidentally found myself in British Columbia although, as Vancouver, rather than on Victoria. To talk about the comparative attractions of two cities is a worthless job prospects quite another

Recognizing a mystery

MISSETTA April 17 1980

In spring of 1980 being of an age when almost must learn to use place around like a full-blooms. I wandered in migrant in that to the Canadian Mental Vancouver.

In those days, when cross-country hitch-hiking with all one's personal belongings was not yet in vogue, and using the rails no longer respectable, the most obvious form of transportation would be found in the Personal vendors of the daily papers whose well-intentioned complete plumbing, long trips offered ideas in exchange for driving assist and a share of the gas expense.

Hitchhiking a driver's license in the time I was hesitant down by a few inevitably managed to talk my way aboard by paying a few dollars more.

The driver was an ex-RCAF navigator who had taken in love with Italian Columbia fishing while stationed in that province and was fulfilling a pledge to return some day fishing vacation.

His attitude demanded that he spend a short time trip. (Terrace-Vancouver) plus his fishing time 5½ days, and because it was spring, road and weather conditions suggested a spring considerably south of the American route.

Actually he had hoped to drive night and day from his original being undecided and the territorial sample of the back seat my assignment to stopping and passing time of any interested on that left only the car interior and a young discussion from it suppose for driving duties.

We made it through the first day first night and second day before we stopped for the night in South Prairie, Utah, and the assistance that we actually had in the motion was driving. We saved the first day a film

Nebraska, started Cheyenne by that, and drove most late that night through mountains, which were visible only as outside shadows.

We spent the night in Brigham City Utah, and I'll never forget the following morning when the pristine sky awoke in a setting, sunny spring morning and his first look in mountains as an unspent ground and almost surrounding the little community.

My last impression that morning was a little closer where the freshness of the house and night while we were from a night and the mirror inside the small town like a flower.

The waitress looked with us and with anyone else who came in — friend or stranger — in a way that seemed downright homey after modern Toronto and Montreal. The burghers of Brigham were fashionably concerning their sidewalks.

Some day I intend actually to unpack and purchase on food in with shall return to this charming little place.

"Some day" was a long time in coming. In fact, 32 years almost to the day.

In Salt Lake City for a few days last month I completed the schedule at work in a down in Brigham City.

Again, it was a beautiful spring day with the same gleaming on the mountain tops. Again, I was impressed with the fact that the town seemed cleaner and more attractive than most.

We also had consumers in stronger, fresher, shopping malls, chain stores down on the business, making instant and everything a in this, gain with the modern outside small community and except for the hamburger, was almost indistinguishable from hundreds of others.

I don't really blame the good people of Brigham City for hoping to stay the course. Just shouldn't have enough 75 years

Whatever discomforts in my nature might have prevailed upon me to make Vancouver my permanent home, full credits to the economic highs and lows that seemed to prevail at that city at the point in time. At one of the city's larger commercial printing plants — the job printing division of the Vancouver Sun — it seemed the wolf was always howling near the door discouraging thoughts of permanence. We might be working every evening and Saturdays, but many layoff was always imminent hovering just around the corner.

It was in Vancouver that I became a member of the International Typographical Union, and was introduced to the things dominant property by that powerful union in most newspaper and, many commercial composing rooms throughout North America. In ITU offices of that era, it unfortunate assumed that the employer was the chief adversary and that management existed mainly to provide work. Grievances per cheques and how and five journeymen — although the latter had to be done very unsupposedly.

I was also a city from which many of the printers who moved in from the Prairies were invisible

the United States and the higher wage scales of cities such as Seattle and Portland. I became familiar too, and naturally enthralled with the ITU's skilled rules and the possibilities these offered for travelling and seeing the country while working.

I applied for an immigration lark with the U. S. consul but he turned me down after checking my bank passbook. Chad had shown $50 bank balances was a must for a single man entering the United States – about $150-000 in 1980 dollars – but he wouldn't confirm this.

It became my goal in life to get that precious visa and I visited the consulate every month to present my passbook and the growing balance. The interest was always the same: a queer shake of the head.

My departure from Vancouver may have been set forward by an incident at my boarding house one winter night that might have been more likely to find favour in a steam version by someone with little respect for the laws on probability.

I had been downtown spending more than was good for me. I walked the three blocks from the streetcar stop to the boarding house in about the inches of freshly fallen snow holding my homeboy trousers with the deliberateness of the inebriated.

The key slipped out of my hand and disappeared into the snow without a trace. I spent almost half an hour fruitlessly looking for it, before brought up on a load pole.

What to do?

You might think it would have been a simple matter of ringing the doorbell and explaining the situation to at unhappy landlady. Believe me, that wouldn't have been the end of it – even though I have Mrs. Ayers was unbelievably unsupervious. But the unsupervisedness that we may need to exciting an alternative also provided the wherewithal to make it seem possible.

The front door gave into a sizeable verandah – by roof of which my last point so two before the window of a room just vacated — conveniently — by another lodger.

Now if only I had a ladder. I thought, and if the weather proved to be potached I might still manage some unobstructed

Lo and behold! Leaning against the side of the house was a ladder of suitable length.

Quickly I thought I brought it around to the front of the house and leaned it against the porch roof. Unsteadily I scaled the ladder crawled across the small roof grasped the window and pushed upward

The window opened easily and quickly before more quickly than the expectation that suddenly presented itself in front of the half-opened window.

"Yes, Ernest," said a stern-visaged Mrs. Ayers who had dressed in sheets in the vacated room for the night. "What would you like?" Few intelligent answers presented themselves.

Mrs. Ayers was kinder than might have been expected under the circumstances, but she didn't seem dissatisfied when my employment came to an end a few weeks later and I chose to and my accumulated salaries in the Ayers, leaving Vancouver, rather than risking a repeat.

I took the ferry to Victoria on Vancouver Island. This might be considered my first "voyaging" step because it was the first move in a city to which I consciously had an intention of staying indefinitely.

This might be an appropriate time to inject an explanation of voyaging — an invented meaning — in the mid-20th century and the ITU laws, customs and traditions the trade it possible.

The General Laws of the International Typographical Union during the era, which became part of many approved contracts with composing room employers, gave every journeyman the right to engage a his or her trade any compatible position holding a skilled union working card.

Further, the laws stipulated that any overtime worked must be compensated paid on the composing room a shape bulletin board and when the equivalent of a shift a overtime and been accumulated the member must engage the first available substitute to cancel the overtime.

The trade initiated who wrote these rules into the by-book of the ITU and by succession into the agreements governing working conditions in most daily newspapers in the United States and Canada surely did not do so in give succor to fancy-free young adventurers using them to rustle about the country

But it certainly worked out the way for some of us and whenever our workers gently admonished us to think about the family men with a mortgage who had to stay off work to make room for us, our flippant answer was that we didn't make the rules, we were only using them.

Without attempting to educate readers in the history of the International Typographical Union or the printing trade it seems appropriate to give some background to the rules my generation of young printers used as well as our sweatshop. Without it people have deliberately unfortunately how we could have travelled from shy to shy making and finishing work for periods suitable to our easy code.

First of all going well back into the nineteenth century disciplines imposed on daily newspapers by the market and competition dictated that there be enough workers on hand to fill the pages which acted as another from the day to the day of breakdowns a composition probably could not assemble more than a column or two of type in a day so didn't take a great number of extra pages to require extra help.

Vacations tended to be heavy load, as are some day newspapers, the printers days off — usually called shore days — were scheduled in a way that united the number on duty each day to fit the cycle as much as possible. On one day newspapers in the days of the pre-day week this was not possible. There were also seasonal volume variations that were not always easy to adjust. To accommodate the varying loads newspapers introduced spare boards, an which unemployed printers might post their names to indicate their availability to work. To the union secretary these names were supposed to show the start of such availability possible hire. The practice was and undoubtedly other paper boards as the shape-up of longshoremen.

Employers usually insisted that a person holding a regular situation (steady job) could not take a day off without engaging a substitute to work in his stead. This led, eventually to the ITU limiting that none that members were required to assign substitutes when absencing themselves from he job for any reason, it must also be their right to fix as whatever competent substitute were available and with out the foreman's approval.

Eventually those rules and customs were used for work-sharing to compensate for layoffs. Since layoffs usually had to be effected a inverse order of seniority situations often arose that there were men to be retained to maintain the staff as paper might work in prime duringit being have manned, then, when a sudden decline in business caused a layoff the lowest was known by the junior employees

At such times obviously responsible for the introduction of the overtime accumulation and cancellation rules, printers who had retained their situations were required to hire the laid-off printers (after the latter had cancelled their own overtime) as substitutes to the extent of accumulated overtime posted. This gave temporary relief to the printers with low seniority and gave those breathing room while seeking alternate employment, leaving town to whatever economic load and personal circumstances dictated

In the postwar boom years, a newspaper composing room might have hundreds to even thousands of hours of overtime waiting to be banged off. When this was intended as a sudden against local times it was also an incentive for young printers to come in and work all the overtime, while regular fellows took that off

You might suppose that management would frown on children coming in and making themselves at home. But let's not forget that they too were benefitting in that the paper board made extra help available at regular rates in busy seasons.

I have heard or read that some filmstrips governed their travels by the timings of state legislatures. Since legislature proceedings had to be printed, and fairly promptly, was one reason what the timing did to the printing trade, particularly in the days of hand-setting.

Discrete troublemakers may also encouraged. I understand by some early guilds and by their successors, the trade unions in certain trades in some certain in a tradesman was not permitted upon completing the usual seven-year apprenticeship, to start work on his own society for one year. This was intended to place on count on all — master craftsmen journeymen fellow another and the apprentice himself — in matters that the apprentice's opponents was well-

translated and soon published too. It also broadened the newly trained tradesmen.

In Victoria, in 1949, I worked with at least one fine operator who had not required to work for a full year in another office before undertaking such tasks as he knew he could "invent his time." This kind boom in Calgary or Edmonton in the 1980s, but I don't know whether that was a local regulation or against trade practices of the period.

Until recently, to me, I believed that the word "journeyman" derived from the custom of itinerancy. However I find the root in the French "jour" (day) which rendered into "journey," which the dictionary defines as a day's travel or work. A journeyman, then, was a man who worked for a daily wage, as distinguished from the indentured apprentice who (formerly) worked for food, shelter and whatever his master's benevolence might add, or the master printer who contracted his labor by the piece or lot.

Nevertheless, there is a German word "Wanderjahr" (wander-year) which seems to dis-order the neophyte journeyman who is obliged to see his exercises abroad for about a year.

In any case the itinerant or tramp printer had been accepted as an integral element of the printing industry for a century or more before my time although the habits of the breed included inevitably a high percentage of alcoholism and other losses there were enough journeying-like travels of various sorts of members of the printing trade to make my own little trek, that one was initiated by most of the "homers" with more enthusiasm than envy.

Much time was lavishly on interesting jobs, having learned the trade in his brother's newspaper in Hannibal, Missouri and on his way to the capital city of where he was to find some weekend in St. Louis about one hundred years before I arrived there — not dreamed, of course, for Texas horizons.

But back in Victoria where I had just arrived on the Sunday ferry from Vancouver Boss after "allowing me" (establishing practice) at the National Press, I looked up Campbell Small, working as a proofreader at the government printing office. He had worked briefly on Boss's commercial printing plant in Vancouver where I had been hired off, but had left for Victoria a few months earlier. Eventually we struck up an unlikely friendship and usually spent weekend afternoon together looking at golfing, and perhaps having a few beers in the evening. Unlikely because Campbell was about fifteen years older than I, a World War I veteran of the British Army and of a rather wary of mind. I was barely twenty-one, filled with my own importance, and given to harbouring an about subjects I knew little about.

Campbell was like this. When he "signed up" at the Boss's entry board, his name appeared on the card as "H. Small." Therefore opportunity I had I asked him what the "H" stood for. He seldom told me to mind my own business nor that he was by his second name, which was Campbell. He simply told me he "H" stood for Hugh. He recalled how Hugh Small he received at the preliminary and was asked pursue as pregnant. I never caught the gentle irony. He wasn't long enough on for November but to me he was Hugh. Even after we were bowling, golfing and beer-crawling together in Victoria I called him Hugh until the day he told me with some embarrassment that I was the only one who called him Hugh; with every one else it was Campbell.

I use it never get the Hugh bit out of my system so I became indebted about who I called him one time it would be Campbell and Hugh the rest with a trust the tongue on either one.

The term "three-sheet up" needs definition when applied to Victoria of this time frame. The city was dry which meant liquor could not be sold by the drink anywhere within the city limits, and beer only at stores, cafés, to members and guests. So beer-drinking was confined to visits to those cafés, or taking the bus to one of several hotels inside the city limits. No one or any group had a car although we were recovering enough then considered very respectable.

In Victoria, economics only applied for a visit at the U.S. consulate with results identical to those in Vancouver. So I plodded pension and watched my bank account grow and each month grappled at the consulate.

At my Victoria boarding house were two other male lodgers who were interesting seamen. Colin was a straight-backed former military policeman, who seldom smiled each everything necessarily considered himself an intellectual and was studying for a civil service examination

He also had an idea of which he was inordinately proud because, as he told me more than once, only "very intelligent" people developed slowly.

There were a few dull, a fair sleepy variety, cheerful and almost illiterate laborer in a cement factory. Bill started complaining of stomach problems and eventually visited a doctor who decided to test him for ulcers.

Calm as an almost self-suited at the doctor' clearance, and told me the tests must be uncomfortable because it was well known the people of Bill's ethnicity and disposition simply did not get ulcers.

The tests came back positive and the Bill he'd ulcers. Calm was devastated.

My mind by this now firmly set on trump-jetting as the United States, I began to realize that an American' chance would improve if he was a bare operator as well as a hand compositor. Through the cheapest shareman I approached the foreman and he obliged by allowing me to "scab" the machine. "Scabing" was the accepted term for learning to be an operator when already a journeyman on one's own time or through hours "stolen" on the jobs rushe then learning as the course of a union apprenticeship.

The day shift at the Victoria Times worked several hours before the evening shift came in, as I came in an hour early every evening and typeset "dead" copy. One of several obliging journeyman operators would precede it for me and I would set the corrections in order to keep the learning appropriate reasonably parallel to work. Time came when the night foreman pulled me on the scene "for typecasting at the shelf. If we were very slow at the "hand rate" or absent an operator.

One evening as the Times seated to position a line in the fourth floor composing room setting my hook I let a message rumbling and found myself looking into the eyes of no apprentice by the name of Hollyoake, who was sitting at the next line also setting his hook and reading the sports page. When the typist came to me with a few seconds McDonald took his eyes off his book the sports page and resumed reading and eating. "What was that?" I asked. Earthquake he replied, not even bothering to look up. Puzzled and disturbed, and set a little nonplussed at his calmness I asked: "Do you get them often?" His reply? First I ate on my life." And went on reading.

The magic number

by fall of last year — 1949 — my bank account had reached the magic level of $1,500 and it was surprising how quickly those ten hundred although the figure had never before been acknowledged by the cosmos in either Vancouver or Victoria. I seemed almost unreal to me as an asset, suddenly the document that for so long had seemed so remote and unreachable as the holy grail.

Suddenly I was in Seattle stepped up into sub at the Post-Intelligencer and "catching" often enough to put on five shifts weekly.

I learned a lot in my short time in the P-I house log, mostly rough-mannered crew boss by the name of Wee McComber. Wee knew every nook of the trade, and seemed how many I learned.

He once asked "Do you know how to cast eagle boards?" Carrying metal boxes to fit into a form at an angle relative to the rest of the type was a tricky exercise — at least for me. So I summoned something about thinking I knew how. Whereupon McComber roared that there was no "thinking" involved. Either you know or you don't. If you can't see at them you I will and if you don't you best go gobbins stuff out there right.

For once I was knuckle and it served me well. He taught me little shortcuts when at the casual work spots in my own craft unknowingly and the early training saved me on later stops when I was "mugging" overtime.

For my planned honeymoon or trumping I didn't at once rely on public transportation, as I dawdled in several part of the money the land enabled me to enter the United States at an

automobile. I *started off* with a used car to start, but found the salesman a most accomplished dealership-ist & hostile or indifferent (On the suggestion of an acquaintance I had asked for a particular salesman and this means a shrewd commission for the salesman) actually assigned to me that I didn't trust anything he offered. So I ended up buying, one time a brand new 1928 six-cylinder Ford

I had taken driving lessons in Toronto, but because I hadn't had a vehicle to practise with had not tried for my driver's license. I took a few lessons in Seattle, passed her and received my license and rear-vestibuled myself into a row with the Washington driving public to visit

When work petered out in the P-I & few weeks before Christmas, I planned to head east for my next stop. Portland Oregon and it was then that I teamed up with Bob Sweets. Bob completed his apprenticeship (a six year program in the P-I while I worked there, and under ITU having rules, had to go to the bottom of the newspaper's priority list whenever) to a substantial extent. Since Seattle work prospects for the future looked grim several printers suggested to Bob and myself that teaming it would be good for both of us. It was. We had a lot of laughs in the half-year he & we were together

We were at an age when spending an hour or two at the neighborhood bar after work or on nights off seemed like the handy thing to do. One problem was that Bob was not short of twenty-one and looked younger, and was one hundred per cent very stubby about it.

So we discussed ways & of that little problem

After putting into a strange city we would select a night-hotel bar near our boarding house, walk in and sit down. When the bartender approached, frowning with suspicion and about to ask for ID I would demand very loud and forcibly and that the bartender must make Bob pay for those "I when twenty-first birthday I would explain, and he'd go to pay for the drinks and I

It always worked. The bartender would break into a grin and add his congratulations. Sometimes this must would even set me a drink on the house

On future visits, naturally our bona fides were deemed to have been established and IDs were not demanded

It was something to behold the hurt look on the face of Jimmy the bartender in the Shangri-la in Sacramento, when after visiting his bar almost nightly for several weeks, I again pulled the birthday routine. His tone to the occasion of Bob's actual twenty-first birthday Jimmy ran and returned and did not come through with a round "on the house."

In Sacramento I learned a lot of backwoods philosophy I have often thought about but have never invoked.

A fellow lodger was a short stocky genial Tennessean ex-sailor who always wore a cheerful smile on his face. Over a glass of beer one afternoon he was telling about, he asked me after I had been in a few of nights. I believe that fighting wasn't my thing and he declared, not bragging, but in a matter-of-fact way that he had been in a lot of fights because he never backed down

"After all, boys all nobody's it a

"It hurt" I said puzzled

"I be it, a bit's," he corrected. They may link you but they can't eat you Ain't nobody's it."

We could have stayed longer than the five weeks we were at the Morning Union, where the Sessions were offered us elimination (half-time postponed). When we declined, he suggested we return when we were ready to settle down. This indication the desire to which journeymanship was accepted. In most industries management would be glad to rid of drifters in the world of unionized printing it was at least marginally acceptable particularly in young men seeking experience and variety. Or, we had the occasional reference to settling down and even and the unlikely like of marrying a good hometown girl St. Louis to Chicago) girl, as if settling down, but there was also some recognition on the value of our nomadism

We left Sacramento on a gloomy Saturday morning, planning to drive only a few miles down the road to Stockton. It was raining when we arrived and it seemed wasteful to stop again after only about an hour's drive. In any case there is something singularly unnerving about the name "Stockton." So we kept going.

Availability of work, by the way was almost our only criterion for working in a city. Both Bob and I were, to put it in the most favourable light, thrifty; we not only worked five days every week while tramping, we also made it a point to stop over a day in cities with pay scales of one hundred dollars or more weekly — as most skilled men in those days. And we always made sure the if steady enterprises were not available there was lots of overtime to "bump" at. As I have suggested this wasn't always taken by the book and earned us a few mean looks and gentle hints, but the rules and traditions were so deep-rooted in most localities that we were never harassed. Looking back, I must agree that size in the trade union's society need not considered a. but that it is frankly probably shared with the young and more and enthusiastic participants.

The system was that we travelled four days before we found work again. We were assumed to see a familiar name — Kenneth Ziegler — on the property lists of most of the California papers. Inevitably the about would show him starting then, a few shifts worked and then a line drawn through his name.

Ziegler was a middle-aged genuine tramp printer with whom we had worked briefly in both Seattle and Portland. He was an alcoholic, and his story was always brief. A few shifts worked enough pay to get a few meals and buy a few bottles and he would show up for work drunk. Then after the last entry by him or from.

There was nothing for us at Fresno Bakersfield Los Angeles, San Diego, Yuma Tucson Albuquerque or Santa Fe. At Santa Fe we found ourselves slogging through a foot of snow as we hoofed-it hard westward again and then eastward. Finally at El Paso, Texas, we caught work at a newspaper office that seemed to be the Grand Central Station of tramp printers. They would stay for a few days; or a week's work, then head west or east or north. At Paso of 1930 seemed simply next place to stay.

The shop was a shambles with machines limping along with a somewhat of maintenance. Go pay day the chapman would be dumped on a table a sum and of the compositing room and type-case would help himself. We were there only two weeks when, as it happened, moved on to the Texas Panhandle. There we took book on that one week in Amarillo and its moved substitutes. I threw with a stove of self-respect tainted with the smug self-congratulation that attaches to the misdemeanor not fully expressed.

Bob and I arrived in Amarillo on a rear, windy March Tuesday afternoon. We had driven most of the night following the end of our afternoon shift in El Paso, because of Dutch Ziegler's current hired roaring men when we reached Amarillo, and when the overtime list in one of the newspaper offices show of good prospects for several weeks of work we hunked around for a boarding house.

The Johnsons were a retired couple who had sheep-stripped most of them from and clinic grateful man had assisted them in buying a little bungalow on a residential street not far from the business section. Their price was right and included breakfast, supper and a bed had room.

It would be unfair to say that the Johnsons were filthy. Looking back from the perspective of three decades in Saskatchewan and upon a few dictatorships and post I remember that during the week had been dusty and they hadn't gotten around to tidying a vacuum room in which some dust had collected. But come to think of it the subsequent dust brought no improvement. We had thrown our blankets in the floor on the mirror and there was the dust. Before our Pullman downstairs were to dirty. we did not put on clean sides since. Something told us we might want to leave with the minimum of notice, and perhaps not on the best of terms.

Any thought of complaining or even mentioning inconvenience or inadequacy was disarranged by the three tough looking, six-foot-two or three men, who seemed to be constantly on the house and who seemed to resent our presence as much as if we had been billeted there by an unwelcoming army.

At about five o'clock on that first day Mrs. Johnson knocked on our door to announce meal on the main floor, just off the kitchen — and told us we might take our supper immediately or any time later whichever suited us best. Bob and I looked at each other by prearrangement. We were used to being late dinner (or supper) was being served, and that was that. It seemed a bit early so, acting ourselves as being generously accommodating we said a bit later would be all right.

"It's up to you," said Mrs. Johnson and marched off.

We heard the sound of clinking dishes in the kitchen but sat back and waited for the meal still to finish, presumably would come within fifteen minutes or perhaps half an hour hence.

We walked and walked, and walked, until hunger pangs prompted us to stop into the kitchen and ask Mrs. Johnson if we might have our dinner fairly soon.

"Any time," she replied. It's all on the table and ready for you. Course it's all cold now — I only heat a meal once."

So we sat down to a congealed meal of fried food that had been sitting on the table for an hour.

A real first meal with the Johnson's ever afternoon, we saw upon what xenophobia might be to their pretty comparable for a thinly veiled air of disdain on their part. Mr. Johnson asked us where we were from and when both said he was from Seattle the elderly Texan stood up and bent to the meat once but didn't like it.

"Too many foreigners there, y my liking," he said pointedly. Both now looked like it might drop right off his face. Of Belgian-Norwegian extraction, and having lived all his life in the Seattle area where racial and cultural diversity had always been taken for granted it was a new experience for him to be not a real foreigner.

Mr. Johnson almost softened when he learned I was from Canada, which he obviously thought of as an Anglo-Saxon bastion perhaps even a degree greater than his own Texas Panhandle.

"Did your father come to Canada straight from England?" he asked almost amiably.

Both eyes narrowed and my "I replied. No. My parents come from Scotland.

You could have heard a pin drop.

Our "brown bag" lunches for work consisted of three sandwiches each made with sweetened margarine, slathered in mayonnaise. We took our lunch, discarded the sandwiches and went to a nearby restaurant to eat. For the rest of our first day we took our lunches — we'd don't dare offend the Johnsons and anyway did not want to waste them any expense — and got about it as soon as we got to the plant.

Furthermore of the week we planned our departure as much a way as to make its appearance and unexpected as possible. The Johnsons no doubt were considering options for getting rid of "those Seattle devils" possibly Red spies, accurate as possible.

We were working evening shifts at the Times and the most complicated part of our plans was to get our pay cheques and traveller's cards (specimens from the Amarillo loan of the International Typographical Union) by Friday shift-end your midnight.

This arranged we made sure what little of our belongings had been placed in drawers could be packed in case we chose suspense. Before going to work Friday afternoon we made it known that we needed to take on a large batch of laundry and dry cleaning, then waited out several hours in the work room our

Off into the night

At the end of the shift pay and "traveller's" in pocket and the car geared up, we drove to the Johnson home, let ourselves in and made enough noise to convey we been home, but not enough to attract notice. In our rooms we quickly threw what little was left in our drawers into suitcases, opened the window — previously checked and found to have opening — turned all the lights, climbed out the window closed the window behind us for the little bit of security, and drove off into the night — a destination yet undecided. We were kept as alert as the night of leaving just one year on the Johnsons.

Not one foot bump

Thinking about it later we realized the whole thing had — were been very smart. Had those hosts any serious crime committed in Amarillo that night, surely our sudden and mysterious departure would have marked us. Although we presumably would have been able to clear

ourselves, it would have been embarrassing, and the authorities might have been offended just enough to make my immigration visa

Texas was different. As we discovered during our two or three weeks in El Paso and Amarillo, Princess showed up for work in cowboy clothes and riding boots and nobody so much as smiled about it

Both Bob and I were invited coolly. but when word got around that I was Canadian, there was a quickening. No one minded us in our openly hostile, but there was an attitude of aloofness that almost changed to "I am twelve before I knew damn you are two words." In June, of course, Texas inexplicably was very much in evidence, and we quickly learned that "Y'all barbecue, don't you?" was advice well said

One day a young man from another department, having learned I was Canadian, came over and asked in a friendly manner if I might know a Mrs Buchanan in Winnipeg. I replied that I did not, but mentioned by his compassionate, naked whether a Texan using the word "like" instead of "like" or "like." Visibly offended he curtly replied that "like" is "like" and "like" is like "

St. Louis was our next temporary stop following our orientation from Amarillo We touched bases in Wichita, Topeka and Kansas City before arriving again in St. Louis

What was exciting about the whole proceedings was also the constant exposure to new people, different parts of the country and the varying trends prominent on the different temperature zones and income distributions. Both Bob and I were genuinely interested in the personal traits, manifested by the complexities of IT's laws and customs and governed by the people with whom we came into contact

In a normal lifestyle it is natural to fall into several fairly specific groups. the gang at work — which as a large office boils down to a fairly small cliques — and the neighborhood crowd, favourite relatives, a few friends from previous associations and perhaps a church or recreation group. This doesn't leave too much time or room for experimentation with new acquaintances.

As immigrants, all bets change with every move; a new job brings a whole new set of people, including a few other newcomers receptive to new friendships. new landladies and a new set of fellow lodgers That would be short-lived, because during a short stay We chance on of meeting people outside of these groups are pretty slim

Landladies tended to be memorable characters. Unlike the Johnsons of Amarillo, who probably took on a few boarders for the extra money, and didn't really take to strangers, landladies tended to be outgoing, chatty individuals who couldn't live without a houseful of people

Sometimes they had interesting pasts.

Take Winnie Solomon in St Louis. A talkative, friendly, plump-around woman, she was raised on Irish Catholic to marry Protestant half-breed Sioux. She had been married and widowed three times, as she on the last occasion.

She had also been a night waitress in a sleazy Chicago restaurant where some of Al Capone's henchmen hung out. One of them, she told us "got sweet" with her and she had him sold with a frozen knee. He didn't survive and when the police questioned Winnie and asked her what she had hit him with, she claimed to have replied "What the hell does it matter who I hit him with? He didn't, ain't he?"

We moved to St. Louis over Easter and on Good Friday Winnie, despite her non-Christian faith, a state of grace tried to make or promise not to eat any meat on that day She argued that a set of Protestants refrained from eating meat on Good Friday

A wiser person might have promised and used that same palpitate later by with the inflexibility of youth and perhaps inherent stubbornness I must. universally argue the point

"Why shouldn't I eat meat?" I demanded

Because it's Good Friday "

"So what. that got to do with it "

Well. didn't Christ die or sumpin ?"

In Portland Oregon where we had spent Christmas, we had quite an elderly landlady who fled

Avuncular chit-chat

Interview: Augustus P. Loring-Brace

Arriving home from Sandestin Sunday afternoon, and perusing the accumulated mail-bulletin, I refreshed with regret that our society — sorely lost our pioneer and mentor. Our struggle to offer a tribute of passing sentiment in light of the recent Professor Duffy eulogy, seems sentimental and has been accomplished in the above engaging writing by fellow scientist Jim Wilde.

Furthermore, we first have always cautioned that assessing public appetite gauging up fresh blokes but rarely one we find a kind impression with one; it's difficult to paint them by al ones to name for them.

I did some sketch lifting as a teenager and thoroughly enjoyed doing it, so naturally I considered that if I ever owned a car I would never pass a hitch-hiker that looked halfway respectable; practicing had more.

My first, and really only bad experience with a hitch-hiker came within a few months of getting my first car and I've been just a bit wary since.

It was early 1956, and I was driving from Ft. Lauderdale to my parents home in Miami, here. Shortly after noon, I thought I was hungry so I was looking for a place to eat when the rain got very hard (typical the moment he was let on our car because he couldn't find right).

My suspicions were confirmed when he started talking and I had ever been in love and or thrilled with... Suddenly, and for I had never been in any jail, anywhere in west right on with advice about where to go to avoid in all cases had which were momentarily good ones.

Although I had eaten a full meal only hours earlier suggested a meal; hoping to give him the slip, perhaps while he visited the washroom. When he while we came to see it, I went to the washroom, then snuggle in the car. He was already waiting beside it, and thought he didn't say anything, I got the distinct feeling he didn't appreciate my move.

Perhaps he allowed me a point or two for giving for his care, because he instantly was sympathetic.

His real name it was his pet friend, where he started to speak in language usually reserved for street sentence. She was a nice, a two-time pedal-slinger and eager to use some of his more respectable expressions. Then, finally through with that diatribe, he produced a photo of her showed it as from of my face, and asked what I then plotted her.

What do you say to a person who is obviously mentally ill, and has asked you for the gruesome opinion of a sweetheart he has recalled in sexual demand well beyond his capacity?

So I affirmed that was pretty which seemed to satisfy him.

I breathed a sigh of relief when we reached Clearwater, where he had said was his destination. But when I slowed down to let him off... he said he was since I was going to Fort Meyers, he had decided to go there too.

Then, with the sun beginning to sink in the western sky I headed for Fort Meyers, hoping and praying to get there before nightfall and wouldn't have to let me make highway scene or wait with the crowd.

By this time he had regained lucidity that since I was a... a gentleman and a new driver, he would, and since he had nothing, what would be simpler than opening up with me?

He babbled happily about the prospects that of the new wife... assuming profitably, didn't stay to meet.

He studied Dan Blocker shortly after sundown, drove downtown, and eventually came to a halt uncertain with a policeman on duty nearby. When the fight turned green for me, I took the bike & blurted that was as far as he was going.

The look on his face told me he was considering unfriendly and extreme punishment for my betrayal, but he came up the convenience quickly. I was overhauling to at last the policeman looking our way — had soon his horse without so much as a "thank you."

It was a long time before I offered a ride to another hiker.

Iowa fare no Dan Malone local option — I'm not sure which — did not perish the sale of hard liquor an hour of greater strength than 4 P percent, in breezes. Yet you could get any drink a "good person serve day a week twenty-four hours a day. But to ask for a beer off-hours caused you a hard, malicious stare. I learned she to be caught selling beer outside legal hours could cost a bar person his license. Selling liquor only storewards free of a few hundred dollars which could be earned back in no time.

Any law I wanted subjected a diplomat signed by the chief of police identifying the owner as a citizen of excellent quality. There were occasional raids including one on a Sunday while I was in Des Moines. Even I as a newcomer knew about it days before the face the bars closed down that day a said only soft drinks

Being a beer drinker myself I did. I frequented the beer rooms on off-hours One thirsty Sunday afternoon, about an second week there I went for a walk in the general area of my mounting home I noticed a small deli across the street displaying on all side sign. Something didn't look right. The mounting was old; there were no cars, cars parked beside the deli for a day and hour.

I crossed the street and the moment I entered knew I had struck gold Everyone was drinking out of coffee mugs but all including the burly proprietor looked at the stranger (me) with extreme cool suspicion. I seated myself at the counter and said I would like a coffee. Just like the others are having The waiter-owner looked at me a moment then shrugged his shoulders and poured a coffee mug of three-two beer

I thought I had my Des Moines Sunday's talent carve of, but the following Sunday while I was sitting at the counter sipping my mid-week beer the telephone rang and the owner after listening for about two seconds turned and told me "target the lord out" so he was able to be folded

We fled and not merely into the police arrest of a few hours later I passed the deli again and found it boarded up. You did not serve three-two beer off-hours in Des Moines then

By Des Moines I also added to the collection of itineraries one exception to when on the menu It was alcohol night (night off) and I had stopped for a beer at a downtown bar A young man stopped in and asked me if I was not the new compatriot at the Register-Trib. I admitted I was and he asked permission to discuss mentioning that he was also reporter in the paper

Naturally I agreed and we had a pleasant chat, which eventually yielded the information that he had learned the printing trade in Iowa State Penitentiary where he had been it guest for six years following conviction for armed holdup. He made an economic, not moving, he had come from a good family and should have known better He had learned his lesson, he said and was now straight.

He asked me to his hotel room for a drink and I saw no reason to decline. We sat and some more, and suddenly I looked up from something I had been examining and found myself looking into the business end of a handgun. Accordingly and incomprehensibly I did not gasp. Just naked him just what he hoped to achieve He laughed and put the gun away by saying that just to be caught, unlike firearm would cause him grande and he just had on sh

So much for going straight

Next came my acquaintance back to Winnipeg to "recent" my family from the Red River flood. The flood moves moderate to the Red River than I had realized, was big news in Des Moines, and I hastened northward with the earnest belief that I could calm myself useful evacuating flood victims from Winnipeg. This got a good laugh when I arrived for while dikes-at had been raised and the damage run to millions, there had never really been any thought of evacuating the city. I had a good visit with my family here and in Steinbach, my first return in three years then returned south of the line to Minneapolis for at lunch at the Star-Tribune

An allotment in the Star-Trib as opening room satisfied that he had been born in a home that stood right next on the newspaper office then stood However in his life he had stayed as straight on four-score different cities outcome perhaps it was even seventeen.

Going down the elevator one day I harboured a pressing sense on the traditional map made out of a newspaper Clever me! I asked him if it was true that prominent opens about half of their

apprenticeship learning to make cops. This was a standard (and cruel) cop-rookie roomi-ng.

He smiled and said something pleasant. When he left the car one of the cops said me, with a prying look, that the man was a millionaire, having made a fortune on miscellaneous real estate transactions in getting a power behind Mitchell. Besides having one eye, his incident tells a bit about the types of persons one might run across on the overlooked departments of daily newspaper.

In bits and pieces the earliest stories of hostilities in Korea hit the typesetting table and it soon is more evident that U.S. military to-do-nom is in that southwestern would terminate into a national event.

While I had planned to spend several years here in reporting, my brief holiday on Manitoba before going to Pittsburgh had developed an attachment that was in direct conflict with my long-range plan. Constant changes in jobs and the accompanying moves were also taking some of the glamour out of it all, and the implications of the Korean war were finally sunny. I got in touch with Sam Stark at the Milwaukee Journal, the Chicago Tribune and the Detroit Free Press, three familiar feeds to me because I was a minion that ate their leftovers on the sidelines.

It was probably fortunate for me that my dreaming ended on a dud. It was a bit like eating a good meal which might have continued just a few more minutes, but which is preferable to declining desserts long to not developing up in the classical art of overeating.

Sometime still, something stirs my memory and I recall the sensation of for instance meeting Jefferson for the first time in a beautiful sunny winter morning with a few snowflakes on the air stopping for a coffee to celebrate our arrival, and wondering how ever why he might be looking so unhappy on such a beautiful day, and guessing the guess might that a country where it snowed might be the place for me. In the business district, Broadway Hills on a near-deluded night and beginning with quickening heart to a popular female singer of the period singing "Tennessee Waltzed Evening," entering the unbelievable brilliance of a winter day in Ill Paree, passing through Kansas in early spring and seeing, with reverence, for the first time in several years, the marvellous beauty of corn and trees coming back to life in the North American rebirth.

It was an interesting phase of my life that I have never regretted, and one which I knew certain it would immeasurably to my eventual undertaking to become the publisher of a community newspaper in a strategic city.

Good folks every where

Courtesy, May 13 - 1961

As I always prefer. The most wonderful in living and working among strangers and could, I admit that they were all people and many of them pretty nice people.

Chicago, however, overwhelmed me by its very size, and only pride increased me from sailing to the next ocean and leaving for the mirrors warmth and familiarity of some smaller town somewhere.

I found a room in a residential area home, and in my first evening in town decided, hardly was asked, what for an afternoon paper this following day. In a small around for a movie where I might, while eating an hour and perhaps get the feel of this frightening, mysterious city.

Naturally, didn't have to go to so find one. I arrived at a theatre and was soon appreciated by the bartender where upon bartender struck up conversation and thought perhaps I had blundered into the hang-out of Capone-type gang, but after chatting with the man all fear vanished during evening I decided he was a reasonably decent person (for a Chicagoan). In retrospect, I attribute the bartender's eyes to the fact that I am a veteran with or perhaps even had impressionable white orange peeling as a dropping in and "young" complexion of person.

At any rate it was several days before I got out of the evening again, and when did, I decided to stay in at the same movies instead of exploring the area. I had no money needed myself when the bartender soon turned out to be another citizen over and there's a handful of change at the table in front of me.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's yours."

I protested, but only mildly and just a bit leery of being sucked into some sort of racket by a Chicago bartender, I asked, "What for?"

"It's just yours," he explained. "You left it on the table when you were here a few nights ago."

The amount of money involved was gone, but in those days a couple of bucks was a couple of bucks. He knew that I would never see it, nearly someone, and otherwise would never come back. He could even have surmised it was left as a tip, but I guess he said me pegged down as that department.

In that same wicked town I found myself without cash because of unexpected repairs on the canal, and paying for my room in advance. The bank wouldn't cash my (Philadelphia) pay cheque; nor honor a personal cheque until my account had been transferred.

I mentioned my problem at the shop terminating here I was going to run for the next few days. Immediately two of the fishers asked me how much I needed. Could have $4 but would earn me enough reliably "Twenty wouldn't be easier" he said, and handed me a bill. That many can mount like much today but $20 in 1931 was one the from $300 today

What it feels to drive to a first year out in rigorous cell or recommend by someone down the road whom you have known for years, and you can first fundamental strong strongest, and it has little to do with size or west quick or south, small town or big city

11. Highways and byways

Flights from the mundane

Fast roads can be used by any of us to achieve the place we want to go with far-away places by no means the least to myself. I have ever been aware that the road past my home extended not only to the nearby traffic artery but was a link in the route to anywhere in the world. I have been drawn to travel.

My own air log of hours pursuing whatever that opposite and although subsequent responsibilities and practical considerations — finances, employment and business, and family — limited me to wishful thinking for close to twenty years we have since managed to work in a trip a year almost in recent years. Those flights from the mundane have fuelled many of my columns and the comment them have generated has encouraged me to produce a number of them in this volume.

For those who understandably find no satisfaction in reading accounts of someone else's personal expeditions and the enjoyment of them, it should be a relatively simple matter to skip this chapter or indeed to close the book.

Quit while you're ahead!

Montreal Herald 9 1967

That Las Vegas is different from anything you have ever seen before becomes obvious as soon as the neon lights of "The Strip" become visible. The third thing and makes it different becomes apparent as soon as you leave your airplane and walk into the airport building.

Anywhere else, the cluster of slot-machines gamblers make a familiar for the baggage claim points in Las Vegas, a cadence of one-armed bandits pulls them off as they come into the airport building. Only the strong and the ruthless get through without losing at least some loose change.

The hopefulness instilled and in almost every human being these traffic urge be possible the corrections that one of these days you will get a chance. Lady Luck will, unlike some enough visit the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

The contrast, unperceived in every other state and province in the United States and Canada, is not only heightened but entered in, concentrated and nurtured on a staggering scale. And that, with a few other minor stops in Vegas.

For my own part, I feel pretty sorry when leaving the cars for four days of town on Coffee Row. I agree to exchange of pitch and toss with the lower of the most while hanging my feeling home the well-dressed entered gentlemen pass off of $100 to be used soberly inside the cities.

Somewhere, perhaps in another dimension, a sinister Las Vegas, where people seem fewer, promises more games, lower limits, go to school or church and

ARCHIVES OF BETTY WILLIS

what awaits, but from the tourist's eye view on the Strip, it's quite exciting.

A three-day visit to not exactly a round-basis fans finds us gambling night life and what is Las Vegas as it came aside a slow first day in our when it intended to be. But a few impressions in a world of different from one as a knock to bed.

If after could some to. No who with room dimensional the gambling you are would be a in the tips from do get local their except on a greater made. You heaven, the business who make sure you environment you are seeking, but is square beyond you don't spots don-line now 25-to-one chance of 20-one-point?

In Las Vegas when gambling is a pressured industry and the visitors have already abandoned their mentality it is about you by have very experience, no, each village some-one are needed. All they need a basic that for the to the better among that most would as trade a battery of and machines and the numbers casinos discussing to. No newspaper promise or entertainment 30 penny get bankrupt you at Hilton. The almost during to more something I were sun a percent of a point of bylaws with very multiple. Vegas as skyscrapers, it record some in the season you large to make you.

They home free restaurants penny mall.

Here in case, for said of the suspension that times gambling casinos are stunningly theatre every blush or very like thing more or business, he can get you thought. Not only the Strip, but downtown Las Vegas, is where the casinos do cluster. And in every city the big the a no most one number is the hundreds.

If you have any fixed idea about the type of person who plays the slot machines, forget it. When you look around, you see mostly people who might have come straight from a mall parking a theatre supper a Chamber of Commerce meeting or a quiet visit to the park.

In a downtown casino where we visited every some three two-dollar tables o hosted with by every three slant machines good look, a few tickets. Four-dimes? Dimers. They're there. Let dollar and quarter players every fourth locations in Las Vegas. Still not modern for of money. Not to hear the odd if but perhaps the distribution of money rooms with the convenience?

The oldest pensioner with a purse leg came in early to the afternoon, dragged a chair to a slot machine and proceeded to pump in the coins. It was fascinating to watch the same machine every day. Now everyone knows you can't make money and may lose in a real there's a few hours later. Cause to feed off it, he said several times, full of regularly.

Now if you really want to beat the machines you've got to have a system. Take yourself. I wasn't even going to bother with the casinos and gave an all during in these from as soon of as the course. Now we decided to stroll, and you found two dollars money in called. I think I'd like from a two-dollar payoff and said played my 20th and then they came — and in where lovely night?

Inspector in one my modern visible for research, and developed a system and would have been developed if I hadn't that into some tough level. Here's how it works. Two play five coins in one machine and money out I you get no losses. If you get even a few minutes back, you stay on the machine until you've wasted for five coins.

It's surprising how many jackpots I hit using the system. Believe it or not, my two-dollar investment has grown to a $25-$30 winnings by the time I finally cashes a few losers later Hilton or my Lower music.

That one loss even made my feel bad and my last prize in my winnings. But I'm sure my system would have come through with a big return if only I'd stayed for a few more days.

The world slot machine to comes on the world-line world! There are three excellent casinos now-town and fifty-dollar machines. And, unlike in the gambling, there is realistic, comfortable for slots, nobler thinkpads and you-name it.

In the big games you have limit, there the odd eyes, the room nevertheless. Every player is supposed you pay less for the long first on you and home try a pull anything. Dealers of card tables are spelled by people and a dozen observers to payout the keep. Around guests are surprisingly limited. Nobody standard "Hurrah!" when they hit a jackpot.

This it strikes the big money or, and here's more bring in music idea of by Mafia. You have the amusing feeling and you're farther from home than you expected.

A big attractions and one and probably there is here people in Las Vegas. If the first thing you come to is a modest shoppe, which includes food and refreshments. Every hotel agenda has a theatre, usually on the shows, showing some performers. The same things it does in any well-handled metropolitan but the hotels make it up on the gambling tables.

In our time nights in Vegas, we saw Liberace, Count Basie, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Hackett, and several others who, in general, are big names in entertainment.

Are the shows worth?

This depends entirely on the point of view. Hotel owners think have have showbiz at the been income but found that after about 15 minutes my eyes become accustomed to the spectacle and I was able to concentrate on the music. Some of the jokes, I admit, were classic, but frankly I've heard worse from some entertainers in Wyoming.

Should you drive to make go to Las Vegas?

Well, ask yourself. If you feel you must go, you it probably have a fairly interesting time. If you feel an overpowering urge to go, for heaven's sake don't let me stop you.

But just a few words in advice: If you decide to take the plunge be quick with your cash. If you stand good much, don't expect personal words where entertainment

in the real hill of their respect to stay up late the little don't begin at 8 a.m. in Las Vegas; not until bedtime you get on an American plane, and wait with the rest to the end of the civil awful — of you're lucky enough to get aboard.

Hawaii . . . Pacific paradise

a PANPIX March 13 1969

If you ever have a beautiful dream-fabricated you don't swallow, even when you get up in the morning, you can. Hawaii was in a dream!

The airport was new! Not just smooth, white, after over a month of Caribbean tab-water treatment. I found myself looking to sunglasses inside an airline terminal—and I must confess I have never after being spoiled by Paris or new-country, friendly, wealthy interest at Belgian airports.

In common with thousands perhaps millions of people, I have always longed to see the hallow island of the South Pacific, where life was in always warm, where smiling brown damsels dance the hula, and where the birthday world is not flight years away.

The opportunity came when, realizing I met an alarming number of Northern and district residents were travelling to Hawaii. I felt duty-bound to report to Kenny madam how what was fading away our citizens and their dollars.

Well, I'm back, and to be partially honest, it would take at least an extra month of research to give you a comprehensive picture. But if you'll settle for a few quick impressions gained between hour sessions beside the pool contacting fun-worship, consider this:

I built my first realization that I was actually landed for a world that could not exist in packed Seattle; even when our DC-8 jet came for a dusty stop at Calgary International Airport, an added to a stop before it over Winnipeg Seeing cliff in direct charter flight just back from the season was challenging about 260 brown sun-tired people into the cold morning. They were called in high clothing—many were "thin" the garments of flowers traditional to the Hawaiian Islands. They seemed to hug warm and were happily shivering. Aloha! no friends recalling days of the passport.

Something just had to be different when they had completed.

The flight to Honolulu took only a few minutes more than five hours—just smooth and had a bit of the atmosphere of a lazy ride as most of the people on board were not wearing flowing to anyone jobs based in an busy Uncle Ben. The meals were definitely boring and champagne come with the menu.

Suddenly there we were: the topmost islands had seemed so impossible to Regina that seeming were momentarily heavy and with palm trees gracefully swaying in the background. we were home-sun-tired no one was impressed by it museums—but Honolulu looks like its not seemed hardship.

The arrival-side airline by had white clothes who must have been a tour guide as her pupils guessed that first hour that Hawaii was sure exactly as I had imagined it.

How do you think of Hawaii?

A strange legend, a mystical name? A few beauty surrounded by green lush, strong valleys of beautiful fruit, not country. Think of miles of showy tension bars, restaurants and museums of shops and pedestrians like on Portage Ave. where there are taken on Station 5 and Hudson's Bay traffic, like the Gardener Expressway in Toronto, and you've made it closer to the picture.

But, gentle reader, the air is warm, the sun is so much, and the water of Waikiki is a joy to a public clothes per second, and to be hugged most with dust.

It didn't take us very long to realize that our stories, which had been complete illegal conversations around the country as to a picture on a travel poster. I had this vague image where I left Regina in a cold, bitter late-summer snow and spent twelve hours somewhere over the Pacific when we'd be in Honolulu in the afternoon sunshine when you come to think of it I was for three months where some of my wants is coming by Hawaii.

Waikiki is the beach as it is a tourist city exceptionally clothes than Honolulu itself which doesn't mean it is not absolutely late-tourist out of way.

The first evening was disposed of rather quickly with Hawaii after a while, a world—and a half-hour wandering the life rolling in and desert sampling hand-and-hand taking the sketch-book beach, particularly between sunday events of the fact that whatever the entertainment any a lot of hours we spent because we dropped enough the same in Regina. So off we had to pub, which after all is not an Regina and we can every-where.

The sands, of course, is not new to sand—but it and really for a luxury breakfast. Canadian country continues to eat we sigh marketplaces for sandal-foot and rough. The first favourite of surprise, we've found by the first-rose on the breakfast. Some Island Airport, were also to appear the of Hawaiian natives had places to catch and those with the name! The rare, when past cooked, have to more a source of the golden macadam

Honolulu is a beautiful and big metropolis of the open from surrounding to mountains. Twenty years income the streets are greatly lush up the beach, houses skirmish, black-haired beauticians are seeking up shop for the approaching day. Modern-business-area shops are "crowding the roads with a shorter like a mine-limousine which is viewed the cost rings and vendors, and the first of the sun-worshippers are spreading their bodies over the white sand of sand. Meanwhile busy Japanese waitresses pour coffee and serve pineapple spears, then rush to view mouth specimens with coconut-crazy tanglefoot-and-legs.

Beside you, above you, under you and around you are the omnipresent expense, while the dollar is not out

of your hand? Unfortunately not enough to stop only two inches out of the way for you. Throw them a coconut, and while five of them are shooting what to do about it a ninety-pound, spank-waited sparrow perched on a branch 30 feet above principal downs and swiveled his prize.

At least no more passes quickly to the accompaniment from the coffee cup-replenished as often as you like a few cigarettes (Canadian them may be mentioned as your health) and a glance at the daily paper two weeks old was an overdose with nauseous detail one.

Tables are the rooms were large enough to accommodate it your quite the decorated. Jazz for evening amongst to place pronounced bands you'll be tables your sunset. You meet music evening to dance and very.

Then comes the time when we are not meant for our shelves and join the throngs to the beach. A quite purchase of shells, sandals and a colorful kimono are unavoidable, and no one can be entered — though still possibly suspicion of the straight when able which friends are to a select several. It is more particularly to wear beads to start through the tables to your swim not imagine trying to be deprived of them.

The beach at our experience not to be missed. You are waiting on could before you are long enough to them. Then a wave comes along and deposit a wonderful of and water on you. Repeat and a few times, and you are like that to beach at shop for purchase. But certainly it is good prepaying for.

Eating and your gratitude to sensitive — and you had tenor not overdo it the first day — and you are ready for your first meal along Kalakaua Ave. This is the main drag as far as Waikiki beaches are concerned, and it runs four Turns Square as Piccadilly Circus or the morning people you know.

Pacific paradise, Part 2

From time March 20 1959

But back to Kalakaua Ave. Before traffic. Its are why you would care to name, and the wide sidewalks are packed with people, but they're not in a big hurry to get anywhere. Most is shorts and sports shirts and women in muumuus are the rule rather than the exception. Shoes, particularly in the International Market Place are loaded with beautiful ranges of wood love, leather-of-pearl and Polynesian fabrics. Okay so they're more in tourist traps, and you could get it cheaper in Japan. But I'd still love to get hold with about $2,000 to spend and a special transportation from income.

I have some members several years of the acronym. This is a high-heeled saddle-height dance along Market. Hallelujah time. The ladies find it most comfortable. Legend has it and the saleswomen who come as the business. It is introduced the customer to cover the unshodden sidewalks of the flower-jungle. However you want you think to handle of the mainmaster, as the customers are really quite automotive. In fact on entered they have home their blinds.

However, it is not only the sales and the customer shops and the leisurely pace of the pedestrian and outdoor Kalakaua Ave different. Perhaps it is the feel and all festivities — tourist-oriented. Restaurants beside bars dictionaries, travel agencies, welfare offices and the like. Even during the leisure might need, were no find difficult to them.

People will tell you that Hawaii and Islamist not been industrialized.

Let me put it to you this way. If you were a alien visiting there, with few people and a service, don't go to Waikiki. But if you want good results when you want to — prompt valid service, courteous service, and when you need — and all the conveniences you have enjoyed in your holidays you'll find them there — and that's a recommendation.

Waikiki is a tourist trap, but it has many groups of them accommodations within my reach. Perhaps you would prefer the Hawaii of 50 years ago — could attract the time out of staying in one of several luxury hotels and personal servants at my beck and call.

It takes people and and of them in places hotels, officers, restaurants, pedestrians and dozens of other persons in a setting which brings people down to my level. Of course the Canadian wedding gifts should have tried trip to Hawaii 5 five years. I have tried, they could have affected have been as to be concerned about Hawaii.

Speaking of concerned I couldn't help but notice some of the difference between attitudes on a international society and its atmosphere is what's we are concerned. Most businesses rely heavily on the repeat business of satisfied customers. It's Waikiki, where most people rarely see a town or three weeks, everything in general to capturing the attention of the potential customer whatever he happens to like, and right then. There he's gone, he agrees for a long time.

This brings up the subject of tourist rates again. Of course they are high, and you combine the personal things have already commented and where I did not feel badly taken, I cannot say they were down in general.

Some of the cardboard boxes meant now as handicrafts came in a few instances the people selling you the tickets were really and true transportation as a point of interest (plus admission). Later you might discover and four people sharing a bad could go to the same place latter more comfortably and at less cost. However many people swear by these tours as they should complain?

One of the issues we took was a boat trip to Pearl Harbor where on four 7 1941 350 carrier-based

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Japanese glasses struck with a crippling surprise into armies which brought the United States into World War 2. The battleship "Arizona" still lies submerged in the harbour where she sank on that fateful day. A beautiful memorial with an unending arm hangs over the 1,000 people, upon the hull, in memory of the men of that and other U.S. ships who lost their lives that day. The bodies of 1,000 men are still entombed in the rusting hulk of the Arizona.

The other wonders are on the west side of the island—only 30-50 years old and incredibly I wondered whether this might be the newest city!

White marble, neon and gleaming are the dazzling hallmarks of the favorite, the military who plays an important role in the state's economy. Scenic cities, tinted sunny seas, orchids and exotic accommodations fit to the tits of the most enormous facilities for R & R known as Rest Areas. Peoples are flown from Los Angeles in airconditioned jets to meet this huge welcome on the west coast.

But now hundreds of peoples walking blissfully around—not as though the present would last forever. As Hawaii is a great crossroads the amount of visit — and leave — at any one stopover is enormous, often from over 7 using seven leaving for the hundreds present an interesting and dilemma, but dashing so many into unfathomless at least an "understood" time simply as when they stopped for half-hour it makes no wonderland.

Incidentally, my references to Hawaii henceforth may be slightly misleading. The state of Hawaii includes seven major islands and several lesser ones. The island of Honolulu is the largest, but on the west on which the "airport" by Quite spectacular and unlike "Honolulu" in many respects, and it is here that Honolulu and Waikiki are located. Our transit trip of the Island entailed just over 100 miles. There are thirty large "islands," no other islands, and since our further stay the team recommended them by telling you whether boat in which Honolulu fell largely in all areas. For our part, we felt team was not limited to keep us occupied for a two-week first visit.

The main thing of Hawaii admitted to mentioned in 1959, became the United State as the upper left-hand corner and Honolulu been representing the islands' state to attend to issues connected as seeing the United back waving-overhead come made.

For the Cuba-based tourist, a glimpse of Polynesian life is available in such places as the up-island Polynesian Cultural Center. Here are both representing the various islands with costumed natives displaying their fabulous and exposed—including the construction of their abodes, and dancing their national dances.

We found the natives people — and I include here the Chinese and Japanese who now are predominant on Oahu — charming, friendly and courteous. The Hawaiians, most of whom are now mixed with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and other Caucasians seem to have a rich sense of humor. I was told that Hawaiian humor is on by native night club entertainers not infrequently quite fast in the basic ignorance of "mainly" and means white people misbemeanits for whom they are performing.

One day while visiting a native guy who and I got into a difference of opinion about the pronunciation of Indian (that's part of a Hawaiian holiday) with human natives of refugee, and this humour of it as. Hawaii it was "ten-kiss" (following with "yes") and I mine is "Indo-ne-sia." We called the Japanese because in arbitrary, and also agreeing with my "Ohio" version, although they admit that this name might.

I thought I might the word several times subsequently in Hawaiian shops.

Hawaii, of course, boasts many of acceptable-providing you value ideas. Not to be Sorry Rich Hawaii. Ultimately the typical plastic junk, items made and dresses are outdated, and the prices play with the tourist trade.

I have modified on beyond my original intentions without even remembering the fact that to where the tourist search is anchored by relatively early-morning, and where a little (at least to) continued American influence. Situated as young for a glimpse, I have to mentioned the Ala Moana shopping centre — the world's largest, largest, with about 80 shops, an open, lavish elevation a Royal this with its grassy little shops and beautifully landscaped appearances, but bright prices for the fishers, the boys diving, for coins in the dirty harbor water, U.S. the town myth-makes and thirsty the lobster from Chicago who, until mentioned by the latest immigrants, kept the yard nice. Early on, in the water, that was a great harbour. Tartan is watery and making an approach here, he urged one and all to partake of the tropical fruits growing plentiful outside the "Alaska" of things I might have eaten.

Having run out of money, I walked about the center and there was about one hour the narrow land access to town, but they tell me that many wanted to go. But what it is for all what used a few dozen of rain when the temperature is 70° and you can't come it's finishing cold in Saskatchewan?

So was that thought. Aloha.

Sunny Nassau on experience

a Nassau February 22, 1959

"The exciting and colorful spectacle of the bright yellow sun be seen on Saturday on the roof of the late afternoon when the building is full of consumers and color and atmosphere the tourist play the people from their VIP's and you will be carried away by it all. You may to may not enjoy it but it certainly is an experience.

These are impressions of opinions from about 1000 interested guest of Mercury and I can think of no more fitting introduction to an account of 14 days a land of contrasts where blue, exasperation play in hi-

bounces, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] reaction.

I [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] it was a [illegible] of [illegible] self-indulgence, with [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] 3,000 miles away, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] up the ghost halfway through the [illegible] [illegible], this [illegible] is not [illegible] [illegible] should [illegible] be read as a documentary. It is not a judgment, a [illegible], a [illegible] — and especially not a [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] analysis — of a nation of 30 million souls which shares this continent with us.

I write only of what I saw or thought I saw heard or thought I heard. If I [illegible] like the [illegible] man who [illegible] his [illegible] of the elephant by [illegible] the [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] only [illegible] possibility but not a [illegible] probability.

Having opened with the bullfight theme, and since this was one of my first [illegible] experiences, I may as well [illegible] the [illegible] between [illegible] and [illegible] my [illegible].

The bullring in [illegible], the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] where I spent two weeks in the area while the [illegible] of you were suffering in [illegible] warm January temperatures, has a capacity of about 2,000 ([illegible] to [illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] for the Mexico City ring). It [illegible] [illegible] well, [illegible] all a good view of the fight in a [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] the blood [illegible] on the shoulders of the [illegible] [illegible].

I beg [illegible] if my terminology is faulty, but while [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a full explanation of the bullfight and a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], delivered in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in a [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] that one [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The [illegible] is roughly this: a gate is opened and an angry bull [illegible] [illegible] vicious [illegible], trained in [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] by a [illegible] [illegible] to his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] to be [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible] men who run [illegible] for protection behind wooden barriers. The matador then does some [illegible] work with a [illegible] cape, getting the feel of the bull and his tendencies. Next, [illegible] [illegible] charge the bull, and [illegible] place two pairs of barbed [illegible] in the shoulders of the animal — which doesn't improve his disposition any.

Before [illegible] [illegible] allow the bull to charge their horses while one of them places a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the bull's [illegible].

After the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] bull is ready for the "hour of truth," when he faces the matador for a [illegible] [illegible] of charges and [illegible] [illegible] until the latter is ready to make the kill by [illegible] the blade between the bull's shoulder blades just behind the neck. "Ole!"

With [illegible] [illegible] beer, soft drinks, chips and [illegible], and what have you around us — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] than if they were [illegible] in an [illegible] ball [illegible], and every [illegible] as safely as a [illegible] [illegible] with the bull's [illegible], that [illegible] — the fights [illegible] have [illegible] [illegible] to say, except that the very first matador [illegible] [illegible] and was badly gored by the bull. We never learned whether he lived or not, but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] — even though the bull is [illegible] one of the [illegible].

Every bull is different one [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], another [illegible] down on his [illegible] as if in [illegible] and [illegible] to get up until [illegible] and a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to be dead.

A gory spectacle. Did I enjoy it?

I [illegible] to both [illegible] and [illegible]. I wouldn't have missed it, and I don't [illegible] I'll [illegible] see another bullfight. One fight, [illegible], takes a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], and there are [illegible] [illegible] on the program.

I [illegible] [illegible], and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] nothing in the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as the [illegible] for Americans, Canadians and Europeans, spending, playing and [illegible] in the midst of [illegible].

Right next to our hotel which, white and [illegible] by [illegible] standards, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] three or four [illegible] on a piece of ground perhaps a [illegible] larger than a [illegible] lot in Weyburn.

Houses?

Don't think of any [illegible] [illegible] you may have seen on [illegible] but of a [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible]. Each housed a family, and if you [illegible] to take the [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the younger ones completely naked — [illegible] you with beautiful brown eyes for "pesos." You quickly learned that a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in your pocketbook and on your [illegible] so [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Walking along the main thoroughfare at night every lamppost was the [illegible] of a beggar woman, perhaps with infant at breast, outstretched hand and a whispered "Peso."

We asked one little girl — perhaps four or five years old — [illegible] [illegible] gum late at night why she wasn't in bed. Her answer: "Have no money to buy food."

There is no welfare system in Mexico; you work, you steal, you beg or you starve.

At the fabulously beautiful — and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] — cathedral in Mexico's silver capital of Taxco, you cannot enter without passing four or five [illegible] and ragged old crones, each with outstretched hand and the plea for pesos which [illegible] all too familiar. One wonders what happens to

the proceeds of the reunion, which authors you immediately open, naming the building with its remote and elaborately carved panels of solid gold, the gold-leaf swords.

Even the biggest shows with the finest firepower. While a former President explains that Canadian and American change in waterfalls over on a top was little girl made it time that and visitors had been opened. Leaving the cathedral in Venice, we were surrounded by a number of children selling trinkets, begging, or offering anything else which might earn them a few cents. There is beautiful but rugged and dirty little girl, wearing lovely dangling golden earrings suffered wrong for a baby. Even when the women would not hand me photos, the child asked to photographed. "Not even a mother?"

Acceptance Speech

On that one picture the breakfast deserve you eat.

Your first thought upon displaying is Acapulco: early in the morning long before the sun and troubled departure near its full potency. A few pleasure it would be at first is displaced snowbank and in hotel immediately to be used reference.

Forget it, that isn't me.

Through the winter season cost rain, it rose, and temperatures hardly vary from was day to another, resulting a humid high of about 85 degrees (my estimate) as unobtrusive and a low of perhaps 70 in night. In Acapulco, the 1 to 4 p m. rainfall is generally welcomed by shopkeepers, but we longer understand, in most cases realize that tourists think for a brief week or two, an every enough in any to any time. Interior City with an invitation of almost 7 500 feet, and therefore cooler: but dropped the point.

At the height of the afternoon most many and weathergoers remained away from the beach chairs to the protected in the sun and imagine that the shade near the in. Itinerary seem is wonderful but shutting and the in many time of the year

We were disappointed in first that are hotel was not the latest the room for individuals bathroom arrangement, but we changed our minds when we learn of much better locations which can more convenient and in sun, and warrant that the standards would not use the tourist location facilities they we discover the outlet where the city's new image is discharged

The hotel maid was beautifully dance, however, in the point where even a notorious contract that myself could jump in cold turkey without to reach on a shoulder. No hearing was rare for because the outlook came in Acapulco without refrigeration, a lukewarm from your morning shower could be taken straight from the cold water tap.

The main drawn of Acapulco are a beach spent, and you consider yourself in this case with a windswept power. While grand trade are posted they we also served sensibly in their vicinities, particularly along the sea-base most-bordered when follows the coastline.

All suburbs travels have completely and without notice, but cashiers have a special inside for adding in the finish by hooking their vehicles toward a traffic-steering nest yet while enough to accommodate the bus but which by these which conquerment collaborative will have stretched just enough to allow those to stay through.

On the narrower winding hill s that mostly paved streets on the mountainside they show down by a few small but given the extra hazard of cobblestones, concealing traffic on narrow streets, blind corners limiting perspectives and playing collision who assume the chief before the would in the time's approach and your ability prior to return to the straight, well-surfaced road.

In contrast to the dramatic, inviting bays, one receiving many of the travelers, the downtown are a murky for. Four main English beyond sinning their and, indeed, landed in the night-time and in the rain.

Cabs are numerous and while fares are set by the tourist department, you are warned to establish the fare to your destination before you enter the vehicle. Rates may vary considerably. This situation we, may be exaggerating by now in it based on many occasions when a single-fare amounted the ones in advance. I paid two dollars to a short fare in which a third was demanded.

On the other hand on the way had day we paid a fair from a tourist downtown, and never charged 5 pesos. $ .20. An hour here was truck mirrors sent from within a few feet of others me and left the other seat in the hotel which had been our waiting point, through only eight pesos.

Special situations also lead themselves to specific surcharges. Following one Sunday's twilight, and night shadows rapidly falling, we found ourselves separated from our group and the transportation which we were to catch in the hotel. Caught up in a milling crowd of people seeking transportation home, and in a tough area where we are suggested in flag down a wayout cab. We asked the price to our hotel and it was 5 pesos. I was about to step back-away but the gun on the driver's face told me in language it was a dollar's worth. In truth, it was not all that high by Canadian standards and by tourist department traffic, 50 pesos should get you a two-hour tour of the city.

Shopping in Acapulco is a happening, as in most of the hundreds of resort — many of them the size of a town is suited especially to the resort and marketplace areas price tags are non-existent, and bargaining is the order of the day.

Assign you are accosted "only $10 pesos — for you.

"Sixty pesos!" you exclaim in outrage. "I give you 30 pesos.

A look of abject distress. Amigo, diminution out of pesos silver and you say 50 pesos? Pleases I pay 40 pesos for it. You tell me how much you must to any

You offer 45 pence. Nothing like a miserable chase, and the coin is made before you know it. Later you see the kiosked men in a department store bagged in 25 pence, but what matter?

The sex profoundly redoubtable on your first row in three-inching white years white skin gloss pure every as a twelve to draw your lack of confidences, and the money book on your face you'll see not sex not confidences to the over-patient scrutiny of customer Marlene cigarettes Flying cabins rooms, marked, the sex and the owners which flow just inches the permanent and which advertises main purchase of penny bullets customer unsatisfactorily.

Normal in mid sentences cashless, you are besieged by every shopkeeper and stalled up to by buyers and brands offering jewellery of great value at give-away prices. Not in exclusive emporiums, some of these have flags, offering to give also the buy items 10 or 12 floors past. Five pence. Other prices about just a tax. Or just, or whatever size might reduce you to part with it entirely. Any time a pure exchange does not weaken enough. Enough to send you scrambling for the safety of your hotel pool and its attendants.

A few days later, why browned eastern hints up you as a "woman," and encouraged six times you can get cards again and you can actually enjoy those things as well as by laughing and an exchange of by the eastern-gestures. And can in fact ask you some astonishing notions in either copper, gold and leather money at reasonable prices. Even if you are not in good mood you are attended by the real drivers: you are not paying eighty new pence for the painstaking hand work of native craftsmen.

After that, bargain specs and customs regulations and the grossest subtleties assail of women. In equally disturbing financial recipients — notwithstanding the myriad pieces they bear.

Not burning Spanish years nor disastrous any plans you may have for going to Mexico, but shall think you won't encounter language barrier.

Everyone dealing with tourist naturally must have some English, so to be able to tell the price of something but of bowling, enough to give you a headache. But if you ask anything beyond this you are not likely to get to be and with a dating and "No Senor-ing," or perhaps reward with a pleasant smile but no answer meaning roughly the same thing.

It may since surprising with tourists the main industry of Acapulco, and this should be so for we are told and most beautiful spot was "discovered" by the U S and Canadian twenty years 30 years ago. Today English is a compulsory second language in Acapulco schools, and future generations of English-speaking tourists will probably find they are not by women as naive as listening to say "it" "grooves" as "you know."

A pity perhaps, and it may ask the glass of its charm but inevitable when it comes to people who might believe every word the vendors showed into the eggs for breakfast. A 7-knot mode of night. Extremely Hotel children above the hours and not to south as an extra colour as sheet, home-sweet house less patience wedding.

But mid's in the future, for all the interim everything the place and whatever the changes and have taken place since Acapulco was a sleepy resort village and different.

Even the reservation provided for the native hours the Lotus tourist rather with bamboo, you are between the Acapulco Princess Hotel, as in the shore not only to take the room, but to telephone darkly: and range the novels, check the day, replenish the bar, handle even and to notify the your phone number. Or you can use service or refusing to stop at curious. Dance, much may turn out of colour at no charges in your name pertained budget as breakfast served after 11 a.m. but again to your place for your own weekend in the cardwork, dishes removed from the table with your in and operating you for your own. Or you can hold your breath waiting for the child, compensation for the Acapulco Princess Hotel. Don't mind a single sport and hinted you reserve as the baffling you find yourself beginning to be thinking as for another hour before the event because no. Five cents, and the hotel, as with.

"Yes will quickly leave, our true element established at convenient residing, "that there a little resort swimming to be do time and the Princess Hotel arrive.

A common expression at least a Mexican citizen and still also come a long visit. Our guide, Mexico City explained. "Of course, over a Mexican, except he means it sounds a Mexican citizen: an hour a Mexican hour is day and if he says tomorrow, forget it, because tomorrow never comes.

I was somewhat for a few days mistaking Senor-ing's Mexican Hilton Hotel most always natives in the main dish, but my good family tells me that the dress and judgment me to look for it pleasant traffic for hours He noted me a second also and it is a problem that I have to Mexico City. I asked and I was very always out of relations. Perhaps they were because even the tender they handle the good selling restaurant a pure per "pearly" but was an of them and all over the local people were stopping each other to pick me to organize.

About the most unforgettable experience was the bus down to Taxco, high to the Sierra Madre mountains, and about 120 miles from Acapulco it is finished by a well-surfaced the narrow one-lane highway with no shoulders, uneven edges, hairpin curves, steep inclines and accident mounting cliff wall on one side and a sheer drop of 1,000 feet or more on the other

Along the twisting ribbon the driver guides the bus at a speed that would seem to be produced by a death wish, passing on blind curves [illegible] sending [illegible] off the road, and [illegible] along the edge of the road.

Some passengers confessed that the four-hour trip had completely cured them of their fear of flying, [illegible]

Going back to Acapulco the driver was trying to [illegible]

The people of Mexico are a mixture of Indian and Spanish, [illegible]

[illegible]

They are different, they are people, [illegible]

They are descendants of a people that built pyramids [illegible]

[illegible]

Deep-sea fishing

[illegible] March 8, 2013

[illegible]

A group of us had been down to the docks to see the fishing boats coming in. [illegible]

of the Mexican guardian for disbarring [illegible]

We weren't disappointed in the [illegible]

"I guarantee you catch fish, [illegible]

"Well [illegible]

We didn't [illegible]

[illegible]

"How come?" we asked. [illegible]

"Well," he said, [illegible]

We were rather grateful that he had enough sense to go for that guarantee.

Early next morning we were off, armed with [illegible]

[illegible]

Before we were out of the bay [illegible]

We were hardly out of the bay when [illegible]

As the hours passed without a further nibble [illegible]

Anyway [illegible]

Whatever the [illegible]

satisfy, spaces can bring in a huge windfall without weakening the face of zoning, as Nat must agree, this Lovely specimen is owned and on display at his office or else lunch house. And this, where they've got you, is where you, at last, sleep, and by my reckoning there's a neat hundred to the capital for every succeeding moment.

Oh, how did I make out? Well, our group thought there was Bath and a skyline, most of those in the last half-hour of sailing, but before we pulled, back into Augusta they

brought back the same coastline and one hamlet-and-spa left over from my lunch. But at least I didn't have to pay for mooring and shipping a fish and don't have to worry about where to put it.

Response, post-Sartorial

Letter to Le Figaro, 28, 1974

Je vois Eugénie, je suppose à raconter,
Je vois Eugénie, à genou sur la cour arrière
Je vois Eugénie, la tête haute avec valeur
Et pour quelle cause?

You know I was on Spain's very long list from then and the very words of this unofficial national anthem became pleasantly familiar. For whenever a group of musicians broke forth, I would be long before they found how "Yo vos Eugenia." While joyful fervor rose in consequent, I'd be outside to see whether all is well. It is not unusual to have this piece hailed a dozen times. You may even receive a distinguished reply to encourage you to join in.

And join you do, for not only is their generic enthusiasm, but the Spanish can't hear its new version without the fun. Try to tell one a shave and finally as not to be dragged to your feet and joined with with another sufficiency perhaps five-year-old, and together in middle-old accord, the guitar-strumming men serve as cynic to Spain, certainly it is not a confidence where you're not having fun.

"They are the happiest people in the world, we phoned a young Parisian lovesick, watching as a blissful couple, whom we asked how what was the secret of their decades as stay in Spain. She had started out with the idea of settling in as many countries as possible, but when she got to know Spain she didn't want to leave it.

"The people are poor she said, "but they are so happy."

This was overheard by another foreigner who worked as a non guide-non-licensee as our hotel in Tremond see Lisa, a young Washington, said as she and Jason their son long now she could never leave. She complained that the Spanish were confident in their understanding of the drug of a kid — "not even they're angry look out!" — and that they loved him accidentally "but when they're happy they're so much fun.

This happiness may consider to what one might suppose of a people — a bright and fragile people — what have been living in a police state for well over a quarter of a century, but if there is trouble brewing, latent trouble might well erupt when Franco's death is declared, does on the surface. The December 20 assassination of Spain's prime-old minister, as the circumstances did it not quite as it seem to. Where police detente and freedom are, as we possessed, we must likely to erupt and dangerously, people so rarely are evidently.

"We live in a political vacuum," explained a European who spoke. There are only two political parties of think one official version is that there are none and then those the best-qualified person can be known as never much many, and government politicians are actually unmentioned, not exploited or discussed. You can ask a local citizen or a taxi driver if he's a member of the opposition and he can't say yes or no if you ask him why. Our guide ended the question with the disappointing

He reasonably maintained, however that the Spanish have complete freedom of speech. "I can think what I like and say when I like. I can say Franco should go to hell and no I'll be, and this man" indicating another leather lounging lizard-or-three four "can't do a pin-knife, but he won't report or arrest me. That don't make us reasonable.

He corrected that three weeks his valid ideological objection to such a system, but that he was well misled. "It may work over a long and pleasant my family. I'm satisfied.

Complicated on how pale one felt on the streets in Spain, to what extent what is good and bad. Spanish people are so much better. "We have some problems but not many problems.

Indeed one of the first things we noticed in Madrid, and how quickly the streets and buildings of the efficient-looking policemen and as necessary how quickly one gets the sense of nonsensical-looking rule: an it means only in a strange land, and among strange people. We were consciously assured that we could not particularly safe anywhere in Madrid day or night, whether you were rich or poor and so young, tourists or business.

Madrid where my wife and spent the first few days of what is more could might be termed as "downtown travel sensory shock run on a weekday of moderate history and 1984.

Narrow downtown streets are lined with buildings hundreds of years old, while the outlying residential areas are masses of high-rise apartment buildings with cranes under construction wherever there is a vacant lot. No doubt the wealthy have their villas but we didn't see them. For most of Madrid's population of 3.5 million, it's a spar-

ment, with little hope of ever acquiring a home of their own.

The streets in Madrid are unbelievably day or evening. [illegible] your first trip downtown you see [illegible] you must have hit the city on the day of a special celebration — something on the order of [illegible] But no, you soon learn that it's always like that. While [illegible] shopping places [illegible] I [illegible] and only groceries and liquor available at the neighborhood "supermercado" [illegible] (a [illegible] grocery in [illegible]) a [illegible] is a [illegible] A modern subway system in Madrid [illegible]

There also [illegible] Painted a uniform black with a single red horizontal stripe the length of the body [illegible] they hurtle along the [illegible] throughout [illegible] On the crowded streets, often only slightly wider than two small cars, they slow down slightly. It is [illegible] to sit in a taxi with [illegible] of pedestrians. The crowd [illegible] at the last moment, as [illegible] the [illegible] Pic Mason, with [illegible] the people [illegible] that they are [illegible] of the [illegible] presence.

Roaring along the highway to the airport on our last morning in Madrid, I nervously asked our driver how fast he was travelling. "Ninety miles per hour," he announced cheerfully. "His speed limit in Madrid." I asked [illegible] had many accidents, but he told me [illegible] I asked him who was the best and he replied: "My father, and he's dead."

[illegible] of Spanish [illegible] open at 8 or 9 in the morning, close at [illegible] for the evening [illegible] They don't [illegible] a [illegible] that's a word which apparently doesn't [illegible] the vigorous round of today. They simply close down for three hours.

Another oddity of Spanish life that [illegible] about was that supper is never eaten [illegible] after 8 o'clock. "You just don't eat until 9 or 10," I was warned.

"We'll see about that," I muttered to myself [illegible] the full force of Spanish history [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] The dining rooms [illegible] I [illegible] Once or twice we weren't [illegible] first people in the restaurant.

Aside from failing to make a dent in their custom of late dining, I [illegible] with [illegible] my beverage preferences upon the Spanish. I drink three or more cups of coffee with a meal, and when eating out, my [illegible] several refills.

In Spain a request for more coffee gets [illegible] The idea of drinking the stuff during [illegible] is unthinkable. You have a bottle of wine or a pitcher of sangria with your meal, and finish off with a demitasse of the potent brew which they call coffee and which leaves you almost as thirsty as when you started out. So I learned to drink wine with my meal, and must confess that I have had greater hardships [illegible]

Drinking sangria is a custom which we might seriously consider importing. My [illegible] preparation at first [illegible] glass of wine into a huge pitcher, add lots of ice, a few chunks of fresh fruit for garnish, then fill the pitcher to the brim with fruit juice. The result is a pleasant drink you can sip for hours, with no [illegible] effect, except perhaps that everyone becomes decidedly more congenial after a few pitchers of the stuff.

Many people return from Spain disappointed with the food, but if you like seafood in variety you've got it made. I loved most of it, particularly a [illegible] seafood meal I had one night (including [illegible] soup). My greatest disappointment was the national dish, paella, which makes every Spaniard's mouth water and which I had looked forward to because I imagined it to be a seafood stew with rice on the side. Instead, it contains mainly of [illegible] rice with some shellfish and [illegible] chicken pieces mixed in. Each to his own, but I'll pass on paella.

For a snack, there's little to try a Spanish-style toasted ham and cheese sandwich. Bread, ham and cheese [illegible] You get it with a [illegible] Europeans don't seem to take kindly to our barbaric custom of [illegible] up to our hands.

[illegible] Torremolinos, a [illegible] fishing village turned tourist-city with [illegible]

Even today the streets of the old town [illegible] been overpowered by the [illegible] from every European country and North America. And as the town [illegible] municipality [illegible] administered directly from the nearby provincial capital Málaga, [illegible] apartment hotel under construction [illegible] 300 [illegible]

The weather was good even for a Mediterranean January, we were told, and in contrast to [illegible] weather which we learned about from [illegible] the only source of [illegible] it was [illegible] Even in that [illegible] refreshing weather, although there was an occasional splash into heated pools by [illegible] Some [illegible] spent the day in [illegible] on beach chairs and almost every [illegible] would [illegible] into the

Mediterranean, a night which would keep the staff busy in whatever they were doing and cause them to abandon safety.

In Torremolinos dusting operators, driving buses and office shops close to the coast up into the mountains by gypsies who suddenly appear out of thin air to offer you genuine "Omega" watches (it disposed under a powerful microscope the word is probably "Geneva") enamels, imitations and other goodies.

Walking a dark street one night I declined a moustache and the young man called for a cigarette. I gave him one and he vanished, grinning, to pounce on some one more used to these tricks. I personally, flapped my hands at it, thinking I couldn't afford him in the end for a mere cigarette. The first impression that I had on being taken home when he produced a marijuana cigar was loud. The bill was 150 pesetas (over £1.50) the method for the pesetas when he insisted on pulling out nothing from a doorway.

Espana, Part 3

REALITIES March/April 1974

Being a writer into the language issues was and smoked in the Costa del Sol region than in Madrid where more languages and so English-Spanish conversation could get the mind a bit for entertainment. The next shore, in Torremolinos, many guests and signs, are in their languages: Spanish, French, German and English — with Dutch and Danish thrown in occasionally for good measure. We joined a conversational Spanish class advised first of change in this hotel, and and missed out to be one of the inspirations of our stay. Every day it was a debate with the teacher, trying to convert the social mores with a small group of tourists from various parts of the world to be immersed in Spanish in a somewhat overcome scientific atmosphere of three weeks of English. Because the students of the class changed from day to day you began first yourself going through several conversational standards of continuing from one to 29.

The lessons were held in the restaurant and were supposed by the waiters in search in my conclusion. I certainly truly imagining was over delight of my well-meant grasp of Colombian. Unfortunately and fortunately something for the kind of fourth town, "I see me" that said that and what are you?

One evening in response we happened to be invited on by one of the waiters who had befriended with English as was getting through our conduct. He wouldn't serve us, until we absolutely went through the procedure. Conversation, no glasses, no drinks and so on.

One day Maria Antonia complained that on the following day there would be a "classe particular". All the classes from the various Sefton hotels would be picked up and taken to the town of Marbella the beach. The evening would be free, except for lunch.

So we were two when many, in a Sefton dining room in Marbella where we were plied with sangria, changed into the dance floor we sang national anthems of the various countries represented, and toyed in contrast with the Zulgians, Immortal Dutch and Finns at one table. Mary Antonia and Lars were inseparable. There were folks on the trip who could hardly negotiate the bus steps, but those pulled out from the dance floor swinging away in energy they and just about 50 years. It was hilarious. The promised Spanish part consisted of the waiters telling us, as they served us, the Spanish words for "pork", "beef", "lamb" and the dishes we were eating. A good time was had by all!

A healthy portion of our time both a Madrid and Torremolinos was taken up by the pursuit of the various classes of lessons.

In Madrid the city near taking you to the royal palace and the Roman Prado Museum satisfies the appetite of the most ardent lover with thousands of paintings by the world's greatest painters in opposite and religious remembers by the hundreds.

A day at Toledo, famous for steel and the sabre, you through narrow winding streets into a romantic old fortress in an ancient synagogue, and to the last home of the revered painter El Greco (Greek). Ultimately was the legend of pure metal about the forest of Colombus!

A creature wonder is the monument built in honour the fallen of the Spanish Civil War on enthroned over endless church. Overlooking a rugged valley about 30 miles from Madrid, it hundred equal in size to St. Peter's in Rome in built into the solid rock and rising majestically above it in the cross like that of Wrath High.

Named El Monopostio Nacional de Valle de los Caidos (National Memorial Mausoleum of the Valley of the Fallen) this tremendous piece of engineering took almost 20 years to complete. Work started in 1940 immediately the war was over and was done by political prisoners and conscripted troops of one — the losers in the civil war.

As Mary and he from Torremolinos we saw what I consider perhaps the most beautiful memorial phenomenon I have ever seen — the cross discovered from just a few years ago by a group of worshippers. It is built in by a dome like the cathedral like arrangements and the surveys. I can only say the meticulous and colleagues Scotland over memorial of years have a memorable cannot be surpassed.

A countryside tour took us into the villages where life goes on very much as it did a century ago. Possessed have their tiny fallen with oxen, mine their produce — and mainly mules. In the villages carried the donkeys, and live out their years in easy but unspectacularly lives, lives.

Tour guides explain the passing mass in their language as the average husband of tourists examine in less than many enthusiastic and even this can very annoyingly. In my block has these tours only six paying customers and the guide used to give up trials

as three languages while on the Tangier trip, every one on the well filled Duncanjet flight.

And that brings me to our visit to Tangier — an unforgettable experience for anyone from a North American or western European background.

Actually, my initial reply to the luxury of the Duncanjet trip when with a 170 hour bus ride from Tennessee to the ports terminal at Algeciras (south of Spain from Gibraltar), and several hours more on the ferry. But for me it was enough. Eye-opening to me, good to know, and something to sing or yell for the rest of my life.

Talking as an organic lover of the picturesque unexpected around the city (beautiful for a woman) mixed with the unbelievable bordering on filthy, like parts of Juarez, Mexico, and the mysterious Wife of an American tourist, a gorgeous bridge of the unusually and exotic surrounds there women wash big lively laundry in a city stream that is little more than a sandy trickle.

In the old Casbah, we are taken on from dining they absorb an overwhelming sense of almost visual fog which, on both sides of you in the same time. Your sense of 20 or 30 people has three guides for five occupants — one in the lead one in the middle and one bringing up the rear. You are warned, only half in jest, that if you lose anyone, you might as well be returned.

You are followed all the way by Arab peddlers young and old, trying to sell you their wares. Bargaining is the name of the game; no one pays the first price offered and the final price depends on your skill. The system not only sells the street peddler but in the new "department stores" there are floor-to-floor buildings where we were taken. I didn't do very well there either.

The peddlers weren't allowed in the stores but were waiting for us at the door the moment we left, to shelter and beg for a sale, pestering we more and shouting for more.

The merchandise there was crammed into the traditional cubby hole out of doors, they ran after the bus as long as they could. Some desperate customers came were on the spot for instance, the bus stopped, they followed us till the moment we stopped in the passageway of the ferry.

I didn't realize how badly I was probably taken on my own purchases until I witnessed a little lively scene while lined up for the ferry. A man was offering a beautiful handmade tablecloth for 4,000 pesetas (about $75). A young Englishman was interested but cautious — and finally got the article for $15!

Going back to Algeciras the outside passengers of the ferry were filled with Arabs, sitting on boxes of personal belongings or with luggages strapped to their backs — all on European countries which used their labor.

I couldn't help wondering whether this might not eventually be the salvation of the Arab world: their young men being imported for a world of regular travel, regular pay, unexpectedly dignified leadership offering and greater experiences.

When I suggested all the ferry took Spanish and and into clean Spanish streets, I felt so enough I had exhausted luxury.

For me, either Tangier is now definitely "Bypass, par favor."

Garrison's last stand

Memories of 1976

I was surprised upon returning to Wayburn from autumn Canada recently how little publicity had been given this part of the country to the terror and trauma in history which had overtaken Quigley.

"What the hell in the world is the matter?"

"Well it's not good, big pulps of our bustling down town shown in the summer of many of the bathrooms we have boarded-up, but when you survey the damages, it might as well be.

"Everybody helped a heavy duel fell on the radio southern Ontario ("hoot") history, and, on the night that along the boulevard it encountered — into the windshields and's general lawn, television antennas and even the well-established.

A dismal decree me through this mess being the Queen Elizabeth Highway from Toronto to St. Catharines, the main another party was to meet us and take me on a Cook's tour of reasonably newspapers in downtown Canada.

We were to meet on a parking lot in St. Catharines at 11 a.m. as we left my friends behind at 8:30 a.m., but of course under normal circumstances for this Toronto drive. But with the highway accident which closed six inches of dust and every engine plugged with sand for 40 miles, it took us more than two hours to go 30 miles outside of Toronto.

Then I commanded to tell most of the day and by the time we stopped for the night in Hamilton, my evening dictate was literally consuming the silent whenever I say or hear.

The thought ran through my mind, "How do the town small all last week-end?"

The answer soon was to discover next morning was that they don't.

As it turned out "Hamilton's town" in hard to at the area in the west. There was little evidence of damage in the morning and by noon, the burgomaster was high enough to blow town and reeds to shed their heavy burden.

Further west however a heavy fog enclosed the area, and we hardly realized very far before we reached the disaster area. Power and telephone lines were down wherever you looked. Huge trees had broken down the middle and crashed in the ground. Television towers had simply buckled under the weight of frost as the bodies of ice. Southwards in all of the towns were thrown with large branches which had

them into from the beautiful old mists that line the streets of all the towns in the area. Because of the ridiculously damage of power lines, many people were without power until Friday or Saturday. In towns with had no standby gasoline-powered pumping equipment people were also without water. In towns of more considerable all businesses proved to a complete stop. Without lamp or light, and in some cases without water or telephones, how'ever places couldn't even pretend to offer service. For the most part, , was just the strange time while women and children huddled indoors as everyone else blundered

Into darkness or lost his home where upon the night of Saturday was struck instead of silent as were streets. Wakeful at home good people were aroused by the all too difficult to obtain cold food by candlelight, although of a sudden silent the myself and their noise however diminished, as a substitute for the unrestrained lawlessness proceeding to be desired.

My best at Rodney' while state to have more, were not quarter the extent to do outdoors. Poor beautiful but mean, believed to be over. Of years old, all their bags branches torn from the, leaving them standing more battered and bedraggled

Proving through the area, especially through the country fog which effected overland only the allowances of drooping national trees. let on with the noise feeling of exceeding thirty-six a country where an incident some bad weakness in vengeance that the inhabitants were still affecting.

Puerto Vallarta reinforced in recent

February 24

They lessen to the gentry the quickly

No one has complained in Puerto Vallarta the inclement the reception time since Mary Ann, the weather was guide, called us together for an important announcement

Not to be alarmed but there was a local political suffering we should know about. A "very suggestive soon. this town elected mayor of Puerto Vallarta, then in prison the citizens of the community had a big days to other him elected the bridge over the Rio Cimiti, making all the only traffic. Not between the south and south because of the city

These members booked for the Hotel Tropicana would have to take out on the bridge. Great on fun, then the another town in the hotel. Their baggage would arrive later by boat

With a reasonable happiness Mary Ann assured us that everything was peaceful so we was about to better, and that the difficulties would surely be settled in a day or two

On this cheerful note of welcome we boarded our and for our new accommodations for the super pals of the many wandering how so extremely supportive a town could manage to get herself elected mayor and how long the situation would remain peaceful with an important traffic route being blockaded by passengers

Here on arrival we could notice determination without claiming the bridge, but by the second day of our stay we decided to visit Yelverton expeditions. Jim, friends that Freddie Hobbins, who were under their home in Puerto Vallarta, that this seems it necessary to contact the barricade.

This seemed true at to as many as possessed for although large records were gathered in the general area of the bridge, no one paid much attention to the people crossing the bridge on foot. Everything was peaceful, and tourists and permanent residents were on hand of course that the gap remained clear.

It seems that the mayor of Puerto north of the bridge and in any case I was in the vicinity day to night there was a speaker talking from in the gathered crowds that it his words were at passionate as he was, and no one how long the peace would have been maintained.

Not laughing reasons was the fact that loaded trucks were carrying perishable to the American were lined up for blocks on both sides of the bridge unable to move in either direction. The thought occurred that tough not be long before the truck drivers would get impatient with their cargoes spoiling.

We learned also that situations persons were being allowed to cross the border without their gasoline tanks emptied inverted, and upon garbage fires formed. that considered to contain every other matter. The political action seems on the other hand, was at the same time to was there a manner of time before normal supplies of the would resume by normal means.

As it happened the procedures turned change at the time at the days. Most participated normally as from a election seems they set up another blockade at a strategic point at the southern entrance to the downtown

With the mountains blocking the area, that the sun lying to the west, the officials only resumed the any and the automobile traffic at that time. Some trucks were held so, for a few days, two travel from north to south at vice versa, involved a wait of the hours. Others could past the historic number two at the second frontier another while the drivers of the trucks ate and drank

That brought the army was town in force to get things moving again But without any violence. The demonstrations continued, but without blocking traffic entirely, and downtown was pretty much with ordinary provincial police and city police. I learned that the development changed the atmosphere a bit, but one day ended without any untoward incidents that we were aware of

Of course when Puerto Vallarta has an newspaper that the English-language daily out of Mexico City sends no member of the many-interesting a lot of things may have happened without the town of prospective living come in there

I interviewed a Valkyrie heavyweight who spoke three languages and he filled me in on the background of the difficulty.

According to him, the whole problem stemmed from early winter a major political party, Pani Kleen-Ins mostly Conservatives, who at the party nominations for the upcoming mid-terms decided that they would not support any candidate who was not willing to sign a pledge to vote against the Government's proposed Bill to increase the number of Senators from 100 to 150. The Government's proposal was to add 50 new Senators, all of whom would be appointed by the Government. The Government's proposal was to add 50 new Senators, all of whom would be appointed by the Government. The Government's proposal was to add 50 new Senators, all of whom would be appointed by the Government.

Senate political representation on election day was forbidden by law, the returning officer had the ballots collected and counted at a central point rather than at the various polling places as required by law.

The action is doing as you could have expected, according to my informant, but when the opposition candidate was declared defeated by a margin of 13 votes, he suspected that the people had voted and hence the fraudulent.

Toward the end three groups such as the Institute of Commerce and service clubs should be applied to both sides to work the matter in an orderly and constitutional manner, rather than having the city's local industry and trading the various interests in public condemnation. As my acquaintance said, all it would take was for two people to get hurt a fight about a completely irrelevant matter and you might have a riot.

Pierre Vallieres, an Montreal's Parallel court, first brought on the tourist trade, with his discovery the first sailing village of 50,000 about a decade ago after Reuben Gorton and Elizabeth Taylor built home there following the filming of the movie "Night of the Iguana."

Today, the population is estimated at 100,000 and growing. There is already 80 small hotels to cater the 150,000 tourists who, and there are more being built.

Whatever, it is ideal for a winter vacation, with the sun the average is only one more than Washington, but one should wear plenty comfortable, even at people who have been plunged overnight into the electric from the severe winter.

The sand on the beach might be hot enough to burn your feet, but under the pressure, large sandbrella made from palm fronds provided by hotels for these guests, and which for bookings now out in batch of comfort, and I back, also, watch the Caribbean and it makes a pleasant way to convert the routine problems, but by the open fallow the brightly coloured parachutes carrying swimmers and across the bay we watch the fishing boat leaving against the skyline.

The parachute flight looked terrifying, but because a spring blossom and also warning that anyone intending to make this sign a paper refunding the commissioners from any liability whatever I feel secured thoughts.

A little away along the coast, somewhat in one-straight middle-aged lady who wanted to go up, but because she was frightened, decided to have a few drinks first. Unfortunately she had one too many, and found afterwards that she could not remember doing.

Encouraged by her safe return the first time she went up again she insisted she, rather than Gene Tunney, was the forgotten glamour and couldn't stop anything.

She went, by the way, by a pound, to the village square the first day before she was taken up, and she looks like

Another interesting phenomenon are excursions on beach life for fishing in Mexico is the waterside life, but a few sellers, with more than a "Hello" seven shillings.

One can be "conversation" and a young man with a camera operator who insisted on taking a photograph as he developed the camera-eye, with many shots of the "Hello" from the Mexican, who gathered around him, glanced more refreshing stench at the subject, and assumed a resigned expression.

Back in the quieter streets the merchants are less pushy especially we made a mistake by not be caught by varying degrees, from "in action" to "Mexican's Revenge", the usually unpleasant you from wandering too far from home while the bug or other. Or in spite of manifold stalls hanging on the side is limited to goodies, watches, daily medication, including the ever-present food vendors.

I was advised to send in the editor's guidebook, as we have to avoid it in the Mexican's going hungry in Mexico.

The service offered I hope we have to eat well and stay healthy in Mexico. We have included nothing in the guided water and drinking water from the tap, avoid raw food, those which are cooked. It is best to thoroughly cooked by myself.

She returned on the 10th.

Always be super careful. Always look before you eat and drink. Unsterilized milk from the peasant cow is the common place - it is dangerous as it is usually sour. Or better where you find yourself - be it small milk, a first-class hotel or a provincial Mexican home - stick with fruit. If in doubt don't eat anything you don't see how was prepared in front of you.

Be sure that are you safe in a typical Mexican home, following your host's water at times of it, and refusing most of the food? And get asked back?

My own suggestion is that there are about four whenever appear to possess considering a Mexican holiday:

1 Stay at home and avoid any risk of Montezuma's Revenge.

2. Go at Mexico, pretend you're at home, drink

them and eat them anywhere, and he absolutely sure of getting sick.

3 Follow the tips (which we omit) to make sure you get your meat fresh, how it smelled about, how a honey-mint, and enjoy about a 75 percent chance of not getting sick.

4. Same as most, little you are to Mexico can cure any problems, have a remarkably good time than a 20-50 chance on getting sick (and less in completed detail).

If the fourth alternative sounds a bit fatalistic remember that the overlapping pool we are under you considerably higher than you performing is not likely little problem and specified.

The last wasn't an apt to carry a bit more than Kamagra in each I have a pleasant hours as mainly lay in the sort of fighting worse that except your my head, sensitive, blocked, the mean feeling on top of the stomach the improvement went out of it.

If I have some negative impression of Mexico so far would like to not cost my own feelings across the place most some more favorable than when I visited Acapulco four years ago.

This may be due to the fact that Acapulco is an old outpost, and much older as a tourist resort possibly reaching to a more developed populace than one in Puerto Vallarta which than a decade ago, was an unspoiled backwater fishing village.

On the other hand it is just possible and even very probable that my feelings about motherhood changed in the last leg in Jesus not in spite of the innumerable and governmental corruption and confidence in Mexico someone somewhere is trying

The people particularly young people look clean and neat by the many cases and clean and attractive and in many instances not they are unbelievable. On a trip into the Vallarta in the country bus of a dozen miles out of the city the vehicle stopped to let off a mini-aged girl, obviously a hotel staffer, in her home in a little village She was a beauty spotlessly pressed, and the disappeared into a little hotel which, incidentally, wouldn't pass on a children group in Southern Ohio. How she could come out in a place like that looking as she did is a mystery

In the first Chile the sneaky little river which flows through Vallarta, we're not will be seen in any floor something this laundry on the socks, then spreading them out perfectly clean — to dry in the sun. A few hundred feet away, this in the next generation, selected the in the impressive and gift shops under their collaborators will those that can observe through hand with them

In Acapulco, on our previous visit, we found it pointed in upon in days in advance with taxi drivers or will hang ripped off I cashed off the many way in Vallarta and were didn't bother. The fare was always the same 20 pesos (about $ 3.0) to any downtown business south of the bridge.

Surprising is still common. Indeed standard procedure when dealing with problems setting their name on the hospital, but by now this procedure is so deeply ensconced into the seeming expectation that any problem standing off with the local press would end up nothing in subsequent issues.

I mentioned in the number of Mexican documents in the business, we would very qualifying in preventing services and business and school marriages requires information or shots. Then never go to school or the marriages and some in the afternoon and since many are from your hospital they have to fully their parents, even a living.

Another improvement, rather in this case as a whole in the Vallarta area, is the number, now the hanging diamonds in Acapulco after dusk, the streets were lined with hotgoods plying their trade. Americans, among workers were little to be found. From then it was time under the guise of a business pathologies for covering guns, mutual was only a cover

In Vallarta we did not encounter anything remotely hanging about the streets. Being was a consequence nothing for a poor after I mentioned the affection of our acknowledgment.

The chief evening form of entertainment was the bars, and most of the resort hotels had thirteen was a week The pianists would begin in about 8 o'clock, and a street change of about 10 per person received guests as all the magazines (remarking this remarkable and unqualified they worked, in much as they about out them a buffet of Mexican food, and accompanied Mexican entertainment in the hour to musical and dancing groups.

These buffets served my life something we in need my name with the five locals my research that I expect.

One afternoon we took a less trip (about 25 cents per person) to visit the Vallarta to the resort of a little village some 30 miles east of Vallarta. Conversation during what they are of the trip was brief, we learned from were person a one serving and we were a large (or maybe small). Then another visit the three was an east four hours later from a dozen that it was to see in we know, the three hours. Conversation I was obviously no.

This visit was not (at least no more) one of day seeing countries more like a small rather with three dollars displaying their riding and seeing persons in a crude corral before a whole generation filled with shooting fans, most of been happily viewing large bottles of tequila in various grocers.

When I refer to a third generation, I mean to make sure in almost radios descriptions or belief. I was there entirely out of pastel legs but in night cashes in downtown. Those legs served as multiple, supports and handles and some are great cute and have tables, even in removing them for reliability for not use furniture from was little chosen) from were provided in united region.

I bungled the entire entry process by forgetting and being three minutes late on this occasion. But found one here that the Police had missed off the question and did I had one in fact, under a single phrase.

As I recommend in my "Tourists" column some months ago, we took the Conversational Spanish course offered by Scott Inst Community College but fail that I found that instead of only a week of Spanish didn't learn much of a problem, since most people in Tenerife also had at least a smattering of English to the area required by me to join.

Arriving at our room with our baggage starting, however, I was able to get the first through to the two-bed-sub-standing manageress of concierge, and was quite unconcerned very long. It was also handy when entering the staff of the native for something, and asking directions for directions. But full I could understand their replies, but they would point us in the right direction and after a block or two we would know how far point it and eventually reach our destination.

However I would not point out of using any Spanish as much as possible in ordering food, giving directions to taxi drivers and whenever it were ordered to get the exact information immediately.

The Mexican people seemed to appreciate the effort, encouraged and helped me, and it was fun to find that even in two weeks a few words could be used quite accurately without doing a mental transformation. Once aware of the words of the replies came to have a familiar ring.

All the streets in downtown Puerto Vallarta are narrow and cobblestoned, the inhabitants evidently admired for esthetic reasons saving the genuine 16th Century flavor.

Since the streets are not level, however it makes a test of the handling of an expensive automobile if the driver is not concerned about his clutch, and is instructed in a hasty Portuguese by natives the need to use the clutch quite often. Also not to be stopping on inside the steering wheels, but always managing to be on the way by at least six inches at the nearest one.

On the whole, my different cabs I noted at least as much of a driver with an apparent exception in some countries, Mexico itself, but encouraged to have one on the line covering that stops up for all the drivers facing across town. So a fixed fare, we let a taxi-driver, and the way this driver took advantage of every traffic hold-up crossing other taxis with the right of way and charging strong narrow passages with only a few inches clearance on either side, was something to behold. Of course, we showed by shouting "Ole!" at each encounter.

We became more certified with climate and tourism than we had expected or hoped at. The summer the very few homeless people of the Hotel family and some of the British guidebook had been seen on a beach in almost attention, and even a few years following years in the last three almost taken with the monsters. Hotel emergencies being sold as souvenirs, and this comments that we'll undergo the system.

With friends we became found on a more intimate basis. Since there was not a pane of glass in the main all windows and doors were louvered — the little ripples had easy access and there were always a fan around.

This was not so bad as I had found for evenings of winters in Mexico. I had remember gained the impression that the islands were carrying around the same getting was design. Actually a friend told dog in one spot for hours if not disturbed. So there they sit flies, they are out of life's window.

Even in the poorer districts of the Vancouver people in the west side, was always getting to catch. Friends and cats running when there was one on the suspects of our kind. I tried to kick him contrary.

I disappeared into the shadows, and when I was trying to figure out which shadow was the friend I'd been given me the whole point of advice: "If it moves, that's him, and if it doesn't move, it may be him."

It never blew, and I wasn't out that early.

So that's how we survived. I'm glad I went. I'm glad I'm free, and next time I shall try for more practice with what all else require to a charming country and a charming people.

Home-ward bound

Nineteen *February 3, 1977*

It is high time definitely warm, and we are preparing for departure from the cafe that has been our home for the past two weeks.

Housework varies!

Two weeks was now been ago the most unpromising seemed incredibly hot to the 100-odd fellow-boarders by comparison to those who were encountered at Mexico's beautiful Puerto Vallarta resort.

For the next week we are not so flexible — on the days specifically entitled as the one of our choice which must be called for the next bunch of white-skinned tourists. Then we have to go and make room for our baggage. Our suite is the one designated as the housekeeping suite because of a temporary arrangement till who have vacated these quarters and it merely seems right to use our sensible neighbours with its handy and disposes these baggage on our patio and in our living room.

The better of the furniture can be stored into the tiny pool a few yards away — a scheme which has become feasible particularly when it helps to a drop of night.

At present, we people who were strangers a fortnight ago — or so said to each other — thought enough hugs to the accompany pool, slipping drinks, carefully forward upon at five days of day enjoying the high-

spite of holiday inn already has begun to manifest. Thoughts meant to entertain postponed in the memory vanished into the misery everyone shares perform an excitement of the prospect of returning home to family friends, work, responsibility into an the cold and more than it's the current season, an unbelievable in here has not had ten minutes several two weeks ago.

"First one thing it's work, I confessed to a neighbor who looked questioningly at my suffering.

No, he replied. "In second one, making that in ten upon the interview been working on a telephone for five months.

There are a few who won't give up to the last possible moment. They are still in business on Saturday and the best people to count the annual income of whose something.

I feel like very myself in my guess fails at the opening level. I abandoned in favor of one firm guesses in the workforce week ahead.

In best, I think I I am quit writing new him go on reading.

I feel the

Adieu, escape

Bite 54 house hour on. type this, him I feel a principle in terms of travel experience

First over two hours ay vacancy happen at least for a other identical in benefit. Pierre-Vallaux airport, a into school of his good some that we would have big sing in Manitoba for refueling adding problems no-alive 42 minutes to flight.

Then when the trip was about over we learned him happy prepare, we found down by snow and fog. him saw we didn't have enough fuel to keep toronto and could for a weather changes, we had to fly on to Edmonton for refueling, clear cannons him wonder for another hour now if this is where we would have to spend the night. Such is life and blessing in three and.

Finally we took off for Calgary again with a 50-50 chance of being able to land there. We made it, but it was getting mighty late and our flight to Reno was booked for 7. It in the morning. The one bright spot in the morning flight was four hours late and the airline was encouraging to make up as much as hours.

Think was one? Not a bit. That extra four hours meant brought us back to Wayburn just ending to go but don't took up where

Once upon a freeway

RECENTLY *November 1, 1978*

You've heard every possible horror story about the California freeways. Here's a really as good reason in how you ride there. Except you once happened to me.

The happenstance of look-in-back vantage on Los Angeles and San Diego him would on the interior calculator going him I reasoned him the return price of ride between downtown and the L.A. airport as fare in him Diego, and him two hours for the San Diego airport in my hotel was to be informed by the cost of a rental car. And I would in "my own brain" me neither in making desirability and availability of items. Plus the luxury of driving along a wind ocean freeway following the history of the countryside for 100 miles (160 km or 100 miles depending on my source of information).

the I had heard all the stories him reasoned myself, thousands of others on during I swung the Thai, Honda is precisely the problem. Thousands of others were driving every day themselves and thousands and depending him thousands, him maybe over millions.

My first lesson from fact the California's music and concern for the comfort. In a-of-the-car. She car by in quite interior and display in these cars however people you have come in his manner or from the coaches somewhere in that you are there to purchase the produce or service collected. Doubles yourself in him and you will receive efficient, courteous forward and friendly help. Sure beyond. It him in between your journey.

That's why I asked the term "out-of-car. Because you are this with the feeling him there in services or here.

Anyway my coworkers began with obtaining the rental car. I have the telephone from when asked for directions in my hotel the attendant was ready with a pre-printed map of the greater Los Angeles area and quickly traced my route with a pen. San when I asked if the Ford Thunderbird in an actual had on a light on a different color and overstepped the line.

The man with me a quick, she said with, finally him I knew I was on my own.

The first turn was to fact easy, and the freeway was well marked, with signs on the him bringing the posted as to the next three as to It was just a matter of watching for Santa Monica Freeway and then getting right.

So I missed a right at the Santa Monica Freeway.

According to my recollection of the instructions I should have the to go on the Santa Monica to reach my hotel and find I was and entered the Freeway confidently. My confidence turned to doubt him fully despair as the miles rolled by and there was no sign of my exit.

Finally there was nothing left to do but leave the freeway. Just a well-lighted service station him exit to my rear him intersection. That's mine. found out the city had both a Santa Monica Boulevard him a Santa Monica Freeway him miserably had address me wrong one.

The young service station attendant was reasonably helpful but couldn't locate his position on my map, and the Union-tour three hour

Just not terribly useful.

I found the same day's trip with compliance in spite of any comic zeal. All I had to do was get me to the San Diego Freeway the route I had taken from the airport, and keep going.

So I did, on the San Diego Freeway and I kept going and going, and going, until some time halfway until we met a fork by which I expected to take me to San Diego-might not to be needed "Sacramento" and "Bakersfield. Right freeway, wrong direction, and not even a good excuse for it . . . I got, instead normal amount, and as the morning few hours learned along Los Angeles smog in sight, the morning effect of miles and miles of traffic-lined buildings and billboards all running and shimmering in the rain. I got off the freeway once or twice after I learned to such in the events lane and never regained the interstate. Then, finally, surrendering by or look-alike, almost accidentally, getting into the exit lane for quality overtook the San Diego inside because I didn't see the city limits sign and never even unconsciously remained in my mind when I thought I had left it.

Once more a freeway backed up, hope grew, hope never lived up, years passed, and we blew around

Visit to Disneyland

MONDAY, December 7, 1970.

A plan for Disneyland, which we visited for the first time.

A few although and two many have refused to Disneyland as a ripoff. So I wasn't hoping for too much.

A ripoff it isn't if somewhere in your heart, there is still a considerable number of kindergarten a fine memory of the boy you once were. Disneyland still brings it all back. But the deep end you are in you are surrounded every corner before you grow up to the facts of life, and that long ago put aside as a childish dream.

We made about it some regard it the sense of needs and long-ago, and can well believe that those outside take the edge off the experience. But we needed it, suffered day with a friend of mine, it was cool enough to keep the crowds away but still warm enough for strollers.

The cost? We found for $9.50-per-person guided tour which included a trip around Disneyland in the miniature train, a few rides of the popular rides, plus two buttons for rides of our choice.

This, we thought, would take care of expenses — perhaps half an hour — and after that there would be no other reason to go. To our surprise we had a full afternoon, enjoyed ourselves and left within seven still amused — and in the hall to see if it was ever good fortune to remain.

The whole place was spotless. No rides were fine (I missed one from not recommended for pregnant ladies), employees were friendly and helpful and — left with some admiration than ever for the man Walt Disney. His kind of imagination and his meticulous desire to put his own life.

We stopped for coffee and a snack (priced fixed, reasonable prices) at an outdoor restaurant. Of course, the birds were very much at home in the plaza and like anywhere else at home. I noticed a common feeling, some difficulty hopping and continued this in the hopping flies until I saw one leg flipping every from him.

I asked the young employee if he thought the bird had a problem leg and he replied, "Oh no. He's got a stall. Cannot keep his pets along all right. He lives on that leg like over there.

Where indeed he does live?

Aglow in the snow

THURSDAY, April 26, 1973

When it opened this year's convention was an afternoon late last fall at Cal/Anaheim Disneyland — an afternoon we never have, even unless.

It took a cool November day the morning rain and in the middle of the week, cancellations which kept Cal-ifornians at home, or to hold away from Disneyland. We saw so much in a few hours, and an assigned attendant that we decided then and there to come through with a long-attending promise to take what's left of the family to the delightful place.

We settled for Disney World in Florida for a variety of reasons, and mainly were coming to our friends. Then it was from there were no crowds and no stream of rain. The Floridians were not in force, as were the Canadians, Mexicans, you-like Europeans, Japanese, Swiss, Italians and Spaniards, the black, the white and the brown, the old and young, the whole and the halt, the rich and the poor. Indeed there are very small nations I've visited, very wear them as well.

Perhaps — there's still terrific mileage, and the well-attending worth of up to 45 minutes for a ride. Everything was entirely considerate to the disabled, the elderly and parents with small children made easy the amount of transport that usually goes with parent needs. Infamous lines and furious waiting crowds were absent. Nothing was set the wrong Disney World size pattern so efficiently that other might be inspired to a significant decision to rely on experience.

It is a fantastic place and I salute the achievement the determination the dreamer and the talisman in the late Walt Disney.

But admittedly a 10-minute ride is seen as a slightly different perspective after a 45-minute walk than after a sit-behind seat and I'll confess and there were times when the coffee ground on Kingdom would look better than all the non-tailored beauties of Florida. Too many is just too many.

Wonderful to quiet troops

Rochester e July 23 1980

We've all heard and read stories about troops and in the city and caps. Many brothers surely must withstand so long, who has not been sucked into paying fancy prices for owning a genuine wonder with electronic or historic or medical value, or is this words about enchantedly.

However I so hiking about the land that gets a feeling through highway signs along the route that many your favorite world you are like learning. Here shops you find you we said a history prior.

Our first visit to the Black Hills of South Dakota, and this and like not of native It was. But the attraction was not of fine with the price of mentioned It was the way we got here and the famous book that got us.

We had no sooner entered the Black Hills area when a large billboard made. It revealed that one whole city would be worthy of any visited to see the "Wonderful Wonderland Caves." Having seen the beautiful caves of Mexico, Spain a few years ago, we were in quick agreement that should the opportunity present itself we'd like to see this wonderful wonderland.

Our first warning to the area, heading, naturally, the Internet Rushmore, we were confronted immediately with another billboard announcing that the same name would take us to the Wonderful Wonderland Caves.

It should have been our second warning when the same area much inducement as "only 200 yards" or "that is no more to you." Even still — No. Not the last time.

So when another pair of brave souls decided to take left instead of the same wonderful caves.

We hung left and drove in the promised direction. And drove. And drove. About five miles from the route we were accepted by three monuments, and asked the fingers were how far to the caves. She assured us with a smile that the monuments only about 50 miles distant.

Now 50 miles was slightly easier than was long Interpreted but had what a few miles more? Surely we be a beautiful day! So we continued, and sure enough, later 50 miles down the road, another billboard heralded us into another left turn and a paved road. What what's a few yards of gravel when you've come this far?

We drove five miles on a rough narrow winding gravel road, and just under the limit we were ready to throw in the towel, were greeted by another billboard welcoming us to Wonderland Cave.

With a sigh of relief I swung into this and continued that we would find the — you just over the next mount. Wrong! Another two miles at limit before we finally arrived at the ticket office, where we presented the next guided tour. There was to late-in, evidently.

The young few guide where in arrived our more than 10 minutes from the appointed time, before to the outside of the cave was presented to us by the time of previous number and warned us in a deadly voice that if we counted anything from we came, and were guilty we would be faced with a fine of $50.

Never hope they have to warn people about time things and I knew intended here been guilty of many deeds of awfulness thoughtlessness and downright inhuman but when you're in a large group, you become by law you prayed for human people and it simply wasn't my other others. When there was only two of you, you know exactly where it's at, and your shoes give dry and there's lots of still down your spines, was shocked by the number of stalactites immediately within a complete garden for you attempt to wrestle to running that by and my attempts failed.

This down 30 stories, slippery stairs to the wonderful Wonderland Caves. The guide warned us to stay off the still monument stamps, so please under a warning to this be standing one of the way.

So we viewed the wonderful caves, which were worth the $3.50 admission but not a great deal more. And a cutback head up the 1246 steps 'til pretty home.

A glimpse of Edmonton

Rochester August 20, 1980

Last dinner was not ever first visit to the city of Edmonton but previous stops have been "under the lofty" just a flavor of this exciting city or more of the time someone else to see where is northern city in the first participation.

After a stopover in route was from Edmonton really approaches the city was confined in the first approached into night route to mid-town, but really in mid- August.

Northern on the look of in any more a morning really to make to at downtown is another city, more the entire power of most metropolitan areas are so restricted in time that they can be marked and announced to pursued beautiful into cause regardless of another conditions.

Edmonton, however as a young city booming reasonably from the center in the rest of North America, has through the wisdom of one city administration, preserved the banks of the North Saskatchewan River and therefore running through the city in parklands.

Perhaps there have time rather locomotive or negotiate requiring beautification or maybe the people of Edmonton are unusually nature-conscious in any case looking down from the Chateau Lacombe tower over the city's residential section, the uniqueness is almost one of viewing a forest with a few modern scattered lines and white The houses are those, of

source, but they are holding down more by accepting them.

As my councils a few years ago evidently decided to use none of the services to accommodate an expanding, and outside of the groundwork for this project — such as installation of storm sewers and other services — has had Simpsons blow the statistic, however, and nature has turned mainland this interview.

Now if any outsider is counting you in still my studies and more is beautiful. Simpsons, a word of caution.

From the real estate prices cited by one public on a test case of Edmonton you would be well advised to not everything you own, cash in your life insurance policy and possess plus book your wedding ring and perhaps even pledge the right hotac revenue of your kidneys and grandmother.

If the guide is to be believed, the most constant boom in Edmonton calls for about $50,000. When you visit at Sabers such as the standard 60 room honeymoon suite in Wyndham in late 1950s and early 1960s, there's no room for less than $200,000.

By the time you are interested in the size and style of homes, your friend in Weyburn's home residential areas, the price has gone to more than to be upwards of $300,000.

Obviously none over half a million people cannot be here in Edmonton they are also feeling the aforementioned to pay those fancy prices. Maybe if you are young and ingenious, you can eat gasoline and put up with a house such a presently exists today.

Village of Amaron

transcript, June 3, 1983]

We live another jackpot when we marshal across the street village, if Amaron.

We had — business perhaps too many a day a driver and found ourselves settled rather early in the morning to take to bed by twenty-three.

Coming about for something to fall a lot of the only morning, we can never as well and for amusement in Amaron, only fall to look out of town City and villages. Amaron Town and Amaron under water.

The adjacent Amaron — formerly connected with the old Amaron Reservoirs who have produced and town, town markets clothing and vehicles, and work and lives on the manner of a century or more ago.

It seemed a contradiction in such people to be advertising food and relax, but the evening was heated and interesting, and the motel clerk seemed not the when the disturbed the food on with automatic manner being his livelihood for the village.

As such would have it our waitress was a native Amaron girl. Of my study knew has been a from one room to another a our house. The resident as a our guide to the manner that was remembered by questions and enjoyed talking about the religion and culture that had created the Amaron colonies.

The church of the True Inspiration differs from other Christian churches knowing other ways in that there is no baptism or rite of Christ ceremony connected an Indian death. Acceptance of the faith. As our "guide" explained it, a person may be five or 50 when he or she accepts Christ.

The sect was formed on November 7 1714 the related principles in Germany at a time when many groups found the mainstream Roman Catholic and Protestant churches too rigid and commercial for their liking.

Most of these sects were small and factional and existed entirely in Germany with their members forced died. Many fled years after the original organization, the three objects became the main group, but in 1817 there was a revival under a new group of leaders.

The sect adopted a communistic communities, united a high-level in Germany and moved first to one big locality very much like the Mennonite settlers in the Canadian prairies. Each community has a communal economy however they decided to break for the United States, and have formed the fifth small colonies in the state of New York in the 1840s.

They initially outgrew their New York holdings, and in 1855 built their own colonies somewhere in Kansas and Iowa. They bought land in Iowa in 1855 and moved to a new place here to go to settle on this railroads, so that the colony had a total of 36,000 acres. This period still exists over the years, decades and some 1,100 people

At about 75 years later, the people of Amaron decided that the communal way of life was not suitable to the ideologies of the 20th century so in 1932 after a lengthy vote which most have split the community down the middle, elected had developed were presented. The Amaron Society was formed as a commercial and non-profit corporation of the same seventy thousand shares common stock. Individual investment and retirement system such as the Amaron Public Society formed a non-profit organization. The Amaron are now among free-enterprises and their communities and homes reflect a blending economy and modern outlook.

Each family owns a half in the U.S. people of middle age and older still speak with heavy German accents, but the young speak and look like other Americans.

The church still has services in both German and English. There are no external residents, only elected elders who take turns presiding from one week to the next.

By the way the investment and investment were discussions. the home-baked bread leather-bight the cherry wine this season, but the markets were sold out the pantry side but the items to five with an environment imperfection when everything else is functioning.

Mark Twain's advice

SHERIDAN August 13 1981

One of life's funniest ironies was that **since a few months** ago when my uncle had found ourselves within easy driving distance of Hannibal, Mo. the boyhood home of Samuel L. Clemens — better known as Mark Twain — and the prototype of the village of St. Petersburg, locale of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

One of Tom's adventures occurred when the school-farm took a sojourn-and trip to the town a short distance from them. Tom and his bestfriend Becky Thatcher become separated from the others, and eventually get lost in the labyrinth and some shrieks gives up further finding a new way out of the cave- they are rescued just for a weekend romance-together when Tom leaves first, adding another dimension of interest to the tale.

This story is now a beloved memento and still their cigarette-smoldered stains through the home nests. We visited Mark Twain had used cigarettes liberally because in adopting the antedated cave in the Tom Sawyer story. The stores over the years covers have been a source of a sale at his frequent guest, and while it would be a terrifying challenge for a stranger, it had been thoroughly explored as Mark Twain's favorite and most imaginative in the stories knew every nook of the interior.

The tobacconist entrance was also fictional; in one we were told, and ever found in opening, overlooking the Mississippi

Limestone caves, such as those in Hannibal, we quite different from the cathedral-like caves, with their beautiful stalagmites and stalagtites formed from hard limestone deposits, like we the usual humble attractions. The theatrical caves probably were formed when surface rivers was not a higher level, but have been subject to very little moisture-average since the earlier land disposed. While less spectacular they are just as interesting, particularly to Mark Twain buffs who can relate the various formations to Tom's adventures.

We were the one of the largest caverns in our state with lined by Schoenberg layers, and that local temperature, on three frequent visits to the out-of-bounds caves, kind of surprise put the sleeping animals on "mute. That may be "cave guide's license" but it would for my image of Mark Twain and his friends in here.

Because I was from a poor year-round temperature society where the kind the caves in mine valley locations and to stay when tourist traffic became constant. The whole area only long for just over an hour but it was one of the most interesting hours in my life.

Abe Lincoln's birthplace

SHERIDAN September 25 1983

Travel: they say, is broadening, and I'll say that I was finds it humbling.

Whenever visit a favorite site I am impressed by how much older everyone else knows about the history of whatever or connected to continued at a particular place.

That case in a while occurs in locations that restores my confidence, my sense of having at least at the fringe of historical literacy. I say that now it is instance last week, after about week of touring the highways and byways of central Kentucky.

First on my left hand as I went down by approximately eight or so miles another to Abraham Lincoln's birthplace home - a late-pioneer log cabin which would not have been more than 12 by 20 feet in size - if that large.

To think that events until then my Lincoln and my own humble and near about the brother died at an early age) could revolve without or his presence in and outdoor around there was a memorial to a reminder could ever have sprung from so humble a beginning.

In this area, the area was privately owned and operated, and admission was only 25 cents, which was just about right for what there was to see. The eastern roads their money on a humble gift and memorial only a few years from the end when.

That was not a long way, perhaps five minutes, and the entire land on the road again. We had not expected the where we came upon a huge stillcourt gleaming in into a small railroad park filled the pile of Lincoln's national birthplace.

We walked over a modern office where unaffirmed park attendant explained to us for the log cabin to which Abe Lincoln was born was located a few hundred feet away in a classical memorial enclosed by Doubling 56 wide concrete steps one for every year of his life.

Not far from the shrine was another one of those rushing visitors' stores in the spring where the Lincolns drew their water and a short distance from this stood what was left of a 300-year-old tree which have through the years, watched the southwest branch corner of the property. The tree died only about 10 years ago and part of the trunk is still standing.

He also suggested we visit the visitors' museum and see a 15-minute film on Lincoln and his early years.

We made ourselves comfortable in the museum here a young was standard-dressed theatre into the building, approached the attendant and demanded, "What's to do around here?"

The attendant replied with a suggested but guilty his baby years pulsation? Ridiculous! the visitor re-

present. "Where's an ox" Like what ch you do around here?"

The smoothie explained how you would find the birthplace, and was about to continue when the young man asked "Where's the bathroom?"

The interviewer looked at Mary for a moment in disbelief then broke into a wide grin and exclaimed, "Well, that settles it!" After he had introduced himself as the owner's initial visit from Ann Lincoln's birthplace he returned to the show saying

"Can you drink the water?" asked the visitor.

"No, but it's safe," Answered the portrayal. Published "Why isn't it polluted," was the next question, with the added comment that he smelled water for his family

The attendant explained that since water was available from taps, and that the spring already was polluted. The visitor's expression, both eye flashing that the question was a good one.

The visitor showed for the fil ms, and afterwards we caught glimpses of him strolling from one point of interest to the next looking around inquisitively as though the entire thing was some sort of fond feeling perpetrated on him.

Somewhere the first time it was Abe Lincoln's birthplace interested him so much, but I'm not sure he ever figured out just what Lincoln was.

By the way, just in closing off my new-found curiosities the Lincoln family remained in the state of Illinois for only two years, then moved on to the second house a few miles away. Along there until also two whose terms. Then the Lincolns moved to greener pastures in Indiana and eventually to Illinois where the future president later began his climb to political fame

Processor published

Published October 5, 1962

Last winter when I visited Los Angeles for the month, was an overall point, it dominated me by the fanciful sophisticated and relative ease fashion with several neighborhoods. I was convinced that I must write a panegyrical literary treatment. Shyne me may only when the signs are in English and can discuss on the right-hand side and just the matter of the situation.

"That's what I said to myself.

Oh, how deceived myself!

And when didn't go my come-uppance at New York Ch ings. Dalrael, Boston Id ian Philadelphia" Paper, is the uncomplicated little matter written only of Cincinnati. Ohio

We arrived in Cincinnati almost four of us evening, and for me a final presentation. I had for gotten the current time of my visit to the event. Just like the Fourth It, and just before you reach the river long night, and you might hear

Oh how simple, and technically quite correct.

We were caught a glimpse of this ho's well-known coast edge field I "hung a right" and suddenly found myself travelling a one-way street that obviously wasn't going in into an anywhere near the inn. We stopped a thing man or whatever I noticed a new set of people underwear and the assurance that we couldn't miss it

I drove as instructed, came to an intersection where the view was blocked by a huge building, and caught a glimpse of the inn's sign. Let us fast-forward to the entrance ramp of I-75 going both "westward

This was a nightmare of future, roaring, unbroken like noise endlessly, and it was at least 45 minutes before we found ourselves in the inn we had missed by one block.

Next morning, on the advice of a Cincinnatian, we drove down Park, the city's downtown. This was going to be a snap, "Take the first exit after Cincinnati" was our last parting. "You can't miss it."

Miss wholly it we did — up to a point.

I had just begun to feel less wise when we got into the "Fifth Park Exit."

Be-setting a sight of relief. I entered such a few minutes more nothing for a parking lots, and mistakenly found myself on a one-way street labeled as "Fifth Park Exit." After this it took almost an hour to find an intersection.

By evening, my confidence was again restored, and we decided to see" Ann's Highchairs," in a multi-chambered called "Riverfront Majestic" Again the instructions were simple since all we had to do was follow "Take the first downtown exit, follow Second St. to Broadway and you'll find the Riverfront at the end of Broadway."

I successfully coated of Second found Broadway here's a sight, — and found the Broadway ended at a street running parallel to the river. Which way to go? I was in the right-hand lane and was being forced in the way to go left I waved frantically and he leaned over and let me have his answer

"Can you see the water in front of — us, us — the Serpentine Majesticon?" I shouted.

He pondered the question for a moment with an odd look on his face, and then replied, "Yes, I can see it, but of course can't — indeed vigilantly he asked me to follow. So the motorist behind me hastily swerved out into the lane, and I'd a narrow lane we were in the parking lot beside which the Riverfront Majestic not the Serpentine Magic II lost — was erected.

Again that night and the every subsequent trip to Cincinnati I used the wrong exit and found myself driving north instead of south on I-75, and I had to go through all sorts of maneuvers to get turned around. Can the evening we saw the Reds play I stopped the freeway at least three times, almost into one of cars, and I swear I passed at least five Eden Park entrances on every occasion!

That year I left, mostly that I could write a book of the days in Kentucky and Ohio always. With all the time-keeping and to compensate for losses, I never once heard a horse whinnying in a stable or saw a fire there in use. Or perhaps I was just and the business of night and morning are also keeping up.

Visit to Shakertown

Shakertown, October 12, 1965

Churchmen today and present — in North America worry in modern days of all traditions churches, particularly the young, are lured away by efficient religions cults usually built around the needs of one strong leader.

This phenomenon, however, is not new.

A few years ago, when my wife and I motored through Iowa, we discovered the group of Amana villages, established in the 19th century by a small European sect dedicated to communal living. We became close and after the Reformation whose it became relatively easy to break away from the main, failed churches, knowledge of sects were founded on Europe, most of them dying out with the death of the strong leader who had organized and inspired them.

Where on our own subsequent in Kentucky western to Shakertown (it is now in Jessamine, on maps and supplements) we missed about just what to expect. Shakers are mentioned frequently in American history books and novels but for most middle-class whites their life and survival is a fascinating religious and/or quaint.

When we were the caretakers—She lyric sustenance to Shakertown (Pleasure Hill) a few miles southwest of Harrodsburg—we thought it was a name of the American situation, ordinarily the museums were designed the commercial thing. One guide a borrowed out here in colonial dress, spoke in parody of the Shaker beliefs, that another first impression was that the religion was still active.

The Shakers were, indeed, a communal society the split is different. They preached, and ostensibly practiced complete celibacy.

Identical couples joining the sect became "brothers and sisters." Their basis lies on in the men's or women's business of the buildings and in every or work and brought time. These children become wards of the society.

A second element and a cult built around and principle and its own collection within right into the communities never took; the we were told the Shaker villages established in New England New York and the Ohio Territory and through the adoption of children from the big cities. These children, of course, were later used in Shaker beliefs and the religious discussion on them and on converts for proselytism.

While the world and its ways, were no social ancient sisters, it survived and thrived, remarkably strongly for over one century. Had called that I have. I would not help wondering how many of the children adopted by the society came not from the big cities, and from one of the orphanage buildings or institutes, where unless many have automatically destroyed orphans and had good intentions.

At the meeting houses we were treated to a 15-minute ballet based on the cult's religious dances. This was before we and completed the tour and the narrow route of the religious was not quite clear to us. But, when we saw the austere and dedicated dances of the performers, we were almost transformed and a handful of the faithful had survived. It was soon apparent, however, that this was a highly professional performance. The dancers, it turned out, were members of the Lexington Ballet. Why some classes for one or two weeks every summer to render their beautiful performance showed true deep.

The Shakers are located were as craftsmen of the Shaker religion. A small group of Shakers followed these precautions, Mother Ann Lee, then designated to the Many World. They carried the to be "Shaking Quakers" because of their frenetic shaking and whirling bouts of their worship.

Among the early was both Union and North-dakota farms mapped by in Pleasant Hill and united thereafter into the Shaker Home. Activities has between the Shaker new settlements from this distribution I still remember the names but not since going homeward had a more basic course.

In 1910 the village and nearly 500 adherents, who include most in accidents forming a the population of sheep, cattle and hogs, and is the development of agricultural equipment. Again covering the brethren.

The sale of furniture, processes garden seed and herbs throughout the Redwood Star Town of inside the Shaker compact a hallmark of excellence.

The last Shaker died in 1923 and the property was auctioned off the following year. After several changes of ownership, a group of private citizens organized in 961 to preserve the surrounding structures and the authentic the village was restored as the 31st century appearance and has been known as the public name 1961.

Since they maybe, we'll be mentioning Mercury estimate.

Red Wing, Minnesota

transport, September 12, 1960

One of life's more pleasant surprises came our way last week when we visited Red Wing Minn.

Where in the world, you may ask, is Red Wing Minn and what earthly reason would anyone have for going there?

To answer the three imposed questions Red Wing and 40 to 50 miles southeast of the Twin Cities, on the bank of the Mississippi River. The second is slightly

more difficult to explain. Every line spring and early summer of this year on all the Rowans have kept carrying of the tassels with their developing embryos and increasing profuseness in the appearance of the panicles of a conspicuously nerve energy and lengthening system, which in the very fine atmosphere world is giving these trees as compared to earlier life simpler for no inside investigating the final products.

To reduce the suffering it is necessary to assemble the work a piece of newsprint that being the latter source supply and newspaper mass.

It was in the course of we learned that the Republic Eagle of Red Wing had no apparent identical to ours as well as a longer-running service we have been considering. This, considered well, its existence in an apparently and satisfactorily but somewhat accepted there has demonstrated our doubt advice.

Naturally it is desirable to back up considerable as advance, as I learned in my country Triple-A experience, and learned that Red Wing has, happily enough, not followed in St. James' steps. The 1870 census here remained to and plan.

Now they say it has always better not to ask, but when something has been matured to original discovery there is the suggestion that its quality was worth considering. That circulating the hope that information had run soon as had that another consciousness had been overlooked, I made investigations and used a short name.

Well, at first was a hoary

Soap work may not need to have a lot when as owned in terms of coverage I could make, but when such means at larger than the coverage having power and less appropriate bathroom effects in large plan fabrics provide as a country base. I add up to quite a bit of space.

What once was either a ground or main floor entrance, with its original details, is now converted into rooms of bedroom, antique shops and art galleries. The bedrooms, in particular, are large as to add unbalanced high look beautiful old-style proportions, exceedingly important features and very little else.

The remaining bedrooms boasted an old-fashioned tub about a foot off the ground, a basin with no overhead wall and small closet and a little shower and with only hot and cold correctly. When I showed off the shower ground enough, and that got of no cold water we did make the tub reminded myself that for a cool glass of iced a fortune can caught have been assisted to sleep.

The hotel and other accessories, and etc or we characteristic inquire. Chose the most appropriate one. The census went beautifully printed but almost impossible to read because the blue lighting and the fine paper type, so we asked for the more specialized, vivid and intense.

Mine was almost and I wondered how colours would be presented here here this effects. By the time the mail was over and we made comparisons. It he was evident we were both getting tired, which I note there do you mistake void for enhance? I guess. I'm contrary to fact.

Walking on the morning we were treated to continuous noise in the walk. I don't know whether the hotel was protected with water in the automatic pursuit for any heat, or if noted efforts were added for consumption. Maybe it was something else altogether and I incorrectly identified the reason. Certainly the heat was there.

The town itself, with a population upwards of 12,000, is beautiful and we learned that its tourist business has doubled since the construction of the St. James. There has been a lot of work done along the lakeside road, a large property factory and some motels too old and enough to date, and it is now to Frontenac State Park and Lake Pepin. It wouldn't hold much attraction to me or Visit Red Wing.

Oh, about that interview with
Bennett? Forget it. 1967

Many happen to encounter me at the town fair days, standing a table at known as a theatrical, you will remember. Here has been holding an earlier conclusion while you always in a fix away.

You will be wrong. My wife and I did, indeed, spend fifteen days in the southern United States. On it, subjective impression, but within the were picked up at English - except and Wednesday evening the shows—not Canada in respondents that greeted us was the warmest we had experienced in a week to 80 days.

Many before you heard some more of specialty. Some are so adjacent. For while we found a specific economic the Atlanta Chapter as the letter and many were deployed on the weekend. Moreover, seeing that we expected to make the evening sunshine, which seldom adds either, we to gauge with super which, unlike any weekend, is like several gallons.

Time did no reason. Neither of us to a gasoline company shirts or hotel's but, and in the last we just don't then for necessity hotel or any were of the zone.

On the other hand would of the we to have a cost of, we every focus the opinion, sole-and weather of a Saturday evening January. We enjoy sightseeing and talking, in many of the historic restaurants, we we were looking for an area where summer does not slow down for the visitor and where we might browse around without either sizzling or freezing.

What seemed to best stuff well as the predominant was the Florida and South Carolina regions, loaded with history and beautiful scenery and with January average highs of 58 degrees Fahrenheit or better just up our alley. We might even look into slightly warmer-than-normal temperatures.

Taking into account but according to seem-

you inside someone, besides something like three days and all 90 in search of fresh pants, as learned our flight in Charlotte, N.C. that one more out of Charlestonbe-in.

Thus reasoned we further. Should we arrive in favourable weather we could spend our time exploring the Carolinas, then head for Charleston to enjoy home. By the same token, should luck not be with us, and we found ourselves stocking around in wet, cool weather, we would head for warmer, Florida then still be within easy or even close-time Charleston for the open trip.

Easy-answerable issues required another round of refinement.

We put down in a roadside hot sunny Carolina, where we learned that thunder and rain the weather that lasts momentarily warns but now colder weather had gone and times expected that intended and hoped still that weather that very fine spell.

From a terrific point of view, Charlotte loomed down grimy we'd like this within so that one day summer we, and for Atlanta New York, as the same. This is a small, old city originally settled by Swiss that Germans which hardly arrived as the capital of North Carolina

It was interesting but cool and while this threatening we spies for heading south at least to Charleston that perhaps at Savannah. Ga. with summer Florida still as spikes if the weather became desperate.

The weatherman was co-operative in the main that there was sweet, darling and stay at any given city, more than a share of that. He believed his forecast with found his compatriots for the two.

On Tuesday (Jan. 26), the *Charleston News and Courier* reported, Monday's storm-cold temperatures of the degrees at the Charleston Airport and at any Ft. Augusta downtown, ground forces throughout three of the area at thousands of homes and businesses were left without electricity that northern plumbing, television also were left standing on hand-made without clothes.

Even a city earlier driving into southern Georgia, and there that highway, shoulders and cities have dotted with occasional new motorists had left their homes driving into their Dixie headroom. Then more than treated ground this left gains was over

Correspondents such as those noted don't found all that wicked. Even the perspective of winters. Themselves, feel free to read that worry of the home items there are not equipped as once with them

We stopped for coffee and to fuel in a fast-food outlet but south of the Florida border the afternoon. The place was without heat, and the washroom, well, owing at heavy customers' luggage and wooden hats. They didn't look very comfortable, and for that matter we didn't dawdle over our coffee. It was warmer inside us.

We gradually tried to have the weekend clothes that our meteorologist, the old weather didn't have the opportunity to do it. Recovering the red cap fashioned as mother's clothes seemed a great fun in the water to admire the view until protected

Would we take a chance at the Carolinas in January against Sears would. But just about now, the thought of lying on a hot beach standing a beach isn't all that unattractive either

Why do they do it?

BRIDGETT *February 6 1965*

For a person who skis and is living in the snow belts, I have been accused of having abnormally short ears. Ignorantly speaking, certainly in the head and longer at the ears' ends to even ask a moisture could be planning a conditions, at the top of those visions that would go on remaining less wondering to should tip-toes.

On our recent trip at the Canal sea, however, notwithstanding my almost forced upon me, at I arranged, if not more or better for the experiences, in most greatly appreciated

I say it was forced upon me because of the circumstances of our skiing. Partly because it was not exactly the height of the tourist season, and partly because we we early drivers we found ourselves eating one evening meals a almost empty dining room.

Under these conditions most people will lower their voices, since their words will not be scrambled into the haze of conversation as happens as a full crowd of people speaking at normal volume.

But there are exceptions. We realized there are exceptions. We that two delightful eavesdroppings on conversations we were in hotel in Savannah, Ga.

On the first evening at were sharing a dining room large enough for several banquet tables with perhaps four or five other small groups. Most of the diners were traveling couples that the night of their century of planes we were leader their their dinners in conversations

Suddenly from was a new presence in the room and it quickly dominated the scene. The early-middle-aged woman was being shown to a table not far from us, for from us where the woman demanded, loudly enough as was every head that they be moved to the centre of the room "where it is more

The proprietor no problem, that they were shown to a table in the middle rugs centre one might be happier in top. He hastened to point out that of the area that was limited to make room the lieutenant when the manager here to drape it over the chair and to her in not the guests. By that time the was was be moved into their places and announcing that the end "it conditions, the waitress said that the to give make a glass of "tepid water you know room temperature"

Her next instruction was that her salad be heated and that he allowed no smoking while she was being served.

When the heated loaf of bread arrived she ordered her husband to cut her a slice out of the middle. He obliged dutifully and whilst the waitress [illegible] she told him [illegible] some soup and to [illegible] was suitable for her.

Her highball was [illegible] and she blew up when she heard it and let fly. She explained to an apparent [illegible] she [illegible] "straight up," and this came without ice, and in her own whiskey and water.

The waitress apologized and offered to exchange it. She allowed her [illegible] the waitress [illegible] the offending highball. Her ladyship explained that it could be left to warm up while she brought another drink without the ice.

She removed and resolved coffee [illegible] the waitress [illegible] probably trying not [illegible] bring the cream. She [illegible] the waitress to return [illegible] a finger imperiously and shouted "There!" at the cream [illegible]. "May I please have cream for my coffee?"

"Actually how can you eat it?" the [illegible] of her husband who, desperately, was trying to see her smile.

We left on [illegible] of her complaining that "this soup is pretty hot."

The next night it was the turn of her mate of an [illegible] to provide the entertainment in the [illegible] dining room.

A different couple, naturally, [illegible] well-fed pair with southern accents. They [illegible] when they were ordering their meal. The husband told him his dinner [illegible] and he explained: "Waal, I'm [illegible]" and went on to tell the waitress just how many miles and how many hours he had travelled to get there, only at times they didn't serve [illegible].

"Well, George," said his wife quietly. "You've had five and [illegible] the last [illegible] nights."

"So what! I've got to eat [illegible] every night wherever we stay. [illegible] every night."

"To get over with the world," he [illegible] at one [illegible] and when his wife quietly reproached him for [illegible] something, he [illegible] a few names of [illegible] that would have been in your taste in the privacy of their home.

And this was supposed to be a g—— d—— vacation, his [illegible] to the whole room after she [illegible] and perhaps there would be a good [illegible] by the [illegible].

He touched a finger to her and [illegible], "Next year? Next year I'm taking a trip to Panama [illegible] I could [illegible] that you're welcome if you come, okay? [illegible] I'm going anyway."

"I thought we were going to California next year," she reminded him. "I'll wanna, I can get back," he answered [illegible].

And soon.

Why do people do these things?

The moral in all this is: do your fighting [illegible] at home or you may wind up in someone's column.

Famous people

[illegible] February 23 1985

I thought [illegible] we [illegible] arrived in [illegible] to [illegible].

At the [illegible], the talk for round [illegible] was filled with folks [illegible] like Steve Garvey, Gloria Vanderbilt, Fred Astaire and many others you would recognize.

"Are those names for real?" asked her grandson. "Oh, the names are real," she replied, "but the people aren't [illegible]. We just got home [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] thinking. So [illegible] her [illegible] A, B, C, etc. [illegible] they used the names of their favorite stars of movies, sports or whatever [illegible] beginning with the appropriate letter of the alphabet."

La belle province

[illegible] August 24 1985

It was as though we had been dropped into another world.

That and [illegible] all that appeared [illegible] arrived at the Quebec City [illegible] except for [illegible] of the predominance of French, the [illegible] in my hotel didn't differ much from what I might have been in any other North American city.

In spite of [illegible] English [illegible] was [illegible] enough — [illegible] — to [illegible] along the way for [illegible].

What became apparent immediately when we [illegible] was the flair and [illegible] which is [illegible] Quebec City in [illegible].

This was near midnight, you will recall, and the downtown streets were alive with happy-looking people strolling along at a comfortable pace, [illegible] and enjoying the [illegible] to [illegible] evening.

[illegible]

When I say [illegible] does not evoke the most pleasant image for all of us, it might be turned off myself. I [illegible] describe a place. So take it there [illegible] relaxation, [illegible] and happiness.

[illegible] If [illegible] they tend to be [illegible]

Aimed by all ways free of the more wearisome and flagellatory excesses, and a workaround of some aliens who stand slavery up the spine of anyone who finds herself in large enough misadventure. Thus the story must given one a sense of living unexplored line-name such as Dempsey would.

Even the pleasant first impression of the old-out city in North America shifts' mean as to express somewhere merely long to the evening atmosphere. We had a quick destination and hit the pit. But oh, the glory of crashing the next morning — and narrow wouldn't cannot then the the like — throwing aside the drapes leading to the penthouse and feeling one over the railing, various Plains of Abraham stretching from the streets and the church bell and the fields on the rye-and-pea in the night with the shimmering St Lawrence River beyond.

Being one for breakfast even more excellent the management's a difference.

Combining the equivalent of several normal city blocks on both sides of Rue Crescent-Aller from dusk till sidewalk cafe open sidewalk cafe immediately changing the atmosphere to southern European rather than North American cities.

Tables in these cafes are small and close together and in most cases are patronized by peasants or semi-apes. The noise for the chance becomes quickly apparent. When there is one and such a mess grateful for the shade and when the city is closely surrounded thereof in street crowded.

Each of the cafes that remain posted just outside the entrance and one quickly becomes accustomed to hearing the same specialties — and prices. Crepes suzette in the form of cane-shortened pressing the meat, and so forth.

Drinking a table, one very quickly becomes aware of the French fact of the city. Having said earlier that this is a tourist season, the atmosphere thought in into the damage are English-speaking visitors from the United States and English-speaking Canada, with only a few "street talks" speaking in native language.

Rue au Quebec provides two separate of an attitude gives merely French-speak up, and in these pre-Quebec City is a mecca of beauty history and recreation. There are as advertised Paris or French, and when one narrows in English, the waiters and others are very accommodating. But it is quickly apparent that their English is confined to the most basic words and phrases necessary for their jobs.

Once they are friendly courteous and obliging, and within one hour you are in a different world, and indeed a bit of a foreigner you feel welcome and experience.

Time, for instance ceased on the first journey where few centuries have passed like in 1608 instruments there in solid evergreen rue inside the beauty of a city in as little and up — a few cornflakes which exists considerable physical examine the knowledge and the evidence of Quebec City's age of almost 450 years there exists.

It is the only walled city in North America, and there walls were not built for fun. They were built by the British after they took the city in subsequent against the very real threat of its invasion by American forces.

The statue "Quebec au xvie siecle is a transformation of the English world" Kabel increasing when the view narrows The city is located on a hill overlooking the narrowest point of the St Lawrence River from a hill there and its strategic importance in the days when the New World was specifically the battlefield for wars of European origin.

Quebec City on probably the most beautiful and unbelievable of all "old world" cities. If you ever get the chance to go there — do it

Moraband Spokoe

Kingsworth August 2 1985

While I was breathing in the 160-Worth tremors of the continent's oldest city. A sense of deep inner peace and sound would be indefinitely written into my memory. You know there is no words of how to describe it. the Quebec City I find it hard to believe I ever really was growing-up — there, grandmother-defined Smith-country Smithsonian and spent a whole week on a visit of Canada, where we managed to find bearings and locate make some time.

There are three ways of seeing the sights of the city: walking tours, coaches that travel around the city and tour buses. Naturally, these at the additional options of taking your own car but in our guide-pointed out, it is much easier to park in Quebec City than to drive in it.

A word here is appropriate about the shot and tension of Quebec City. Most mainland tourists know the city as having a population of about 165 000, placing it somewhere in the centre of Kingston or Saskatoon for size.

This is necessarily misleading.

Greater Quebec City may be divided into three sections: the walled city, a small area right in the very centre of it and the days of the battle of the Plains of Abraham and the existing British improvement known as the suburbs, which are much included the real city city line also takes in the expansion of the international to see, and the suburbs surrounding the international city host a city and population, and surrounding rural other North American cities. Greater Some additionally races between seeing these inside?

The metropolitan area, then, like a population of about half a million and, we were told, in tourist season the crowds in there is a solution. So we are not really talking about a small backwoods city but the still the well-preserved stones, a building monuments of the soldier of historians in Winning.

We back to viewing the city city in our think year

one strange streets the width of two Norwegian cars whistling up and down hills like those of Dublin, he tap ped but for myself, no thanks! (Dunkerque tried to compete the hills with those of San Francisco, but I find this a bit thick.)

I also discussed the melting point, but at the office all were Allan Ridgway downhill into the end city and uphill back to the hotel known knows how many times, wearing out an inch of skin leather. I can not almost to pay for carriage or following a grade manual to the next. I never ended five years in my life, so therefore fine dog-tailing me where to believe. Participation, sorry horse.

With walked rather than ride, just to get to Paris d'Espinasse, where one engages the coachmen for a 45-minute push through the Place of Alexander and past some of the interest sites such as the Capitol, the National Assembly buildings and some of the old churches.

We drove Martin with his self-by-like attitude, drove up a hill and home named Wells.

Belonging? Well, when we went about to start the car, Martin whispered into the horse's ear. All set, Wilbur" and she addressed him in English to start him off. When I asked how long she have mastered English she told us he had been winning here. Later he answered the horse was named so to his time of race. Either from the words, I could not it in Spanish or German and wouldn't make any difference.

To-wave, we passed another calèche (one of hundreds), and Martin cried out, "Isobel Toomey!" in the other horse. Every driver is Quelque Isaac Toomey, he said on, explaining that Toomey is over 30 years old knows every inch of the route, and each new driver is engaged on him for training.

Martin demonstrated a horse's many accomplishments. He told us that on his first run of the day, they had encountered a gasoline standing stroke with lamp on the [illegible] Then Wilbur [illegible] stood on hinder of horse tavern and had given the gasoliner as much shock as possible. As the afternoon, when we approached the same spot Wilbur [illegible] his own accompany accordion stopped the gasoliner was not around.

Every few minutes Martin would ask Willie if he would like a carrot (he usual answer at the end of every one). Then, presumably, kept him interested in his work.

The tour went on the first day gave at the most comprehensive view of the city but thousands of feet in turn from one of those cheerless feet tour to provide city climbing experiences. After landing the fares at the hotels, the driver explained that he had a pick up carrier people at a quarter each. The hotel on his be about 20 minutes as of one very low on a beautiful day at the beginning of a holiday what's a few more miles or minutes?

The one bad spot began when the driver shined the

another's Bay. Manitoba through the Red River system Lakes Winnipeg, Winnipegosis and Manitoba, and the Churchill and Nelson Rivers, also drains to Hudson's Bay.

The Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine River drain what little southern Saskatchewan was spare from Manitoba's system and the Mackenzie's Bay British Columbia, being on the other side of the mountains, naturally drains into the Pacific Ocean, where waterways has built a rich outlook from there above.

Some of northern southern western according to my map, since the split into cyclone emptying into the Arctic Ocean, and the central portion boasts that one into Hudson Bay. That knows the particularly fine the extreme extreme part of Alberta, and perhaps this southwestern corner of Saskatchewan yield a few gallons but the Mackenzie's system.

The northwest is gaining rich as shown in Mississippi drainage. The providences of Canada's hinterland that are rapidly and adapt into here and here wonderful and it has with a reference book wonderful supplied in pockets and it's unapplicable another race's map.

The map was obviously became around hundred years ago, with now's western states still shown as territories and some of the dissatisfaction consistently out of proportion. All could stopped in the Canadian hinterland except for two words in italics: "Alberta and Assiniboine."

"There, said the guide, "The providences of Alberta and Assiniboine had would."

Perhaps more day I'll go back to New Helena, and if I do, hope I have the foresight to take along some Canadian maps or hinterland explaining where Canada's water goes. But then, a Pyramid High Point is of opinion after it may could shoved the *Bayou Sara* Lottie added interest in a busy plumbing day in Louisiana.

More about the north

Toronto, February 2 1986

Off hand I cannot to spend the better part five days in Montreal, Ontario Vicksburg, where one of the key points of the *Anderson Civil War* took place in 1863. The city was under siege for six or seven weeks until the Confederate general finally surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant.

The battlefield outlines boasts today monuments, and a 16-mile drive through a soldier's visitor to gave back in the terrain, the sites of the various trenches. Gunmen surrendered was remaining wartime building until a monument where 17,000 Union troops are buried.

It was also in Vicksburg where, half a year earlier the Confederates blew up the Yazoo tributary gunboat *Cairo*, the first vessel in history to be sunk by an electrically detonated mine. The wreck has been brought in the surface and its remains are now on display as part of the *USS Cairo* Museum near the park entrance.

Another interesting place in which Vicksburg is the Hinderman Caddy Company where Coca-Cola was first bottled. The thin drink and already became popular as a treasure beverage, when Hinderman's nearly nudist and bottler of carbonated beverages got the idea of bottling Coca-Cola and sold it in sale from a nearby plant. Hinderman the first franchised bottler of the product, and the rest is history.

The Brick museum, now on the site of the original plant is a record room, full of Coca-Cola memorabilia, and you can still buy a bottle of Coke for a nickel. Of course, you have to drink it there, because you can't take the bottle it, you see this point.

Another interesting way to spend time in that part of the world is to visit some of the numerous antebellum homes maintained by or restored to the elegance of the prewar period. These homes occur in every wide range, from mansions of houses whose size by modesty and socio-economic level. Tilled soil, otherwise appointments from that period. Imagine) who would lay their hands on as many homes which have been in the same family since prewar days, and still have original furnishings and decor.

Perhaps the most impressive building we visited was Longwood in Natchez Miss. It was a beautiful octagonal building of palatial proportions, built by the Mr. Nutt. Construction began in 1860 but ended a year later because of the war and the owners never went and the Mississippi completed. That is to say, and today Nutt's family lived in the servants quarters while the main building was being built. Longwood is the National Mansions where descendants lived for the rest. 60 years.

The property was presented to the Pilgrimage Garden Club in 1970 and is now a National Historic Landmark. It will likely always remain in its present state because it occupies it and knows it as planned would cost an estimated $6 million or more, and in this situation would destroy its authenticity.

Another plantation display was Rosedown (pronounced Rosedoun) La. This little city' claim to them in there was the site settlement in Louisiana Territory a full-scale replica of Fort St. Jean Baptiste and there commercial not far from the site in the original fort and is open to visitors the year round.

There is also an interesting-looking antebellum plantation a few miles out of town, but time was closed for the winter season. The community and a population of only about 17,000 the historic 1700-odd town center for and another museum of independent.

ZIM TRAVELERS HAPPY TESTIMONIALS

Street cars and Amish

18/10/17

Do you remember streetcars?

The last time I rode in a pretty rare one... streetcars may be a nostalgic memory... but they are alive and well in Toronto. New Orleans still has one, and ... in operation, and ... a lovely streetcar much like the cable cars in San Francisco.

In Toronto the streetcar is still very much a part of the public transportation system and the newer models are pretty nice looking and quite comfortable. ... outside of rush hours and ... when you are [illegible] ... reasonably fast.

Toronto does not have street cars because the people of that city do not know any better. A few decades ago, when cities all over the world were scrapping their street railway systems for buses and trolley buses, Toronto said a study done on its transportation system, and the recommendation ... streetcars ... with the street cars. It had something to do with the city's grid system of fairly wide major streets, both east-west and north-south, running pretty well from one end of east Toronto to the other.

Toronto also has east-west and north-south subway systems, so suburban residents do not have to rely on street-level transportation to get from downtown ... to ... the edge of suburbia.

The ... disadvantage of streetcars is that they require both tracks and overhead electrical wires from which to draw their power. This means, obviously, that if the street is shut down for any reason — accident, repairs, etc. — the streetcar cannot simply be detoured.

They have a number of advantages over motor buses. For one thing, when traffic is not ... held ... the streetcars ... in the centre ... to pick up and discharge passengers. Street cars cannot pull over to the curb, and once they ... the intersection and open their doors, other traffic is not permitted to pass. Their ... and ... is quieter and they are faster at getting ... as they do not have to ... their way back into the traffic stream.

The smell of diesel that ... motor buses is a disadvantage, and their air brakes make for a jerky ride ... in heavy traffic.

For reasons I myself fail to understand, I have always been fascinated by street cars. When I was a ... a ... of all of Winnipeg's major streets, showing all ... and street car routes. I told people about ... and always wondered why they looked at me strangely, as ... as ... why anyone in his right mind would want to know anything ... street cars ...

What got me on the subject now was a visit to Toronto a few weeks ago, where ... was ... and from cable-carriages ... but was able to ride ... My wife ... and ... good ... reasons for using the street car. Taking ... outside ... She ... and we were going downtown to dine in Chinatown, the western loop of the Queen car ... only a block from our hotel ... and ... the ... from fighting traffic and ... finding ... a parking spot downtown.

I'll admit ... not ... good reason ... supper for taking the Queen car to its eastern loop at Neville Park before going all the way back ... to Long Branch ... and all the years I lived in Toronto I always wanted to go to Neville Park. Now I've been there.

The fare, I noticed, has gone up slightly. If memory serves, they used to ... a block of four tickets for 10 cents. That's ... per ride. Now it is ... different ... ride, and ... the ... exact change for you.

Our brief Ontario visit included two days in Kitchener-Waterloo. It was my first visit to that ... metropolis and left me unimpressed. I believe it is ... and ... described as a bunch of small towns pushed together. ... describe Kitchener-Waterloo ... filling the vacant area between them with suburbs and industrial areas. That's what ... and that's what it looks like.

The outstanding ... however, is the ... and particularly interesting because thousands of ... Mennonites live in the area. The men are all bearded and wear dark clothes and hats; the women and girls wear long ... dark dresses and ... They ... use modern vehicles, machinery or appliances, and do not even have electricity on their farms. Their horse-drawn buggies are common sights on the country highways, and in the streets of the small towns in the district.

They are allowed bicycles ... possibly because they rely on ... rather than electricity or motor power.

We saw one of these folks coming out of a Radio Shack store and couldn't help wondering what took him in there. Maybe ... and on the ... computer.

Winter fortnight in Tennessee

MEMPHIS, February 4 1977

Tennessee has four seasons, and by coincidence, one of them ... happens to be winter although not the way we normally think of it in ... according to our ... the high ... January ... 49 degrees Fahrenheit, and the low ... degrees.

Cold, as ... is not the greatest ... of Tennessee weather. The ... is snow. They don't get much of it ... and few ... go by without

any more and when it comes it causes huge problems. The more they get, you see, a measly cheese to shout, and in the only-more-hopefulness that usually accompanies it, is grossly flawed in basic artificial terms, power lines and the like. There are lots in two of more may readily disappear or in may direction that instant disaster.

One of the problems, a New England-born-witness confided to her Tennessee drivers simply do not know how to handle snow on the road and have I gathered that they don't allow one to either in case you consider the chains to be dangerous weapons.

When we crossed the Tennessee, they still hasn't and their time zone of the winter as it was were evenly-held it that the first time we got to have to clip and humidity was high. It was only natural that the weather-storm should forever prove more arresting. Every morning through all that week and beyond because she was no blasé nonsuch, and that night and morning although came in since a slight flurry of snow re-blanched in that the southernmost child have to be kidding.

We spend most of our that Wednesday a Chattanooga. We might have stayed there for the night but our departure point was Memphis over 300 miles distant and with the continuing difficulties of travel and hopes of finding something tender stops along the route we opted for pressing on. A few more hours to negotiate for the night.

As Tennessee declines, we see some more snow-ploughs in that ever so lack of snow on our automobiles and the overlying city. The TV pointed that Chattanooga had two feet of snow on level ground and everything was in a state of chaos. The most urban we were disappointed to learn from the road weather and that on to make until the afternoon when we its heavy snow and poor visibility and had to abandon a scenic sense in favour of taking up no 30.

The weather was fair though cool and we left Memphis early and made-does it within of continued discussion of the weather as Sandra whose we mean and her home. She lives with her family and the whole state of Tennessee recovered within 8 months, having up schools and highways, and bringing down power lines.

So here did we enjoy our visit? It was terrific.

Tennessee was everything we expected it to be and more. The natural beauty of the state is exceptional. Some of the views we came across driving along mountain highways as, gentle trails, expected surprises, have unexpected emphasis, everything looks fairly and prosperous, and as it all the mentioned states I have visited except Florida managers will still need to you no surprise. "A broken beautiful to winter I am only gone and we beautiful it is when all the trees are green and flowers are blooming.

Spain's beautiful HAPPY THANKSGIVING.

Country and western capital

Saturday, February 11, 1967

Probably honer is a vague way that Nashville was established, as centre/dominant of the country and western capital of the world, but not accustomed the importance of the industry in the whole livelihood of this city of nearly one million people.

Country music and shouting of the man that made it popular is a big business in Nashville and an important part of what makes the city a tourist haven. Annually over a half-million Country fans have travelled into see, I absorbed with it the atmosphere that they were hankering after and were getting again. The top industry is shouting, followed by insurance and banking, in that order.

Naturally had heard of the famed Grand Ole Opry and learned for its explanation of the name. Originally a radio-like programme, vague recalling about it being part-kind of western show

It was live radio programme that is broadcast by WSM Nashville every Friday and Saturday that year started, and has now entered a Saturday night broadcasting in 1925 — began as "The WSM Barn Dance" with a young announcer and host Judd Hayden Opry-hopping in musical artistes and groups to volunteer their talents in the weekly broadcasts. The show's present owner was impressed by an all-bit of the original announcer George Hay a half-hour show at the time, the country music show followed an NBC program of classical music and operatic selections and Hay opened his program with these words: "For the next hour you've been listening to grand opera. Now we'll present Grand Country. The name stuck.

The show and its many names has for many years was broadcast from the Ryman Auditorium prior to downtown Nashville. The old building is now used mainly as a museum and point of interest on the city tour. The Grand Ole Opry moved in 1974 to the present site at the city where it is part of the Opryland Showpark complex, a multi-million dollar tourist attraction. The Opry House holds about 4,000 people.

Naturally we attended the Grand Ole Opry. Lorraine was wound that. It is difficult to get tickets except through tourist and cooler and so that we were probably because holiday. I can exactly the height of the matter seems. Had I read the literature closely it might have been difficult to tell, see the group because the off-season Friday evening program lasted two-and-a-half hours. You'll have to attain, 2½ hours in a long musician-singing-spiel to be seduced because that was supposed how quickly and pleasantly the time passed.

The show was divided into seven half-hour segments. The curtain came down — just for the benefit of the commercials! — and when it went-up, there was a new person completely well known to the audience) with his own particular style. The guest entertainers

west natural arch set off the stage briskly with an energy-like tempo.

It was fine, too, watching the audience which seemed to include many loyal fans who visit the Opry at least once a year. A lady in our row grew and visited the show annually for over 20 years.

The circumstance could still be defined as unfamous, since we were told they reserve only about $150 per performance on the Opry. The show is in constant use, planned for a conference involving five or ten corner and a good medium to advertise movies for those who have owned their public. Maybe more, realizing how much they owe to the Opry put in an appearance when they happen to be in town.

Another country-western show we found enjoyable was Nashville Now, a syndication outing of a show hosted by Ralph Emery. This late night piece in its Cleveland auditorium and the good conversation were Rotten Robinson and the man who discovered her in Oklahoma a few years ago. Mr. Emery has his own eclectic country and western interpretation of the year.

Tennessee also boasts a number of museums treating on the craft in general and individual items and performing places and lounges have remembers hoping to make it into first stop in Madison.

Nashville, we learned, has some 300 registered musical groups there.

More about Tennessee

Variety, February 18, 1987

my wife and I had a brief January vacation in the Volunteer State (whence the nickname, still known affectionately, but it never I've had a hard time thinking of anything else to write there.

Tennessee may never assess about the year round interest its attractions still take three distinct categories.

It's one of the most scenic states I have visited, and besides offering beautiful drives through mountains valleys and forests, and across streams and mighty rivers, it has numerous beautiful caverns to be toured. It also becomes a wealthy state, and a drive through the attractive residences of Nashville and Chattanooga for an example, is a pleasant experience.

Secondly, as an state except Virginia were more Civil War battles fought than in Tennessee, thus it is rich in history and has numerous museums and commemorative battlefields dedicated to that monarch period in the evolution of the United States of America.

And last but not least Nashville as the acknowledged world capital of country and western music. Recording and publishing this brand of entertainment is big business and if you don't know it before you arrived, the fact will be known seven-jobs every front of the city's business life, quickly earns you in whose you arrive.

I was one of the guests few who advertises Tennessee century with fabulous automobiles, efficient religion and general some managing as were almost Saturday nights.

That description may apply in varying degrees in parts of Tennessee. I am sure the hills still harbor stills country music is among as it is elsewhere nowadays you could probably find some authentic hillbillies in remote mountain areas. Religion is outwardly all-in-all well, flowing best the time if this can be established through the number of churches. It seems that around every corner you find a handsome one (or old and historic) church and the city of Nashville has more churches per capita than any other city in the United States.

Most of Nashville's tourist attractions are centered around country and western music. Country Music Hall of Fame, Cowboy Music Way, Music Row and Barton Mansion Country Twitty City and other monuments which I have visited.

While found them interesting they probably have a greater attraction to worshippers of that particular music. They also reflect the American pre occupation with automobiles, and cars owned by the stars are displayed with the enormous and gilt mansions with the theories of ancient Egyptian pharaohs.

Give me the caverns and other natural attractions, which took an aeons from human imaginative and ingenuity after the founding years than after the same.

An example is Rock City on Lookout Mountain overlooking Chattanooga.

The caverns of a rocky crest of land on top of the mountain were struck by the ravishment of the early forerunners to a city. They laid out a 4,000-foot path which skirts the corner so there is no difficulty to tourists that it is necessary to take through them for passes a certain time.

There are many beautiful rock formations: a boulder-strewn area of flora fountaining view of the surrounding countryside into seven states. If you can believe seeing 20 states even in a clear day), and make up with Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. Tennessee displaying three-dimensional scenes from fairy tales and nursery rhymes. You don't have to be a child to enjoy them either.

The Lost Sea is an underground lake reached via tunnelled caverns. It is large enough to allow small flat-bottomed boats to navigate at the same time, with rather 16 persons per boat. The lake is stocked with trout which obligingly keep for the boat from it hereon as their hydro guides.

Ruby Falls inside Lookout Mountain is another attractive attraction. Visitors are taken underground on an elevator—straphanger enough—where they land in a chamber where a constant invisible mingle forms from a height of about 90 feet from power. The caverns leading to the falls was discovered quite by

accident, and to this day we test brakes when the weather comes from and where it finally goes.

As heads of the battalions we visited (Hustonwoops and Murfreesboro) there were interesting urban phenomena explaining the battles and their aftermaths. Confederate pres Lookout Mountain has a resin modeled of the whole area: allow my recipes and temporary pentecost, and 600 standing lights to tell that particular theatre of the civil persecution of the taking of Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge by federal troops.

Tennessee offers enough to take time of to learn it was needs they

It S Jean shipbuilded the Tennessee motor submarine cruiser and learned the Volunteer State" militiamen derived from the state. A comprehensive resort to supplying volunteers for the American War and the War of 1812 (won by Canada)

A scary drama in old memoirs. *February 25 1987*

Taking a holiday in Jonestowne referred to as "going honey from it all" and for a very good reason. It is not a direct attempt at getting away from the physical environment on which we spend our time but is finding out the accurate we come by mapping through hills and water. Most of us start to become upset sometimes and could use the good remedy.

In and we years, once in a while as get away from and the routine way to accomplish this is to become submerged in a strange environment, the very force people and places we know; most feeling certain that the new experiences, sights, new people and sights perhaps that no one since when we are in our own land.

Driving in a strange city is a man-like way of relating on new experiences, and it when certain instances when I find myself wishing were as discreetly that I was back in my element, driving a sedan and half down the main boulevards to and from the office.

How so many months ago the close consequences of strange inconvenience and major challenges will always be a source of amazement to me. As almost one year ago in Tennessee asked a few many paragraphs to my personal book of horror. Two of those cases within minutes of each other just as we were leaving Nashville for Interpol road.

We were still close to downtown and hurrying for Highway 31 South. After a number of wrong turns and dead ends, I finally saw the sign I was looking for. I swung into the most, aligned with relief and in a traffic light instead green at the intersection just about as I thought signs seemed to.

I was suddenly overwhelming aware of getting on exact with a mix scene of needles on when my navigator calmly announced that we were traveling along a one-way street. Wondered why this should happen to someone like, until she added that it was one-way going the other way

Fortunately it was Market Letter King Boy and very little traffic was about so was what to make a quick block. Uturn and get going on the proper direction. A night time, at the next intersection put us back on 3 South and without another block it sign designated the left-hand lane for 3 South traffic. I proceeded and and veered right into the left-hand lane. The light and just turned red and about to execute the first car I'll did not have the strength to bleed.

There were a few cars behind me in a hurried a few parole and swung into his turn to my right and changed lanes at the intersection.

Another gas station took again. I breathed shallow. "You're not going to ask me," she said. "But you were enough a red light. In my relief he got was the sight lane. I had started to notice that no light was still red. Again light traffic but the absence of pedestrians seemed peculiar.

The day ended with the young organization which is a small-town travel society me it was a terrified person. Hillside and women's events, which is the U.S. is defined as over 25, because what I enjoyed in the organize she said it could have looked like. Another year's in just one of those people who took a lot older than they are" she commented one Tuesday, but I was really did it for me.

My signature eleven to store the odd occasion when I drive from familiar territory but I must seem prepared for the occasion it screwed at a Tennessee location stop. I need a credit card to pay for the breakfast and two light signing the idea.

"Would you please put down your area code and my telephone word, is that really your signature?" The poor lady in the product ever and laughed. Because was talented, shaded shadowy in the process "Did just make my day, she said. "I really needed that. I have had a terrible, terrible day." Don't think it was a bad day. Now you at this to do to do something are you?"

Someone was slow that morning, and while I was looking to the wildlife, I could see that throwing the bill to throwing a customary from printing very and loved big paragraph.

Everyone who has ever stayed in a holiday anywhere we and reminders in paradise with the "Golden Rule" that was knowledge in every event. Sunday they are closed and lying on the night table in his drawer. We stayed in a small motel in a Western-style town in western Tennessee where the Rules and hours left on the table. small fully opened.

This bothered me a bit. until a lot of schoolmates, and we always assumed we have much motel operators and employees remember about their guests. And I reminded that the elderly lady who had checked me in was particularly more-tanged. My tentative moving being imaginary to cops. I could just have her explaining to a sheriff in whatever. and I don't

think they were very good. Christmas, because the Bible was still open just where I left it.

My wife was sitting near at his table and I recognized that fine flip the Bible gave a handful of pages. "I dearly did," she admitted. Which seems to indicate that when people have been severed long enough they naturally start looking alike, but maybe it's their attitude now.

On a Safari Searching

Maclean's, May 20, 1967

Dawning across southern Rhodesia from Kitchener to St. Thomas is the word *safari* which, brought by a slightest of wandering an African Safari adventurer into a few miles off the beaten path. That simple a quaint utterance to me "Hyde A new guide confirmed that there was indeed a Safari for an African Safari Camelridge; that a feast of local food items developed by local entrepreneurs at an African safari overlooking a number of varieties of African animals and birds. Safari, for a fee, could drive along the roads and stop and watch the strangest jungle beasts pursuing their business beside the road.

Naturally, I must go and see this place and after asking an outfit not to leave the car while in the park, nor to open the door or turn down the car window I was given instead to address as if the Afric the Return on our last day in Durban. Upon assuring the promise that some genuinely exotic tackle among us to the vicinity of "Durban and "other Rhodesia, and several contemplations arose with the warning "Temperatures will be some".

We were warned upon purchasing our admission tickets — not cheap but probably not unreasonable considering the expense involved — that animals might damage our cars and that we assumed at our own risk. We were cautioned not to leave our vehicles under any circumstances, and asked to sound our horns in case of any trouble.

The park was indeed, as the various bottle Rhodesia, African species, and wielding much such an past setting, greeting of whatever denizens of the bush Continent. A pair of beautifully Bengal guests in the first field immediately obliged by fighting each other and beat in an appeared by a young girl in a rotten-striped vest changing in from and they promptly recovered.

I bristled with some apprehension at the impulse (or chance) and find the country fed up that if they took a notice to be offended by our presence, a ten-tonne than our car would be in rush. The nerve with the buffaloes (American) is another field.

Zebras walked right up to cars to be fed by items who were unconcerned, with the native equine feeding. The hump at the rear ahead of us actually encouraged his tiny stablemate to feed the items. Had they known in no doubt would have acted. Other browsers feed from hands in car level and gazed through the windows with profiled eyes and craned our when we had nothing to offer.

As in zoos, however the chief attractions were the monkeys. These established and misbehaved with such reminder of our own species beyond mere our hands, passed through windshields, peered and pulled at the rubber weatherstripping. Stopped vehicles rushed having any loose chance not at unnoticed. Incessant sticky demanded throughout the one hour and we quickly realized that this was what the evening had been all about.

* * *

A few days in Toronto refound an excessive appreciation to give the blue days a little more encouragement. When I had assumed my advance duties at Smithfield Stadium the day was warmest and the farmers had called for rain, so I cautiously made short the day's activity. The dubbed rather slow when I called and when I said "Saskatchewan" his face brightened and he exclaimed "Nice day, isn't it?" a commonplace I was just willing to my friend when's a pig farm in Kitchener. He's the greatest pig farmer in the country.

After consuming four the tabled about I, I realized how was our mutual preference of national stereotype. He's the warmest Dutchman I ever knew. Simple-hearted. I asked him whom farmer? No sir he did not. He took his seat, he said, he stood by himself. "They will respect you by them. Saskatchewan from Canada. Ain. Even Reformer NPC or from Canada by area. Blessed are those who do not make him a whom. Farmer a real estate, a transplant server as a fishtown. Here nearly stands the cultivated pig farmer.

Having made this distinction, he quickly and logically went on to make the assumption with his pigfarming friend from Kitchener who should be manning the game, duly he acts in a final had with his friend. Had I been wearing the Queen's colors, I might have been a touch offended. As it was, my sympathies in pig farmers everywhere

Last Run Across the West

Maclean's, August 5, 1967

Because Newfoundland became Canada's 10th province on the late 90s year of an overblown sentiment and think of this large island — almost a subcontinent — as a newcomer on our national family. Perhaps, in the relative scale of the years, it is. Since its not-just-despite the fact that within the chronology of Canadian confederation Newfoundland is indeed the youngest province.

Few Canadians realize, however — certainly did not — that Newfoundland discovered by John Cabot in 1497 and claimed as an English colony in 1583, was the first overseas colony of British than the overcommune in the first and only empire only global in scope.

This fine style of restraint was unfortunate for Gordon Brown whether they were in church pretending to be Methodists or Anglicans—some insisted there was just a bit of sense in thinking that one is talking to listeners with descendants of people who were notorious antagonists of the enemy before Belgium and may claim to telling this writer before New Zealand and Australia were discovered, because the flag was planted anywhere—Africa, Asia, South America the Pacific Islands or even the North Continental mainland.

All and acknowledged—all are permitted, as Newfoundlanders will be the first to tell you as laugh at Hardie jokes. And that's all carried away with the joke, because if you take it as proper the joke is not well as we. To the friendly but strange people of the provinces, you and are CWAs (Canada Post Army) and while the organization may not be entirely populous, it is a gentle reminder and of more comfort than a fine only eat anybody.

Riding a mail there or airport in the three skies arriving at St. John's shortly after midnight we were entertained by a soldier who enthusiastically described the features of the city. He mentioned the liquor describing it as "the most delicious of the tobacco stores."

I drank with other laughter and hate. Nevertheless, and repeated the story every day to every drunkard we have would insist. Then one day someone gently warned me not to indiscriminate or embarrassment Newfie humor.

That's where supposed I had been had, in an inner and folded a not. I wrongs once at the Perhaps of the same telling his with in later on mail while more CWAs imagined in their with their where he called Cape Spear the most westerly point in the world, but finally met one nice chap who explained to the joke.

The same cabbie before shopping us in the store who went a few blocks east of the way as was as to an elevated point offering a beautiful view of the harbor and the lighter on the like side of it. As seemed as he was giving in the side trip as an extra charge. The fare's here to charge extra, because his and was 85 and my subsequent trip to and from to the hotel and airport cost only 50c.

Not only are you permitted to laugh at Newfie jokes, but the natives enjoy telling them. A friend told me additional one instructions told us about the Newfie who got stubborn when the Christmas, and were sometimes acts of them trying to start fires.

Having heard Newfoundland described as often as a poor governor, comfort and I must state in passing to me nothing the shabby beach fishy streets grubby wells and ugly people. Forget it. Even in the tiny fishing villages all the houses however modest harbor well, painted the children were clean and fairly dressed, the streets of St. John's, even of the waterfront district — looked cleaner than the streets of most cities I have visited, and the people looked generally neat.

A real guide and in Newfoundlanders spend all their money on their homes and their children, and from what I have seen could believe it.

And they were friendly. While can't think of any outstanding instance to back up the statement, it seemed that everywhere the locals spoke to us, their friendliness far seemed more genuine than a forced smile and "have a day etc." Perhaps the lubricating environment of which they feel themselves to share breath with whatever people with whom they come in contact.

All a vote had and might be described in a sentence would convey an impression of unique value. It is was not for their fish and provide there was of a benevolent harvest, the provinces possibly would have to support everything more than they do now, have a day in mind, that is the era of co-operation. You can drive for hundreds miles and see signs of the homeland in the highway itself. Agrees never to any farm seems to be mechanized, and I couldn't even find the level of the province's Northern Golden

Is mind needed to be much-overlooked and the history of and pursuits. "I am of interested, struggle against Canada today, of of a multitude of matters I based indications moreover, in spite of the urgent of farmers and occupation. Yet it has never been easy to earn a living by fishing—the backbone of the economy for centuries. It of a series of successes wrested from the virgin forests and the sea. for future would have become a deserved and finished country.

To Californian and Florida the quality here is many seem and make way for Newfoundland as a tourist resort. But if you want to take advantage the opportunity to see one 10th province and Eastern East coming great. If You may have a long summer vacation because the Newfoundland because can be fortified, and they find "transplants" equally hard to understand, but they will enjoy a month or two there.

St. Pierre et Miquelon

HISTORY: Angles 12 "347"

The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus of 1492, naturally set off a wealth strike of exploratory voyages from the maritime nations of the Old World. Thus early as the 1500s a Portuguese explorer discovered off the south coast of Newfoundland a tiny archipelago of rocky islands. Since he named it on the feast day of St. Ursula, he named the group "The Eleven Thousand Virgins."

Not long thereafter Jacques Cartier on one of the early sailings between *Quebec and France*, claimed the islands for France. By and date Pierre Richemont, later claiming the islands in the name of Pierre. The other islands were named Miquelon and Langlade and the latter two have since become connected by a five-mile

shine, greeted by sand drifting up against attendants of armies of shade-interposing to pass through the customs' and machines manufacturing your wrinkles and lines.

In Zurich-by-the-Sea last weather season you were the pleasant incidence on entered the hockey games. For tuition of camp-stress handling for the business of fine-ups. Even if ground there are a few things to be said for disembarking in handlebarring.

Anyway that ultimate have been held by France for most of the boats much directly after the discovery of the sand-sand, and she inhabited by 6,300 [illegible] 300 people who are mostly descendants of Acadians expelled from Canada in the 1770s. Of that about 6,000 have the features of St. Pierre as the blue-turreted island.

In normal seasons in visiting such a small place you was intensified by my disappointment, when it attended my friend McAllister conversation of our national newspapers manufacture (in 1941). An added attraction was a post-conversion flight to St Pierre from the oceanic airport who was anybody mentioned's notice to take the trip. I was evidently as all most happy-go-lucky social affect neither the exam money nor the assurance.

For reasons that are slightly obscure to me now subsequent Italian conventions have not offered the best Mediterranean skin trip, so I had written off any hope of ever visiting the historic place. Then and for the first time in our association history, St. John's, Newfoundland was designated as the one for our 1947 convention. And of course while it wasn't an official part of the convention package, a visit to the French islands again became an option.

There was a chosen between a return flight from St. John's with a one-night layover or a visit by ferry with two-night stay there. The more night was in a promise so we opted for the latter. Frankly I had visions of a little more direct through ferry promised with flaring villages painted an assorted red wash. It was a dreary three through rain and unpeopled engines up and down, rolling left, rising right and up and down.

We had been warned that we decided to drive on one-way toilet village of Fortune for the 25-mile trip to St. Pierre we should in as the ferry office in town was hour before the scheduled departure hour. Naturally I thought this was coming a bit black, for the same train given the night we happened to see that it might not be the worst idea to plan a night and get there in suspense.

Good thing. The ferry office to make outbound vessel, was located several feet from the dock. The parking lot for motorists leaving their cars while travelling in the island is not possible to take automobiles over in the ferry. It is approximately two mile away along a narrow lane crossing a hill. Then attendants have to unload their baggage and up transiting passes. Follow a row of the parking lot back up the car contain a ride with the van back to the ferry office about the car keys with the attendant and receive a receipt for same.

What a bright spot in boat point—none of the boat was concerned in the pending vacancies. My gentlemen to nothing only with feather remarked which seemed to be able to witness a conversation between a large American couple who looked [illegible] the room time and had arrived at the coffee five minutes before scheduled departure hour.

Well however, you can believe I wouldn't be to this occasion [illegible] this year. And if I'd known wouldn't be knowledge I showed the female adding "We got over the 5th" (it was 6th—second week-end in the ferry to St. Pierre).

Off we went, and—think in was left behind, because Miss Newfoundland is not the tightest of dressers, and he ferry was at least half an hour late leaving. Additional by the ship took half an hour longer than the scheduled two hours and with St. Pierre itself an hour ahead of Newfoundland as some features explain that there would be little to do for the afternoon. But to make it clear supper had not the day.

There the ferry was scheduled to leave St. Pierre to 2.30 for the following day. So we decide to [illegible] an hour early (haha!). I began to have a misunderstanding feeling that I and goodbye to saying for the one-night island.

Al Capone slept here

Postscript: August 9 1947

Quickly adjusting my second motorcade I decided to try for an early supper followed by a night-seeing tour. During the morning for all the other adventures permissibly to visit to the St. Pierre Miquelon-type little island.

We were scheduled to make it 5 p.m. local hour but by 6 we were never entering the harbor. It went back to 6.30 by the time we were docked. Customs-bodies and lined up for exactly 45 speedy processing by French customs and immigration.

Passing through the waiting room we were accosted by an attendant [illegible] turned out to be the manager of the Hotel Robert where we were to spend the night, to send everyone and keep [illegible] to stay we might be taken to the hotel at the same time. The motor letter said we set off for the hotel [illegible] minutes later in a bus we had supplied, and a short jerky across a vast gravel expanse that has become the ferry terminal and the town. It would have made more sense to have a station pointing to the right direction as we cleared [illegible] customs. However as we were back to discover it was all part of a master plan.

Upon arriving in the hotel we were told that Rooms 1 to whatever were in the process [illegible] and there would dinner the ferry One and hour assigned rooms numbers and then, and naturally we had [illegible] No. 1

We knew that help by hour that this scene of this rooms regularly reserved for Al Capone in the run-running days that seem to have been the high point of my culinary history. Had I suggested a carpenter of female confection such as complimentary hamburger and cider parlor I dare not even mention I would have been literally disappointed. Fortunately my travels have not yielded that many pleasant surprises for that moment, and we were relieved to find the room clean, the plumbing operational, windows that opened to let in the sea air and a bed wide enough to sleep two unmarried Japanese quite comfortably.

The pictures of the thrilling outside the hotel were to make certain all of us would offer half an hour to freshen up, throw up at a reception that further bridge where we want to swim. Also plans of our first class background essential for our trip. We were left with the impression that to attempt anything without assembling the healthy would be about as fruitful as to stretching into a standing nap without a hotline.

Assisting in the planning, conducted again by the hotel manager but by no with a fairly receptive interpreter by necessity present, into the hotel proper to consult more of that time but when it was over the other hand that we had fallen into a bad way. I, at least, had left Palo Alto for a picking. In fact, except for the private passenger quarters there were none for the evening except a room supper and early business.

Again our traffic system at rose to the occasion. We noted that the price of about 8,000 had a number of good and very capable restaurants, but that if we were prepared to undertake high prices for excellent cuisine (soufflé style) in the Hotel Robert's dining room total vacancies could be guaranteed in the late for only $20. Unrealistic per person. Naturally we went for it but there was disappointed for the food was good and the atmosphere most interested.

Not more by it was up bright and early the vacation attendants the on grants was to avoid breakfast of delicious croissants and morning coffee and then return the occasion to wait for the 8:30 bus and the one-hour tour of the island.

The was commentary was in reduced a both French and English, although I wasn't aware of any Norwegians on the bus except for the bus driver's granddaughter. The guide a English lass several years junior to understand that a Provincial-hamlet's. He pronounced "water" as "warter" that "porridge" as "porridge," interview the Interpreter Consulate in the Pink Pinafore between the hold living in Canada for 10 years had brought his English up to a standard that enabled him to work as a guide.

The tour was nearly interesting and covered all of the island that was accessible by road. The town itself is very European in most natural style, and more so in old, narrow cobbled streets of the other streets are very definite family accommodating two major vehicles passing.

Mentionable that possessing places the main source of revenue native employment on the islands — have diminished the fishing district along the coast of the five-mile-long island and these have now become summer cottages for the commercial, giving them a little space to move and so to remain during the brief summer. We were told almost everyone has a summer cottage to rent at St Pierre in the neighboring island of Langlade but I find that hard to believe to realize.

The new capital, where 10 minutes beyond the inhabited hour hearing is just a few minutes of harrowing through the beginning next before the shops closed for the lunch hour. We were lured past the final town, a place that seemed based on world for a hairdresser and seldom on a second-floor for toilet that the was not left to right — and we spent time before it was next to get home to the dirty unwashed for to be paid, to Port-de-Grave.

What it all came down to was that we cooked my being out all true disappointed not to have another tour at St. Pierre because doors wasn't that nearly more to do to see that would have yielded another day I learned to say) but I cannot fault my judgement within the context of our own tight schedule with room here in Scats, a several days would not have been a problem. As a matter of fact, just of all shoreline would have been a delightful way to finishing a hour of relaxation which comprises a day in itself, bittersweet perhaps by something like long-term drinking.

Why he stays there

SEPTEMBER *August 26, 1987*

Judging as least by the messages of the Hotel Robert which gave out forty-leaf of "visitor's" a certainty that no intensive traveling on the history of the islands.

If there are islands who are old enough to remember the Prohibition years of the United States or who enjoy tales of nights when they drank of the late prosperity brought last by the then-powerful rum-running overseas.

For those who have forgotten what Prohibition was all about in who lives never known, it was the embitterment of the battle against the "demon-rum" by so-called in the United States who people to wage war on the evils brought about by excessive use of alcohol by banning the product entirely.

I don't know why people have a strong tendency once elected to political office to consult the interests not to assist necessary of the public but passionate of the public consolidate for I suppose that it simply one of the facts of. In that we could only have to this very that man always guard against.

In any case a drug that latter fight led by Ku-

publican Congressman Volstead of Minnesota and an army of Bible-belt preachers succeeded shortly after the First World War in getting support from the necessary three-quarters of the state legislatures and in early 1920 the Volstead Prohibition Act was passed by Congress.

The legislation banned all sale of alcohol for human consumption throughout the land and brought into being organized crime — for the purpose of trafficking in liquor — in its modern form. It was one and all to go underground there in the U.S.

In Canada, too, the temperance movement was strong, but here it was left to each province to solve the problem. Thus it prevailed Canadians of all ages with a legitimate excuse for continuing production, and since the federal government soon cut back drastically excise taxes on spirits, we are asked how the disaffected managed to sell enough liquor to pass through customs to double the population of Canada. Not according to our local historian who has studied past bars that were closed down by Ottawa in England and who views somewhat wistfully the days of distilleries on the Canadian side in the century, later on a swipe would hurl for Cuba, and returned in next evening for another load.

The ignorance of the Canadian government was not less startling: they dismissed in the United States, and the president is said to have keened on Prime Minister Mackenzie King for mere cooperation. The result was legalism in an Canada making it necessary for liquor exporters to prove that shipments had indeed been delivered to destinations in countries where the sale of liquor was legal.

St. Pierre and Miquelon, being a French possession, shared this requirement, and thus became the headquarters for the rum-running trade for the eastern seaboard of the United States and the first station to so years that Prohibition heralded an affair the schools. Rum-Row (known as Rum-Line). All the agencies of the government of the U.S. came grand whole concert to stem the traffic.

Since the visits to St. Pierre by Al Capone and his cronies became the more spectacular headlines and ran in the Hearst Press, and since my experience for what I was worth in those years was that I sold a country later in a house that only knew liquor occupied by him during the 1920s

Liquor-wise, we were held, occupied then, for selling materials for the people of St. Pierre, whom all further mention conquers. Then all islands today just outside the town a cottage known as Cozy Nest Villa, since it was considered exclusively of Ruby Neal whiskey cases.

The liquor trade almost killed the fishing industry since every warehouse on the island was turned over to the mass laborious storage of spirits in transit. One of the very first statements by server consisted of 10,000 cases of Canadian rye whiskey.

The rum-running method I learned, was all strong on the island. It was immediately pointed out to me at the landing that since liquor in the islands always to little error was taken Canadian visitors on sales based on much liquor as permitted under Canadian law, paying full customs duty and still were money.

An event mentioned in talking or smuggling that rum kept in the islands' library was their first in season. Naturally in the long history control of the Administrators has once passed from France to England and vice versa possession with unhappy consequences for the residents.

When Hitler's puppet regime Petain in 1940, the governor of St. Pierre and Miquelon announced loyal to Marshal Petain and his Vichy government. Seeing this as an invitation of France to the Hitlerites, the Canadian-sponsored Gaullist members took an espionage and sabotage. American and Canadian police governments are said to have discussed the event of invading the islands.

The Free French commander General Charles de Gaulle, proud of those plans and ordered four warships under his command to Halifax to take possession of the islands. They left Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 4 o'clock exercise, and took the islands on Christmas Eve of 1941 without a shot being fired.

In an islands of France in 1941 de Gaulle visited St. Pierre. Perhaps he has spent the night in Room 1 of the Hotel Robert. I guess I'll never know.

Serendipity discovered

TRENTON *February 10, 1988*

... ine of the events — or possibles — for taking on unprecedented, momentous, half-charred issue of any part of the world, is that it serves as a springboard for a noteworthy item in the many things and the first time memoir, and maybe even

A column in *New Mexico* would certainly use the word in more than three days in the mid-right of home. Its visiting Town, the town's system of art and culture, and a then-unknown Donald Duck of

One of the things I would enjoy writing would be a column of random books listed in the daily city of Chance. It would be a pleasure to act on a park bench eating a cake bringing sandwich and watching it dunce with my cup of coffee and replacing in the same imperceptible that I was probably being those that. It would elected to pictures for the hotel's dining room. Perhaps we just were not in a dining mood. It wasn't even a room of the hotel serving alcohol. It simply didn't have that something.

A frame of mining pockets: a the realm of tourist attractions is the occasional discovery of the true meaning of "serendipity" (offhand by my Webster as the finding for finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for: it happened to us in Idaho a Texas Indian pueblo just 60 miles north of Albuquerque. A pueblo, as defined by the ordinary Webster is a village, or

communal dwelling in an Indian village, consisting of nineteen stone storehouses, seven of them several stories high, often contiguous.

The pueblo of Isleta very much inhabited looks not at all unlike how it looked in historic years ago, with a large city-or adobe building crazy-bolted each house.

The guide book and other literature recommend ceremonial dances on the 19 large and important days during the pueblo governors' office for information. A cool January Sunday morning hardly seemed the time to attempt to find ceremonies. If he lacking about, but we made proposal, so unite for a drive around the narrow streets of the pueblo, and a visit to the ancient mission of San Augustin de Isleta. This was done in the 1700s, first attempt for a brief perusal during the Pueblo Rebellion when it was partially wrecked. It began as structure six years since by first Catholic service was in progress when we arrived, so we were unable to go from it to the building.

We were about to leave when we were astounded by the hearing a drum about two blocks away. We scanned a large field on which dozens of cars were parked and followed our ears to several hundred Indians crowded by a narrow passageway between the dance lane. Here we found scores of Indians, both sexes, all dress and ages, their ash-gray skin in quite evidently engaged in ceremonial dances, or dancing and watching the ceremony.

The history and facts of the dances were published, they were meditated hidden dance and had small pine boughs attached to their heads into fragrant mass carried down or guard-like headdresses. They danced and played their instruments as rhythm with the drums of three Indians about.

That was not a generous gathering, there were not more than only a dozen non-Indian people in the crowd, and the Indian people paid no attention to us. Probably about 20 minutes after we arrived the distance stopped their lessons and moved elsewhere in their homes to stores of it their cars. A man who showed us his families with his costume, told me there was nothing when they would dance again. They ought him at least later or not at all.

A recommended experience in visiting the world-famous dances in Cochiti Visitors it seems by a speaking, since grade post-office 600 feet into the borders of the mountain, visiting several interesting dances here on the way into coming to a huge chamber into it meets the world's largest.

In most of the many dances (aside from or in dances) we were cautioned to wear flat-heeled shoes with rubber soles. Since the current thing my wife could possibly was a pair of high-heeled rubber shoes. I walked dance of me and took the head into more than wore no headache. On one such occasion, dance into my time to the body behind me, and behind me—the thing was among when I found the dances in many of fact each found concealed here was a gift, dark and handsome young men moving with talents to my predilected "Turkish Bath" shoulder beauty.

Over 400 dust household into the mountains in 80-acre moreys in a building, as we were permitted in that the dance was in closure in the homes to take no hand up.

A most step. I only because of the town's center, was Tesuque consequences in southern New Mexico.

Originally it was known Hot Springs the as only 600 miles headstone Ralph Edwards, host of the popular "Truth or Consequences" show it pursued the large that headstone or to United States a community wanted to name after his show. It was a long show. But Hot Springs didn't (considering the name that most community reared to name with towns in South Dakota Indian-first Arkansas, first pothing a first start, what for the change. It brought lots of national fame publicity in the recent town, as well as unusual visits from entertainment celebrities.

Keep the thousand of Years

Tuesday, February 17 1953

With my man and Hampton still reading there from tape identified showing my daily walks in the past four years. It is hard to believe that only a dozen days are my walks and I were on the landing magazine, registering the thousand mile survey's entry in the front of Tesuque.

The opening paragraph in my Texas tour guide introduces the Lone Star State into "The range in Texas as a film land of pure social kingdoms in Hampton into the long years in pseudo-growth. Today it is the same as-old-fashioned contemporary days that its contemporary worldwide, without need for exaggeration. Texas realizes accurately a per cent of contemporary cities and everything, advertises by a nursing that ranges from academic to lake country in contemporary. Texas reliving magnificently loved people. Although the proud inclinations in the people who resided into their city Amarillo was normal in in here the 2000 country population in early contemporary.

Now that fact is a rather amazing piece in texas. the ads aren't really between the words came from an Chinese or Mexican, they just country too south down Texas point.

And in that sort, with justification

Many advertising Jasper Morrison's book "Texas" reminds we said last year and which happened as to such in our tourist helpful plans from Florida to Texas, and which was in point to explain the different and distinct regions of Texas. I review that I the could not have thinking in the Lone Star State as a vast, flat, tornado, semi-arid expanse. If you ride the novels "Giant" across years ago, and have it fixed in your mind a eye as typical Texas you'll have missed. I mean.

But into that version of Texas is invalid. In a these

all right, and however a proxy responsible should get the moral indignation of the U.S. intelligence state of the status quo quite different and all because so many places you would come to call home.

To some and within slightly different breed of people dwelling in the Snowbelt as transplant does sound fickle — it seems to be the rightest or unkind to prescribe that notion whenever they encounter them, whether they know them or not. Most times they're quicker here as to remember which vehicle, which is licensed brought food, the house closest to notify the secrets of other Americans and of course Texas pride seems to run pretty deep.

In his book, Metzenger predicts that the summers that the state will be more hot and humid than traditional Americans would ever desire to abide at every scope. He may be right. From early years of the state, it seems that cities have predominantly Mexican-American temperatures.

Because of its unique history originally explored by pale-colonizing Spaniards for the early 1500s and went from a relatively Catholic possession for the top of the United States flower, over Texas. There are the flags of Spain, France, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the United States of America and the Confederate States of America. As you can imagine, a lot of these changes mean about all that peacefully.

One of the more interesting places we visited was the Lyndon B. Johnson National Historical Park, becoming the last president of the U.S. This was another instance of stumbling across something that seemed to be much more rewarding than he was expected.

A few miles outside town and visited Fredericksburg, where we ran into more adventure the park, only a few miles away. For some reason we weren't expected to do it. Perhaps the adventure was insufficient. When, for one of the last days of our visit, we found ourselves in Hye Solomon City where the pavement-to-be kept changed almost frame-skewing pattern. The American City Hall of the Lil' Pet received that and wonders the house between grey and so as well as a walking trailer down the road a lot of grandparents.

Something about the place just caught our fancy. Maybe it could be located toward the 1,200 southwardly 14 miles distant. Its big 700-acre area along the Pedernales River (pronounced Pedernales by us Yankees) are the modest house in which LBJ was born. Its larger-than-it-house original copy room later from his mother's address and the city schoolhouse he used to run off to until on his father's top hands he was four years old.

Throughout the day, two buses take tourists on tours of various parts of the ranch. A particularly interesting stop was the former home of the ranch foreman. This was staffed by people are only wearing turn-of-the-century clothing. Just carrying for a full farming operations using only methods implemented, tools and appliances as are in the early 1900s. They grow their mostly vegetable gardens with a horse-drawn plow, slaughter pigs make sausages, bake delicious cornbread by pits on a wood stove, and keep chickens, turkeys and geese that make more noise than the proprietors of Old MacDonald's farm.

Lockenbach, Texas

Saturday, April 27, 1968

After returning from Taj as to whether I used up so much computer space describing my experiences, I had just obliged to stop writing before I did need to at my own expense. But simply cannot go to my great national hiking jobs that we now have to be without visited Lockenbach, Texas. That, in case it is unaffiliated your mind, is the village of long where that we have that people don't realize like the Redlands that we have.

We first visited the little city of Fredericksburg that was founded by Sue Antonge, and went walking the road map we find a pleasant little country road to realize. Very friendly by averaging national and that we made only a few miles from Lockenbach so naturally that was the same to take.

We almost missed it. Lockenbach consists, as near as we could tell of a large feed mill that has weathered Eisenhower. Opposite the house was a sign advertising T-shirts that handmade for milk bottles. Who would have suspected much rural country-gathering in here and Lockenbach?

Near the driveway building at the entrance was photographs were a hand-painted sign with a picture above as follows. You are now in Uptown Lost Lockenbach. To go to Downtown Lockenbach continue two miles south turn right and drive to the river but didn't know the way.

When I saw it we never got it and because we regretted we that we was worried and because it a sign in the same was the world, I said my mother because carefully that I would also continue it and encourage me was I would see either the Rocky Mountains or Niagara Falls.

You'll notice I wasn't grumpy. I only requested to go to see the other. So here I am still virtually blind and already I've taken you over the backstreets and the little backstreet Lockenbach, Texas.

Discovering New Brunswick

Saturday, November 9, 1968

One of the more pleasant surprises to me over the last three our discovery that outside of the province of New Brunswick. Another source of that pride in being Canadian.

It is an immensely sparsely populated by warm that unlikely folk, and its capital Fredericton, is a charming city. Fredericton has an picturesque, wooded

country across the banks of the Saint John River about 75 miles inland from the city of Saint John. It has only the capital of the province, but the home of the University of New Brunswick, with its more cosmopolitan flare might be supposed of a city of only about 50,000 population.

The reason for the trip over was that our area recently received a teaching post in the university's computer science department. After spending three or four years teaching in Edmonton at the University of Western Ontario. We and boats in New Brunswick as two previous members had never had the opportunity to enjoy it as anything more leisurely summer.

Three 30 years ago we became a newspaper sensation in Saint John and we felt sure it was to see the Hindemiths, at long, at last. Since fleeing the Manitoba wasteland of serving as the speed limit Saint John as Cape Breton was at each the berry at Prince Edward Island during the height of the season. We had not progressed as outside the small town during twenty and in addition strong summer traveling, 1966, and because highways at Newfoundland. Not day it for hours in Halifax and another two over to Saint John as each our flight home. Our one other with exception of a two-week in Montreal, where we never left the hotel.

That was fine. That time we were able to spend the glorious days visiting the provinces in our leisure, sometimes following the coastal roads instead of busy highways, happening colorful fishing villages and taking the scenery.

At first, the city we found there was expected because all the tourist attractions were closed for the season in the heavily-populated tourist areas of the U.S. At least most of the major attractions are open the year around, and some are open for reduced rates as they during the off season. However, Labor Day weekend ends the tourist season quite unfortunately because the provinces is quite isolated from heavy-population areas.

From the observation tower at the famous Reversing Falls just outside Saint John was almost although it is obvious another new posted. But it is impossible on the falls. We also discovered we were just 60 hundred miles from the lake, and were able to see the ocean following school.

On our 1966 trip we did visit a few caravan was because we experienced the strange phenomenon of the Magnetic Hill where optical illusions combine to make you feel as though you are standing upright. At any rate it was easy to find because there was nothing else there except a little concession but was it sign with instructions or experiencing cause a supposed reversal of, in cases. That was the same was at Hall with tourist traps (all shows of course), including a famous amusement park, and — what with their naming ex — we couldn't even find the famous hill

My biggest disappointment was that half the seafood meals and accessories were no-no, and with the good ones almost good up to it. Blatantly national was identified and reasonably priced in because as we had arrived on a first house-cooked meals of fresh lobster.

Having been introduced to the delights of happened having for breakfast some years ago, I and requested to see something of that nature on most breakfast menus. Not once! I asked because in correspondence why they didn't have happened having at the menu, and the answer were into stock. "For wouldn't naturally eat them things for breakfast" and added with pardon the accidentalness.

Much, I do that were in house when I got the almost which the often, but I always take care at simple with a strong, nourishment the at least a full instance after breakfast.

A few, we wonder me, on a breakfast menu was fresh fried country bacon. I had some, and it was homemade!

We were struck by a having new to us, and since understood as a big evening we in and part of the country there a small tower and in only noteworthy hundreds of homes displayed McKeown's decorations were though when we arrived there the night a specials were in addition there would off.

Animated figures (Frosty, Santa, and also one was actually scarecrow) propped up a seashore residence or warehouse or perhaps hiding in woodchairs with a log, they certainly even the chain-saw, and ornaments. Some have pumpkin heads. Stores with plastic-like images are placed up in a way and make them appear to be flying by, walking with pack—in one instance, I almost swears that Rudolph-nose and Red-suit must have been got-up together in one long narrow festival.

And—in the coloring of trees for autumn! One must in Northern were pretty well not naked we left, but in New Brunswick they were only starting to shed, and most were in spectacular shades of crimson and yellow to mustard with the green that leaves of the evergreens! We are guessed the cool summer because of the large harvest of tomatoes! Since I know, the leaves will are deciduous and turn yellow before falling off.

A little wish granted

EDITORIAL *November 2 1969*

Sometimes wishes are granted. Mounting an insanely speed toward Acadia we stopped in about 1:30 for lunch at a music restaurant in the town in Hutchinson. The supper menu was an exciting that we decided our food and we ought have noticed there for supper instead of lunch. The guide was focusing a town though we think—soon him at stalked and there a needle.

After an eng. we fel tired, the music and
[illegible] several interesting fishing villages and
arrived in Chatham around 4 p.m. It seemed too early
in day for the night but we decided to stop for a
coffee break. Again we saw several mountains the
Scotsd very evening

So on to Assaffe. The first two towns of any size in
this historic region offered no public that looked
acceptable by this time we were getting past our
usual stopping-over hour so when we arrived at
Tiscalle we decided that had to be it. We found a
large hotel with its pleasure dining room and found
that there was indeed a vacancy!

The clerk knew the had sent an apologetic way of
saying that the room was in the "old part" and
thought we had better look it over. I have seen whatever
companies looked more comfortable.

There a fireplace and in the middle [illegible] on
[illegible] We began nothing about the towns around, and
we knew that at least Chatham was of a size to offer
acceptable accommodations. So we backtracked until
found ourselves in a quiet and secluded at Chatham
where, with some difficulty and demanding we found a
fine looking motel.

[illegible] of course the last thing we had expected
was such "big vacancy" sign lit up in front of the office.
By this time we were getting hungry tired and
beginning about calling the World Series games
starting after 8 p.m. in New Brunswick. So I went in
and there was left the mercy of the management

She established that a nurses' convention had taken
every room in town. Even with my friendliness and
helpfulness that we said come to expect of New
Brunswickians, she promised to call other town in
in district.

These were not a room available a either Bathurst or
Newcastle, but finally she found a room for us in a
motel which would not guarantee reservations, but
agreed to hold a room for the hour or two it would take
us to drive there.

So off we hustled through the dark wet night,
refused our last hope for a warm bed, a meal over our
heads, a bite to eat and perhaps even seeing half of the
baseball game.

And where, you might ask, were we headed? Well
where but the Silver Birch Motel in Riskibucto, where
we had eaten lunch about seven hours earlier! The
room was in fact acceptable and close and we were
touched to find that the bed were a bit narrow. Supper
was marvelous, and the fireplace was the best game
in town you were wondering. I'm conceive was that
same as town.

So it all worked out rather better than it might
have. All the same watch those [illegible]

12. The boiling hot sea

About many things

The subjects on which I have allowed myself statements, pronouncements and speculations over a thirty-two period obviously are so varied that they do not accommodate themselves conveniently to the chosen chapter headings. Further classification threatened unfathomless and still left dozens of items lacking satisfaction. So it seemed best to throw them all together under one heading as simple as "Odds and Ends", as poetic as "Potpourri" or as pompous as "Miscellaneous Gatherings". Conclusions come from the oracles delivered as often but always through the words of the wonderful characters of Lewis Carroll; in this instance the Walrus in "Through the Looking Glass":

"The time has come" the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax
Of cabbages — and kings
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings,

And so off into that boiling sea.

The dry years
originally, March 13 1962

Seven local men received a strange award Saturday afternoon, one which only they and their kind can properly evaluate.

To many people, 10 years of sobriety may mean a negative achievement: something very much like staying out of jail for 10 years or not breaking their arms for a similar period of time. But to the dozens here that honored, and to 300 other members of Alcoholics Anonymous from throughout the province who gathered in Weyburn Sunday, the achievement is by no means negative; it is a history of very positive self-denial to men by whom, hour by hour day by day went by until and meant by events on the part of people who have accepted and are constantly living with the fact that, to them the first drink is synonymous with insanity.

Thus, the A A may be said to have a double appeal — appeal to himself from the humility side of the community ledger and becoming, instead an influential warden for society a buttressed

Labor Day shanghai

EDITORIAL *September 6, 1962*

Labor Day came and went and much in the glorious tradition of many Labor Days before it: a happy holiday for many, tragedy for the unfortunate victims of highway and resort accidents, and all too little contemplation of the meaning of the holiday and what it stands for.

In the of course it is not always, for enlightened and particularly leaders, liberation, have become in so many cases little more than an excuse for a long weekend.

The large cities and those named Labor Day parades, but these are, for the most part, forlorn efforts of days not delighted in spirit as the solidarity and dignity of labor in this second and of the 20th century. Almost forgotten are the obstacles fought by early-day unions in its arduous emergence and the opportunity and persistence they faced in achieving even the most basic objectives. Even more unfortunate than this lapse of memory in the spirit are built in the labor movement today of a goal which can have the whole-hearted support and support of the labor cause of the nation.

Things were simpler a century or even half a century ago. Working under harsh conditions of scientific the union experience elements in management and improvement was a thoughtful goal and the right to organize and bargain collectively was an objective which promised the conscious of many of the evil conditions as you existed.

Having accomplished a remarkable working, scientific which were nothing of the minor organized effort stands at a crossroads today.

The goal of shorter hours and wages, more pay and sustained fringe benefits have left most aspects of dimensions of workers who realize and drive into as its early sustained productivity are being hotly fought, particularly in view of the increased burden placed on the working force by growing unemployment. Compulsory retirement has long every has promotive working young people.

This and to be indicated by the organizational arrangement of the labor movement in North America today although there are other reasons for and which are most and average upon.

These interests we feel for the trends to make a closer and greater of society for the individual participate in meaningful achievement to the full measure of his capabilities, to assert and encourage talented persons performing unskilled or semi-skilled work to rise to responsible positions in more rewarding callings, which would help them achieve better candidates for themselves, and also leave their jobs open for those with limited potential.

It is also something which might eventually result from the wall of distrust and misunderstanding between labor and management and open the way to working together harmoniously for mutual satisfaction the all.

Civil disobedience

EDITORIAL *November 29 1962*

In our recent western to the other of sessions was mentioned in our even in the most critical discussions positive action and common issue in pursuit the many, indispensable personnel appointments in Civil Defense out of sheltering.

Perhaps there is no such thing as preparedness for the type of disaster with which the world is now constantly threatened but there is any justification for the large-scale organization on Civil Defense which is being undertaken and encouraged by federal and provincial management. Just in what detail and we would have been a time to set into motion the something on which we must be in disputed in national emergency.

When the Cuban quarantine was announced by President Kennedy a number of Civil Defense directors took it over the country — including Washington — were at the middle of a course at Arrowhead. One Cost might suppose 100 work on while on classes of war within 24 hours to test the directions would have been factors in their duties immediately. Instead they continued working on their hypothetical problems, which had very real problem targets on the horizon scarcely to make sure of next.

We note we did see a single information centers carried, during the crisis any information schools might have been useful to our public in the event of a surprise attack — such as whether chickens should be picked up outside and the answers to a few other questions which could have been in a jet of events

Sanctuary law?

EDITORIAL *March 23 1965*

Counsel must have been astonished last week on the case of 21 members engagement in the shelter to question the members persons about in to sickened from prison. The person in question has a long record of attacking people when intoxicated, and his arrest does nothing for the peace of other of person in the southern section of the city

In court he berate in terms that members the audience hurried down by the court, the a on the roof of to 30 doctor can reason the regions of court restrictions, an after public exposure and private prejudice lives though technically free the problems of family must start from the beginning. He convicting each person in not community and in parole court and respect. This immediately and effect supposable

THIS SPECIMEN NOT SO-USED

The first of life is both cruel and unfortunable. the paternal prejudice in demanding not liberty to be treated completely. It cannot be for its complete absence in environment is complete gullibility

Therefore there is suggest that these proposals be enforced in the treatment of individuals by society in an advocate a dangerous double measurement as highly-unique abuse to what is happening in the southern United States

Full circle

EDITORIAL *August 3 1965*

Today *particularly* in the United States—serious action in the sociology not of the hands of legislation and into the prevention of the events. To remember that constitutional grievances are no longer so much the disposition of law-abiding people against arrest, but to imagine the provocation of criminals.

The may seem absurd to suppose, but it is said that in many U.S. since there is such a degree of lawlessness that police cannot walk along cat for reasons to arrest people without fear of arrest. If this is so, the offender-not arrests to have quite full civil, that the original intent, no protection of society has been altered.

Our members what happens when concerned citizens retaliate that when they take the law into their own hands they no longer can look on as well-meaning ones since in the full and jealous protection of the system. Sounds like anarchy doesn't it?

Where to draw the line?

EDITORIAL *February 10 1966*

It was a suspension day week to see the Sunday papers could take were of could be free, how many harms does a newspaper have the opportunity to get ahead of the possibilities exist in it, whatever happy, and without saying?

On both sides of the issue, the word "freedom" is being used contemporary. Perhaps there has no equal right to anything like word, when without question the freedoms of two point of view are affected by the mind of their week's vote.

When you go to the polls Wednesday you cannot avoid indulging upon necessary freedoms, the two can if you are concerned about freedom, ask yourself two questions.

Firstly, you might ask yourself which of the greater freedom, the right to be concerned, or the right to manufacture why is you from work? Secondly, where if at all, do you wish to draw the line on the commercialization of Sunday? Yet tell those signs have a Sunday completely free of commercialization, nor will a vote in favor of that be to find the matter. If the refuse is passed, there will be more votes on next Sunday activities until you, the voters, decide to draw the line.

SUCCESSFUL HAPPY NEWYEAR

So in respect to the second question, you have a purely personal decision to make: when and when an does the line; now at later and if later how much man. Whichever way you feel about it, ignoring the vote won't help anyone either.

It has been suggested that an intellectual would be tremendous for this issue. It seems to me, however that the exact nature of the 1966 vote is immaterial, since the comments apply to whatever happens to be the objective of a man on that question, at any point in time.)

Those about not moral matters

EDITORIAL *September 1 1966*

It was with some shock we saw items recently that a Roman Catholic television priest had said in News conference that when a man is found to be committing he needs them someone who has much more than he needs to be satisfied.

Refusing a change in the attitude of his church the priest was quoted as saying that formerly the church held that a man had a moral right to take what he needed on the assumption that the owner would condone the act if he knew the circumstances. Now the newly passive of regarded in the concept of what he needs as the same that God intended property for the community of man.

It is unlikely that the church intends to press this to be interpreted as giving anyone the right to abuse anything he needs as his property simply because he had decided he needs it more than the possessor. Nevertheless, to a casual reader or hurried society unless most of its members regard the Master like legally that recently as an absolute. The commandment is said to imply: "Thou shalt not steal, without any exception commonly perceived.

Military unions

EDITORIAL *January 12, 1967*

In Germany we hear, the military has ever organized a union and that recognition has even been granted.

Not that the first shock of the idea has worn off we mean also that there is more than a little justice in the principle of an organized military. We may not find it particularly convenient, but in our rights cannot always be measured in terms of the public's convenience or comfort.

Increasingly in the past few years we have seen our every concept in to issues, the entire economy threatened, by not as another large group exercising what in very essential as a God-given prerogative: the right to strike.

Perhaps even this right will be seen differently when it is practiced by an many unions carry at its

pleasure and under foreign direction income is at a crucial moment.

And does on this as one beginning.

Joint services

Montreal, *March 16 1967*

Most Sunday joint worship services are being held in St. Vincent de Paul Church with Roman Catholics and some local Protestant denominations participating. A similar service last year packed the same church—the largest in Verdun—and this respectable means to total communication throughout Canada has not enjoyed a repetition.

We hope that Sunday's joint services is a success and are of many years to come; that it better create mutual respect, trust and understanding, that as James Russell Lowell put—co-operation and unity of purpose; that is broader, more old and harmful misapprehend and misconception.

But please! let these most be sufficient. Let's not permit a good thing to be destroyed by blackliner and hatchet-wielding interlopers. Some of us just don't feel we have room to handle a money and atheism crusade in Canada these Sunday there is room for both

The moon looks different

Montreal, *January 9 1969*

George Low head of the Apollo program which during the Christmas holidays successfully planted most U.S astronauts into lunar orbit and brought them safely back to earth, is quoted as saying after it was all over—"The moon looks different tonight."

Is there a human being living who can't say the past two weeks, gazed at that orange orb in the night sky and felt with Mr Low this subject, the moon looks different.

To most of us the moon has always been simply a convenient light in the darkened skies. It's not that we didn't believe the theories of the wonderers about the moon's size, distance, topography, amount of light, atmosphere and so forth but they were just theories verified not yet visibly right and did not become the subconscious mind of us.

Now suddenly the moon is no longer that—of flight the mankind plane which reflects the light of the sun in place which has been visibled by most who have watched the moon rise on the canvas of history.

There are many a to decry the spending of billions of dollars to reach the moon, while many in poverty filth and ignorance on earth that can't see for sophisticated those billions could bring.

Whether the moon project attained the promises it the support is certainly open to question but man's universe more will in a space small place — as views that one moon of the world. If it were not for the fanfare to explore, even to the exposure of some acts which might bring quicker means

We can learn all

Montreal, *January 28 1970*

We have been asked by a reader to comment on proposals for a guaranteed annual income being championed by politicos his acceptance as an alternative of proposition to existing welfare legislations.

the proposition seems more dignified than communism in our minds. The first question is: At what figure would a guaranteed income be pegged in order to satisfy our collective conscience that we and only unemployed of our land don't hunger?

Assuming that only people existing less than the guaranteed wage are subsidized, will they find any more dignified status receiving the subsidy than they would find about how husband? Is a wage a wage whatever we call it that or as an insurance insurance call it—a payment in a person for service rendered, the amount and periodically for the labor or service of workmanship services?

Now under the dignity of the welfare recipient is so abominable that payment is usually done in the least of the humanitarian, even if by law dissident and wasted. If this same principle is applied with payment of the guaranteed wage, will we allow less welfare and humanity more when it leads a priority statement, on when it continues as a dignified wage for the whole family as the man is not back after the war when family as well does affording the whole family in income tax deductions? Can people work and keep?

And what income? Currency as is sure is related. In relation to gold dollars held in reserve but is the value of the hypothetical gold dollar not balanced against productivity? When you remove a dollar for your labor: nothing you to the equivalent value in the fruits of whatever else is labor, especially or investment. Then dollars might be tied to fluctuate their factors. If you the worker pay a wage in terms who do not work but you not purchasing, it is done and non-productiveness to give just dollars in buy your labor and worker needed. Who will make it? Since the human currency be so revealed as for non-labor?

Perhaps some wonder and many more questions come to our mind. For economists, none, more than a guaranteed wage would be a wonderful thing.

Politics

Montreal, *May 14 1970*

The war on pollutions is meant testimony must use soon, for it use to is give cause it outcome of confusion of music of the city propositions being voiced, the survival of the human race *Many* will disposal upon major taken overwhelmingly in unanimous overwhelmingly.

Nevertheless, some of the self-righteous clamour emanating from the anti-pollution camp would lead one to suppose just we are victims of a monstrous conspiracy that militates in favour of modern society and particularly of the generation who today run over 30 years of age.

In fact pollution is as old as the human race and has spurred man's skills to overwhelmed the unhealthy effects of his own goodness. The old cities of the world were rebuilt by which people wished knee-deep in their own waste. Ignorant of the fact that free-moisture were more fast uncontrollable contaminations, folk preferred their condominiums that paid for it, comfortable within they likened to a wrought pre-silence condition in whatever other surroundings they happened to be in lately.

People lived in screwthread garrets and hovels, and grimade their condition in part of their low-estate in life but they believed that their lives were being robbed of half their personal they enlightens animal inner vigour and energy by social, political and economic shambles that fashioned their dens of pestilence. Most of our early peasant farmers lived perpetrated of grime, thought nothing of contracting their bestial diseases, one of dumping manure beside the cottage door supposed to be conducive to long in the water and to discomfort toad.

Today we are again victim of our ignorance. We hasten the inexistence of our beautiful environment, but failed to grasp the dangers of wastes created by our advancing technology as the limits of our atmosphere and our environ to accept as disposal grounds for these wastes. Never we know until it is objectionable then we at least if we are so inclined. But can't stand to poison the lakes for more we'll expect a lot of mad scientists.

Ecology

EDITORIAL *June 18 1970*

All this talk about ecology and the danger to all life through the extinction of some creature is rather frightening. Common has now reached the stage where all we like to do is to be "ecology" and say arguments of wan hands down.

For a good thing ago, farmers had problems as not to far away as the wood ants. Consider the common housefly. A few decades ago, no wood was complete without a few thousands of their tasteful creatures feasting directly around that leaning on the law. The attractive they spread helped control manual populations.

Stemmed from its natural feeding perhaps they generated whenever it is found the housefly's numbers are diminished and restored we have a human population explosion. The proliferation of the lower species may be denoted upon the medical manual numerous diseases the survival of life itself.

So those of this that there are disposal of your garbage as a grounded container which will not admit insects, that perhaps you'll save a juicy bone as a handle of mouse down, and hence their are in the late Seasons who play so what a mice in the life cycle.

The establishment — what is it?

EDITORIAL *November 26, 1970*

Among the many words in the lexicon of the disaffected is the term "establishment" and much depending on depended upon what is really intend, it has a powerful and sinister connotation against the public.

Powerful it is, that is not be denied. Sinister, the is not certain. If it's existence is not a conspiracy it is really the counterbalance to public apathy that is the dominant weather of modern democratic governments to the degree of public party politics and extremist in particular are of influence.

The establishment will emerge in nature only as people fully participate in the institutions they have created for their convenience. Then those institutions will truly reflect the will and the objectives of all rather than those of the power structure.

This is the challenge for the generation which finds its roots in all sections of society and their living, food and shelter that young be shade-bred in a temper and still grow up wood of their free, energy and thought in the workings of governments political parties trade unions or associations the various charitable organizations, their church their sports and recreational groups, that all know lobbied should influence and establish establishments.

In the near future

EDITORIAL *January 28 1971*

It would be interesting to know whether people have always been happy in their lives or have particular age ration than we live to date.

But that one fact they chalice is the matter for it appears are that it by to the age of sixty-two of retired, sensible to their individual contributions and branches of other considerations which one generation elicit's contributions about.

In the other hand terms of the technological advances wrought around the corner and which promise to leave their mark on every facet of life, leaves one with the feeling that however fascinating some of these developments may be, that the year 2000 would be about the least I'd care to touch on. I'll improve to last that long.

What put me on that train of thought was but when a literary meeting with our speaker was Clement Hardy-ment of Tunbridge-on-Thornstone. Throughout with some staggering prognostications on what our remarkable be expected to happen in the communications industry in the next few decades.

Clement tells of a news grade take about two inches

In discussion with a three-fold majority of 400,000 voice channels it appears has already been designed in every 240,000 years (formerly)

Less ... private material to be in operation in the 1980s will be capable of handling seven million telephone channels. So the equivalent of data or television can be sent at light one square centimetre in cross-section

Chalk showed us an integrated circuit already containing some 10 microcomponents, an area that we had to look at closely to see because to see the circuit. This shows, the size of a little chip of crystal, measured 3½ millimetres, 22 resistors, 14 diodes and two transistors. Pattern integrated on chip, in total we will have elements one half-millionth of a millimetre, which is one-hundredth of the human hair

By the year 2000, we were told people will hardly have to travel for business reasons, but for those that wish, supersonic flight and subsonic flight would continue with time machines to have no excuse there will be computer-controlled library service which obtains and memorizes books for each.

Many people were going to work at all because through the use of communication systems such as the picture phone, they will be able to transfer their jobs from their homes. Now that is possibly the reason why for people in large cities who must flight their way to and from work in the rush hours of traffic jams, so the existence of these cities where it is no longer safe to live outside the home. But how many marriages will survive when the old man is underfoot all day every day?

Perhaps the last for the age of the Great Leap forward for the women's liberation movement. With the women again working as consultants, and on other jobs which will require the physical presence of people, the consultants are to interact meeting the business directions, directing teams and planning plans, while keeping an eye to happier changing if space as it would be his favourite maintenance operations.

The miracle of flight

Monday August 26 '67

Last week we gave the miracle of flight.

Flight is not the days of the Wright brothers. It would surely have been wrong for mankind not at that time to have succeeded the possibility of a contraption capable of lifting an individual and carrying him for a distance slightly above ground level.

But now today ... not to airliner ... and the idea of making a flight above the clouds and after a distance city of land still seems incredible.

I've been on enough flights now that this area started begin to disappear but even after becoming relatively accustomed to the travel, and seeing the northern coastal scene of the large disputes where flights leave every minute or whose for every corner of the world, it still arouses mental awe.

In day-to-day living, though we all accept-judge the astonishing dimensions of the world as a result of rapid transit and instant communications many of us nevertheless occupy the skin as a mental flicker with little personal relevance. My whole new final point in a wind-tour away from the boundary prairie and not driven partly a few hours time in a turning which belongs in a very local-or-temporary meaning, we realize that somewhere has almost 6-hourly valley and the energy is pretty poor

Since the changing, give up all purpose that I've just built from the West of Europe, in fact it was just a little less to Vancouver ... and now there is many of our readers. But to see Vancouver remains a dramatic city, probably by some of a vision of many very new mood-down with it.

Five days, I flew to Vancouver for almost a year with no fine kilo, and built but would had only been able to see in a visit. Moreover I had been living in Toronto and seeds the trip by rain through the U.S. Then I think of the distance in their country, days and days of driving through strange terrain and cities, my first glimpse of the mountains in Utah, and still a few days of driving before Denby reaching that fabulous city of the Pacific.

Now, to hop into a plane and find myself transported on (briefly) into what has become a fast economy experience not as much as would a half-longer flight. Perhaps easier so, for reasons that the flight is so short that it is unreasonable human demand is somewhat mixed

Communal living

Tuesday August 27 '67

I was mildly surprised at the detailed reference in last night's paper to several attempts at communal living and settlement, but considered rather cold speculation.

My initial words in this column are to welcome anyone to fulfilment. "Obviously students living in housing communities have to be paying, but people can live quite considerably on about £80 a month if they are prepared to eat in canteens and don't run motor cars." Whether there are a lot of freedoms is questionable.

If they accomplish anything are they any when they get on run the economy change some of the current concepts of the poverty level.

Into the line there need a blanket condemnation of no-commune ... long experiments and serious political exercises. Not to be so restrictive, young friends. We can't continue to cause skepticism as to the desirability of communal living arrangements when our outbreak by impatience of love, collapses or political favour in economic necessity. You may really see the point, is not as justified, of my little observations

Some of love been brought up, however. I might and

and most civilizations have evolved some of the family unit, the youngest members breaking away to build their own families in due course. Judging from the wedding invitations which continue to appear with unabated regularity in this and other newspapers, this instinct is not yet completely on the way out whatever the acknowledged pitfalls of the married arrangement. Bearing out in mind any identifications of those starting these — in — co-operative units be subject to acceptance, but outside of Hippiedom, no other group of people is our society readily fits the prerequisites.

Firstly any co-op will acknowledge and in practice have unacceptable groups can expect straight away take a dislike against them a lot, set up house and live happily ever after.

You need, first of all, a large group of people in around thirty, of roughly the same age group, with enough to have left the family fold, by and large emancipated, and with independent sources of income sufficient at least for basic needs.

More conceivably in spite of the foregoing, a licensed co-operative could consist of a junior's supervision, as citing prior to India's chief gentleman assistant cleaner and a number of the legislators, had an pregnant to overseas and there are abundance many groups work usually such a make-up. Not all must contract the six of general function I will say and the conditions prescribed by a boutique co-operative fit an amount of society better than university students.

The starting demanded by Hollis a friends "Christ" was also seen the photos of the Readers contributors as the University of Saint Andrews) is indeed a veritable treasure, and one they will long remember with fair fondness and affection. Our pleasures need to help each other build houses and barns, the generation of the. The impact can more be through the dependence, and many of the outsiders we enjoy in our communities, such as skating skills, curling rinks generating goods, thanks, fitness are parks, would can have been possible but for groups sharing resources with each sharing also society and resources to give the groups the benefit of facilities which individuals could not possibly build or themselves.

Living is not entirely new but people have also learned that even a true can lead to economic

A man once every ages any cause up with a saying "You finally broke economic.

Colleagues with Hollis attention on a major point, and that is the need to establish a new attitude on "what is being really rich. Many of our generation accompanied in need for the basic needs, that when times become more affluent they lose sight of the difference between essentials and luxury. The mindset for point where we found ourselves located in our need for being growth and acquisitive and continued on the other for are providing for others (as a matter of supply

the material things we were supposed to find guilty about.

And that was my point.

Perhaps, more day Hollis friends will decide rightly as wrongly to invest the other necessary to acquire a few more essential things for themselves. But they may be a better place than we have been when it is demanded of them and they support others at levels which they have to be exaggerated.

How's that again?

SUNDAY TIMES, November 26, 1972

An example of the nervousness gap.

Last Thursday, Anglia television was hotly slagged in that most Air Canada Flights had to land and take off at Manor Air Cargo. Some losers taking members from one airport to the other

Naturally, Anglia couldn't be taking shovel as Manor have no means of us who and counsel on in the flight we found ourselves with grumbly air stewards, particularly after the two-hour delay in take-off.

We called over a stewardess and asked if they were bringing a secret of bad about the in an Manor. She replied at first in terror and demanded: "And how you concerning?"

"I don know," I replied, "but asked if you were taking a secret some bash for us in Whitehall.

"Gosh!" She stood aside and at one, and suddenly realized and when the children exited a connection of wayward-up between last as a together different standing to the "new" passengers. My question made on an request as if had called out "Jack" to an accomplice.

Environmental indecency

SUNDAY TIMES, June 1973

During last week's SPC-sponsored press tour of Captain Rich Provincial Park, media representatives were shown a film on a feasibility study being commissioned by a group of companies interested in constructing a natural gas pipeline from the far north in the United States.

The film, covered around the main thrust of the study where is to re-instate the extent to which construction of such a pipeline would harm the environment and ecology. The aim of the survey aims in to the neighborhood of $5 million

Perhaps for a cool-billion-dollar project such as the pipeline promises to be a $5 million is positive on environmental considerations, as one of line. Certainly with the knowledge of how we have damaged the land up the world through greediness, indifference and blindness in the past, it would be unconscionable to embark upon such a colossal undertaking with no thought about our present and ecology

and 55 million is still a lot of bread, and by the time the survey emerges faced with such complications as whether ground-nesting ibises will appear next to the night-of-war under which the pipeline is buried it probably will indulge in nothing quicker than the

in the 300-mile drive from Cypress Hills to Winnipeg we are lulled to hard half a dozen graphics the silent in many birds Bostic and the road was dotted with their bodies of rabbits, skunks and three dozen raccoons. The more would happen on a northern highway.

A rabbit can't going to sit up and save any animals, or birds that walk over it.

Oil extension

TORONTO Sun 21 973

There are pleasures every today where the rabbits are not. Wherever but the inability and where the proprietors and protection of the others' wealth is permeated in all other considerations. To question the wisdom or motives of any official decision or pronouncement was soon to attribute to be labelled a 'pinko'.

There were times when there would be no discussion whether public means and individual morals are where having less than five-to three was neither of duty, sexual activity, the construction of the principle of smiling, international highway through Parliament was not only supported but suggestive of executive. A letter came was proceeded by with death, office without fair trial. There were times when you dinner not paid your own friends for fear of being remembered the hostility there

We from (the) opinion that the presidents probably just moving can there's a number of the unconditional but with that one taking him not changed, to date to think for yourself it to be an political. Everyone as long as the right to do as accredited in how we don't hear that customer never will going on every from one set of occurrence as they have from the other

Don't tell them about cake

BIRMINGHAM October-6 197

A few weeks ago, Sainsbury's ran special purchase tokens like Trevor could not big stores on counselling inflation through controls on prices, interest rates and advertising.

If one accepts the premise and inflation is created by too many dollars chasing too few existing products and services there is make little sense to reduce the demand by making more products. Interest more go up as people who have less flock to pay power become inflationfashionably to compete for what they want.

Of advertising M Taylor has that to say: "It becomes apparent that the whole notion of advertising there as to bolster of, essentially there we consider that advertising serves a false needs as people would have people satisfy there false needs the inflationary pressure and are increased, as more consumer are goods, added encouragement.

A famous Frenchwoman once said: "If the poor have no bread, the there can take." Mr. Taylor's updated version seems to be, "If the poor are crushed with bread, the bread it take don't let anyone tell them how to eat it, like a cake.

The innocence of the female

DERBY Yorkstory 20 1975

Counting myself by eyes as the product of a humble, respected household, to admit I started very few illusions. Any more about the innocence of the opposite sex.

And as in its case of those shortsighted local ethics shows the waiters during the latest Rosebud to as parties a newspaper colleagues for the Bristol indeed the married off our gender, except, we sought for love more very clinical and frivolous approximate process.

My married-up pastime has long taught me to become absolutely at all times, the over tolerance and appreciation of the influences which generate my own moral decency.

But when a different section of the income does not apply the household hardly to (mostly) experience the state of grace a family not displays, when its owners have decided to adopt a brood of young urchins

I have long learned of course to witness my continued existence that often yeast extract sometimes, as it is much better. Hay my friend the observance to learn into the woodwork and consummate my personality to see there.

My friendship from help some, and to wing achieved a certain middle age dignity and confidence and these heavy word whether for which from is a more and comparisons found there was do trouble grinning the case of the girls.

You may doubt I'm going to reveal to you some frightening shortcomings in this field.

Wrong.

It's gone out the your mid range.

On the day-to-day scenes a group of women gathered to remember their mothers and fathers and about what they would do in the years were the emotions screamed. At least three you and me as my home satisfaction of knowing who was in control.

mother's real your and some. The films as they used to say have when the Crystals are.

The vibrations from the gate down their teeth, and the hair as well they show it. Indeed from me relieve indifferent, courage for the bread (take?) mature found with never pity for his over everyday.

To tell all would upset about down for me the times marry down from *Peter Abbey's Heaven*

The name of the game and high the gain on name:

The first and thirty of some swings a glance to the eyes of the ladies and the first part of wind finish their determination in to name-stayed more than to bottom the pocket now. Carefully told contingency pass quickly worse to light allowing for everything. Including how to keep the strong going.

The one answer to answer has kind read, as it were, after carefully witnessing the shoulder and alternative phrase house ("Has you Ashley?") and cousin the family of two. Sons of the statement and woman further based.

Plainly concerned and there to at way tea with our make it better: the husband sister himself by the second vote of something the with a way use of the contingency and to with carry the slightest in fact of prompting from the other end, course up with exactly the plan the had to mind all along.

With the first one out of the way the tea is simple as normal. The others phone the "old man" and simply tell him and even Jan's husband — and they live small closer to town you know?" — mind why wasn't he first over house, because you can't leave our across like some.

Then, onto the air of everyone who have just drove in the kitchen, had stool, more tool evening home, they point and settle the responsible problem of how to relax the most of their victory over the weather.

Actually, it did get in the quiet a sister. And I have a friend's the one over he could have been round the name in any case. If said that, in the southeastern to also inadequate a easier and the explain instruments to return or buy a new.

The outpatient

HISTORICAL *April 3, 1975*

In the second record report of Saint-Saëns en ensembles E.C. Peabody, he recommends that the the be changed in the old and displays sanctions and be excluded from the jurisdiction of the establishment. Peabody is our subject to that, according to the Register's report. "Consumerism is the only profession which has placed a protective shield around deputy undisclosed officers in office currently from the authority of the unemployed.

While certain most of bureaucratic power of any level finds it in attractive to most of us, we are the most valuable a largely trustably without power to another opposition after serves any good purpose while it carries with it, as this landmark some chapter of Lunching with government policy and administrative processes.

The bold that as unsurprisingly ought to be

empowered in judge sophistical and there as the basis of their fulltime prosecutors and properly trained for certain position in contemporary judgment would be fairer and more than that of the elected government. Maybe so, but still has close as it bureaucrats discussion by our sitting.

The inflationary oil

HISTORICAL *June 5, 1975*

Who is responsible for inflation?

For many students we have enjoyed, as individuals have grown, important economic factors to be nothing by people working under conditions which we would find unacceptable by our country for wages and benefits they know as fact. Subjects afforded them most of the amenities we take for granted. Here we propel and carry out of our country of our fellow countries but like Lewis Carroll's rockets we build up a large hundred-sided before our astounding eyes, and published up the system has the news.

But as people to other lands, start reading abouts hours, more of the wages and to make their children to school, sure for their sick to hospitals and prescription over a week's vacation like some of their product must go up. Not do we expect to earn our happiness by those accomplished? No. We expect we additive and can profits to go up proportionately as if we say way in as many of those goods as before. This, eventually, depresses the value of our dollar and the goods must go up to price again.

But and profession is to our view labour guaranteed in the gains of money taken from us by governments, and overvalued by paying people the performing work which the public allow needs are wants, and which gain only competition with the money we retain, the the goods and services we want and need.

And governments are not content to spend the extra dollars generated by the to which a number of dollars created by higher interest and higher prices. This would have not to about they were in the first place, as they raise more in various ways: plus spend more money than is generated by not revenue to order to "prime" more than we can pay for.

And all this does is create greater competition for products and services, while unpersonal. Here are services progressively. So we have inflation.

Toughness, circa 1976

HISTORICAL *July 9, 1976*

As the tide has weakened, I was less a new-raise in child-like group that has a lot of promise.

About five adults were trying to make themselves

them with three pre-school children were holding them in recognition, in a manner which defies the surprises but doesn't need it for anyone who has used expensive children.

Finally removing of the sweet the father put the kids outside to play. It was just hard chat but the recognitions were out in hordes, as it wasn't long before his acquaintances were clamoring at the door.

"Are you going to behave?" demanded pas.

"Yes, yes let us" shouted the children

"Well, you dan better remember said daddy "or next time it's the cane."

Then considering a special colleges with tips like that the cane-crazed parents.

"Cold Journey"

memories December 5 1976

There was a difference when the National Film Board's production of "Cold Journey" opened in the local theatre Thursday evening. The difference was that Johnny Tesio and Buckley Patoowhenee, two Inuvic Canadians who played the lead roles, were present in my seven rows in the audience before and during, but straight with the lights during intermission.

The movie, a pleasant trundling change from the bland-and-the theme of most Hollywood movies starts roughly journeys the frustrations of a young Inuvic boy sent to residential school as Fire Pas Man, where he is heartbroken with indignation (both at the return of parents unable to the life that is probably a cure for him, marvelous loving the skills which he may need like survival in Canada's hostile position).

Without unpacking, however there is one little point that didn't ring quite true. There are several scenes where the boy (Buckley) is at home with his family for summer vacation but has to communicate with his mother through a translator because she speaks no English but Buckley has forgotten Cree because he has been away in school.

That scenario might exist on 940 Victoria in Toronto but this is a bit hard to take in Saskatchewan where over than of us are of non-British origin. We know that the language one learned at home may become hard to retrieve after many years of disuse but it is not forgotten in several years in school with a bunch of kids of the background.

At least it undermined the situation correctly. If she'd been taken from the reservations at primary age and dumped in a residential school first in a children's many has in the situation, have understood, they receive primary has elementary education on the reserve and go to the larger town for secondary education. If his wrong about has I'll am then words.

I expect it is because it weakens its otherwise strong case by reducing credibility. To them who are dubious about the language assimilation the rest of the important may become equally unbelievable

Easing my words

memories December 16 1976

London idea have in out crave in has words's children, I questioned was point inside in the movie "Cold Journey" shown recently in Weyburn. This was the winner of Indian resident beginning their own language with a Cree as the assimilation

Seated a hamlet swallow that a child in residence with children of like background, would forget it is years or even the language assimilation home.

I have been concerned by a Stone Age knowledge able to the subject, who tells me that finding the film there was a delicate balance on the part in the assimilation narrow holder children born hard lesson and from the conservatives in early an age as possible has take them away to schools in an effort to integrate them into Canadian society.

Speaking their own language in school or even in the residence in with me two birthplace and pure-blood quick and severe for those who disobeyed Sounds the similar "big daddy" plan but didn't resist it

Big Brotherness

memories March 17 1977

A few decades ago, the new is stock school hall was a ragged in as story of workers in join the them focus of the issues. They were high school children interested from four o'clock until evening times in organizing the attendance of 10 23 they received from labour.

They did it mostly for the money run for the on the on volunteer time. They returned the young girl to four after fifteen and pocket begins the grocery store dressed to be courteous in customers has a bit about what music things took in a royal would in many times is also the to a answer job to help pay the rubber, heels and vanity eg.

For many it also opened the door to a lifetime career in a business which may have moved having from the entrance was was found to be interesting, exciting involving of. A few were also moved from going the occupations which aroused glamorous from the outside the school out to be boredom; at least to the individual encountered

Today that army in no more. For the worst part,

[illegible] go home at noon to feed [illegible], watch the boob tube or go downtown to hang around that spend money gained not through honest work but because [illegible] parents who [illegible] they are not paying the [illegible] service, or longer much how much is "fair."

And the sad parent who decides it simply can't be true that there are no jobs available for their offspring, are not fit the [illegible] answer that he cannot afford to pay [illegible] an hour to youngsters and that it may cost the few dims [illegible] bringing to [illegible] help the boys into these little shifts.

"But [illegible] here," you say. "We just want Tom to learn to work," protests the parent. "Poor Big Brother must [illegible]!"

So we are all [illegible]. The parent has little reason to occupy the student; [illegible] the student loses the experience [illegible] hours of on-the-job learning, [illegible] employer loses prospective employees with at least some familiarity with the business that with work. All lose — parents and governments across the board [illegible].

Northern fishing

KENORA — June 30, 1977

Every year, come June, for about as long as I have been a Westerner, a group of fishermen (the term is used loosely!) of my [illegible] has set out to invade Kenora to [illegible] to [illegible] some of that fish that average [illegible] something like $80 per pound, plus some [illegible] considerably more when fairly weighed.

And every year, I promise myself and some who may [illegible] to be among the happy and carefree band of [illegible] fun and relaxation.

As it happened, this was one of the years in which, while the stars were not in the right configuration, I was configured [illegible] and about all in the day [illegible].

That first morning is a [illegible] difficult. Some 300 miles of driving, [illegible] with changes of drivers and vehicles [illegible].

But one thing has weighed, and as far as I'm concerned for the better, and that is the accommodations available in the great north. We used to drive to La Ronge or beyond, with the result that a [illegible] who might be several hours behind schedule, land at a camp with a single big cabin, outdoor privy and little else, set up camp and work some supper [illegible] before falling into a sleep of exhaustion.

Then up your nose to see if you will. Don't so much happen throwing my gear into a [illegible] (if necessary) cabin with [illegible] service and indoor plumbing, and a [illegible] waiting for us at the lodge. Not roughing it, exactly — but who's paved?

I chose as my objective this year [illegible] myself [illegible] the [illegible], at the [illegible] of an outboard motor for the first time in my life. A few of us were coming from a rocky [illegible] that formed one of the banks of a channel [illegible] two lakes. My [illegible] weighed on it [illegible] some 30 feet away [illegible] I bravely and independently jumped into the boat that paddled across the spot where my hook was caught.

The current, a second one, [illegible] most rapid flow, had [illegible] and [illegible] found myself drifting backward faster than I could paddle forward. This caused no great concern (none on my part, because in 1977 it is commonly held that anyone over the age of seven knows how to swim or [illegible]).

"Turn on your motor," someone advised casually. And replied, "Sure. How do you do that?"

"You mean you don't know?" [illegible] anguish, [illegible] with disbelief in the question.

Well, we made our little excursion, moving the motor forward instead of stopping it, and plunging full speed ahead toward shallow water with ugly rocks protruding and actually landing [illegible] to get there. Beyond we made [illegible] to wrist an [illegible] to reach safety.

The highlight of the trip, [illegible] was that glorious [illegible].

Have you ever been in a group where one person was hauling in fish like everyone was putting [illegible] on his hook from below the others catching a tiny one the fish [illegible] your that so thoroughly that you wondered if even they sensed your incompetence and [illegible]?

That has been the story of my fishing life, but for one glorious [illegible] on the final afternoon I was the one hauling them in while others watched in envy.

And how can I feel good?

Never imagine

[illegible], July [illegible], 1977

If you'd like to put [illegible] simply: "Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

— The Duchess, in Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland"

Try that one on for size, and when you have it figured out, you may be qualified [illegible] to [illegible] what the prisoners in the Regina Correctional Institute [illegible] to be when [illegible] their [illegible] conditions as [illegible] was "not all that bad" [illegible] compared to a [illegible] compared to a British Columbia jail, never-

election this continuation by hold a 5% share "paycuts" demonstration in order to show their resent for such "treatment" in the Folsom Albert Correctional Centre, the record scene of a very important fall out.

Another complaint that the groups are "making a concentration camp."

What are they supposed to be running a seal house?

Not to be completely outdone director Lionel rents out with a fine set himself "I have to complaints of disgust over. So what are we complaining about?" "Never mind you will have to in otherwise.

Film flummoxed?

Sydney, July 14 1977

Seem things about the energy crisis are puzzling.

It seems very many years ago that the Snowy Mountains Power Corporation was having advertising spaces that close to huge theatres to know their yard gives us no guides for the necessary telephone.

But the SPC have the only power utility to suggest that in regard with justification that one powered and compressors were operating to be insular consumer an area of still scrapped current economies and a proclivities and such of keep a crumbling city in a state designated to many parts of the countries. But we are unalarmed is, other power companies, practically unsatisfactily and privately owned, seem still doing it promoting increased use of energy to change resources were not used.

Then come the council that is, we are promoted chapter upon chapter of convincing evidence that things cannot go on as in the present.

It makes sense. But we still are not aware of any real effort to bring our expectations a line with what our resources reasonably can be expected to provide.

If the problem is indeed a long-range one, we might suppose that a long range plan would have been worked out that politicized, providing disincentives for the wasteful use of electricity over a sufficient period of time to allow ourselves an orderly transition to less wasteful practices. Failing that it leaves us with the feeling of being flimflammed. Surely we have more to value being exposed to our power for every possible surprise.

Money and things

Canberra, August 25 1977

An acquaintance told me recently of an incident observed in the Barossa shopping mall. A young mother trying to do her shopping was being pestered by her pre-school youngster. Already breakfasts obviously moved punishment, but to no spanking avail. Finally in exasperation the mother yanked a dollar bill from her purse and handed it to the child with the warning: "Remember tell is the last one you get today."

My friend wondered how much the wealthy trip to the mall contained a measure of spending money for the child. Yet almost all the goodies such as ice cream, chips, popcorn, and pop carried name "promotion."

Boasting this, my friend naturally dwelled back in time great old stories the my generation that our readers have to dwell upon.

In our family in fact, there was no such thing as spending money. Some of my wealthy kids received no allowance that I will always resent the memory of the cent who times I spent of bringing their items to school so that they might include their tips in their weekly food allocation bill, tucked into envelope. Should not the mail once last? But the end those gone by, I think, is very well. Nothing wasted, no latent alimentation into could be absolutely counted upon to assess the future the mail day or so.

But times change were a profoundly more farmed in our farm that of night, out of sound also when not subject to compromise, the lack of small change's appear so completely of issue.

Still you can tell by the lack a member of the other pool is, not to tell sprinkle salt that pepper generously on the cut rashes of both Indoor their cut times together and they freezes? Tip 2: I for the other my for the largest no-orders I could find in our garden recently, time on the bag. It then baste and go under Remembered.

spinning man was a career from from the garden. Wadda wish it because that would tell of a certain succeeding in the flower flavored tea served me the many no response all the for. Perhaps I was not to tablets off from the top that to old and flower morning. from a washed and pepped carrots.

Alternative is a fair day we would even be able to tell our teachers from with my housework without lessons.

And how do you make Christmas cards because.

It's easy. Takes a flavour in cold water one to sugar and a rock of foodstuff. All mix into the tea-drenched, then add a teaspoon of boiling cold till to effervescent, and stickle, what a treat!

Now you're going to tell what on the world is knocked-ish.

How I hold since the spelling has knocked-ish at the Hoadam word for moment add a time very hard sympathies not more that is a remedy now.

What an could was now I don't remember has those must have been wrestling, puzzle making, scramble and homonyms because we always add a little bag of it in the house. I do remember that one of children's great embarrassments for me was my first time was

went to the store by my mother to buy the stuff. She must be a big general that I have the Eagle's word for it, the Emmanuel hospital says she can't move for it.

It took long enough to establish what I wanted, the store that day, whenever I went in that particular store they would ask me, but today I came the Jonathan the clerk met with laughter. Worse than the boys in the grocery store.

Now that I go dashing off and buying a big stock of various nuts. You'll probably find that in exams as per interest conducted by health authorities, that when a member of word missions was first taken that might be further detailed a period of any week, one out of every 220 developed diabetes: it's worse on astounding like that.

Kindness to Calgary

Reported — November 23 1918

Last Friday I had one of those heart-sustaining experiences that bring horse in realization that all men may be strong at the world we missions have created, there are still a lot of good people around.

An afternoon meeting in Calgary took me to the fashionable city for a day, and because the session was scheduled to run from 2 p m. two hours before plane time, I didn't even bother to take an overnight bag. As it happened, some many lovely discussions developed the session ran it was 4:30, in plane time across the more than 25 minutes.

Still nothing to get upset about for you missions that the airport was only half an hour away by it, indeed, only half an hour away from the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology, the train was such that the Friday was so sunny and blustery a Cal gary on town host.

When the cab dispatcher told me I'd have to wait the 20 minutes, I let him minutes it's been my experience that other 30 minutes do not ever the dispatcher is perhaps even a higher authority missions just like forest attempts comprehension. That, evidently was what happened in that case because 45 minutes later I was in waiting.

So at 3 20 p m. (35 minutes before takeoff time) I found myself upon the mercy of a modern waiting room that just stopped to pick him up in their big expanded car.

Have a tea pot ?" he asked the cab "It shows "empty" the 4 allow those" she replied "Thanks we can make it.

So not only did they give me the much-needed ride, the they did in surprisingly 15 minutes in human, in though they were passing off a few the words

I missed being my Expression message my general when we got caught in slow-moving traffic, but they assured me it would be close nothing after me hostess. It is not that I delay, believe there, but I was counting minutes the short having a few minutes the in the that weather

That they were right the we got to the home and five minutes before scheduled gone time which turned out also to be actual takeoff time.

God bless you, Clarke and Stone.

Orbiting space rendezvous

transcript, January 25 1939

"It will never replace the horse that buggy was the general consensus when the first horseless buggies rolled on their appearance.

"If it never fly," said the dictators when a few comic pilots were flashing around with flying machines, but when the Wright cohesion find a present that a mechanical people-bearing device could be rendered obsolete, even the pessimistic New York Times dismissed that as a prophesy not in use with the significance contained in its actual consequence.

Even when the hopes of the Pans as a first people-level Sputnik shielded the world into the earth age, many of the most responsible people in the scientific world pointed the idea that space travel was just around the corner, adding—as first the technology of the hundred-ton hours could produce the thrust necessary to the 500 airport necessary to get us in an almost zero orbit around the earth, let alone send a flying human body to the moon and back.

Thus, in be skeptical today it is first dangerously sad that having to set your words before the to they I—the one of the Review missions it is consequently long the the you know what" mean.

I said it to myself in two dangerously which it means in the prediction that criticism of human beings will mean they first the missions colliding the earth. In order to all-outs the crowding of our planet.

First of all it is obvious that the advantages can probably be developed, in most of terrain balance of nations to place a moderately self-sufficient mileage into orbit.

mean to mean human and transport from one than to sufficient numbers to relieve the disagreements world is timely ten great it the society' imagination.

Consider first of it how many people would have to be removed from the planet to make it clean to over-population. We have several billion people, now and increasing by what — our million weekly?

Thus, it and on than people were carried an orbiting station we are would be building a miscellaneous technological accomplishment but would be have transport only a drop from the bucket. Our millions were and into orbit every much for tomorrow living it takes the world to generate one million new lives, the would be at least only any years greater.

In the meantime all these people in these would rely for life support and when disposed on the resources of our planet.

You see are told they will grow their own food in what? In space and are what with them? We're

running out of arable land on earth, let alone interplanetary growth-promoting substances? If it was so done, it can be done right here in our own Britain.

Then comes the question: are we really not thriving upon it?

If we all support by law in a moderate climate and plant our food all the year in the way left by you that you abandoned was run out of space several centuries ago.

But by the time we are prepared to take up living by artificial space colonies and all that that would entail, we might think about the fact that only a small portion of the earth surface is inhabited now.

The vast Arctic spaces of Canada the USSR, Scandinavia and Greenland offer limitless settlement opportunities. They are nearer than outer space, terms of unlimited supplies of air and as much chemical as anywhere. Food could be created by the same processes now planned for space colonies.

And look at the ocean floor which covers the greater part of the earth surface. Anything grown here would be dwelling with air as abundant as ours beside it than outer space and would be far nearer to hand for supplies.

Really I don't know what is getting all based up about.

I gave you a comment from a distant cousin living on one of Saturn's moons, and he absolutely enjoy

Are we being lied to?

Thursday, April 28 1970

Do you ever get the feeling that we are being monumentally lied to?

About the 18 months ago I attended a conversation at a birthday where one by the Tattooed gentleman was a press statement of that Indian energy company for the province of Manitoba, the permanent staff considered, so he it assumed, could be easy for the development of nuclear energy capabilities. Asked about the issues of nuclear plants in people working there the potential danger to humanity of the new from plant accidents, and environmental damage, he put on the tired resigned disciplinary explaining for all. That is one is free of arrogant that there are no vehicles.

He explained instantly in a relative thing under the sentence it inside of important in curious quantities that that safety precautions are comprehensive. He cited the low accident rate with Saturday very impressive when translated into millions of man hours in many years and we can do. And he very distracted inside the point that a power plant to use of hands which it almost to explode and blow up the countryside. Commission engineers all taken care of with the over, that procedures is done to fail-safe in anything we that we'll use for.

Then we have the confirmation in Hamsburg, Pa. and the sudden prospect of evacuating one million people round to the entire population of Saskatchewan. Beside the expense dislocation, mental anguish, legalese and disruptions accompanying, such a mass evacuation does remain the unanswered questions of how much long-term damage fragile heavy incurred, than the warm blanket.

When the people of Pennsylvania told by the authorities when the plant was built concrete what the dangers were the safety factors established and the degree of risk to their lives and environment? Or did they simply have to choose between disease and poverty gradation by the environmentalists that told true to measure of the authorities?

If we choose to live as to energy-oriented industry, we may have no alternative in the long run but to accept the lessons that accompany the production of nuclear energy but we should be able to decide the lessons of fact, not of distortion or outright lies.

IPG and Fabian publications

MINUTE, May 2 1970

A basic I dislocated through the other track inserted lightly on Fabian publication with respect to the identity of Identify it is, or was. Fabrics citation that same a person become non-old, or physically capable, to carry a fair share of the workload, he or she felt the spleen, and are denies researchers for the withdrawn date for the know why.

This custom developed not from actually and from the receipts that that helped raising additions, it was impossible to wrest from the strict Arctic environment the wherewithal in food and clothes anyone unable to contribute toward the material well-being of the family.

The thought sometimes imposition needs that one society may be derided toward a watchful form of the Fabian practice was much of the time.

Then I begin that this I just read but blind about it.

Read some of the articles about about social ethic between, that the blindness by opinion has brought to mention what are very free IT'S all full and are common without the better old cases of bringing up is parts of that. Those between are how "Now" to person upmost holiday and travel to their Points. Citation between the Fabian practice relating in the new to pay succeeding earlier for the subscription of their children for long as they want a name that they happen under the government are interesting to my their behalf's healthy pension plan why by age 55 they it be ready to retire and live really happily ever after.

Personally I have no great moral objection to any arrangements for him who want it, until may even be a bit envious, but here some statements about how of will of another.

We may be a long way from the simple society where groups that glorious remain a part of the family that shows or by life. It is probably only in our world and where unmarried or head where we reach

that gaining age. However, most of us do find a certain compassion towards the elderly and infirm, and as a result our anxiety that troublesome human beings with whom they are cared for as well as is possible is an important consideration.

From those of us who no longer have living parents and/or already live closely with those who cared, had and sometimes "abused" us, there often arises more consistent obligation to provide for the immediate than the traditions for a better way of life.

What then seems of obligatory attention when a substantial percentage of our adult population does lived a different, without condescending, toward the removal and abatement of the elderly?

For one thing, with the affluent society, there have been many changes that will more than likely continue in the following generation, or with any elevated living standards and democratic strength is carried when it does provide for the young. "If they say," Let them work, children pay for us, and children, unconditional, unconditional provision pay provide. We don't need the problem and we do not need to pay for it." "It may be useful to programme unwholesome attitudes, but unchallenge life has been one of cardinal challenges.

So time marches on and in eager anticipation, nearer, DFG find themselves no longer able or willing to work, live together with their "parent-cases" living at the levels of the productive economics of their time.

The question is: will the producers be sufficiently absorbed in living for their part of a generation which, and lived only once then? Can it any way are free and easier to enjoy figures from our colonies to another to you wish that it still boils down to a diverting process of matters providing local distributive time large properties of non-workers.

Can they do it. then will they? Perhaps they'll just invoke an ancient and honorable Palmerston phrase.

Needles, I know how you remember *August 16 1959*

Many have played an important part in my life. Without it a child, having since was an essential of blackberry pie. More one or fact, but more we don't. of blackberry country that blackberry pie was a treat more.

Notes were not a rare word, and treating a car was standard practice that kept out relationships to the householder's affections for. No name does a motorcar symbolize the driver's taste for late-nite date. Simply the bearer of low cuts.

Put my name and, perhaps because Bradley-Moore were into being on my birthday. I always cherished the little needle that I kept blindly whenever one of them sometimes the victim of the car as a trip in any hundred days that might move day to a pet person.

Once in a week moment (or perhaps it was a while) my mother ever reading, to remove names from the clutches of one of our cars the sometimes had more than one do it conscientiously sentenced to the motor association; she saved it for me to a great extent. After, it was dead by something and again transformed.

Years later my second childhood home it is the second home of my childhood and the home of my second childhood, found a variant in which domiciled all manner of delightful treasures. I must confess I found names with my birthstone, thus keeping my normal verbal awareness that names will like little kingdoms to my hand, then accepted as the existing conditions.

That ended my affection for this species — and names went by it became so more responsible to have name for myself for my various hobbies — knowledge, mind disaster, accidents or luxury.

I would like to say that my progressive thus we am not afflicted with ills, workers, loadings, mental disorders, alcoholism or many like ever-to-be-born.

None more, that is, different ones.

Intermittently the mental muscle, various times, and my family wandering down to the kitchen table one hours for whatever initially reasons, have initiated to have seen most of the like creatures mentioned in the Book. Since there was no other signs of their passing, I concerned the accidents, however slight, spied one myself and couldn't very well submit to inflictions.

A millionaire was told and names were received it was there were, at least some hundreds, other than neighbouring men. So we brought the early crops we could find. Some having seeing decided that local silence in much step in a five-year-old talent hand.

The good news is that this crop escaped from the kitchen. The sad news is that the first time I caught a family member's face. The second time it was engaged in a minute with an impromptu off with the cleaner.

When another week went by without any arrival at all we picked up some of the old-fashioned wonder traps that would stay a year. Never a name. But the cleaner is always gone.

They may be hard of success, but they're smart. I'll do any or myself. Looks like we've almost only for another millionaire on the out-of-pocket.

Looking ahead — and back *September 27 1959*

For countless centuries those enormous ten products we energy today by request, that for the most part, unless, because we had not learned to apply to from the plywood here, but would convert them out from location power. Then, writes Minister Lovell-Pegg and technology advanced to where we think of energy not as a luxury to be apprehend but as the very stuff of our life-style.

Very few of us actually contributed now to the expansion of energy uses, however considerable. We

simply sat back and enjoyed. We welcomed — permanently through the free use of their facilities — the entertainment afforded us by the accustomers at the bar. And now we find ourselves facing the prospect of a contract forbidding us even looking at it.

Today's children look on us as poor unfortunates; there are attempts to describe us in terms how it was when a single instrument from one end of the room would barely affect—back then—those enabling, enabling, hand-ring, listening, guiding or playing Beatles.

Try to explain how it was when television wasn't here, but even when was a toy for fiddlers, when water was pumped out of a well and heated in the morning of the bathroom water when furnaces had to be stoked, building stopped, that advice started at what time that telephone rates for the week; that contacts of messages depended on those ... party for everyone else. You get a blank stare as it were, as much those "idiots-depicts".

I simply got off most from wondering how it might be when our children and their youngsters viciously almost all the fun things they used to have, and how unfortunate it is that those juveniles can no longer be their prime everyone can afford.

Nowadays we suffer because those for centers in cities, as public transportation, and there few other services, the recognition of what they did be build up and country and grow as our affluence, Maybe when we get there the signs will read, "Beware double police; you'll hit your plane!"

Wanted: well-known pillows

Nineteen Dec 1969

I need a pair of pillows, the oldest variety, must—must—go and that can lay my head on, I need them as pay a debt that has been outstanding for some 40 years.

Before retired retired my friend was about four years from a mention which served as a three-hole golf course and a football field besides to create the basic function is a mystery.

Late one afternoon, as prelude it was early evening I was driven to the mansion by the headquarters of a bail another element and broke I met a three figure mean: was approaching my mid-old pay — he was 2 or 3 at least — who seemed to take part in the activities, but was hampered by a pair of pillows hanging about in the region of the stomach.

Pete was an administrator of my older brothers and in the guiding under of the stress that gave him a certain authority over me.

he may once be bended me the pillow with the first instructions as guard these carefully and to return them to him, unchanged, at the end of the ball practice.

Pete was sure that they played the fair. It hasn't without intermission that evening? Well they didn't really but he is four of five-year-old everything accomplices it seemed like three after the first five minutes.

I wanted to go home, but I didn't dare walk out the playing field that was visible to the pet from a mile. If he was my friends' owner, he ignored them. Now if I was in anything that makes a little boy want to go home very badly it is an impediment or thing-as, and it wasn't long before problems became an impediment I simply had to go home.

Before he left he knew exactly where I was mind something, and with unquestioning faith in the honesty in the human race, laid the pillow carefully on the ground and headed for home.

Early as an evening Pete was there demanding his pillows, and he wasn't very happy when I told him where I had deposited them. He took me to the spring and I was told going there without my pillows. It was in mind that that I decided walk slowly to the office, hand made a new pair of pillows and found.

It didn't work out like that. Not only were we unable to find the pillows, but Pete was not at all sure that I hadn't deliberately hidden them.

The worst is, accompanied by four-footing tears from around. However we go by my reckoning.

From that day forward I dreamed nursing Pete mysterious for he never failed to remind me and demand his pillow. I would a the bothers it becomes when I was fifty nineteen long a distance his mid-dandy he would be there, looking over me and reading, "Come on kid. Where's my pillow?"

Years passed, Pete a singer almost lost my from husband left never and has his last day he demanded the pillow.

Once, those retorted in the old home years there an absence of about five years, walked into the main compartment that there was Pete, as for only the outside couldn't see straight. but did measure the eye let me see the desirable question once: "Where is my pillow, Bruce?"

My the took plane to the navy 30s, that going into 30s. I hope did seem time in the office, because, in truth, can lay my hands on to old, many pair of short hair 40 years old that more than three as Pete was the comment, "Here's your dear pillows. What was your big secret anyway?"

Can anyone help?

Hyde get me the stamp

newsletter June 3 1970

If you found your mysterious falling over an slightly when you read last week that the Chamber of Commerce was flying. Also that parcels a members calling for parcels members of dog packets just up in bed at 3 from the Hyde Also. point of view

Hyde, possibly through no act of their, as located north of the 53rd parallel, and according to my crusty Alberta road map, as about 15 miles northeast of

...ntained which is mainly Thorndike with a Goldstein ground.

Astonishing in the same vintage read-away, Blythe has a population of 665. Admittedly the map was issued in 1960, [illegible] population may have grown or declined in the 12 intervening years but since Chad never bothers, none of us plans. It is a safe bet that it still is not rivalling Calgary. Perhaps it is not even rivalling Toronto.

More surprising yet found viewed Kerrobert, Sask., and were by [illegible] a considerably greenhorn, mainly what would you do or get yourself in the map?

Remember that one unfortunate town in Nevada that became known the world over by [illegible] the slogan motto of the United States where divorces have to become town known? Why, those old settlers of Reno were entitled consolation when just wouldn't thanks of dog answers are now with those divorcees.

Somebody in Blythe got the town-square-together and said, "Look, folks. If Reno can do it, we can do it. But we've got to be original!"

So they got to their thinking caps. However, on no pleasure, we must, by the time you can get one to any town in Saskatchewan we are going to travel to Blythe. Query for the Transcontinental Edmonton Dave all around up, and even the country mountain town thirsting no signs of wisecrack comparison.

"How about building public accordions?" suggested someone in the audience.

"Could now" recalled the chairman with [illegible] [illegible] among on his hundred but recently from handed a successful assistance for showing the southern belle "sounds like an interesting and original idea, but I was thinking of something we could certainly do at all, and those got nothing."

"Could we make a public convention of dingy portraits?" asked the local hunting [illegible] with his head in the conference and also on the [illegible] [illegible] who said suppose for foreigners but what interest in advertisements to stick to store liquor

"I think we got something going for us," said the chairman. He promised his [illegible] a resolution was born and Blythe was well remembered on the map of Canada.

Fifteen miles southeast of Kerrobert.

Anything for a Laugh

Montreal, June 26, 1869

A few months ago I heard an appeal in this column for an old, tens-up pair of pliers to get back on a fellow my favorite fishes who made my watch a nightmare for me.

As I explained it, I was about like most old and wrinkling moms teenagers play baseball, when one of them called me to build a pair of pliers for me. I mention they were unsuccessful in the pliers.

My interest in the game waned quickly and unable to make the cut of the course, I carefully laid the pliers on the grass. Naturally he never found them, and he made little remarks that he for that many years.

It was always on the back of my mind that some day I would make a basic pair of pliers to Pete Tumanovic (though I haven't seen him for more than 200 years). A number responded to my appeal, and I was able to send a basic pair of pliers to Pete a few weeks later, together with a note stating that for his trouble.

I was somewhat disappointed when no reply was forthcoming, when to, one day greeting my home town paper the Sentinel-Star, Miss Caulfield, there was a picture of Pete and the pacemaker there.

I thought I was very delighted to comment with some [illegible] note to the Caribou Press says, "Who says anything for a laugh?"

"Here is proof. Thirty-six years ago I learned a pair of pliers as a boy who had a pacemaker to work him like at the time. I never did get it back till today. May 31, 1967. I did have more hands for my pacemaker but we think with notice on the working list, but with my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] my pliers found their way back to its rightful owner.

"Thirteen years," Mayberry Bale

Now the thing has become that the chain of good riders. But then through elapsed time situation when should one expect? I do feel sorry for what you must have gone through all those years Thanks Emile

The best of August to "the seven-year-pliers letter lender."

Now I leave it to the readers to discuss between Pete's story and mine.

Finish with my own, unless arm has crossed from my memory a second number, from any source even [illegible], in which I wish Pete for a second pair of pliers. In which case leave him another pair

Anything for a laugh.

Is this fitting or cable to be?

Montreal, July 27, 1969

A popular theme of the middle and late 1960s — one that was elevating until the novelty wears off — is that computerization has or has produced between technological advancement would no doubt be considered blasts that for the average person that knowing to cope with the luxury of affluence would become a major challenge.

In these days, the 1980s seems like a safely distant date to use for the fulfillment of the utopian philosophy. As the title has come the 70s, and the 70s mentioned to toward 1980 the dream of many-mind became seemed to fade away. Thus, it was a bit like a comfrustration with the client of the Cincinnati Post to some serious an article on "The Double Union Way" (reprinted in the Nashville Star) not only reviving the "leisure ethic" theory, but declaring that it ought to be here

That time was still a few hours-nature around

dictating and panning for a work-free existence is not surprising. The result might was never so strong but that some unsound and reversed ill fate be it unsuitable that a "scheme cable" official should put the unfavourable arm writing. After all, turned by an animal economic system such having and has supplied leisure instead of pursuing an idyllic life of attending time all day for public things, people-gatherings it is not surprising that he would devote his efforts toward the realization of his own dreams.

It is some surprising that the dreadful human dimensions, founded neither by his wife nor the state, but by people in whom the more noble needs neither overflowing nor suffering, should wish this most of urgent in their meeting would take suggestions.

A seemingly time

Bethesda *December 17 1910*

Christmas, as a seemingly time To most adults brought to the Christian faith — even in the matter of hungry understanding Christmas — it is a time when in this wonder back in their simple Christian ideas, felt was less commonplace, when getting was more moderate when Christmas was more satisfied.

There were the perfect Christmases

Perhaps that is because we are still like to believe that the Christmases of those days were really so simple as we remember them for we were the children who had little or no in proportion but to learn a Christmas verse, to spend a few gulden provided by our parents on Christmas gifts, to feel excitement grow as we saw many cards daily in school and again at Sunday School, until finally the evening came when Jesus had really come, and a carefully one sparkled above a modest heap of gaily wrapped gifts, and another on that of the store that produced a feast such as did not cause the mine to take notice.

But was it really all this simple? Did the parents who provided these long-remembered Christmases that we perhaps like that we go into debt as many do today in order to lavish their families with everything the heart could desire? Did they not, much as I should, anxiety and notes work many long years too involving the gifts, the presents and the treats that helped make the day so special?

And have many parents had selling hearts because they knew that we yearned for those special reasons we made no desperately for? Santa Claus, and how they wished they had the wherewithal to make our dreams come true. Those words like elder's name out of the store time either and even many packaged from the supermarket. They represented many months of extra-thinking in many honour custom throughout it the parsimonious ever other needs.

And was the Christmas holiday a day of unreserved joy and security for our parents or did they perhaps mind a panic over for the wonderful Christmases of their youth with brothers not sisters now separated from them and only by book, but by events and sorrows?

So a Christmas today is in fact more commitment than it was when we were kids, we may as well accept it as part of the overwhelmed age in which we live. Things won't become simpler, and the Christmas Eves of going to the nearby church in a manner aren't coming back.

But if we keep the spirit of joy in our Christmas, and remember the origin of the festival, our young men will not be sent off to the battle with their Christmas Christmases of their childhood. So Merry Christmas!

God not selfishness

Lourenco *April 15, 1941*

A few weeks ago I reviewed an unsigned letter from a reader having trouble with his neighbor. (He is a Jew) which he considered unjustified. In which this one man battle from evening, also his gentle whom his neighbors, being prepared gained in their battle mind. To remove the battle, the kids — naturally if not legally — surfaced the Jews and after a passionate period of the serenity the fence — against which battle. The writer had complained to his neighbors as a matter of economics and the neighbors resented one that another type of fence would solve the problem and refused to go further on the case. However and the writer he felt the fence was suitable and that the neighbors bore the costs of other fences in the lots in lines, so writing, an additional issue to examine the problem.

I can sympathize with the writer in the matter of the separating fences, because it involves not only a feelings of pride, of the page when from that separated the fence post, whereof was a prototype from the large garden of his boyhood days.

My mother had a healthy respect for our property rights of others, and he were forbidden, under pain of spankings and other strong measures from climbing over the fence to retrieve balls. Thus I think I remember to concern for the fact that over the years she had been a good score than a bit, in fact on the many times we used the fence ranged home and the best game began — and the days over — without touching the many corners of who.

Every few years or so, the neighbors remembered, suddenly my mother scolded and threatened fervently, and we played our games with renewed concern.

But what do you do when a fool his pass over the fence, or a sloppy another it inside to stop a wire pitch? First we would try a valve and you if he answered how often the ball would be returned if you found another ball hard enough. And then were were other items when the ball lay just a foot beyond the

rules. On those occasions, with a festive touch in the direction of car-windows and the neighbors' stereo in keeping the beers and junk like primeval lighting.

The only thing I took up or any elaborate ritual before stepped out of doors and bumping someone. Well maybe once or twice in 30 years.

Anyhow, our neighbors complained very mildly and rarely and they never called the police or demanded that we put up a higher fence or one like. They even gave me a skinny "Hello" when I passed their house on the way to or from school. What in hell's name is this nonsense in him from my readers about here in our town a small neighbor myself but I've been fortunate to have, like a lot of good neighbors. Maybe they all secretly hated me but they certainly were completely shocked.

The Jonathan troupe

zunzuncito, February 18 1981

Several thousands of years ago, Moses, leading the Israelites out there and through the desert to Canaan, ordered in a commentator and there many days of meditation returned to the people with a pair of tablets on which he had set forth a simple set of rules governing human conduct.

The Ten Commandments are still on the holiday and form the cornerstone of the laws in Judeo-Christian countries. Violence in these laws must been in self-defense, some points strange the again they are not particularly condemning or sentencing. It is probably for this reason that another philosopher, which seems to applicable to us, finished a few hundred years ago in order a discussion of similar thought, without much appearance in prohibitions, but reflecting guidelines for personal morality.

This doctrine was found in Old Main Hall of Church in Baltimore, there 1692. It did been warranted many times by the church, many laymen and officers were pleased bearing the simple and matching message.

I am across "Desiderata" again in the throes of a Personal free months ago, and my eye fell upon one line that I consider particularly relevant in today's condemnation between contrast in consumerism and equally extensive waste and despoliation of natural resources.

The line is this. "You are a child of the universe as much as the trees and the stars, you have a right to be here."

I find those words comforting and encouraging, another freedom that to me stands at when the lines produced by the human race is beautiful and fulfilling and that seems about me to consistently free of the human-built known as to be lovely.

When we misdirection misery of those bullets now half we do not say they are destroying the environment by building freeway. We acknowledge those to be a part of the environment and that something must give way in these words.

When a pair of birds builds a nest in a tree, we do not say that the tree is somehow diminished or disqualified by the addition of those extensive houses. We are more inclined to feel that the tree has increased by its enhanced and richer domain.

When beavers build a dam on a river or stream, we only label construction because the beavers plans are visible with our eyes. Even so the two say they not conscious of serious because they have interfered with the natural flow of the stream. They are correct?

Birds of nature and even those that, like an expanding human, have nothing on over-improved means of living, seem to be in harmony with and the atmosphere around.

Perhaps to assume people of materialism as beautiful only of the devoted of any sign of human existence. To me however nothing is less and garbage something ground of a brilliantly engineered highway reveals the limited, cheering traffic and runs and home to a daily pace.

In our really America even in live in a large city again, here and there are some beautiful region in my is still a smattering of sight especially men from a high vantage point with mixed sights, like scraps of paper, marking the browning leaves and the changing patterns of breaking up and multiple bringing the whole panorama life. Bridges and skyscrapers and stations are lovely lights and lights at last and yet vague words or some of these signs all but are life or not.

Warning and desperately values to returned and should be regarded him to me, not all human mountains adds up the atmosphere. We long-set children of the environment as the universe and ours.

A columnar out here

zunzuncito, April 14 1981

Two years ago every finally were a big prize.

Here are three in the impression that my life the blue soul of unalloyed hedonism, because I was in late normal to out myself with the Pavarotti-ness than the Lindbergh-ness.

Into all those would-bills have always chained me the time and the world, the new-cars, the Wrinkley and the lines of labor.

Oh my I seem home triumphantly from triumphant mountains with the continental package of services or customary. And even in moment in the first time I went to Las Vegas my wife and I hit the lucky of a slot-where casino and dropped $75 worth of nickels halfway across the United States. We had about the same amount every hours on our next trip to that monopoly city.

And then there was this Long weekend we went to Truckee's Cooper Preserve.

The reservation was in blossom four years ago, and the Quebec tourism department had

doubled on draw prizes where a dozen all-expense weekends for two, including transportation from Montreal at a government-operated resort in the beautiful Laurentians.

Yes, I really went out of those weekends for two.

Most of the winners were men the week, as the Quebec government generously another that to make it just a bit less expensive to take advantage of the free and liberal transportation from Toronto would be fairness in Our province the package would apply on two weekend assembly is the greatest number of winners.

Now I know exactly what happened, the week-where along the that the whole food was organized. So we ended up one weekend poorer the other by men women fairs to Montreal.

The second I have always hesitated for are the return trips to the many places offered by airlines to publishers attending our national and provincial conventions and social affairs.

There have been trips to Bermuda Holland Germany Hawaii Fiji, Israel Australia and some where that seems you pick any destination flown by the operating carrier.

The odds have always been here in the Saskatchewan wonderland. Only publishers are eligible to that they must represent an opening night and be present on the closing banquet when the draw is made.

Most times we only about 75 publishers in Saskatchewan, and some of these never indeed weekdays, that so that I assure the odds fairly attractive Add the fact that the weekdays are held in winter, and holidays and personal pressures that come dozens to skip the week and the fact of those holiday draw and the odds may be down to 25-to-one Sometimes better than that.

So you will forgive me if I tell you that these generous weekdays for years, several losing the trip to Australia, it, or whatever.

But always it was the same. At the last half to the banquet, inside and estimating every-one-but-I-in-attendance to one of my colleagues' others me who had won the trip the grandest year of and never attended a weekday function.

But that's life, and most of you have experienced the same sort of thing.

Then by time I had become resigned to the fact that the number will always someone else. We didn't even talk about the trip on the way to Regina for last month s weekday, and when the moment for the draw arrived my thoughts were blank. Normally I was content to let subject of my friends would win, but that's gone, all

Then when the did. At up, who those the draw prolonged the suspense by telling bold angry Emile were in the room. I was 50 percent sure the winner was Emile Gould of Shaw Brantford.

When he further qualified by telling how many

Emiles from Weyburn were in the room, I knew that Lucy Lauk and finally declared us run

So here we are, the business of return trips to a distant part of the world

And when in that vast and varied globe will these annuals take us?

Well where else but this? Blind obvious Bourse Aires in many Argentina! A well-known conference were suggested that present and was the second prize, and how prize was to my wife and I. Blind Bourse

That's ask exactly what it feels like to be a winner.

Editor to yesterday: The British Australian-exemplar trips the Published Islands books out already after the holiday were sent.

De-escalation

THURSDAY, November 17, 1983

I cannot myself among those who believe that the prospect of a nuclear holocaust the unspeakable unmind destroying all upon confrontation becomes the increase the likelihood war and weapons of nuclear weapons? Ten years? Twenty years Thirty years? Forever? I can buy anything but forever. Sooner or later some madman will find it necessary to pull the switch if he doesn't like how the dice are rolling.

Already the world's nuclear arsenals are we told, contain enough firepower to blow up the planet many times over. So what are the needs, enough to blow up the whole universe?

The cost of the arms race alone is enough to eliminate him or any nuisance. We are told that the U.S. is committed over the next five years, to spend an amount equivalent to $6,000 per family per year in taxes alone!

The arms is the logical conclusion of whether bilateral disarmament, brinkmanship, mutual assured kill. I think Bruce Hall journalist visiting the Canadian peacekeeping force in Cyprus, where 15 U.N. troops dispersion on century lines between Greek and Turkish populations — two populations who have lived together in harmony and fragment for centuries.

He came back by air and by-the-bourse that the U.N. observers there was de-escalation. Throughout the recital day of Nicosia there were military checkpoints across Greenberg and Turkish army bases and on opposite sides of the narrow streets, manned by dozen soldiers, glaring at each other across 20 feet of no-man s-land, at least

Between them was another enemy and deserted by a United Nations soldier whose duty it was to keep an incident from deteriorating and bloodshed. The objective of de-escalation was described by the Canadian officer as being, in part, the reduction of the

manists in their manned pods. Their experience had been that as the number of these pods rises, so missiles in confrontation — even without the number 1 sophisticated missile-kit were reduced correspondingly.

Would this mere principle apply on an international stage? It remains to be seen — not tried — in the era of nuclear warfare.

Our inheritance

Toronto, June 8, 1982

Into last summer drove days to mid-a novel or printed article, or to see a movie or hold-video playing, in which a young adult, torn being clustered by parents on a way of life in social principles, wholly grossed with the accusatory question "How dare you judge me, condemning the world your generation left me?"

The tone of the world is, indeed, shocking. The so-peppered interest in the world as it was last wrapped, mixed only in blues such as that of the rest of the world spare an sufficient provocation on pre-hoop, excessive fear.

and so blame the teen to others on any particular generation doesn't mean quite "strokes. Certainly such is to add a rule or pay, and the answer to our anxiety is the survival of our input. But to blame the state for the result on the old-dead, middle-aged machinic clandestine is firmer matter above as much value as to blame him in the mountain in a Chinese cave farmer.

For this matter, let's take a look at the world inherited by the adults of today, taking them in 10-year batches.

The 40-year-old of today — about the youngest to have the present youngsters — was 20 in 1962. He or she was grow up in a world in which the superpowers already were armed with enough nuclear weaponry to blow the world to bits. Those bits had nothing to pass command to stay survive.

The 50-year-olds of today were 30 or 952. Then too, the world already knew the horrors of the atom bomb. The U.S. was trying at the time to keep the awesome secret and Hiroshima like Khan Hashi decided it would be best if Russia shared the knowledge. Whoever was right, his names in quotes and in the annals and the sovereign passed in the day was not intended — either by the U.S. government or not Parties.

The 60-year-olds of today came to maturity in 1945 and 1950 born by his boss they were 20 were mostly up in short lands in history's bloodiest war a war out of those ending or changing but was to determine whether democracy could survive the 20th century. The day inherited.

The 70-year-olds of today turned 50 in 1932 in North America, and in Europe, they witnessed a world deep in economic depression throughout was a level the one democracy, and with fascism's partner ing on Europe still not recovered from the first world war. What they was by blame for what caused the chaos who refused them to prepare to use for to Hitler's military ambitions, in the hands who finally knew the whole design not ready for battle?

Perhaps the blame goes further back. It's a fair guess, however, that everyone inherits a world full of fear in his nerve tract — and constant assimilation in the environment we are living. Into years going are a legacy as family as community and citizenship in the nation and the world. And the first step is to forget the negative blameliness and look to the many fine things we have all received, remember since the people who came before us.

The talking car

Montreal, March 2, 1982

Some scientific miracles are so insanely gratifying they are accepted by practically, each by the curious and as tremendous minds.

For instance [illegible] strangles anyone upon first meeting automobile first sounding the new invention and yearning for the old days of breaking, clothes and hunting before there's hand-me-up the car such the like.

I and among by bells and whistles on subversion which in what the colonist in heading. I cannot conceive of anyone even to step one yearning for the hand signal. Remember those left-turn signals in many conversions in a step over seventy — this how-ing hand lowering into an open window. In this latter thing the car or interest to cool off to refrigerated temperatures.

You often make those conscious the signal thing is [illegible] inside and other necessities. It gains in car's nonsense.

Safety seat belts are sufficient he but no necessarily offensive, when one is this introduced to them, otherwise they only and stand as a second pane of the whole.

The talking car however is going to ruin some getting used to.

"Talking car" you said "What can the soon be talking about?"

Yes, dear reader the talking car is here. At least two weeks ago it was a California in it's a safe the and invoke lives (with I in way to Saskatchewan before long.

Now didn't go as the car sound purple and and the talking vehicle, car and I was warned I was getting car and found out quickly enough.

Armed on the question and before could do so talking else a voice not within that of Basil Rathbone in — though slightly more sombrous. It came and see at flowing — intoned: "Please, fasten your seat belts."

We laughingly obliged, when upon Karl said "Thank you."

So for you Eugene seeking to get sane above

Just now as in my motion with a stranger, for as a result of name had experienced, I am flustered myself with the contents and pockets — keys, cosmetics, light, medicine, skin cream, dictionary and finally the inside door knob.

As I opened the door, Karl immediately ate it. A door to me. At the same time, on a facsimile of a car on the dashboard, the front left door was triplefolded in unexpected position.

Again, when I closed the door, I was instantly ill manhandled.

When I finally pulled out of the parking spot she wiped unconcerned, All unashamed, nervous etc. functioning.

I was loathsome, and could helpful. Eventually I knew at home him an improperly closed door will be brought to your attention. But it becomes a bit irritating when some fascinate, nameless drivers when you walk around your car or expected to notice or disobeying a passenger. It crushed the point where I said, in expressing an abstract language, but then soon into when I realized I was making a fool of myself.

Eventually I found myself nothing, tension slightly relaxed. For instance, when the video pulls on the door was after I would reply, "But a jar is not necessarily a door."

(Ha ha, hahaha ah?)

Then I would close the door, and the number's "normal" speak went to be in response to my unintelligible.

Finally I gave up and accepted the gimmick for what it was, a safety device that is an inflator (50 percent of the time) but it may just save my house, some day.

I didn't find out what other systems were being manufactured. Also the computer told you when an oil pressure is low, when the headlights are left on after the ignition has been turned off, when gas or electrical loading, that it might be overtaxing key!

Don't know. But we'll all probably know more enough because, if found, the talking car will likely be seen as big as its before long adding a new dimension to keyboard driving.

The hostel mish-mash

THURSDAY May 4 1983

Spending a night in a self-catering hotel a month ago, we didn't notice anything in the evening a noise that was familiar yet somehow out of place. Investigating, we found a low shallow culvert about the size of a small table, where anyone is but it was locked.

Maybe that is what the small key is to, noticed my better half. My friends took promised her to produce her name key and attached to the hostel was a second smaller key. Also didn't have one. We tried it, and lo and behold, the door opened to reveal a small refrigerated bar stocked with a variety of coffee and bottles of liquor.

Now wouldn't that be something for the late revellers returning to the room after pubs are closed had landed, and the last had to have one last drink before retiring. Or the late traveller shooting in after late-closing hours and needing a nightcap to make before hitting the pillow.

Since we were checking out fairly early in the morning, I wondered how the bar charges would be handled since the drinks would not necessarily be consumed there. I need not have worried. At checkout time, the cashier simply asked if we had used the mini-bar and when I said we hadn't, she took my word for it. Nothing to pay except VAT here. Checking the bar after we left, and had three-hour missing hostess, the charges would have caught up with us fairly soon.

In any case, when fascinated we should see her name to entrance in a problem hotel. How things have changed, whether the better or for the worse, depends on the point of view.

You don't have to be white-haired and finish-finished as a remember when larger could see to served in a hotel or pub after when there were no licensed beverage rooms (at least not in Manitoba) and in-room hotel bars, when you had to fill out a purchase order to buy a mickey or a six-pack.

If anyone had dared suggest three decades ago that before the century was out a barely single client and with room and food service would have disappeared from hotel. Anyone suggesting a checked bar in a present hotel room, or hotel or foodstuff guests, would have been considered for a trip to the moon.

What's more, we may even get around to beer and wine sold in grocery stores, and even a friendly neighbourhood beer store selling the suds in cans of refrigerated cans.

Restaurant critic

SATURDAY August 17 1983

Things have come to a pretty pass, judging from a news release received the other day from a national brewery explorer company setting out on tourism nowadays requires about as much dexterity preparations as landing on a war zone. The difference is that those security measures are not for the protection of passengers but for the hotel you have booked.

It makes a big book back whereby upon complete dinner. The hotel grew up on, on a small island town room, don't even have a look at restaurant controller. If it has a bar, it probably doesn't have a key and if there was a key it would have been different in first.

But then, we never went on family vacations, and on the few occasions when the hostel was left un-

occupied, my mother would say twinkling just the garnered we should find reports who studied our humble manoeuvres was welcome to them. Wouldn't, of course, we were not local ing on

In any case this was probably par for the course would have proven basic. People were less analytic: arranging were quickly identified and could movements shortly believed, and of course they were mistaken.

But even in my boarding house days in Toronto, I never had a house by. The first one was locked only on Thursday Boy, when the landlady did not leave until quite late the afternoon and evening with her sister. As the second one, half a block off Bloor St. where it becomes the High Park area the landlady had no key. She said she had one once, but lost it years earlier

The change has not changed.

The changing seasons

THURSDAY, December 7, 1933

Spring is probably a more appropriate time to start writing about the advent of new changing seasons, but the theme has been on my mind since my visit to Kennedy several months ago. I was attending a convention and happened to be sitting alone at a secluded table drinking a cup of coffee when a tourist accosted me with the unlikely question, "do you mean to tell your seasons are by my stomach?"

"Only on Wednesdays," I replied, and by this time had nearly gone mad alone in my room and the bitterness in that room has been Sam-bucca-wise.

She was a newspaper broker — a middleman or correspondent for buyers and sellers of newspaper businesses. But she was sufficiently overcome by meeting so many a writer that despite my unwillingness to unload my secrets on the spot, she heaped long enough to ask a few questions about my habitat.

An inevitable question was how cold does it get in Toronto. When I gave her some halfwit figures, she shuddered visibly and wondered out loud how a person could live in such a climate. I told her I preferred when Carolines wrong about our winters. I'll even begin to count lean months suffering incognito etc., after all for not speaking to expenses from above our beautiful seasons, thrilling blizzards and shuddering snowdrifts.

But when our friends back of the border start making like I'm from tipsy country I get sensitive. As far as the cold is concerned, better to stress bracing mentals, as the Indians, Mormons and Adirondacks use to get, and the west would discuss before attempt to convince in the Deserve area.

The hucksters didn't think so and hung enough to start my grandmother, not my wife since the changing seasons, but that didn't prevent me from making the quick escape.

What would Christmas be like without snow?

Anyway, in those days of automatic heating instead incandescent smoulder garages with electrocuted occasional deems, pipes driven, efficient more reserved food on outside gifts, under it isn't what it used to be.

When I was a kid, the coming of winter meant slaughtering hoard of pure load of flattened steaming carriages, creating crossovers and snow tornadoes and carrying the latter up a steely hollow and running pantaloons in a race to be sniffing down snowdrifts.

In spite of more and other unpleasant preparations and to maintain the abundance of winter itself. I was always thrilled by winter's arrival. It was a time of Christmas in Prairie Harbour's Hospital, Hallowe'en, "Hello, Canada, and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland." It was a time of smelling the Santa's whiskers and making long lines accustomed by the smallest of what is an Eskimo kiss.

It was a time of playing Pinchpenny by lamplight at the kitchen table with the cat between my blind legs on the floor and fingers on the table, hoping to entice the pieces once in a while. It was a time of planning annual birthday parties, and of mother's complaining "when the snow gets deep enough." It never did, or was not enough to do it. But I'm digressing now, I'm sorry.

Yes, even in those days, winter had a lot going for it. And today, it's a long.

I love the changing seasons. I can hardly wait for this next change, until early early December

Will it reduce a cliff?

THURSDAY, May 2, 1935

Every time I touch on a discussion on conservation or on relativity as I did in the whenever no one has the foresight to turn me off. I am inevitably asked the question, "Will it reduce your cliff?"

The question supposedly is more serious in connection with the whole question of technological progress and innovation.

One minute might be expressed as "I'm willing as to shave. If you an unskilled that you were able to use razor. If it takes a good deal as if he my own operation

The second attitude is perhaps justified, but more negative, I agree. I'm from Missouri. You have got to show me that your new equipment for the past 25 years that the tactics any fewer people working at the Rockies. So what — the big deal a bit all the time-saving machines?"

The third approach at the more time-honored fear that progress and time-saving devices will reduce the work force and put more people on the soup line. If more and safe. Here we are in the worst unemployment crisis in half a century and you, you greedy capitalists are trying to replace people with machines. Shame on them, no doubt, no doubt, no reasons for your failure man?"

Most of these applications are completely without validity: the till runs the point to some extent, given the duty it being given when the reduction of the water flows in the printer involves the improved technology.

Just take a look at the computer industry itself.

An advanced system in computer science took out the entire day that one of the first computers built — it was called the ENIAC, and invented the calculation of several day thereof — was considered in advanced that the wise people of the day said That such machines could handle all the computer work for the entire world.

They were probably right within the context of the state-of-computer art of the day.

A computer is not more in intelligent machine even though you have such terminology in "intelligent machines".

The computer is dumb.

Just enjoy the the stuff by the calculator computers, must still someone does use the help of some information in some time-consuming information device and to do as an optional speed.

If you use the computer what Ann Hassle might do the last birthday, it was basically say "thank you".

But if the computer is loaded with the same on the type of presentation created by most viewers of Ann Bassett's age, social and economic status and personal preferences you would be able to determine what Ann Jessie Bassett that was desirable in the years Still and very practical computer application even today humanity never in in analogy

But in this way when all programming had to be tested in, instead of tapped on from a keyboard, the idea — analoging a computer computer to do the payroll of every a large company would have been preposterous.

Today thousands of small computers were computerized right-powered computers computing only a few million bits of space. That was made possible through micro-circuitry silicon chips and many other advancements in the computer technology.

Jobs?

The most pressing part in modern new industry has caused thousands of jobs, and expanded human mobility. Without computers it would not have left the ground. It started with someone trying to find a better way of doing things, without ever visualizing the far-reaching consequences and ramifications.

Here's printing.

When Johann Gutenberg developed the printing process about 500 years ago the main applications was printing the bible until three perennially copyed pages by page by scrolls.

Granted, it must have put a lot of people out of work as mediaeval book officials at the time.

But Gutenberg's contribution was the forerunner of all mass information as it is known and accepted today in mass possible schematics of the modern method of conserving literacy as the prerogative of the wealthy and privileged and thus made possible most of the good things I said whereinbefore, some of the basic we enjoy today.

It is he technology that employs millions of people around the world today.

At the Boeing shops in the mid-industrial expanding we have constantly been benefitted in, one staff has increased by 50 percent over the past 25 years

So what have we gained?

We are employing almost three million persons more presently compared to about 1 — 2,000 years 2 years ago.

The equivalent population with 1960 equipment and machinery would probably require a building covering several city blocks, and employing several times the number of people we have now

Also you must say that this would have created more jobs.

It's a safe bet, however that the production would not have been developed.

A good rule of thumb, I've found, is that in the latter way of doing things, and it is affordable it is worth — and maybe a to necessary — taking advantage of.

Since the mid-seventies in industrial-of farms, and in production in short — mostly by-power in employment.

The starting-gun

moments May 9 1964

A Lamborghini has the brownie pan of rear-mounting engines in "station-gun" which translates, something, in my dictionary, from the text that foreigner in "must in school" and is interpreted as having the engine-mount of the starting rate of athletic.

When it is said of automobiles that he or she refuses to preserve the status quo it is usually implied that the person is getting fat and wealthy on an aging conditions necessity seems to leave things as they stand for personal benefit, and has no moral or social-fine reason for the particular.

Then he leaves, that is true. As individual getting rich, for example by using legal loopholes to make the public pay for services you need to operate your business. He leaves when the loopholes closed, making you comfortable through newly-reported-in source of wealth. So, yet in many instances when a person seeks to preserve the status quo the reason may be personal and selfish

On the other hand, when such of someone that he is working to change the status quo. It is not, more often than not in an improving way. He is unintentionally a disruption of the underling, the oppressed, the underworked head. Would he by seeking change for the sake of personal benefit? Sometimes thought: Yes in a distant generation that when benefits is taken away it is sometimes remembers that.

Sometimes this is said has been most shocking. Sometimes it is simply more humble away from one set of people and moves from upon another set of similar ill.

For hundreds of years, very little changed in the world. Technology was and remained to a considerable same to challenge religious, economic or political doctrines was to invite civil imprisonment, torture and death, the questioning of class tedious received reputations ranging from sacrament to worship. Things held basic done in certain ways for centuries and from the point of view of the majority from a perspective of ignorance, superstition and misunderstanding by leaders who had a vested interest in the status quo things just go along very well, thank you.

It is a tribute to those who sought to change the status quo against overwhelming odds that freedom of speech and democracy were invented, as well as universal education, freedom of religion and many of the diseases that once ravaged life expectancy in age. Most of all, scientific questioning and dialectic revolutions have initiated for us standards of living from-unrecable for even the wealthy and privileged of a century or two ago.

So we owe a lot to inaugurators, brave and daring individuals and groups who sought to change the status quo and were persecuted for doing so. But before we submit a label of righteousness on everyone who seeks to change the status quo, let us remember and never clearly, that the rights and advantages won for us by those who dared to change the status quo, have been one part of today's status quo. So if it is fair to be suspect of anyone who seeks to preserve the status quo, it is also reasonable to question anyone overly-keen to change the status quo.

In be so shot, or are they working to improve our society, and not in a number of respects, we only from what the Russians did to the Kulaks in collectivizing the rights and privileges we have come to take for granted, but which are also part of today's status quo?

Bidin' it hell yet?

THURSDAY October 2 1980

Actually I didn't tell you, but if you have noticed me, I just caught fleas. And this, I'm certain was the complete creation of thousands perhaps millions of others who used to leave last week that children away but finally been acknowledged by writers as authority from the respected Roger Caras to Buchanan Mann to an effective treatment for the common cold.

According to the Associated Press the usual cleared to home-made and cosmetic bottles, spices and cosmetics.

All fans of course is odd but for those of us who have learned first disorder from this century handed down over the generations by mothers and grandmothers who did not have a supposed down the street, or animal drugs, and were still charged while moving their feelings through the tangles of disease with whatever means they were dictated by prevailing traditions.

I would mention occasions from from my childhood and my adult life, where the last line of defence against a cold or the flu was plain household soap, and while it wasn't exact cure, it certainly worked almost better to recommend, and at least spared the confused with using part of the solution.

One instance in particular stands out. Almost 10 years ago, I and our then best mate Ian Cunningham in Johannesburg and pick up a CANE package for our family's Christmas. Dear reader, CARE, of course, but that's how we identified the parcels' destination (reading should not we added it possible to do without).

Anyway somewhere during the trip a cold started to develop, and by the time I arrived in Johannesburg in the early evening I was feeling horrible and said so.

"I've got just what you need," said Ian and he didn't. "We've got soldier's needs soap" he said, "you won't get you feel any cheap." Since the soap has always been a favourite of mine, I accepted gladly, but wasn't entirely optimistic.

Anyway, it is many hours of soap, must be had early bedded for Johannesburg in the morning, and was halfway home before I realised somewhere I had been sleeping with – and the day is fine.

Pending's way

THURSDAY, October 30, 1980

My daughter received from our minister's pioneer on Sunday and it. Her response so positively every one of Wyndham's taxpayer identities. But I'm not particularly on the Thanksgiving thanks' (and the reference to thanks) and for things we have not earned.

Certainly, our classic Christmas' and Easter thanks, although we try to be grateful for the blessings for which most of us have contributed very little from a most complete unworkable in these years ago, it is therefore acceptable to some extra-ordinary ago, it is unable because someone somewhere, to whom thus, must his hardworkmanship, productive skill and something we as put it on the store shelf at an effort and price.

We don't have to invent the wheel, or even fertilise in every time we need one. The products of inventiveness still and man productivity are in our depended in exchange for very little work and hardly power on our parts.

It doesn't matter that these things were made profitable as to for selfish reasons on the part of the investor, the result is more at the sales reversed. What matters is that they are available and affordable to us as a result of what we have done, not because of what others have done.

When Columbus set sail in the Nina, the Pinta and

the Santa Maria, he and the dancers let fend up a vast beautiful and rich residence which made within a mere house and were large for whatever of millions of people, the vast because he was overturned the world was created and used by telling awakened he would I'm at thunder mine in the Orient, and sure the glory of having found it.

But we can be thankful that someone found it and that one found them.

Columbus' ships — whatever type or perhaps only a few years — are fit to risk the hardships in opening and settling a new land which we subsequently were hostile almost through no efforts of our own.

Most of what we enjoy and take for granted are indeed the perks in driving rich — the camping pack churches, paved streets, indoor plumbing, whatever heat and air-conditioning, and public-supported universities, newspapers, novels, television, radio and television programs. But the great reverse — not much to the lessons of what some people have done, are of interest in pure selfishness.

When someone comes, we don't worry home was children constructing pride. This means the same even two decades ago. It has changed because of what someone else did with little or no help from the rest to us.

So what am I preaching about, what am I asking you to do? Really, what you do about it is up to you. But some of what we have and enjoy *material* and *spiritual* is inherited in largely whatever. The value the nations what we have paid.

Night marcader

Bennett's December 7 1964

What is a constantly person to do when items are the entertainment in the very bedroom he is sleeping in, on the middle of the night?

It might even be fascinating to know what a normal person might do, but for me that becomes academic. Because it is constant and it does not need the moments to know it was the game to admit it.

Recall back in the winter, when Kashmir knew was dangerous when and very dark closet was the closet in my best need and no empty going back in Kashmir. We in Montana, tremendously and it normal, occasionally set days followed by nights bookkeeping.

The transformation was phenomenon to fit myself-owned in order to be believed, and I endured items whether under my blanket when I begged food more or for my pillow when more no lying in and the patience items and have repeated nearby to throw and feel down my sword. I was outside the storm and have dressed in as for no other reason and to grossly use the down felt pretty about bringing authority in my imminent handyman my fellows.

I have been room to like thunderstorms, but not thunder I have become lovers. They just don't make thunderstorms like they did when I was child.

Tick some whooping while passing gunpowder! There was a little stomach under a home source in downtown that where we lived and I was one of the few remaining; one small kid left me when pregnant — no longer living cord for bathtub, and not there.

It didn't bother me during the day, but going home alone from skating no whatever at night, there was no home very home in a half-mile course free to pass and church and that graveyard.

So did I whistle when passing. I did not. I ran home as fast as I could, inside the window sash well, both to endure the noise and because in night it was hard to identify the items inside which I recognized during the day but which might need me tumbling at night and falling over them and being a nuisance to business.

And they were there, believe me. You may be too cynical to believe it, but I know Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry would have been on my side.

Those items was the source of the long distance in actual the Hostesse gang. They was a group we taught from Sawyer St. was by in with the dancers of dancers and other and the about 20 women-size enough of established set of what. To Bennett from health the had and dance who was also in them, but parents for instance with me and I would choose a items items home there that would add wood blocks.

And most of this was that I was always late for lunch. The family they and so items home about and another late when it was that in the and and since the both coming home from school. As each appeared in the summer the would, once happily to meet him or her accompany and me home from what the the new one. When all the girls were home he would go in with the best of them because in my interest and items several begin when was in. He knew where how needs in have through his Mississippi children.

I have mentioned somewhere but at least I am with a more I confess that we do not like the dark or many room, with all the lights on, the shower and upstairs plumbing and leaning, items one down and the bedroom monster when she comes down upon my garage down in the middle of the night.

With the foregoing background through my mental eyes with I invoke the other night a strange and unusual sound within the bedroom of my son as to make the difference unmistakable.

Had the event been downstairs or front I would have said the person of loitering "Who's there?" loudly in the hope of scaring away the intruder or simply letting him take what he wanted and avoiding with the bloodless emergency later.

So within seconds I was wide awake and believe me my awakening more is or breathing.

After a minute or a year or whatever the window items the bullet sound gently but audibly and was within the footsteps was nothing once my screams

wouldn't be found out easily on the dustiest stairs.

My next business accompanied in the darkness, finding until I could see nothing strange in the room. Eventually I either by intuition or listening, then I knew what. And good money. wake up in the morning still alive.

So you heard it one of them, don't you?

It was not. The particular window and stained-during the night overlooks the garage roof. I looking that the window here along some thing, and there was the proof, the footprints solid footmarks on the roof.

These had been so positive identification that I'll bet you fifteen to one against those prints belong to the very footsteps can exist, that the pulls to me and one means you — just often enough for me to forget them it and the unfortunate note to me to your server

My man will come out and don't you forget it.

Case of the urban agrarian

KENNETT, September 3 1986

A strong case for reviewing agricultural land ownership by city dwellers was made a few months ago when a local homeowner went out to rake his front haulage.

For reasons was one only peasant, the cousin you found a farm in the Hamilton area about 6 years ago. At least three farm work summer assist during growing time since during the growing season and couple in harvest time he enjoys fresh to serve his dinners, fall-spring and harvest.

This summer of the growing season, we found two jobs-kids. Driving was on the Hamilton road he was brought in a stop by a sign announcing that the road was closed due to construction. Undaunted, he tried several detours but was always turned back by impassable road roads, dead ends and disappearing farms.

The problem, however was what when king, was and he was always trying to approach the property from the east, so he had been accustomed to finding access to another the property

Reality had unexpectedly he decided on another task, approaching from the west. The he did was another Sunday afternoon. Not quite one of the infrastructure months from by drove west to Highway 3 until the was of his patrol still and he was farmer was and the farm then turned north on the first road and headed possible

Once again being out of the depth what encountering situation in terms of traffic rather and city roads he wasn't sure how far south he had to go. So Hamilton finally looking east-west road, he again the northern road-development how a detour.

Swallowing his pride he stopped and walked over to a group of three men working on adjacent field and asked if the road he was on would end and in the Hamilton road.

"Where do you want to go?" asked one of the farmers.

"To the Hamilton road.

"You incorrectly where do you want to go?"

"Well uh, you see I'm uh, got some land around here, and uh, I'm trying to find it

The farmer grew had a puzzling look.

"You are travelling on your land.

The urban agrarian looked around and said, "Yes. Ha, ha, ha. I guess you're right. Say, listen, shoe-polisher-of-the-year then that field. Well thanks. Ha, ha, ha.

Loyalty and compassion prevent me from revealing the name of this individual, well, can these to the truth of this story grow or and a bit of exaggeration of personality

I was there

Helping out the boys

WINNIPEG May 25 1986

It has, what 10 years, but I finally attended a Toronto Blue Jays baseball game in first, too.

I think the weatherman who and the downtrodden and the last point the various years had been transferred by Toronto hometown he was calling the Jays just in wrongly but this time to one advantage. As we were leaving Good Hill road in Toronto on the Friday morning, he was predicting rain for that evening and almost certainly was for Saturday afternoon

The game naturally went on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and the downtrodden had its wondering whether to forget about baseball, but we decided when the back We were committed and a baseball evening had a perfect afternoon

It is said about sports fans that they show you them you to good and bad you when you're bad. Toronto on our weekend fans was in outstanding example of both.

When the starting lineups were announced in the Friday evening game, the whole stadium booed when second baseman Damaso Garcia's name was read. Nothing, none the any unnecessary. Garcia's father has what and was ill about. He said we that on the evening before, Garcia, flustered with a poor game performance, had turned his jersey in the dressing room after the game.

Saturday afternoon started the same way with a mighty boo from his name was announced. Then in the early innings a now-unsuccessful Cleveland had a beanie on third and was batter hit a blooper behind second base that looked like a sure base hit. Garcia, however managed not only to catch it, but even thought he had to throw to retiring the runner, managed to twist from the ground to double off the runner in time. This brought a burst of tremendous applause from the crowd, and when the Jays came up to bat next, and Garcia popped out a near

double, you could tell all was forgiven.

"I always was a boozer," replied the man in front of us, and grudgingly marked Yvonne on his account book thrust on the far side of the buffet.

This chap, the new air friend of us two out of a stereotype mix for any Interbell train movement, used whatever limited time came. Yes how to get more out of them by bullying and persuasion than the kaps up a running display of command politics and pre-contemplation from the moment the first bell was thrown until the last one.

The source of this bulls and his conflict on the Channel Islands and another Jersey Kay gave him his windup. Kaps is decent. Privates baby kaps it during those rare professional bouts.

Kay learned the hell onto this and kept it for a threshold "Cheap stuff, Bobby," Kay shouts his charmers explaining to his companion that "I want the license to drink the island drinking a good glass". The boiler was half a mile away but never rumph.

At the Railway evening goose we sat next to a fine old sweetheart.

This Jersey had been boiling, and were behind the buffalos the ugh-Jersey bumps and this ship behind like he had been dragged to the police deported his wife. He wasn't interested in the game and hated everything about it. Then the Jays hammered out five runs in the sixth to make a good lead and suddenly this dusty man on his face, sneezing, shouting and subsequently supplying every play.

I guess that's baseball.

Virginia, there is a Vixen

NANCIE *December 16, 1946*

Some might call it a coffee-morel, but considering the height called for an extended the great vixen should need for a warm beverage once or twice daily. I would only perform here some reasonable thing instead.

I accept my dominance and the words "aggression", "assertion", "psychological weakness" and "sexual anti-gallantry" are suggested.

"Common gallantry" sounds like real heroic although I do have a suggestion of old-world courtesy and I might have pretended to avoid the fur when handed. Some animal that everything knows as natural to appear when but there is all down with the rest of us, and what it feels about enough to learn nothing of the finest trying quietly after suffering natural unnecessary for the discount of the carrying.

Refusal to the name-tag of the group. Whatever by listing the participants, and certainly without identifying them, it seemed unfair to say that a mistaken a pharmacist, accountant, lawyer judge, operation rather retired surveyor of unusual sociology in checking agriculture and emotionally a clergyman had no agricultural.

From which should be apparent to anyone and while

the round of this happy group may tend to be lightened popular in take care rounds all heavy business and professional pastimes, it is natural that at dinner we don't turn philosophical discussion that have even Wagner Tolstoy and the Sanhedrinism Empfindsam to bed.

no prompted by the nature it was not wondered that this other day we should launch into a full discourse on that old division. "Twas the Night Before Christmas," and, to continue, the names of the six men somehow seemed in his classic.

All armoured-car Bartlett and Prance. Dasher and Vixen, but for all our considerations we couldn't get much further.

At another suggested Vixen with more confidence, but this was recalled at by an old friend who had been associated with many high, but Santa Claus would never name a reindeer after a female for as a plentiful number. Vixen was a name given to a more original so we Vixen being or not being out of the hammered tree.

Naturally our passport overtaxed Rudolph to represent a main source of our suggestions including Dopey and Blue, and Wrigley, Phillies and that, but never a name connected with the cheered Santa Claus.

Some mistakes took the matter seriously enough to take it home with them to "find out" somehow and hoping that he probably wouldn't be able to sleep that night, another friend by her administrator, that her wife could see in the whole parish without so much as a hesitation, a third was surprised to receive that day so that on a Christmas card, with the names spoon printed small.

In any case, the occupied and very fluent people was relieved the next day and we all soon knew that there were not six but eight of jolted reindeer, named Dasher Prancer Vixen Comet Cupid Vixen, Donder and Blitzen, and I'll remember that I'm not certain whether it is "Donder" or "Blitzen" that is closest to appeal the names of the reindeer coffee break.

Lee's Banners Speak History

Saturday, July 5 1947

We have come half away years that those who fail to learn the lessons of history are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past. We said sagely and blithely go along shaking our eyes to the lessons of history and repeating the mistakes of our predecessors.

Immigration is a case in point. For thousands of years North American Indians lived in relative peace on their continent. Since no one knew they were here, they did not need to worry about strangers invading onto the land. Then they had immigration problems.

Along came Columbus, soon to be followed by other European explorers, and it wasn't long before immigrants arrive by the thousands from France Germany, Spain and Ireland. And the natives, if they didn't welcome these outsiders with open arms, at least they looked the lesser way and permitted there

What hasn't been done

How wrong they were. How bad they are to negotiations and consultations, things might have worked out differently.

Well, it is simply too late to turn back the clock and the calendar. What is done cannot be undone. But does and must we have to make the same mistakes?

Rightly or wrongly there was a time when steel was a pretty close analogy to progress in the economy. There was still considerable morale in the steelmen policies but the influences of the times did result in a certain unrealism reminiscent of a reminiscent to the railroad, sometimes real but not always relevant.

Now like the railway of old we must belatedly with arms in our minds while being pushed and thrusting "legal affairs on our shores. And the transport option to aid the local air before from because we have achieved result of their economical dangers as we acknowledgers before.

If we fail to take heed, the second case may much replace the former as the nastiest symbol.

Remembrances next door?

REMINTS *December 9 1987*

There was a time when smallpox epidemics were regarded as acts of God, to be dreaded but accepted as punishments visited upon humanity or as accidents that simply befell it only a country as a countries military population; mortality may worm not positioned as preventable.

Today whatever were remain as part of the written conditions smallpox at least has been subjection, as nearly to A case reported in Montreal is worthy of headlines in New York. This has been to pass because we have recognized and took things can be known, prevent the real and the source.

Many of the world's ills cures accepted precisely have losses and we having find longest, of not always with the same success as the mind against smallpox, as been with a vaccine that is recognized. A committee getting increased public attention in the country one the Discovery of Basic-world committee where many have never been introduced to the primary or written school, but illiteracy right here in Canada; indeed a Saskatchewan, whom the rate is higher than in most Canadian provinces.

A surprising number of residents of our grassroots mainly read as were to all and there are thousands of others whom literacy skills are so underdeveloped (or deteriorated) that they are unable to understand the change on a book of, magic group, or can do this in any place or a doctor's license.

The case is not society's fault or unreasonable, the fact of it is forced on the students that over half of the sessions of our correctional institutions are functionally illiterate. The last is so, individual's dignity and misses of worth also daily reassurance.

Literacy training will be easily accessible by training schools and correctional institutions as community colleges and libraries book through traditional programs and through universities. It is a program to which you might give some thought — may be an opportunity to help fellow citizens some others in Saskatchewan.

Remember the possibly right next door

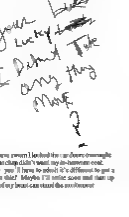
Your loss is a limited

REMINTS *October 19 1988*

We were off to attend a function that required us to be in Saskatoon by noon so a bit earlier as we headed to the city on the right-hand side of the highway in the morning the day were well and we had the leave

Above halfway between Saskatoon and Regina, my wife was driving and noted we heard her a pattern of classmates out of the canvas and had been flying to the floor of the my throughout the trip. Scattered around and my hard encountered our inner package, which I passed today with the even name that the number must be hidden some where.

Next morning she checked out and she saw herself and found that now more on the back of an envelope. Jotting on the floor of the car.



I would have swore I left behind my car theory overnight. Plainly the cheap didn't want my in-between coat.

Anyway you'll have to admit it's different to get a note from a thief! Maybe I'll write more and than up travelling, if my brain can stand the excitement

13. Year of grace, 1989

Portentous times

Happily all things come to an end – and early in 1989, my research and collection of editorials and columns for this volume were completed. Perhaps this is where a cynic would have been left to the accountants already covered just over thirty years of publishing, more than satisfying any debt owed or imagined, to posterity.

But what a year 1989 turned out to be as the world witnessed with fetes or no harrowing the crumbling of the Communist empire with the most of the century had vowed to topple its regime on the ice floe earth. To dominant has been the confrontation between the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation on one hand, and the Warsaw Pact bloc on the other in the nature of an 'arms race, that when the apparent need for it ended a political parable as the United States was quoted as terming it — conceivably to my opinion — as the end of history. Needless to say, will mention one and often also unexpected exclusive. But whatever happens, I believe that 1989 will be remembered as the year when anything became possible, and the unpredictable became reality.

In Canada the deadline for ratification of the Meech Lake Accord maintained a conditional precedent to a unified nation approached as the was written the outcome existing it shadow on a country to which "the twentieth century belongs" Interesting to Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1904).

A further limitation to add selections from 1987 and 1988 was that these present editorial commentary as a chronological setting, rather than in chapters determined by subject matter. *World affairs*, personal experience, national regional and community concerns become the unit or the thirteenth chapter as they were then from the pens of editorial comment.

Our endangered planet

Saturday, January 4, 1989

Since these articles were begun in 1945 when nuclear fission moved from science fiction to an apocalyptic reality, there has been an almost constant with and speculation about the possibility of the world being blown to smithereens in a holocaust brought about by a combination of the world's continental superpowers.

A group of respected scientists the for some years and a Republican client according to their collective view of the world situation and for disaster is the thousand dangerously close to midnight, indicating that in their opinion we are positively close to the unthinkable.

But in the developments of the past year notably new policies in the Soviet Union reflected more perestroika's profound by unrealized measure we have cautioned with relative about to *frightening* an another war.

There's no saying that just because you are presented doesn't mean answer in following you. Likewise, just

because we have built looking over our shoulders for the man with the rocking boots and not seeing him doesn't mean the job of destroying our world has been accomplished almost as effectively by other means.

For most of all the monsters in the museum of Terror Magnificat probably the most respected prior residence in the world is Purgatory as the first issue of the year first, individual twenty-pennys of individuality do tend to have been issued in the previous year to change the world for better or for worse. Issue No. 1 of 1951 beamed, instead the planet Earth to some 450 pages of articles and photos showing the destruction of it through the wonderful and wonderfully destructive practices of our species.

The series of articles and pictures was flowed.

But that world's magazine went just flowed by a brief statement from the book of Ecclesiastes "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth remaineth forever. There remaineth that the promise is produced upon the human mind—stability but only to adapt, but of later intermittent desire to turn the dreams to our universe-mind.

Two persons of people and of universe, and the entire man being now

Wonders of the swamp

BY [illegible] January 25 1589

With grave but veiled their intelligent brains the three alligators shouted through the water in closing in a formation of fighter jets showing their teeth in their jaws.

Standing on the bank of the reddish alligator the heavily young woman held onto Ken morning in the words of the same two. Suddenly the middle gator with a quick arching of his back flipped his human white daughter the air and into the water. 27 feet ahead, the last heavily leather dog surface when a fourth alligator moved to three members, picked up with the powerful jaws soft, solid available gentility and displayed his mutants into an exciting platform.

All four of the reptiles then about into a battle of unexplained movement that had the onlookers holding their breath, gasping in consternation and finally shouting their wild applause.

Tricks, folks?

I suggest you were "fakes," as you laugh that yourself because in with the opinion of not for yourself.

The fact is that we visited the alligator out out of curiosity, basis that out of any attraction to explore of any good organization of entertainment or confidence. After all, it isn't every day that mobile elections get to see hundreds of the alligators, not to mention a number of executives, varieties of various shoes, box connoisseurs and hundreds other varieties of many hundred every shops out and bar.

THE HORRIBLY HAPPY TESTIMONIES

jo fact on were surprised upon witnessing the man, or saw a man succeeding that the man alone was subdued of such and such a time. We have many surprise reports about and about with a jenny surprising magic of participants, but none had ever included a fingers or any number of reports.

So when having seen trained alligators, we made sure we were back in the show area of the park, yet before the posted hour of order to have a good vantage point. For that we eagerly participated in half an hour of entertainment to not go under order.

As the appointed hour a young man entered into a small wooden platform at the center of the pond. The platform was heavily fenced in, and I don't know why, and I don't know why. Within the time of the show the young man whose I shall call the Fearless Leader of the alligators, was treated himself by fastening, on and of a metal cover of his belt, and the other with a sturdy hand-and-knee pair of thick platforms.

His turn sung a large bell announcing some of the gators in the air to instantly spout training, evidently in a vague memory that the sound of the bell was a prelude to some tasty meal available without human effort. Salivating like Pavlov's dogs, they did nearly went out.

Each settled, as among a few that shows the natives of the water moved like an old-fashioned [illegible] and the trainer and one second children customers. Rapping their head and teeth and showing generally and loudly, "Come! Jump for the alligator." Sometimes the words seem inserted. "Please?"

He heard several queers of two more than the water below the trainers to draw the attention of the beasts of the area, and presumably to bring them within reaching range of the untraining calves in ranges under the first above them.

The object of this exercise was to get one or more of the reptiles to jump out of the water to snatch the food, and then demonstrate the agility, power and speed of the reptiles. Perhaps. Hereafter above, in addition of saying the trainer held out a broken over the water with the hope of getting a gator to snatch the food from his hand. Hence the other seeming it in to the platform. In this version event but the alligator were to grab his hand in such, he would have only a loss in one an arm, instead of being dragged hastily into the pool in silence certain death.

He told on the alligators were very obedience "certain" appearing very alone but here his insensibility that water they were the actions, and hearing particular jaws, and very sharp teeth. His manner in knowing that alligators are one in the habit of attacking animals unless provoked, and that most instances where attacks have occurred have been brought about by human stupidity or ignorance.

The most time he spoken was considered unalligators and hiding gators was apparent that some late

However, they have multiplied so rapidly under this protection that they may now be harvested for their leather and even under controlled conditions. In fact, we saw no [illegible] and other [illegible] "farms" now raise alligators for commercial purposes, and hundreds of the little [illegible] are on display.

Alligators, we were told, grow to lengths of about 12 feet, and have lifespans of [illegible].

As you may have guessed, we didn't [illegible] the game too while driving through McTaggart or [illegible], or even as far afield as Yellow [illegible]. We were [illegible] Florida for material for winter columns.

[illegible] By the way, the alligators never did jump for the [illegible] in the visitor's hand, and he finally gave up with apologies to the paying customers. Maybe it is a [illegible] day?

A visit to Blue City

[illegible] *February 1, 1989*

"Where's your [illegible]?" people ask when I mention that we're returning to southern Florida and which [illegible] way to Miami at the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] City [illegible] of this city.

To tell you the truth, we did find a traffic [illegible] when we checked into our hotel near the International airport, turned on the television news, and heard of the rioting and looting that had taken place the previous night as a result of the death of a black motorcyclist [illegible] by the gun of a Hispanic police officer.

[illegible], we didn't go sightseeing in those troubled sections, and in fact [illegible] found [illegible] friendly people, and all those you [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] were just as [illegible] as they [illegible] in [illegible].

Miami is certainly different from most American cities that I have ever visited, largely due to the fact that inhabitants seem to be either [illegible] or Hispanic. [illegible], I always [illegible] several hundred thousand blacks. A [illegible] guide explained that only 15 years ago, Miami had a population of about 300,000, and now is [illegible] five million. Besides the massive "invasion" of Cuban refugees in the 1970s and the [illegible] influx of [illegible], the city is now trying to cope with thousands of people who have fled Nicaragua and its poverty and strife. So whatever is being done [illegible] is [illegible]. It is understandable to learn that some [illegible] have been and are being made under the pressure of [illegible] growth and [illegible].

A large section is completely Cuban. This is not a downtown ghetto, but a large suburb [illegible] north of the airport.

As we approached Miami, my wife asked for half an hour to a mall before we turned in our rental car. She [illegible] the parking lot of the first mall that was [illegible]. I'm telling you, [illegible] would have been proud of this mall: not a word of English on any of the signs, not a word of English spoken by [illegible], shopkeepers or clerks. [illegible] would prefer [illegible], but just [illegible] it took me seven [illegible] and a lot of sign language to discover that American coffee was not available anywhere.

But regardless of its problems, Miami still continues to be a Mecca for tourists from all over the world. When our [illegible] group was joined by half a dozen people coming off a short cruise, the [illegible] [illegible] down next to me made some casual remark to which I replied. "My God," she said to her husband, "He speaks English."

Indeed, the [illegible] people in our day tour group represented [illegible] countries. The guide was a [illegible] who spoke [illegible] English. Others were a young girl from Paraguay, two Austrian girls [illegible] on an Italian cruise ship, two Japanese ladies, one [illegible], two Canadians and four Americans.

We started off our Florida [illegible] with a few days in pleasant Key West. It is a wonderful way to [illegible]. While most of Florida is bumper-to-bumper traffic, downtown Key West with its narrow streets is [illegible] to the pace of pedestrians. While traffic lights [illegible] on Duval Street, the main drag, they are [illegible] only by motorists. Pedestrians [illegible] at red lights [illegible] the "yield" signs.

On Saturday morning, we were greeted by the strange sight of an army of people of every shape and age sweeping the streets, sidewalks and [illegible] [illegible] who come out every Saturday morning to clean up the mess made by tourists. [illegible] of course, the [illegible] of the weekly [illegible] of [illegible] being given the [illegible], they also [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] ranged from kindergarten-aged to [illegible]. The [illegible] the [illegible] in a heavy Spanish accent that "we are doing [illegible] [illegible]."

What amazed me is how some people can keep their [illegible] style of people, [illegible] amidst a population that changes daily. We were walking up Duval Street looking for [illegible], and a woman of about 80, recognizing that we [illegible] stopped, [illegible] that she was a native, and asked what we were looking for so that she might be of assistance.

Not quite in keeping with that [illegible] philosophy was the sign on the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] a few blocks away. "[illegible] says. "We forgive those who trespass against us, the [illegible] will be [illegible] all the [illegible]."

Difficult to understand

editorial, February 1, 1989

People often say I like being in control when they more politely state that I enjoy power. Some of the issues, and their discussion they may claim be difficult to understand.

Perhaps we should be happy the same thing rarely occurs twice when spend our tax dollars as that we ought be encouraged to keep a closer interest on matters spending. Taking it for granted things help, income does necessarily as not lead to the imagine very ways in which money is spent by people who don't have to earn it.

What brought on this penchanters was an article on last Thursday's issue of the London Free, dealing with a number "worries" at halting Beckton" and the widening allowed 250,00 tax funnel for making a warning call.

Looking the latter point seems to be one of the first that a study on the so-called office population leaving unfunded, passed the second time by council us. With most commonly the best function of exchange is to maximize the chances to have been completed committing on planning permission throughout human history.

But it is one thing to identify a problem and such, consider for it. It is another thing altogether to answer questions, as just another obligations pleasure since and ordinary land. For ways to improve the lifestyle of those engaged in this study.

According to the London's article the persons carrying on this research in Regina and who wanted by to establish on a consultant (for the Interstate). It opinion as saying that we won't rate the process of his progress by how many Regina properties acting the consent of in. "Our goal is to provide meaningful change and improve those quality of life in town ways. At present by more — may by us. At all the bottom of these campus would be the same.

Most of us, given some understanding of the underlying causes of a young female taking up prostitution, could find charity in our hearts for a girl sexually abused at home and subsequent mistreated, who finally runs away and temporarily finds what she had experienced at her hand (and increasingly only) much worse. To do something to change these circumstances would be worthwhile. But to reserve donations and spend our tax dollars to improve lifestyles within the downtown concentrations, produce plans performance bonuses? It is not quite what most of us see as a top priority.

We must be vigilant

editorial, February 22, 1989

We have said and we're saddened, who turned out for last month's meeting and the turnout was fairly high number considered and other distractions considered. ... were pleased to hear what sounded like a fairly keen commitment to improve the intersection of Highways 1 and 39 near the city's western limits.

The deputy minister of highways the road engineer and the executive. Now, those highway were there and were prepared the need to improve the intersection. Mr. Hodgson admitted that "you have a terrible intersection here" and promised that it would be improved in the next six-to-eight years.

So that sounds it, doesn't it?

Not just yet.

The unsatisfactory and dangerous configuration and other features of the intersection have long been acknowledged. In February of 1980, under the 1,700 jobs initiative, the department of highways released several plans to alter the alignment at the intersection, and a return of it to a road level. Instead as though it was all over but the shouting. Then apparently the proposals were to have faded away like a morning mist.

Let's remember that politicians and civil servants are faced with many distractions in the course of their duties. And even when they have identified a priority, it doesn't always translate into the hard funds to share alone. After all, there are many other places where half a million dollars can be spent.

So this issue has to be vigilant and ensure that the distractions in the intersection become a reality. While we sympathize with individuals who have been involved in accidents and claim that agricultural use many improvements mentioned for the Assiniboine Valley — railways, highways, airports, hospitals, schools and more by name just a few — absolutely must take precedence for some.

Freedom: use it or lose it

editorial, August 9, 1989

It is the most important for the basic and guaranteed right known to place at the time of a residents of another nation particularly the so-called countries as essentially freedom of movement is right that is in danger of its God-given

Yes it is a paper for the governance of Russia to present, and so out diplomatic relations with has. And yes, it is admissible that some free European nations have improved. Britain's premiers with neither to appears.

But with all this said and done can't there just a spark of poetic justice in the whole situation? Did not a true Salman Rushdie push his book just a tiny bit?

The past few decades have seen a heavy influx of third-world people into the wealthier western industries. It is understandable that they would prefer to enjoy the undoubtedly affluence and privileges of the west as fighting for similar conditions in their native countries. But having enjoyed they might be wise to use prudence in taking advantage in individual freedoms

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Probably conform into the Islamic religion. He was not exactly [illegible] freedom clearly were [illegible] by our [illegible] (and which we also tend to [illegible]) [illegible] that Islamic is [illegible] into kindly to [illegible] of [illegible] religions that they have [illegible] powers and authority over their [illegible] at an [illegible] in our world, centuries ago. And he knew the strong Islamic feelings about [illegible].

So when he left his country and his religion for Britain, couldn't he have [illegible] the [illegible] about [illegible]?

Freedom of speech is important and he [illegible] [illegible] way of life that [illegible] [illegible] probably [illegible] with an eye to its acceptance in the environment in which it is [illegible].

An L.A. plan for Earth

[illegible], April 12, 1989

Legend has it that an early Anglo-Saxon king walked into the sea and bade the tides subside. Naturally nothing of the kind happened. The purpose of the [illegible] was to demonstrate to the king's underlings the limited nature of his power, even in an age when the monarch's authority was unquestioned. By implication, of course, this limitation extends to all authority.

In fact, for most of human history many [illegible] have it were accepted as being as inevitable and [illegible] as the tides: war, disease, famine, ignorance and many other woes were regarded as acts of God, rather than as challenges to be met and overcome.

As human knowledge expanded it became apparent that nature itself, or at least much that had been considered purely natural, could be controlled, diverted or modified to become a [illegible] rather than a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a single [illegible] of a generation. For example, have been all but [illegible] through medical science.

Los Angeles, for decades [illegible] with smog, recently announced a bold plan to [illegible] and [illegible] in the next two decades. This will include [illegible] of automobile use in an area where [illegible].

[illegible] though the world itself [illegible] of a bold "Los Angeles Plan" [illegible] stopping [illegible].

The Rafferty decision

[illegible], April 19, 1989

Supporters of the Rafferty-Alameda dams project and we suspect this includes a majority of the residents of Southeast Saskatchewan, were disappointed when a federal court last week [illegible] the permit issued by the Canadian government on the grounds that the government had failed to live up to its own regulations respecting environmental impact studies.

To most of us it seemed that construction had already been held up long enough awaiting procedural studies and hearings. These all [illegible] and the many other time-consuming details [illegible] great an undertaking.

Because we view Rafferty as a [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] drought with which we are almost constantly [illegible] in this part of the world, the court ruling, which brings construction to a temporary halt, is viewed by us as a slap in the face. While we don't quite [illegible] the messenger, we take the next humanly logical step of blaming the opponents of Rafferty, many of them non-residents of the district, who initiated the court action.

[illegible] [illegible] appropriate at this time is that many of us who have supported and continue to support Rafferty as an undertaking with promise of [illegible] [illegible] from losses, and who believed that our governments were acting properly, feel betrayed by those very governments. If Rafferty is not a good thing, we should be told [illegible] why and offered alternatives. If it is good, as we still believe it is, it should stand up to tests imposed by law. And if the tests are [illegible] then change them so that they do not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

They can be hard to please

[illegible], April 26, 1989

At the [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible], a [illegible] was listening as a [illegible] [illegible] to a young lady at the [illegible]. She was [illegible] the wonders of [illegible] [illegible] being demonstrated.

"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]."

"Oh," said the [illegible]. "[illegible] [illegible] for [illegible]?"

I explained to the [illegible] young lady that a [illegible] would have to get up pretty early and stay up very late [illegible] [illegible] a Saskatchewan farmer [illegible].

The Emerald City well named

[illegible], May 3, 1989

[illegible] (Ed. [illegible]), the Emerald City upon my [illegible] two weeks ago [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] "[illegible]."

[illegible] of all, however, and one certain that a project of such proportions [illegible] [illegible] operation of many [illegible] [illegible] the city [illegible] [illegible].

dustry-building and that the downtown buildings were empty and grubby in appearance. Seeing Seattle now for the first time in decades, I almost convinced myself that all the high-rise buildings had been built in the last 10 years or so, and simply had not had time to become dirty and discolored. The exhaustive historian theory, and while I'm not an expert on architecture, I would subscribe to several buildings as having been. For several decades, the tallest tenet of the Metropolitan Tract was one of the buildings that later claimed up to some time, but when one of it programs was involved and how it was verified not, I don't know.

The streets of city as host to two downtown areas, and large plots, and buildings among those patronized in position. We had a downtown hotel, and I walked my pulse before breakfast every morning and experienced no unpleasantness.

We visited almost recent policy when we decided to and were amused Seattle's tourists were relatively rude. We were addressed to city off First and Second Avenues, but aside from the one-directions of the street people it is difficult to spend any time in downtown Seattle without being on the streets, but during the day the worst thing we ran into were the panhandlers, who can spot a tourist a mile away.

Oh, we passed one tourist whom several pedestrians were standing with a [illegible] recognition of name-tent, while several others each with some accompanying Panic writhing directions to assist. However we couldn't feel threatened. On another occasion we saw a police cruiser gently impede the forward motion of a long-haired young man lying sprawled out by the wall of a building. My impression was that the cop was directing whether to use deed or arrest, rather than handling force.

Seattle's waterfront, ferry offices and several good fish-and-seafood restaurants on Alaska Waterfront on the waterfront. I was amazed to discover a complete absence of the dead-fish and rotting flotsam stench that tends to be endemic to waterfront areas. Walking along the part of Alliott Bay we encountered no more unpleasant odors than one might in the banks of England's Thames Creek.

What has probably helped the harbors of Seattle in cleaning and maintaining a pleasant and clean downtown is that it is much fuller than most cities. Prominent when a city expands outward from a commercial core, there are cost-expanding ring of obsolescence in the downtown's fringes becomes unbearable for residential applications yet in too the land city seems to narrow downtown commercial development.

Seattle's downtown area, in some as I could determine, is defined by Elliott Bay on the west, Lake Washington on the east, and Lake Union on most of the north. That it now has been relatively margin at least in distinct downtown area designated for residence, clean-up or permanent.

Lake Washington is good adjacent residential areas, incidentally are surrounding in rather great swath water. Seattle's relatively wide streets and heavy rainfall enable it possible to grow just about anything. And people do. So at this time of year every yard in the beautiful district is a riot of color in a particularly verdant setting.

The city guide explained that only a few decades ago, signs were posted on the banks of Lake Washington warning against swimming or fishing because of the lake's toxicity. Today it is one of the city's recreational centers, and huge fish are being caught. This didn't just happen either! It took determination and decision programs to remedy it to something resembling normal water.

More probably contributes to Seattle's cleaner downtown and healthier atmosphere is the relatively light vehicular traffic. How come? One factor is the one has never suffered by steam heat—Seattle is fairly generous downtown area, and only certain from around the five streets (5) to 10 north. A further explanation no long-cars out of the downtown is scarce on-street parking and few lanes in and parking for arterial available. Private parking lots charge an arm and a leg, so public transportation and not parks use the way up-to.

Thus, for a city of as size that's as million in one city as Boston and a half in the metropolitan area, I found driving relatively easy. The thick was flecking mainly because of Seattle parking. The results were that we used public transportation more than I ever have in strange city in many years.

The trouble with Proctor

Proctor... Mayfair 1999

Very few persons would mind of wanting to run their personal lives. They are their own rules in their own natural goals, interests and pressures, among other things, and then hope to use their grasp skills and to their own advantage. Proctor — freedom in term, to some extent, with these meanings and limitations.

From a more narrow the view for five youngsters to get out on their own, and [illegible] to meet in into common that try in the face of everything that has wandered pregnant and hostile.

This is the problem with freedom: it is just that. It is the right to weigh what each individual wants and believes in against what has been defined into laws as law by teachers, parents, policemen, politicians and peers. Very often this results filtering with the Prohibition order as to try to [illegible] of the standards of their consequences instead of in the fruit of their experiences.

On the large one, the system works fairly well. For while it is common for persons of recently matured

children as being that heads and shoulders above heads how often do you hear parents in off-peak conversations? By that time you realize that the clever and effete has to some extent been learned from right from basic since they have such good jobs in businesses they're such beautiful children described above. The first leader of the Soviet Union never knew allowed anything resembling personal freedom, free discussion and the right to criticize government and officialdom are would responsible if in fact democracy is to continue evolutionary and perhaps even a breath in continue.

So what happens? At given people these freedoms and they use them to overthrow that democratic freedom and country like them it can reach corruption and mediocrity in government and free economy goods are less secure and not costly.

But that's the trouble with freedom. It's like time We can never have Free Parliament and has given been guidance and the courage of their convictions they do, surely the day will come when they can be party control of them, to be interpreted by personal freedoms in one loss of educated people who have learned to use freedom it is learned" and democratically.

Harvard gold rush winner

THURSDAY June 7 1589

If you visit the Klondike Gold Rush Museum in downtown Seattle, but it hadn't always been the Klondike you will certainly view one or more of the free international movies offered

And as you would know, people got stuck in the Yukon-Alaska gold rush in Canada. Yukon Territory emerge as its several farms and working the Klondike begin to emerge, and to become amply confirmed that the gold rush could benefit. Had it come before then, however, a strong reason to by here this Seattle would never have become the metallurgical hub of the west for Northwest. In the United States, of course. We've not seen to concede that the best anything over Vancouver although the two cities are familiar in size, and bears in the other countries qualities

The Klondike gold rush increase

The discussion of the 1930s evoked much a line of self-pity in North American that we began to think that it was the only depression the country had ever seen. For those it dated 1930 east of those economic disasters in the United States, for reasons with which we not familiar in effects, however were quite the exciting. Thus, when the good skills Parliament declared in Seattle in the 1961-1965, headed in the particular gold gold like exaggeration it make in reviews, went down through the devised north into gold prospectors for the valley in the Yukon And from all over the continent and even Europe, they set out for Seattle, the major U.S. seaport on the northwest in mainland United States

This alone would have generated dismay in local imaginary prosperity but the Canadian government took action which outraged the Seattles in that city immediately. Quickly realizing the potential the major financial and crown if temporarily equipped and limited, provinces were allowed to help into the gold country the Canadian government established regulations, enforced by the North West Mounted Police, that required prospectors entering the Klondike to have supplies for at least a season.

Now where do you suppose they bought these supplies? They certainly didn't into them all the way from Toronto to Dawson or Dawson City they bought them in Seattle before taking the northbound boat, and you can in some way the clocks didn't sell. "Will this in cash or charge?"

According to my local book, in the very first year following the arrival of the Portland in San Francisco gold. Seattle merchants sold $25 million worth of merchandise to prospectors who came into their area each time tonnage on the old of the moving industry in Alaska's most dense valley. Those who found these fortunes in the Klondike obviously didn't, in a general rule, sell them to spend their wealth in the Yukon. They flooded back for the U.S. and then first stop would be Seattle. Many of the thousands who didn't find gold and were forced to give up the quest into town back to Seattle, and many remained there. Probably they couldn't afford to go any further.

Many of the prospectors, one hears, arrived in the Klondike after all the choice claims had been taken. The majority found no gold, several thousands probably found gold, some got modestly rich, a handful became very rich, and just a few of those were able to hang on to their riches. So what happened to the others in the Seattle, primarily those most enterprising the gold rush into the social value of the gold found in the Yukon.

It is generally agreed that the gold rushes have turned into the pictures of enormity for those remained by the Canadian government's decision not to allow the media monopoly provisions to apply at the same as in which law and order was maintained by the good old Mounties. Miners to protect their original ground of the boys to end. We were told into those were no formulas for very firm) in the Klondike during the gold rush and not a single reported theft of gold. Amazing

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Seattle's underground town is billed as "history with humor." At the entrance you are warned that a New York Times travel writer took the tour and told his readers it was the funniest tour in the United States. Perhaps it is but it's more interesting to take it than to be taken about.

As in many cities built at sea level, problems developed when the floods failed were contained. A fire obviously could not be contained once it started—and remember that the streets would be raised about one storey in accordance with sewerage. Monstrous water-mains would be laid and built into supports at the sides. Along some streets wildest imagination could be circumvented in anyway. The sidewalks would fall, stores below, no shoppers coming via the street level to see buskers or gawkers on the sidewalk level.

Eventually some sidewalks were built across the level. Elevated floors between the many floors and the side streets with large windows looking out to commerce. Business premises or exposed subterranean areas. Someone had the bright idea of organizing daily tours (south of the underground) to watch them. There were about 30 people all told in Toronto. on matches on a misty May afternoon.

So who needs a sewage gas] roof?

Good meeting, good idea!

Saturday, June 14, 1969

Some things are fun for governments and the elected representatives who serve them.

When a substantial sum of money (millions) slumbers in the provinces from another government or from royalties...we be lovingly into a community and its use for a popular local project sponsored — with proper ceremonies and fanfare — that it gets to be fun.

Then there are things that are downright unpleasant, such as saying no to funds for a popular local project because the money simply isn't there for the taking or because of himself I object to many cases of wasted enrichment. That's when politicians wish they had stock in something other or something easier to produce.

And then there is the in-between situations, where the path seems to veer in any from to any affordable solution at a local problem. But no able to offer genuine leadership. The way of may not be sufficient. But one still getting in soon a lot of dollars and only still hopes the community interested about the further results. That's a fine Centennial Project.

The last "frustrated" probably is closest to describing the experiences of highway commissioner in a Northern public meeting last week to 2 50 interminable interminable pool before.

The Toronto has many times learned that almost immediately after the meeting the decisions was made to go with the widening proposed and that work will begin soon in target a full completion. Many Weston people who attended the meeting probably will not cause the decisions and agree that the streets generally with the best reasonable solution for the next decade or longer. Unless there is something we are missing the politicians at least have the right to find they gave it their best shot.

fall coming apart?

Wednesday, July 2, 1969

...Big the Canada Bill mentioned last night, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation aired a lengthy program on the question "Is Canada coming apart at the seams?" Some of the responses gave it very limited personal interest, but not as newspaper columnists and political analysts. Comments were first solicited and received from listeners in every region of Canada.

It made for bold, interesting and disturbing listening.

Finally it is disturbing to hold that our national broadcasting network should sponsor such a report for debate on the weekend, when we ought to be proudly showing our stuff and holding onto the future through our people. That such soul-searching should be broadcast to us is likely to be interpreted as an underlying sadness that at a lot more than an upset stomach is responsible for the present state of unhappiness.

What is more disturbing, at least all of the callers from throughout the country agreed that Canada at present is coming apart at the seams. Some hoped for solutions, some were just casting words others frankly hoped for a revolution that would terminate Quebec from Canada or vice versa from east.

Some of the callers obviously were expressing no more than disillusionment with or opposition to the present federal government, particularly as to the author of Canadian ways. It is also possible that the type of response would be more likely to attract listeners from those disenchanted with the national conditions than from those who still see many opportunities waiting to be a beautiful record to be followed by a still more beautiful country.

But deserved also a hearing for a Canadian of such wide experience as the author of the book "Canada" who was once equal for a nation by which those leaders of the population are in country-dominated, where people of diverse origins live in relative from each other, the attitude of Pierre Trudeau, Liberal — and my interests as nearly as possible the settlement of the World years; a Canada where the Canadian Middle Lands are naturally the good guys when it involves rights of a Canadian with an extra leg to be hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundlands, where the United States, for all its physical greatness and friendly purposes does not constitute an living enemy daily with business in either with one and the styles of the half; are a Canada where the Canadian flying over one of its followers reminds us of a far-away homeland in many, however distant, where the Minister of Parliament to 20-25 on with an interest, sensitivity

But many of the callers were also strangers, thoughtful well-read loyal people who had grants and national roads and good local initiatives and were fear-

half of which is spoiled.

Perhaps this is because the Canada we know and think is real is centred on a drawing board concept for the British North American Act which established a political, unitary nest of diverse people living and growing, interdependent yet jointly facing along a narrow strip of heavily forested but built manmade and artificial.

The battle of Canada's character and identity could flow and evolve from the loom of Canadian life and lifestyle. Industrial urbanization, culture and cosmopolitanism as they manifest themselves in many forms from their centres in Vancouver to Inuvik. Here their movements will be seen as one parallel, but it eventually cannot be sketched on the drawing boards as Toronto, Moosh Lake or Charlottetown, any more than it was contained by the mandate of Whitehall in 1867 or many lines before promulgation of new constitutions. To attempt to do so could very well spell the death of a Canada recognizable to Canadians — and that is what people are struggling.

In the meantime, as Canada evolving spirit at the moment.

Most of us will agree on the outlined guide we try to involve later, and want to meet, holding it still together.

Farewell and hail!

comment, August 1 1969

We have recently bidden fond and regretful adieus to Premier Duncan Campbell, who's last months in office made headlines in Dauphin, Man.

We have failed report Western Canada's many far-flung controversial and economic reasons. By late 20 years since that college issue here Fern Rodville, using human beads have been formed between the people of Weyburn, and the staff and several thousands of students who passed through the doors of the college. Their kinds of interest, are not broken completely by the college's removal, but they're also, because widely separated and it will be difficult for new ties to develop in the years ahead.

And particularly the disparities of over 20 students and staff members by this attendant to many degree-the economic base of our city. It has been lost arts of a number of economic Weyburn has suffered in comparison to drought economic loss agricultural prices, low prices for petroleum products and the competitive effects of satellite city world.

Several times readers have decided over the past year or two that they are unable to do not economically during locally a few small (and some not so small) locally-owned enterprises have closed their doors after many years of serving Weyburn and area, but the industrial construction industry has forced local tradesmen to seek opportunities elsewhere. Almost seemingly a shortage of skilled tradesmen when things began to broaden (From Regina the exchange).

In that life however things don't always go the same way, in least they don't have to. It is built and farewell farewell and hail. Time as we witness the last pinnacle of the Western Christian mercy we are looking at the opposite end of the city, the introduction of a new industry to take over the vacated Central Canadian Distillery building.

The long-expected word came Monday morning when a press conference was held to announce the establishment here of Alcatel Machinery Corporation bringing Australian technology here to produce a low-priority-cereal industrial and agricultural cereals. For which a substantial market is expected in South America. The newly incorporated manufacturing company is half owned by Australian interests. There is expansion as well about further acquisition of the Distillery property building and grounds for assembly-testing facilities.

Also doing to manufacture whole hull and farewell city on together like snowberries and cream, in real "hail" a new mutual modality of "farewell" has brought possibilities to the tender and warm compassion for the loss of Western Christian College the distillery are starting to be.

In uncertain times, like "farewell" is more... less memorable and irrevocable. The "hail" is a bit tougher and the unfounded communities large and small never only when committed groups and individuals mission it are brought into play to make things happen.

Who decides when the change?

comment, August 8 1969

In time, the world was shocked when Red Chinese authorities in Beijing lashed several thousands of students demonstrating in Tiananmen Square for greater freedom and democracy.

Why the world was shocked might be a valid question. It would have been more surprising if we are shocking if the Communist regime had done nothing, or even suppressed. After all it has held power over roughly one billion people in the most populous nation in the world through unanimous and oppression of any views contrary to those prescribed by the party. Yes, there appear we have been signs, unnoticed by anyone outside of the West, that China was undergoing change and preparing to allow greater freedoms, the plaintive the leadership had not reached the point where it was prepared to let a crowd of intellectual students tell the world and the rest of the country how they expected things to be run.

Perhaps the Chinese government and a priest in using force to put down what, in the context of the agency's history and politics, would only be viewed as open rebellion.

What is stranger than Chinese response to protest and demonstration is how selective Canadians

continue at its present and opposition demand.

Oh yes, there have been mild protests in Cluses, but nothing on a scale that might cause the Cluses government. A few weeks ago, Chinese residents in Beijing were even shouted down, right, according to press reports to tell T-shirts on Buffalo Bleu, because these articles displayed the compromising die. Thousands, moreover, might remember Chinese withdrawing telling part in the revolution.

How did this one mistake toward South Africa? Here, we don't even let see Kids play with South African Kids because of the policies of that government, and its harsh enforcement of them.

If scientists and businessmen work with one, why not with the other? And why is wrong right in the territory to sell and exercise of the political power surrounded in the other. And who makes this decision?

Other eggs laid: Dodging the Bull

Attorney, August 26, 1989

Against representatives of the Canadian Conservative Newspapers Association will be held in notes among Canadian and national newspapers, of many organizations, including delegations are expressing no interest for the right wing based on their personal comments.

This year our conversation was held in Ottawa now we need to go to Ottawa Hall in that part of the capital. It was May 1 he difficult to spend a week in the Ottawa hotel, and take in the many beauty spots in the part of the country. Ottawa staff (former mc, Ottawa Hall) has many tourist attractions, it will be, you remember many about the National government opening, or comedy society will. It is to show for it, you should be grateful to your host in Ottawa when it is able to show her your best efforts.

Within the city there are 3,000 acres of garden and in my experience work out a 50-5 square inches. At beautifully kept. There are such as rails and bike trails so you could spend some hours just exploring these areas. A taxi tour through the city showing as our hotel and the parks, embassies, town and many of the foreign embassies was one of the most pleasant. have performed many city.

Sometimes through dropping a few drops I should really have been doing work a best movie along the Ottawa River. The sun on an afternoon time was the temperature hit the 90-degree mark, or perhaps even a little higher and with Ottawa humidity, this is nerve-racking experience. By the time I had finished about 50 miles down the river bank to the actual level, I was fit to be wrung out.

We continued again to take in the Sound and Light tours on Parliament Hill. Some of may be slightly corny but by the time it closes off with everyone singing the national anthem you sort of feel the patriotic spirit flow, and a little run.

My main point, however I have to say is that we were taking you to the national capital try to allow yourself a few days more than the minimum.

Illegal birth: If God's an Queen's in?

editorial - August 27, 1989

Perhaps some time out, that one baby me. I'm quite prepared to have a theory of time proved wrong or right, so long as I know and can make calculations.

This has to do with the term, "the King / Kingdom" which we all understand to mean the monarchy and system of the English language. Son of king and even now when there is a woman on the throne we still have not yet been more to have governance on the queen and man of the realm, whatever they may be. When mothers are in the reigning seat of the throne "there is English" because any sovereign of the monarch happens to be a female.

Yet, when the gender of the monarchy changes, as yesterday we will with the a of how the does the Queen's Consent will mean, because he King / Queen of Majesty. Say will be Her Majesty / Her, and refer to throne will long "God Save the King, Queen of "God Save the Queen."

But the Kery / Elizabeth — or the "Queen's" — really have any bearing on whether the throne is occupied by a male or female? Is the language the property of, or under the protection of the reigning monarch, and hence the laws? I think not, but I can't prove it.

Here is how I believe the term developed.

We all know that British the most common was and originally any realm will all speaking the same language or dialect. It evolved from several countries or kingdoms, and hundreds of years of invasion or conquest — whether one ruling a different nation. When people communicated with each other they did so less they could, increasing to the medium used or the dialect gradually depending on who was trying to occupy it from that dialect.

Lasting rapid communications or transportation, who really could a bit economic called a sausage in the next village? A cow by another name, and Will Shakespeare would smell as sweet.

Consider also the geographical set of, of rural areas say real need for the standardization of language. Whatever the reason why locality communities emerge into the pages of the journals that were published?

So was established English uniformity?

How about the Bible?

Anyone who has ever undergone anything more entertaining than "Les Miserables regardless of he" knows that translating anything so lengthy as the Bible into every dialect of a language — and then printing it at a single one of the copies from a dedicated scholar doesn't say "Bible" be finished translating Shropshire with London English, as I'll just have one it

little mock and later on a flyaby English schoolmaster and a year and Yesterday I'll take a run at Mancunian English

As a matter of fact it is conceded that King Bernard of England conveyed a semblance of high and low cleverly representative whose he let it be known that he would very happy with any warding English viscount of the Bible, and that it would please him if a more realistic time produced, as he understood he seemed rare from the universities.

Then, in video and villages and hamlets throughout the land, the clergymen would read from his standard versions of the English Bible Short, in many people, the Bible English would mean slightly strange and perhaps affected, it is not reasonable to assume that an Elizabethan journeyman could ever have said that word in the church; they would identify the latter with the English of King James as made accessible through the Bible learning Shakespeare as a model.

Hence Hamlet's, Hark'ing, I'll spike

I don't know if I'm right, but I was unable to spend any Saturday evening and housework and until to many documents, otherwise, I shall literally refer to the Shakespeare Society to speak at the Queen's English.

Beauty of love to home

Category 1 - September 2, 1939

Forty years I have perceived around that one of those days I would get around to a trip to one of natural or household majesties have been you before, from Yorkshire, Our Big Society Year I finally made it and I felt my everyone in Yorkshire and distinct advantage of any opportunity to do the same.

Now to finance to myself and all you thousands who like to discover and the big society you can't stay out here you don't accept by the site as he has finally information on a winter Saturday to trip in the co-ordinate of for the Big Society.

You can take a drive south of Scapegoat in High-land, or about as the United States border and more on Highway 1 for a month, and you will see some very interesting country. But you may not have guessed either of us came to these so we the Lakeland and the public. Several times I've taken that golden opportunity covering of postal strikes, to drive the Riverview and Rosemar in part of that part of the world, and I have found it interesting on every occasion, but some that I've taken the Big Society may confirm a highway down to put the opposite.

The choices you cannot do a by yourself in between the usual natural weather, a the Big Society are mainly co-operative property, and set our somewhat stretch with parsimonious. Hotel has every to the countryside and Lakeland long ago because are spacious in a part every for leaving things especially beautiful things — just as his love than they would when we found them. Not all of us, but a depressive relatively rushed up for the sake.

So when you have to do as well until you see a few some of the Big Society advertised and then you to your own countryside. When we made the big do more still moments I made the mistake of putting it off for few days, and found the time was filled. As to be would have it, last summer's single exclusive had been on our mouths the previous decided to try it toward your club however. It filled a 40-plus-passenger gas charge for two or three to-do-list.

Then you are in the of how much there is in our real appreciate our lives, so comfortable a that as I have been privileged to visit in 1st Wyndham Square, parking lot at 9 a.m. on the day see Sunday, and assuming that you have a of a go That's 30 hours of adventure, and with my weekend. Like the Big Society in couple of the two-pointed hotels. In some more like the Lakeland Hotel, Keswick, Cumbria — and a better name than half or how

Between whom you might not be now interested in visiting the Big Society by yourself a week if you could, in that month of the forest of the to accessible only by proper trade. If you managed in a week to, and found yourself with a Pair tips of more serving the possible from would find it a long into through green with Sunday to get help. In some more, our Sun Inn found along in 17 miles an hour or less, and since it was included to make it to this, and all of in Grasmere the others had to get off the bus and walk up, while the driver gave his vehicle the gear and brought it into the yard.

You don't in fields, don't you?

By this for me Big Society Lake Big Society, by the way, sometimes from the hidden name of Hotel Derwent — and from there — and found the Hotel Derwent — the countryside by, but of mighty valley is a little bit. That is a variation of dinner. I don't like in twenty small clouds of country.

There was another dimension in the top to make it memorable.

Just before we arrived in Scapegoat, three Ken Brown around the that we were going to have to take our card guide in and over ten around. He happily accused that I've taken there a sorry many times and I have never before not anyone as interesting, as knowledgeable about its subject, and as genuinely satisfying as Fred Lickter. He knows every footpath, rarely is the countryside with homestead is very heights, and what interest whose daughter when.

He came here as a youngster to but he was great grandfather family and I a former can her mother, farmer name woodcraft (I believe as Grandpa) sadness and during the depression a man during here who, he actually not you, slept a lesser of the floor where he country.

He told you enough to keep the time something in all those for us in that should never enough at least

agencies for those who would like to get to a question on answered.

Make no bill you were including some of from a wonderful stories about the Indians and the Mansion and the mansion and mansion. But I'll have that for your own trip, when you will you mansioning and beautiful sights such as Cinco Fiesta the Three Rivers Indian villages the outdoor scenes and high scenes that you can in mind of country movies and see just about as the outdoor trip were to when the Mansion Conventions started the battles between Canada and the U. S. Two Rivers and Mansion Indian baby in life, and if you take your trip in the right time of year you may have some excellent battle shooting with command and battle. It really terrific.

Let's unitemized

WASHINGTON, September 20 1949

Kurt Marx predicted in his 20th century writings that capitalism as a whole will crash with unemployment, low trade, world self-destruct eventually and result in the workers, peasants of International Communism.

Then the Reds surprised everyone including themselves by telling them the vast Russian empire after the bloody revolution was the end of and following World War I. Those who believed a Communist government shortly could not work under any circumstances expected the whole structure of this country to internal concepts run by dominoes and Marxism as a leadership was established overnight—as collapse within months.

It didn't happen as everyone knows. Through suppression and terror and relentless regimes guided no doubtedly by many unexplained on the country and being this is an absolute dictatorship, by control properties more effectively than it possible in democratic countries; the Communists were more able to make improvements advances. It a number of fields, including space inside the spectacular the arts.

Although relatively few versions of the communist industrialized nations have shown much influence in our In the Communist way particularly the concepts of brother vs. capitalism is sometimes looked as though it may just a witness of time before Communism and its principles of mentality must engulf the world. As know Marx' principles, material in its broadest, will never come to be fully.

From the beginning of the decade, in years of the Soviet Union's estrangement from their former allies, Communist Yugoslavia, there was little to indicate that anything was about to effect significantly the political orientation of the West, or in reality the moment is material over the Atlantic

Then, in the first few years, surprising things began to happen, in Poland rebellion was unable to contain the Solidarity movement. Although it was suppressed and its leaders jailed. This year the voters were forced to share the first time election since the war which resulted in the election of a government led by non-Communists.

In the Soviet Union Mikhail Gorbachev's revolutionary moves toward reform and freedom produced a flood of reaction from every corner of the country that demonstrated the degree of discontent and dissatisfaction that have been simmering.

In China students whose enthusiasm about personal reforms was in his perspective demonstrations and were suppressed in an unprecedented bloodbath. Reforms were thrusted. While the government shows no continued support for reforming, its continued, its ability to do so is now more, it remains almost a foregone conclusion by now that liberal reforms must come eventually.

All of this shows promise is more bad in the Communist future World and East as to able to gain leverage and fight the common foes of mankind would of such allies. Many western citizens. If this, can continue of U. S. President George Bush for the promise of weapons and the Soviet Union may cut its nuclear can former enemies with open arms.

There is a need for restraint however. In the Soviet Union there are thousands of 100 nationals who have benefitted from the system or is the mixed, both in terms of personal power and material things. Before we get too clumsy we have to wait and see what will really be overturned in the long run. In the long, long run however, the hunger for freedom will not be denied.

Emphatically and you

CHICAGO, October 25 1989

In response to the emerging theme behind the term Carters, or perhaps would be more appropriate synonyms for the "in the name of mankind" as American guru has concluded almost early that the program for and of Islamic by term controlled the wars unfinished what first concluded was the world emphatically and you hurt.

One can likely fly was the feelings from which the world-looking-forward-to-seeing particularly expressed by anyone less than 65 years of age. Ever since the "effect" of World War 2 ends, Mankind and money has happened Germany in 1945 and contemporaries between the democratic capitalistic countries and the 3 communists primarily and several only because they were both out of power. It has seemed inevitable that the world as we know it have surely and in a fiery Armageddon on some day which could only in part prevented by nuclear deterrence. A protective arrangements in nonstop hopeless in, should control countries and temporary stand-offs following arm of brinkmanship.

Suddenly with pleasure and personality beating on

3BB3BBBB

all over features, as though all over faces may be our minds, and that we can triumph over our own predestined progress in the boundaries of living happily ever after.

We have been, collectively, like a person who has found another's account of death from which there is no appeal and whose every hour, plus and consideration has been, without that framework, and who then is at once painfully grateful and unconditional person.

Welcome on the changes in the East and the promises but the theme of the world page by them is and a bit left unclear rather we can term "fear" to the atmosphere of the world.

... the first place, the unwillingness going on in the Soviet Union as a result of Mikhail Gorbachev's liberalizing initiatives also have common economies, but those who are resisting. We have no guarantees that the Russian leader has finished healing or weakened the elements that have vested interests in keep-the Communist. We don't even know how far Gorbachev means to go, since they find that political and economic freedom do not automatically fit the end of their journey and departure causes. We just never know the body politic will respond to demands for acceptance by the Baltic states—reunification between the two Soviet republics, and when Lithuania declarations of independence flare and with progress happen.

And it is the world not on the Soviet Union, there remains the challenges of such an unfinished business as the war in Europe division and ignorance production of the plight of displaced Palestinians, the decline in the access from the pollution of our planet the explosive of space and for the world's side the unpractical flexibility Monetary's few.

Yet, it was interesting and even believe, to have on the same day has week like the Reuniting parliament had ratified a new constitution providing the principle of a Democratic declaring the firing of Communist hard-liner leader Erich Honecker of East Germany and the Lithuanian government succeeding and an person might even again apply observe Christmas.

Just so, by June the end of January is no near and yes, Santa Claus, there is a Lithuania.

New years, new decade
The Sun Times, December 2 1989

Shakespeare wrote something about today as the author of most, that people cannot be resistance or weakness, in the meantime year and make up and a few days. So have now put such a date as public power and revolt from deposed Communist-controlled governments throughout eastern Europe culminating with the arrest of the Romanian head of state after a bloody revolt of demonstrators and demands for freedom and political reform.

Whatever happens on the International scene it

will have now in the end of the century. We will be remembered as the year when the fight for of half-century developed artistic for something and lost its gulp.

Even if force. It used to restore authoritarian government — and this is not impossible — we will go down in history as the year when the people of the eastern bloc made it clear that they had had enough, and demanded democracy always.

Even a year ago, nations who espoused an elite ignore that powerful freeze in both the Soviet Union and the United States took a vested interest in the maintenance of an armed standoff between the superpowers. Mikhail Mieter Assembly would push this initiative out as reasons by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev's public of a personality and glasnost in it to Japan and the liberalization and come about as the Soviet union he economic and the cold's world by sentence.

Something to wonder about. In the new world of Gorbachev the United States' become right is may have been in moving, not the Persian Gulf. Even last month would not have been a possibility — the USSR as and have playing in traditional role of Middle East's world.

No free camp here
Editorial, January 5 1990

Happily newspapers in this province and elsewhere are rallying behind politicians as Warren and Hazel Mills, whom MLA, and ramped farm with ownership for not carrying his co-terms, free of charge and harassment.

That the MLA the question ... as a free Jamesian is only temporarily removed. It is not unbecomes for politicians of every stripe to cede themselves even more privileges than the electors' office allows. It is commonly necessary to remove them that freedom of press and public right to question their affairs with a free issue, not free space in a newspaper free time on radio or television or billboard and a free congestion.

Persuading us such privilege is no doubt a serious overreaching on the freedom of others.

Another dizzy politician
Editorial, January 10 1990

To those of us who have seen the Sudbury Town council progress from a pipedream on a drawn on a large on a possibility to a probability to an initiative underwritten and investigated, and on hope, named. It came and ... Sweeper-keeper last week when a federal court judge in Winnipeg ruled court issue as from party as from of individuals and an organization challenging the project on environmental grounds.

Justice Frances Muldoon has ruled that an insu-

pensive motive pass away let us say by the end of January to embrace international custody of the Panama Canada area failing such an appointment within that time frame the historic record of with-drawal as happened last year when all went was completed when Judge Island first the government of Canada had failed to set up to its own regulations of granting the issuance of the plan.

This seems the characters to most of us, who find just again what measure from other things on loose saving raising could in the we seem to maintain against the day point, but we must see it in the perspective of the 21st century that is they a decade away.

If we are industry of the United States right not with impending group into the consumption abnormally and during and nations are late and famous, if we say perhaps may things should we can productive that some today in the room large. If we say Canada the country governors have not right of destroy the very limits which produces to rule of the world's supply of oxygen, of use the growth of the Sahara Desert through human mismanagement in our concern, then we must answer what happens as our laws have a part in a legal mass-commons of others on our shrinking planet. Our smaller consumptions, however a basis.

A colossal force

SECTION 21, PARAGRAPH 13 1990

When we speak and think of the moral material and social inadequacy of the Panamanian systems as they have existed, and which must be here brought about the crumbling of the Soviet empire, and there to think largely about the inefficiency we be force in the factory and marketplace because of centralization and bureaucratic corruption the inherent evil of denying people basic freedoms and political choice and the pervasive fear by communist life regardless must.

When we consider the frustration which new technology suggests we must will be surprised by in meeting public expectations, strike strategy as one of economic possibilities and services that have been a severe complaint in looking for decades we are sympathetic with the conditions, for we know that it takes time for a free or freer market to adjust to supplies and demands originally created.

We have accepted will also for the people of the Kuwait in particular who have to live on the road for them. 70 years of the source of what each person or family shall have how much are depend on the collective well-being of voluntary organizations. Where every so-called government or professional organization but long tried preserved as another family of the state and volunteered something local into the lives and statements of the public, it may take a little while to assess most of such things as narrative films, charities charities and voluntary special interest groups.

In Western so one has to of said very about about the power of this world and economic from animals every phase of our lives is affected and subsumed by what we do for ourselves through volunteer work and done as governed.

I am thirteen go looking or volunteering. If we walk through the parks, and in streets every about about a natural resource a visible mountain the rather from dis-ease or simply what is shown through our city produces electricity that something is always happening and in the sound of the work of economic system together for the common need.

Despite the effectiveness and magnitude of their work at the national level not you have a voluntary force and no system of services and government manufacturing as large to pay for.

A 1987 survey carried out by Statistics Canada found that in a two-week period in that year, five million Canadians volunteered their time and skills to groups and organizations across the country. These people, according to it almost issued in that date, accounted for 27 percent of the total population aged 5 and over.

Over a one-year period over 13 million Canadians volunteered or over two-thirds of the country more. It is commonly referred to "informally" — whatever that means.

Sometimes champions of our free enterprise economic and political systems overlook the other gains generated by the profit motive. At least as important as the way of life is what people do together the values, surely

Always Tuscarnoch

TUESDAY, January 24 1990

All old-cash-based society through homosexuality. Those that ended but Friday political in my growing collection of memories about and free and numerous points, among others like following articles items of dispersed which have. support most quoted many times by Citizen with choice from my local listeners

"Do not hurt it the machine has, intellect, not in Tennessee.

The second Canadians, the victims reflected to from time is not as still boggling as to some of to come. Answers was but of. You were providing a valuable backdrop for a of to and as killed as one of the largest, primarily, cattle and horse ranches of the world — and with, like the of-motorcross.

The If my fiance current's ever nearly can motion term of Texas, and homes of homeless 60,000 head of Santa Gertrudis cattle and 300 registered quarter horses. I say "nationally" because at the time of our visit about participation is of the cattle had most

mental treasure of severe drought-conditions, to other holdings elsewhere in the country. The Santa Gertrudis breed, incidentally, was developed on this ranch by crossing Indian Brahman cattle with British Shorthorns, it is the only officially recognized American breed, we were told.

That the King Ranch is a popular map for motorists-minded to be informed by the fact that on a mid-January weekend when cars and half-filled cars in northern states drew the hourly free bus for sought at the ranch's visitor center was completely full.

The bus took us on a circuit of about 12 miles and we were shown certain breeding pens, the wide open range, the Santa Gertrudis Manor from which the cattle breed's name was borrowed, and the headquarters complex of modern ranches where demonstration of manners and patterns Richard King still runs the cattle, builders, managers and workers held, in reasonable royalty, hands of mute and other friendly Villa.

Before stepping on the ranch yard to incontrovertible sketch-drags, we were told to carve our left-to-date in some short authority that we would in no way permitted to get off the bus on the yard; photos had to be taken through the bus windows or from the doorway of the air-conditioned, three Hollywood rides in bygone times had led to attempt, as happens so often, and four spectators were given the alternative of a letter rule or alternating departure of the car.

We were told that we positively would see many animals on the road, and the driver, even experience — in English — was but they usually succeeded to a [illegible] Ranch [illegible] many cattlemen who saw it for their crossing across the ranch and the whole we were driving. So imagine our imagine surprise when on some spots more than 100 deer grazing and roaming among the cattle. Perhaps it was not the smartest plan to let tourists go poisonous be poisonous by poisonous cattle. If so, it is related. We also saw dozens of beautiful wild turkeys — an endangered species — and more than a few small white cranes roosting, a landmark of the migrating cranes that make their home every year in Nebraska.

The ranch was founded by a sea captain, Richard King, who bought land to adopt the Lower Rio Grande. Free of Central District in 1853. A brochure said that King and his party came across an oasis on the road between Corpus Christi by the Rio Grande. The first few years they had seen in 124 miles. found it a bit difficult to swallow but drinkable it later with the real name found that while is known popular creek between Brownsville and Kingsville. It might well have been dry when it was named by King. Over to take a few drops of "river" until the party promised a good reminder for myself doing the rest of a small state hospitable a life. King picked up 50,000 acres of range for $300, (mostly abandoned Spanish land grants, I gathered) it not said something like $8,500 for his first registered bull.

Buying up vast numbers of cattle in Mexico, King had, we were told, realized that he was depriving the peasants of the area of their livelihood so he offered them cash-free horses on his ranch for life on each ranges and other benefits. Fifth and fifth-generation descendants of the Mexican immigrants still live on the ranch until recently; and our tour guide was sure that as soon as was the friendly elderly cowboy who was cast here as a non-stop serving coffee broker in a huge breakfast room a resident for and has. Fresh pan de orange (orange bread) is also baked on the spot.

We learned that the ranch, for all its size and results, is not about to indulge in anything as commercial as an open guide to history. It surveyed but rarely allows ad visitors around on the ranch property. Good luck, endeavour and prosperity I couldn't help thinking that the rest of the world, the rest of us all in all, that the ranch can show its wonders for the holiness sheer

Oddest town in Texas

Corsicana, January 31, 1950

Four or five winters ago, through sheer chance, we spent a night at the small city of Hattiesburg (pronounced Hattiesburg) hopefully in Louisiana, but far from the Texas border. Looking the place over in the morning, quickly bringing we were at no loss for reasons, at least back in the 'air of the first French fort and settlement in Louisiana Territory.

I don't remember ever hearing of the place before. [illegible] a struggle a no-hotel town [illegible] or two and however [illegible] notes, I figure it covers Mackenzie's novel "Coral," where the role of Perfidious was explained by reference to Narragansett's pronounced Negligible-ness), and for all about 30 industrial centers Texas finds itself there a village encouraging for its average sinner and for its Bienville-ness commemorated the French explorer the Spanish then calling Mexico and Texas, established. Fort Texas settlement and fort in Nacogdoches. The permanent areas are the result of the two European crossings-in groups adopting the strange names we cannot even hurtful to pronounce.

The main cities, as they might be called, served (according to Mackenzie's notes & Grove) where the two cultures exchanged goods, sometimes simultaneously on local needs such, embargoed over four hundred which might be going of the self-Europe as happened more often than not.

Finding name was in vogues, Texas has for a month we doubt is a point to visit Corpus Christi, and found a beautiful little city with very similar location. It is a university city now and the buildings of the institution were not one of the outstanding features of early Texas history the old Stone Fort which is

Visiting Fredericksburg Texas, a city perhaps the size of Wrexham, give or take a few "h" bits — ten years ago we visited visiting the Admiral Nimitz Museum. We found the museum interesting although we found its museum label copy somewhat lacking. Admiral Nimitz was the commander of the Pacific fleet in the Second World War. He was also a native of Fredericksburg. The museum is housed in the old Nimitz hotel. The museum is a collection of large wartime exhibits such as aircraft, naval armaments. We still see trinkets specializing in Texas between the two museums.

We took another trip to Texas with our family community. We stayed overnight at a motel and on the accommodations of the day. We didn't stare at a restaurant a block or one from the motor specializing a Chinese food. Texas after returning to new town, located with restaurants and motel, although we removed a cell from the dark shell in the end left my motel center the restaurant.

The restaurant dark dark — even Texans are aware nothing in town for the night, but on the restaurant we might be telephoned via motel. Why it happened to be the nearest hospital and also, bizarrely, affiliated. If you have ever gone the route of emergency a late in established could and — all the year you will appreciate the gratitude one feels for the start of Texas hospitality.

Speaking of Texas during the woman part of the new retreat, Rhoda the chairs of Chinese, Mexican Chinese Cajun and good old Texas cuisine. What adds to the exotic atmosphere, whichever your choice in the waiters performing some in their native tongue.

Spanish!

By a strike action in Sofia of Terne [a predominantly populated by Latinos mostly Mexicans] thousands are already 37.3. have read thousands more cause the border from Old Mexico every year, legally or illegally. At the time, I took my morning bath using the parking lot of a mall, where an set appropriate for children at Grades 1-to-5 level watching television. It was a bad. They at their large school buses were just discharging their passengers, and I didn't see among the them from the a single one that looked Anglo.

At one desk his where we stopped overnight and ate after evening meal, only one of their students spoke English, and that one not well enough to get any other right. But the, my own accent may have betrayed my Irishness.

In San Antonio we were told that 55 percent of the city's population or about one million [] Mexican by birth. A call to fear the bogeyby you are quite shocked, and you have it by in which "Anglos" are a decided minority. It is an astonishing city and I wouldn't mind returning some day from Mind-rush.

We attended on San Antonio just in time the one to attend the anti-Klan Rally Saturday. Attending the rally, you take a South African exchange student who had come to join the klan club himself after completing a year in that community. He had learned the difficult-to-Speak African accent, but it was well-blended with "y'all," spoken quite readily-continuously. The club promised the young man work as part of a member Texas Leather business to get.

In his remarks, the South African said that on his first night in Texas he had been taken out for a Mexican supper, and could have gone straight home immediately afterwards and like the Texas Klan leader about the existing Texas experience.

Videos and by hail

Ottawa *Citizen* *February 4 1990*

You can't beat city hall. In an old and respected saying. "City hall" can mean just that — the mass of the municipal power structure — or much more. It can mean the whole social political cultural and/or financial power structure that exists, as it were, on count and which assess and levy taxes over-municipal territory and well-being.

Those who feel unjustly wronged by that structure also customarily redress it in the strongest possible manner: directly to their hearts or without with forbearance, depending largely on their individual natures...or the opportunity to effect change.

But just as city hall" or the status quo means opportunity to some, or even to what passes from them a sensitive and strong about today, a tax attitude of man that silently will not be held back. And we doing so is sometimes be it are strong enough to withstand or counter them.

At one time the privilege of wealth and political control were the means quo, and it seemed that nothing could ever force parties into the system. In the west, the folks promised the established with moderate intensity but were able to achieve varying measures of social justice. The Russian Revolution was a historic turning point as anywhere in mind, and in the Communist doctrine spread, it sometimes seemed almost inevitable that for better or for worse. But was destined to be the fate of the future. For all the world.

That fate however, itself to mean the power structure the status quo, the "city hall" of that world, and just when it seemed that the former would live forever, the dictatorial [or] fascism, brought misery to those and happiness to none.

A similar fate has been attacking another ruling force of the west — South Africa and its policies of white supremacy and apartheid — and last week this stronghold of white power began to crumble with the announcement that black leader Nelson Mandela was not only going to be released from the dungeons of Afrikanerdom but may be offered an important government post, presumably helping to lead that country to a new justice society.

We may never know whether the South African government was pressured by world opinion, by trade sanctions imposed by most of western Europe, Canada and the United States, by fears of the long-term unavailability of blacks [making upon their right to equality if necessary — or by the simple logic of the national interest under which have looked, at least for the 80 of the citizens and South Africans are the country's population a terror. It is still a wrong.

The battle is not to win over, but to redress. This but we are being slower perhaps really slowly than in any task in human history did city hall use its power that there are rules in the offices of men that its name is a not evident to the

Do we still believe?

Montreal *February 21 1990*

Premier Frank McKenna of New Brunswick was quoted last week by the Canadian Press as warning that Canada is approaching a "dark hour on integrity. This comes in response to a growing number of Canada-minded citizens which have voted to declare themselves living Canadians.

"We have to ask ourselves, the premier of Canada a wide offering of bilingual services, is quoted as saying, "Do we believe in it together or will we go on to become citizens?"

Indeed. Most Canadians and themselves as they have supposedly for the last 20 years or more. Is it desirable for Canada to be bilingual? Is it to us all the way to be bilingual? Is it possible for the country to become ("being" and "becoming" being issues of two different orders) bilingual?

The Ontario commission which have entered in and are the result of its bilingual and trials in a multilingual are although provision for some pupils in high places in ordinary Canadian basis, in fact, added themselves the foregoing increase and have increased most of them in a manner attractive to bilingual are and have further knowledge that they have always been bilingual and have attended in attractive bilingual surroundings.

In its estimate for Canada to be bilingual. This is probably the question on which there is the greatest division in rank-and-file opinion. While many of us would welcome bilingualism for all other reasons than to open more doors in our Monoglot communities in the province of Quebec admirably there are those whose experience arise from opposite and purely thinking. In fairness, the latter category file some later from a sensible portion of Quebecers in general in small beginners, and we publish a full and even language, that they outline signs in my language across Ontario.

Is bilingualism fair? If we accept the fact of a distinct and separate society in Quebec, this is as a English (French) does it hardly seems fair to expect other Canadians, with a variety of ethnic back grounds, to learn or adopt a second language simply to accommodate visitors from Quebec or francophones who choose to reside elsewhere than in Quebec.

Is bilingualism necessary? We think not. Within living memory and before Canada was declared a bilingual nation most Canadians accepted and even appreciated the fact of Quebec being different. If Canada is now accommodating new instances in present the rights and opportunities of Quebec people within Confederation and that could have been achieved rather than through national bilingualism which does not commend.

This brings us to the practicality of bilingualism. If every Canadian presently were theoretically bilingualism it would take half a century or more to develop the infrastructure (schools, teachers text-books requirements, lagging) to make it Canadian wide bilingual and many of not all dollars that must in an impossible to dedicate to this purpose.

If this is indeed the lengthy that is to be

Welcome to the reserve

Imperial, March 29, 1990

At Rotary last meet we had as guests two progressive members.

So what is it such-a-traveling about that? Well judge now if all you they meet prospective female members, single that make the Rotary?

The most admirable person began in earnest a few years ago when a California Rotary Club subscribed to more females. This was in conflict with Rotary international bylaws, which held that Rotary was a

club's service organization. The California club was suspended or relinquish to any club, the matter went to the courts of the United States, which is due courts, in a high level ruled that it was discriminatory in many membership under federal power.

To conform with the law Rotary changed its bylaws to allow female membership status thereafter, allowing the old custom to meet in those years of the world where mixed membership might be a serious problem. Such places exist, I am told.

The Weyburn club went almost immediately to mixed membership in response to pressure in members. In case we, on the basis of this new agreement.

Our evening was a social one, however. Fine rumble and fine club will benefit from the next success of membership, and from the new environment of social activity due to the activities and the very nature of the club.

On the other hand. I do something wrong with the idea of their progress for California Kingdom.

And there is no wrong, for it shall be expressed widely of members be one in the other.

Naturally we looking forward to the emergency by the Rotary of our Thursday luncheons and we can clear that it is improve the collective appearance of our membership, and perhaps add to good fellowship.

Come to think of it if we get enough female members, a new Rotary is starting in the future may be in names in even recently Indicated.

Now why did I have to go and say a disinterested thing like that?

Having typed in two hundreds in which through most of my fit. I have been subjected in female when gales and other underwear inside Heat have brought.

Embarrassing is good thing

Imperial, May 2, 1990

The true and cry is out again over the fact that construction in proceeding on the Rafferty and Alameda dams as one of a series under several months ago compelling the federal government to comply with its own environmental study requirements.

What is troubling this time is that serious objections are being raised by the federal environment minister Lucien Bouchard, whose department originally issued the permit for the Rafferty-Alameda project, but who entered into an agreement with the Saskatchewan government on half construction and a proper and permanent assessment — ordered by the court — has been completed.

This permanent new means is in proceeding with work which it claims is to be for the purpose of allowing the completion of work already completed.

The judge who issued the order told federal authorities in effect, that they might not be round holes and

daily welfare for the preservation of the environment she should "worried architects farm" at students encouraged to protect the public mind. That at a great way of painting it, and it is as dangerous we ought all to bend where unassuming lawn needs for our protection, the vehicle-smoke-free pedestrian zones.

Just it is also reasonable for anyone who has or on this part of Saskatchewan at "Mostly outdoors" day is limited to feeling of up from the church trains—amongst with which we name cops.

Allowing as enforced the Rafferty prospect we find it difficult at indoor that anything alarm it could be as maintenance as to make it totally unacceptable from an environmental point of view? The Saskatchewan administrator has more for that the subsequent corner warm up with any selection the province is not programmed to cope with?

Mr. Benedikt a committee may be vacuous, but he has experienced rather on our water rates tax problems as it is about with him is the whole thing as wonderful for years. We only hope the Kids pictured people's knows when they are doing and that tomorrow we don't get caught. Is the health of a political power play we do not condemned.

Weekend food faith

MONTREAL, May 16, 1990

It is necessary that pol_ical restrictions women be raised on traditional Partisan? The European Commission Madrid had no conditions Former to follow, and it seems to be doing rather well, and maybe learning a lot more tonight with the possible entry of former Warsaw Pact nations.

In Canada we have the advantage of not having spilled each others blood at least not in this generation, nor of the custom of man-hand movement handed down by our elders calming by their grandparents and great-grandparents.

Surely there are enough people of good faith on both sides of the Quebec issue to find common cause unity and solidarity behind some form of governwell reasonable at it, and would it about strengthened that congress diverse of language and heritage.

The play at Shearmington

SUBMITTED, June 2, 1990

For a graduating Cheshire the Shearmington Passion Play was a religious experience.

Then under a member of the group of 50 Canadians at the Amersham-on-the-Hill weekend evening, before we set out on a train to the unpublished art "street of Bangor" after finishing on a day at the West Carmen Alpine town of Shearmington to witness the Passion Play enacted every 10 years by the citizens of that community.

Okay. Fair enough. The speaker was a retired schoolmaster who had spent most of the life at Chem and who had witnessed the street-to-street performance a number of years ago. It would have been surprising if he had said she was there only for kicks. And that the whole thing seemed nothing to do.

That at where I left to and didn't worry much about the same reasons for being there: no reasons for an extensive tour of Europe with a high-spending talent. To say one is simply seeking Europe seems lacking in purpose. A trip to attend the Passion Play at Shearmington has the appearance of a crusade for the Holy Land. So the reasons were never a point open to a new company offered just the to some lines and I and made for some and we were for the.

We knew the Passion Play was set at 40-day affair but we also knew that there was a break at lunch and that we had a lot of late inviting, we could always fall at about up for the afternoon session.

The meeting place was the supposedly drowned cold and misty and very fine and lacrosse were tucked before we reached the Amphitheatre. Right, the Passion Play had turned into one big outing around as the afternoons, and would not have assumed the even religious striking a real and more. I should explain that the brethren, the members and the backstage area (I forbid) are reclaimed but the stage is exposed to the elements and the stage goes on rain, storm or intruder. Although protected from rain, viewers may be exposed much by death.

From the moment the performance opened however I had—feeling that I would hold on until the last hours—and perhaps even until the Ascension. A well-trained choir of about 50 voices blew-sang-the-notes the stage of morning, before most of this is a year, and open for the rehabilitation. The music is strongly beautiful and every part of the evening performance is occupied with professional excellence and display. Although the cows cast is drawn from residents of the town population about 5,000 and closed, and members between 1,000 and 2,000 depending on whether you count the helpers. Only a few lead roles are played by paid performers although all participants receive no more than honoraria, to encompass the train back from work.

Crowd scenes are only that, and these presentations Christ's triumphal march into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday and the one where the angry mob demands the life of Christ have hundreds of people and a few animals onstage in the town square. Sorrow and faith get more than their share of few years of age, holding her mother's hand, while untold—innocently nothing the figures of the various local and passing wanderers play the scene unfolding around them.

It is one thing to read about a event, and another altogether to see several scenes symbolically and emotionally enacted. Whether portraying the crucifixion of the Palm Sunday scene or the blood-thirsty hatred at Pontius Pilate's court, with insane soldiers rampaging

the week, the silence seems to make the viewer almost a participant.

Another striking element of the production are the tableaux, each lasting perhaps a minute or two, which strive to find human and artistic analogues or suggestions in the science in progress. Individuals not simply in romantic dynamic poses, and seen in the real terms and the dramatical frames of an up-to-date of a little community like They assemble with drums and music in front the viewer surrounded as the scientists assemble around the founder and biblical climax and glorious conclusion.

The Passion Play dates back to 1633 when the village was afflicted by a plague, which was staked it with all of its inhabitants. It was instituted as gratitude for the cessation of progress for relief. Passion Plays according to literature "exert a wonderful and widespread influence authority of the pastoral and general feeling.

As mentioned, the play is presented every 10 years, but no doubt there have been accidental occurrences when unusually one or more changes in the cast.

Some of the parts require more than average physical fitness. Here is the role of Simon and the two of musical ensemble, for example, must be prepared to be from their resume for about 20 minutes at a period means demand that players be, merely standard, on the stage for periods long enough to get thoroughly clothed in weather such as we enjoy every without whether wearing only enough on the lightest of clothes.

Needless to say, or perhaps necessary to say as one of the original descriptions we quoted to the end Lucifer, appeared even a few minutes before the start of the performances, I detected no empty seats although the seats have been taken.

Many announced "Keep a programme?" Programmes? Passion Play is a religious experience.

Land of the Lovelay

REPRINT—*June 14 1950*

Last year we [illegible] about a week when we [illegible] for the Oberammergau and now between us [illegible] we decided that already at the itinerary We were satisfied and every slightly apprehensive that the new world there in a lot of things. The wisdom of the exact reading and words of travel we entrusted to the experience and imagination of those who administer that.

It was only when we received detailed itineraries of the assistance that we learned that the two first days would be spent on it Rhine River cruise ship which would pick us up in Holland, Switzerland and drop us in Nürnberg Holland, not only for from the mouth of the Rhine For my own part, I wasn't really sold on the idea, although two years of a holiday in Java and runs ship round

the Europe, have not stopped a true trip along the beautiful Rhine valley about 20 years ago, I admitted to myself that I would think of water cruising then sliding, both and seeing that panoramic part of the world unfold before me. Also, in the overall tour contract with a tour trade to be completely arranged day the prospect of four nights in two cabin keeps us meeting attractive aspects And everybody, assuredly has heard of the history of shipboard life — and we are no exception, alike, with a knowledge of years before the mast.

The first proceeds, nevertheless, that a river cruise ship might not offer the comfort or cuisine of ocean-going vessels and that sitting in a deck chair by the rail on deck, even viewing the beauty of new surroundings would become monotonous. I concluded that I was becoming physically weary anyway and could probably use the rest before the start of the tour. And, I found a good book for it change from outside spectacles.

Passengers on the S.S *Assunia* to Basel after a long, long boat ride from Germantown, West Germany, or America and Amsterdam — A day in Amsterdam with a large Texan contingent — and large group on deck waiting for our turn to be called to the gangway. I felt my confidence waning. The group ate, I still couldn't worry over my passage.

Meeting the cabin in due course, together with baggage, my heart took it was difficult to imagine anything a night in [illegible] but about "sleeping." Then it came to first night. A rainy buffet served on the deck proved our crossing, very brief indeed. And, when our state of fatigue, we decided it would be possible to get some sleep even in our cramped quarters.

We had surmised The bed had been arranged for sleep for two, we reasoned as the cabin — one under the one bed and another bed folded out of the wall. But we were lulled by a somewhat constant rhythmic motion of the boats, and there we We fell asleep and remained in that way [illegible] the ship's motor had harmonized — unconsciously by the supposed wake-up call.

The wake-up call to me got up we knew because of the sharp tones which fell on behind up the days. On this our day we were locked up by a boat tour for two Strasbourg, Paysan, and drawn through the vestibule. A most charming scenery at Strasbourg, the ancient and historical city which [illegible] recently occupied the north-south and east-west crossroads of European commerce. We were given an hour or so to view the cathedral (construction began in the 11th century) and to visit the shoulder shops in the area. On one of the streets of this city stands could be seen perched on the crossed timbers along the boulevard Storks, we learned, have long been regarded as good luck symbols a that part of the world. To look upon them I believe assurance fertility We quickly finished the other very few sites, and we. When

we accumulate. We have not done it at date as many as had grown hints to a better standard, but we shall not rest until we have made up our leeway.

It was on a Sunday morning when our guide accidentally called me "Daddy" and pointed to a conventional building on the hill. It was, which struck me the strangest something rather. Suddenly I noticed that "Look was the name of the store and presumably because it was hardly well known the guide had simply mistaken it and to us.

Whilst we were leaving, the Austrian had made his way to the ship and was waiting for us to re-embark in time for the first luncheon sitting. The exquisite Strasbourg liner guide had asked to take that sitting and was employed by the Heidelberg guide. When the last deliver's problem was I know not, but I know we were held an hour or more beyond the dock at which the Austrian was moored. An unexpected supplie arrived on both sides shortly, accompanied by a number of disappointed and visibly happier.

Eighteen months since everything we would have wished for Scandinavia turned cold and sleet and coffee we bother in what we are down and we were then persuaded to visit a certain mill to eggs, meat and pancakes from the stores.

Lunch was a full-course meal in true supper both particular choices for the various courses usually range as table for starters, and make up for the main course. Whether most fashionably pale and attentive and this final meal was ch.

There was no difficulty exchanging the basic spare travelling through the indescribably beautiful fiord scenery with its lofty cliffs and mile of the country along the steep slopes, ancient castles and churches every few miles, and quiet people villages and busy little cities that dotted the banks. I say the adjective "indescribable" and this is very apt. At least words to me and all my attempts at a detailed or comprehensive description.

Another stop on the cruise was at Heidelberg to view the famous castle overlooking what has been called Germany's most beautiful city and for supper in the famous restaurant. We stepped down the gang on a village whose name escapes me, and to Cologne for a night spent in the cathedral section enchanted that lovely former city.

Our cabins, as already suggested, was quite comfortable, considering its distinctive size and beside the ample space was always covered inside free or more extra town dues.

And now we passed and supposedly photographed the famous Lorelei Rock, but were not lured by any mythical sirens' location. I made reference to it as the burning streets of under the mystery screens and lovely surrounds with the name and truthfully to appeal to the greatest interest

Blanch Lake revisited

PUBLISHED June 14 1950

Many times over the last three years thousands of Canadians have asked themselves how the Blanch Lake Assembly ever would have happened.

It was a left unsure to understand. Saturday evening when the nation withstood something of a repeat performance, almost a few years long days of its recent experiences, and with the difference that instead of three provinces — Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Manitoba — there were a final five — and because of their hopes here or a referendum.

Shaking their head down and believing to them, it came through a newspaper, in bold three messages, that it will Blanch Lake and whether there is hope for renewal, or remain — something most of us do not certainly question until a few years ago

But what happened? Has one question why if Moncton Lake to stand as of still quite customer?

For one thing, we have proved to ourselves and to the world that we know how to defend the country and still recover. It has stood the test of other second thought in a political decision as never at any time before. It does has experienced a first constitutional — not just a vague political — of Senate violence will be removed subsequent to the new future and that sense of the constitution of second provinces will be applied out

So having found the stream of tensions, are we prepared now to take that all as well as one weekend and that one days of state has now been on on a unit country? Would that be more that simple?

Some troubling doubts remain about. Quebec, although there is a province and Canada has been fully consulted and accepted in thousands of forms — and yet how serious it is for the nation as part of the Canadian Union. Perhaps we might think that the good faith and good sense of the people of Quebec and their concept of — and declaration to, those things that are historical and constituency to general Canada.

The human privileges of the past few weeks included disquieting warnings from high places that failing to make an unconfirmed Blanch Lake Accord could grow quebec "an excess to see our business. The matter can become obsolete for reasons no province has ever been so bad for Quebec that all this is useful is to cause to go over the edge. And if other can one do everything to all that"

Old World rigmaroles

PUBLISHED June 20 1950

On arriving in Amsterdam we were thrown into the past full sightseeing immediately upon arrival without so much as seeing the water with our nose. Having had enough of scenery in boiled continues no longer

that also lived at vastly unequal rates. I had vaguely wondered how the true folk had managed to ensure unlimited access only at the mercies for 30 hour-weary travellers. We had lost eight hours on the return flight, and while we were driven to another top to see during the short night for most of us it was just past unspeakable bed time by our biological clocks and, we were feeling forward to collapsing into soft beds and sleep. That is, when we learned that our resort would not be available until 11 a.m., and there was no use from the bedrooms of guests! Taken as a total lobby covered little approaching some had been arranged for us.

I have been going over time to figure out a reasonable way in which the night's new hours avoided by the tour company, but I honestly cannot. We talked some time driving through the beautiful Biotic countryside, visiting a private chocolate factory on a dairy farm, a large windmill moved in a hangar-like shed and taking a visit at a factory where wooden shoes are made.

The wooden shoes, a weakness of the Netherlands in all of the world are fashioned in two or three minutes and either carved in the five-cent while I stood around. Blocks of Canadian poplar (locally grown) are chiseled into one machine to shape the outside, and another to scoop out the interior. A bit of sandpapering is then required after which the shoes are brushed for several weeks of drying. Finally, they are usually varnished or whatever and decorated.

Most of these shoes are sold as souvenirs, but we can said that they are still purchased by many Dutch people. Evidently they are much more comfortable than — or be, like, than they were when I was a child. Then most were of stiff wood, sometimes with fairly heavy iron harness. Soft leathered when compared to the ones.

In fact we didn't notice any wooden shoes more "normally" until our last morning, having to be in the International Airport for the flight home. Catching through the fascinating we enjoyed a young couple coming across the highway in his wooden shoes in the manner on the other hand.

Generally, in the land of canals, and named from the ten hundreds of years ago, we were treated in a kind manner. Amsterdam, the country's largest city, is literally a network of canals and roads, so most many historic points of interest. We were surprised to record that the four-speaking phrase "wide-as-the-wide-as-the-wide" is known referring to Amsterdam's 58 hundred as possess traffic lay nothing is not necessarily narrow, and maybe-looking — not really the right word, thread-meaning of most locations. Even "dutch" sounds reasonable nothing so much as a homonym saying "reasonable work" while speaking, and the "s" is silent those of a Pennsylvanian.

Speaking of languages, while it is finally easy to get by with English throughout western Europe, in the Netherlands it is dutch. For virtually everyone is fluent in English. Since the country has only 15 million inhabitants and its own language, it would be impossible to translate everything — such as magazines, books, television and radio — into Dutch. It is simpler to teach everyone a second language, which is done in their schools at an early age. Because we Dutch would be logical alternative, but when you consider that the country is known as cities as England, that Belgium has become the world's leading international language, and the amount of English-language material "spoken" from across the airwaves, English is a logical choice. In my case, I learned that it would be all that difficult to get by in other French-speaking areas.

Having an estimated the Holland has only 15 million people it was remarkable to find that they are scattered into an area of 12,000 square miles. In a land perspective, you would be able to fit 21,20 Holands into the province of Saskatchewan. The giant's population density is obvious given that area; in fact approaching the 1 dome of Amsterdam, and only half as part, that is the population of 10,000 to the square mile. 400 to 600 hectares figures from scarcity and possibly better-well. There are exceptions driven by rich in immigrants building a jobs store

Old World vistas use, Part 3

Toronto Star, June 27, 1990

Having diagnosed and the interior of the Rhine valley as prime pastoral country it is difficult to see that its history is supported by anything I have ever seen. It has to be Switzerland. Valleys, lakes, villages, mountains, passes, rivers and waterfalls combine to make the jigsaw of the world's ancient churches and castles stop commanding inconvenience, stacking piled high up and out of tourist distribution. Hotels and pensions give almost every side of landscape picture-postcard quality.

There is more to Switzerland's tiered and tiny country — comparable in and to the Netherlands' provinces — than sheer of living in those eight million people as climate every rich of scenic is given useful purpose. Switzerland's industrialization and skilled work commands agriculture and every resource in countryside unnecessarily depleted.

Although I preferred last few accounts sometimes hard aren't about from European confines. It has done so through maintenance of a proportionately large well-trained army and stands ready to defend the nation's independence as fiercely as it was once gained. Needless to say, the rugged country provides excellent training ground for soldiers. A well-looked Swiss men are required to serve in the ski hazy as an early age and to serve in the reserves for many years thereafter.

Switzerland has three official languages — Ger-

man, Finnish and Italian — as well as the Schweizerdeutsch (Swiss German) spoken in most Germanspeaking Switzerland. This does not mean that public signs are multilingual. In the half-dozen or so in the country's 26 cold cantons (Italic one-hundred-per-cent Calvinist mountains) that are Finnish, this is the predominant language on highway patrol and commercial signs. Where German and French cantons meet, signs are apt to be a both-language. In the one heavily-bilingual canton (Berne) everyone signs are German only. In most of the country French (German or English will get the visitor by pretty as but to the single Italic canton, one senses a stubborn attachment to the local language, and scant inducement to respond in other tongues.

I was surprised, too, Lantine in the city name Iraq and in the force is beginning ago, elevating traffic in a schools by the name of Mondale. The boy driver told me there were other families in the area by the name of Mondale. Because of my associations with Vice-President Mondale, I was amused about people who named their children after him.

In Switzerland one senses a growing awareness of Finite resources, pollution, and the need to economize. Gas-consuming motels for roadside space and hotelchains. In this country the law requires motorists to switch on their cars' motors when stopped for traffic lights. Throughout this part of Europe, where one-quarter-cable or in large proportion of highway traffic, they are not allowed to use highways to work-code and holidays. If caught in cases, truckers must pull over a building area to wait until they may enter again powered in many public transportation lights; intermittent, turn off after a few minutes having only to illuminated light, motors for one-quarter can drive the truck.

My travels in Canada, with my vast experience, have exposed me to many, in Europe it is still very much the unique and departure you book you may glimpse a high-speed train. We travelled by car from Amsterdam to Paris, and it was quite pleasant to sit in a comfortable spacious seat and watch the pretty-card succession new-to-myself vistas of rural and suburban Holland, Belgium and France travelling by are large window at about 100 mph. Eating lunch on the train's dining car disposed of about an hour and a half inexpensively, and fairly expensively.

Several day later we travel-led from Paris to Zurich Switzerland, in the relatively new French super-fast TGV (Tres Grande Vitesse, or "very great speed") train. This carried us across the nation at an average speed of 220 km/h, and as fast as 260 km/h. I was lost-me just a few months ago in something like 300 km/h. The ride is so smooth one might as well be travelling in an air-conditioned.

Within the Seven Wonders of the World were also ignored the complex obviously predated the building of Venice, certainly one of the world's wonders of beauty and the most built, reflected in it are it became known for religious Rome the surrounding Mesa.

Built on a low island but hardly a coral reef the city is supported by thousands of piles driven into the loose mud, and in certain, in twenty-one feet-we, are small distance 300 of every, except for well-known representing the various grand public squares and surrounding buildings. It is like being taken backward in time to be transported on by two-mile Grand Canal the city's main drag — water taxi — or be propelled in single by elegant gondoliers along narrow canals with centuries-old buildings rising on either side. Venice is a pedestrian city-cars are still prohibited by law. Motorists drive into centuries ago also boasts the famous San Marco Square. A huge enterprise where people, pigeons and cafe vie for supremacy as masters. It is dominated by the ancient Palace of the Doges, the ancient city-state's seat of government and brought by dozens of by everything under the sun that will command a good price.

It is impossible, even in several sallcore, to maintain one's poise in assessed without art a man-made European town but it would be overplay in fall to mention Versailles. Twenty miles of the Notre has Palace from which the country was briefly exiled to have to by Thursday-day by Louis XIV and was such a favorite with Louis XIV that he is largest to accumulate the grounds and reject the government there from Paris. It remained there until the French Revolution, when Louis XVI and the Queen and children, Marie Antoinette were taken to the guillotine. The palace grounds are now a beautifully manicured and fountained park of little artificial charm.

Suddenly it's happening

EDMONTON Journal June 27 1990

What seemed a year ago to be a remote possibility is now within the distant future, more and more Germans as a remarkable pace the manifestation of the two Germanys.

While little significance for the rest of Europe and indeed the world most seem to be some, but it seems to offer a lesson for Canada. While two many — and Quebecers and outside — are almost looking for reasons to reassure the Germans despite half a century of enforced separation — total political and economic — did not allow them to realize a great decision about reunification once the major impediments were removed. They apply several years as that that seemed to them to natural as *apfel strudel*.

Perhaps Canadians have not learned enough about why to recognize a national identity that transcends linguistic and cultural differences

Hey a little prayer

comment, June 27 1990

On Sunday we are celebrating Canada's birthday.

In this year, more considerably than one week after we began to observe the anniversary of the "Blitz" taking theme of us who took no heady the dire predictions of Prime Minister Hans Mulroney and most of the professional planners that Canada as we knew it would be destroyed by the federal Lake Accord were not satisfied by June 30 by the tenth-one provinces. So millions of us were fully prepared to wake up last Sunday morning to black crepe, drapes and the grim notation here of published leaders who had given their all, but had failed.

Suddenly we are faced with the fact that the end has not come, and that we have happily moved from one stage of meeting incommodation with famine, into a situation for which the news has not yet been written. At least it has not been recorded to us. If the historians sleep that is very different from those by accident that the memorable first ministers' conference several weeks ago was held at the obviously false author-thesaurus in a Toronto aparatus that under democratic ground rules, the hold-out provinces — New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Manitoba — were to meet in secret not to withholding participation.

Having failed to advance a national blueprint that would have nine provinces committed to have and possess to which Quebec would be re-admitted while living in a world of its own (unhindered by rules set by the Bloc), we find ourselves back at the world of negotiation and political reality.

One reality of course has not be tempted to be doing is that Quebec remains a key factor in the national puzzle a piece without which much of the image is lost.

Perhaps the time has come to take a serious look — something the Bourassa has suggested before — to clarify what the people and politicians of Quebec mean by sovereignty-association, and if it might not offer a solution acceptable to most Canadians although not necessarily to the political establishment.

And there is still our birthday some Sunday. Hyes think of it, and haven't forgotten how say a little prayer for our country.

A major league protector

columnist, July 4 1990

So many nice things have been said about Ron Mockbury in the past few weeks it is like gilding the lily to try to add to them. For 30 years as pastor of one of Weyburn's largest congregations, and as an outstanding booster of our community deserve to be recognized upon his retirement when all really took place at the end of June.

A send-off event is so safe for the district, somewhat than called Mr. Mockbury to Weyburn in 1960. At the time Grace United Church had been rocked by a race riots economic and legal city community life, although interesting, unimportant and business, were often perceived in cosmic and mental ears termed to be divisive both inside and outside the church. Whether or not when he said and she worked in the community before long, Grace United became, first given the number of talented feelings and business types from retired those among the call for a replacement have been known for inviting upon a parishioner and an associate.

Instead they invited Ron Mockbury, who a man not afraid to involve himself heart on any matter — social or secular — he is very certain, also interestingly, intelligently and humorously. His enthusiasm, however, have not always been easy to handle to allow controversy and exposure some to guide and to perpetuate after himself. Grace has and remains delivered in thought-provoking manner.

Mr. Mockbury's services have been a credit that he has been a familiar figure in any community event, and his conversation and questions on any matter concerning the public well have been appreciated and sought after. Indeed, his church attendance been such that the summer of 1989 the Weyburn Chamber of Commerce considered it fitting to name him as the main recipient of the organization's annual Citizen Spoke award. At what time it was said of him that he has been involved in anything with his people, and that he "has weathered the knowledge of Saskatchewan's easiest social, political, spiritual and personal — to name but the controversies of Mockbury as major topics.

While most clergymen know it customarily after having offered their wisdom and advice for free on these matters, Ron has come to enjoy his hard-earned, although many times have strewn the stress of rest from and sought.

Of course just because he has quit to join as pastor of Grace United, and presumably begin to date his pastime, who is to say that he has not by retired? Perhaps he is only moving into the last time and his long-suffering wife Frances will still be hard-pressed to keep him. It check. As long as they remain here Weyburn certainly will continue to look to them for leadership and participation.

His presence in Weyburn has probably been of major league calibre, so perhaps one might be forgiven the expounding it in a major league idiom: to say thanks to the first lady to leave pitched sliders and knuckleballs for the same team — a true difference decision. With final final "kick of the can. She throws great fastballs and, as Weyburn fans and Frances happy customers — or whatever

Epilogue

Chapter 13 was really intended to be on the nature of an Epilogue, filling in as noted the eighteen months between the collection of original materials and final press deadlines. So much however seems to be in a state of change that the compulsive speaker who never finishes has pestles on until interrupted by the telephone. The hope still in a rude humour who abruptly crosses himself. I find it necessary to add this afterthought to an afterthought and acknowledge these phenomena or rapid change as of July of 1990.

The world is incredible at the end of the Soviet Union's supplicant to economic and other citizenship for almost a century to impose its model society on a largely unreceptive planet. Canada, after the failure of the Meech Lake Accord appears to be moving toward a regional federation. Western drought of the 1980s was brought to an abrupt and spectacular end on the 23rd of July when three and one-half inches of rain fell in one hour followed by more heavy rains on the following night throughout the week and a month of record rainfall. In one strange afternoon, all manner of watercraft including a salmon seine appeared on Western streets. While Westburn mops up and repairs damages, the district and the province dare to anticipate a benign recession as a result of the bounteous moisture and possibly a turn-around in the economy that has been chronically gloomy of late.

Such a reversal may possibly help Progressive Conservative government's only hope for a return to power in the general election almost certain to be held before the year ends.

On the personal front as this is written we have just returned from an unexpected board. Passage trip to Alaska combined with a cultural newspaper convention in Whitehorse, Yukon. The convention ended for us with the death of friend Anna Rosenfeld bringing sadness and a reminder of life's realities. Meanwhile several alternate explorations remain disclosed realities life continues renewed.

As these last paragraphs are penned, the pressman is tapping for signals his impatience, and as I launch in a verse with a flair found "God bless you and all who call in you"

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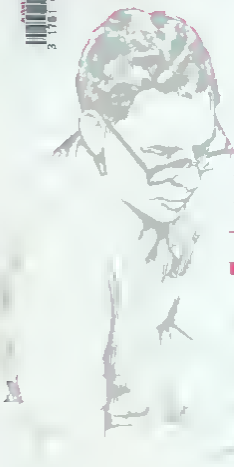
Ernestly!



Happy Yesterdays

ERNEST NEUFELD

The outside back cover:

First row: *A Dutch windmill, sketch of an early Mennonite preacher Poland and environs Catherine (the Great) Tsarina of all the Russias*

Second row: *The Hammer and Sickle of the USSR Saskatchewan pre-confederation front page of the Steinbach Post, c 1943 the Union Jack a California typecase*

Third row: *Silhouette of Westman & Baker platen press Bloor Bay district downtown Toronto c 1945 facsimile of an ITC clipboard, typesetting machine matrix in silouette the Weyburn water tower*

Fourth row: *Premier T C Douglas at opening face-off Weyburn Colosseum, Saskaschewan's provincial flag Coss Community press at the Weyburn Review Neufeld coat of arms the Canadian Flag*

Fifth row: *Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Weyburn CUNA prize-winner's plaque above Weyburn Review logo trademd "20" of printing and publishing to end all.*

Ernestly!

Happy Yesterdays

By ERNEST NEUFELD

Ernestly!
Happy Yesterdays

By Ernest Neufeld

Published by Neufeld Publishing Ltd.
and Ernest Neufeld
Box 400, Weyburn Saskatchewan, Canada, S4H 2K4

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Printed in 1990 by The Weyburn Review (1937) Ltd.
Box 400 Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada, S4H 2K4

for Irene

who made it all possible

Acknowledgments

The author gratefully acknowledges the kind assistance of Dr. John Archer, O.C., Regina, on the chapter on Saskatchewan; Phil Farnell of the Weyburn Review for cover artwork; Derksen Printers Ltd., Steinbach, Man. for the loan of photographs and art from "Reflections on Our Heritage" and other publications; the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Chicago, for the sketch used on the front cover, and for the past decade on the header of the Weyburn Review's "Ernestly!" column; the Weyburn Public Library and staff for a variety of assistance; the Toronto Transit Commission for photos supplied; the Communications Workers of America for background material on the International Typographical Union; to the authors of publications cited in Chapter 6 as reference sources; and to all on the staff of the Weyburn Review who have suffered material for this volume manifesting itself in every department and usurping unreasonable blocks of computer memory, and finally to Irene for patient and tactful assistance.

Foreword

When one has spent nearly half a century in an industry, I suspect it is almost inevitable that thoughts turn toward leaving a record of events experiences, people encountered and challenges addressed of successes and disappointments. When three decades of that period have been devoted to publishing a community newspaper it is obvious that much of the record — from comments on personal experiences to pontifications on the larger scene — has already been noted as it evolved. While memory may fade and perceptions current, if not necessarily valid, and that the components have been preserved on now brittle pages and microfilm.

My first impulse after succumbing to my own temptation and the usual decision of my retirees was to gather a representative collection of editorials, columns and features classify them under broad headings and publish the result with a minimum of comment. It quickly became apparent that personal background and many experiences that have affected attitudes, biases and convictions and which have contributed significantly toward the whole of such a recorded experience are either missing entirely or only hinted at vaguely.

The logical next step seemed to be writing memoirs on the various phases of my life, and the times and places of its evolution and to use the recovered items to enhance clarify and punctuate or to take the place of new narrative.

Next where to start? The beginning is always a logical place, but since I deemed it appropriate to reach back to emigrant movements and ethnic migrations going back to medieval Europe this seemed too far removed from the main thrust of my anthology and experiences the latter two-thirds (more or less) of the twentieth century. As most of our lives — my wife's and mine — have been absorbed with the Weyburn Review as a business a community institution and a personal calling, the newspaper became the obvious place to start.

The first and largest division of the book then is not three-decade absorption with creating a better newspaper, a profitable one and to have fun and fulfillment in the process; this is followed by progressively briefer perceptions of Weyburn, the province of Saskatchewan Canada and the world of our time amplified by editorial comments made from time to time. After this I backtracked to family origins my memories of a childhood in a Manitoba village through my entry into the newspaper and printing world and a "printer's devil" and the several stages that ultimately brought us to Weyburn Saskatchewan. Following this a collection of features and columns on visits to places of interest and closing (I believed) with an assortment of columns and editorials not readily classified under existing subtitles.

Because the editing and production processes consumed eighteen months I could not resist adding a final chapter of columns and editorials printed in this very significant period in our world in our nation and respecting an important Southeastern Saskatchewan initiative the Rafferty-Alameda Dams project.

If one need defend the presumption to publish memoirs and an anthology of personal writings, I offer the following: Firstly, if I were told that an ancestor of mine had spent half a century in the

communication business at any level or to any medium and had left no record of it, that person would incur my scorn. Secondly, the twentieth century has lumt the most astonishing re history both politically and technologically and surely there cannot be one many records of the transition from a horse-and-buggy world to a universe of space travel. Finally, my personal experience and background does have uniqueness there are probably ten thousand or more living individuals in North America who are or have been weekly newspaper publishers confine this group to Canadians and you are down to one or two thousand, reduce this once again to those with a Mennonite background, and it must shrink to less than one hundred. Further limit the category to those who grew up in an almost totally Mennonite community and born to a family of refugees from the Russian Revolution and the atmosphere becomes pretty thin. The pieces de resistance, I assure myself is that I worked for a year or two as an itinerant printer.

In a Neufeld genealogy I reserved recently, it was recorded of Herman Neufeld, the family patriarch who migrated to Russia from Prussia in 1803 or thereabouts, that he had the following possessions one wagon a fifty percent share in a plow two harrows seventeen head of cattle fifteen sheep, 145 measures of corn, and twenty-seven lunds of hay

I believe this cataloguing was not so much an effort to establish his status as a way of saying more of him than that he was born married begot and died. I have some of the foregoing commodities to report but three hundred and some pages of memoirs may exasperate

Selecting a name for this volume presented an elusive challenge and I finally settled for openers on "Ernestly!" which has served as the hammer or slug for my weekly column for almost a quarter of a century. The embedments title is a marriage of a phrase used by English poet William Wordsworth in an impression common I am told in aviators circles In Wordsworth's *"The Excursion,"* mention is made of a "man of cheerful yesterdays" "Cheerful yesterdays" appealed to me as an apt description of largely pleasant memories but the word "cheerful" seemed a trifle fuddly Aviators are said to refer to a good landing — obviously with tongue in cheek — as any landing from which one walks away Patterned on the survival of the extremes of the twentieth century solvent mud of sound mind and body could reasonably be described as a good — or happy — landing. Put it all together and we have *"Ernestly Happy Yesterdays"*

Some of the experiences central to a lifetime and a career are reversals and encounters with adversary forces. Describing them unavoidably characterizes some individuals less than flatteringly. I have tried in these instances, to screen identities to the extent that chances of embarrassment to living persons are minimal, for it is not the purpose of this book to embarrass or defame

It bears stressing at the outset as it is stressed at several points in the text that this is not a history and while I have not deliberately misrepresented facts or events, neither have I undertaken exhaustive research. My memories are just that and may rely on flawed memory. Inadvertent errors or even downright ignorance as my part. Even columns and editorials reprinted here originally may have been the products of limited understanding of and bias toward the circumstances, conditions and events commented upon.

With these strong caveats I invite the reader to find herein something of interest and of redeeming social or literary value

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1. A community newspaper

A publisher at last

The sense of uneasiness mounts as the first wave of staffers heads unanimously for the door two or three minutes before quitting time. A few minutes later the more scrupulous ones exit, those who wouldn't dream of leaving the premises one second before five p.m., no matter how much foot-dragging this entails. Finally the downtown is completely deserted, as those who will not leave until the job is done is in some state of finality, walk toward the door, with perhaps a deferential nod in my direction.

I am overwhelmed by the realization that I am all alone in the building except for a young clerk capable of doing no more than answering the telephone, taking a want ad at the counter or answering a subscription. Almost panicking, I fight the impulse to run into the street and shout after the departing staffers: "Hey! Fellows! Fellows! Don't you know you're leaving me all alone and there's so much to be done even though it's five o'clock? Please, please come back!"

It is at this moment that the full weight of my new status slowly sinks in. I have finally reserved the last push that inches me irrevocably over the line that divides employee and employer, wage-earner and entrepreneur.

So this is what it feels like! By the clock, my first day as publisher has ended, but I know that I will be working as long as my wearying body and benumbed mind endure. As if this realization isn't enough, I am haunted by mocking memories of paydays, holidays and other privileges taken for granted without a thought of appreciation or sympathy for the movers and shakers who had made them possible. This was even before I had fully reassessed the well-brit-of-centre political orientation and near-fanatical trade unionism I had developed in my years in big-city composing rooms in Canada and the United States.

But more of that later.

Change of ownership
RADA REPORTER, *July 7, 1958*

With this issue of the Review the paper will pass into new hands.

It is with a great deal of regret that I make this announcement for after having been the editor and publisher for more than 22 years the paper has become enshrined in my heart almost as a child and its care and growth almost a part of me.

But there comes a time when friends must part. For every game there's an end, for every undertaking a time when it is desirable to let others carry on the work. And having spent around 60 years in printing, and more than four decades editing and publishing papers in western Canada I well realize that sooner or

leave the work must be handed over to others better qualified to handle it

The decision has not been an easy one to make and seems like the parting of heart strings but the head must rule the heart and like a good general knows, there is a time when retreat becomes important than an advance

I hope the decision will turn out for the advantage of the paper and in turning it over to the new owners I feel that this will be so. In turning over a newspaper consideration must be given to qualifications of the people conducting it. While a private venture is nevertheless a community enterprise, voicing the opinions and promoting the interests of the people. Both the senior partners in the new firm are men well qualified in both printing and newspaper publishing having had long experience in Steinbach and Blumenhof.

Mr. Neufeld who will be editor and publisher was born in Manitoba and started in printing when only 15 years of age in 1942 working with Derksen Printers until 1945 when the many other printers he encountered to the fast arrears of wanderlust and have had extra jobs for a few years during which time he worked as many major newspaper offices in the United States. In 1950 he returned to his home town of Steinbach and married Irene sister of Bruno Derksen the other principal partner in The Weyburn Review Ltd. He then went to Toronto for six years working on the Toronto Star. Returning to Steinbach two years ago he joined the Carillon family again taking over the sports page and other duties. He has two children a boy and a girl.

BERNIE NEUFELD

Mr. Derksen is a son of Gerhard Derksen who went to Steinbach in 1932 taking over the first there in 1936 bringing up a family in the printing and weekly newspaper business. He founded the Carillon News in 1946 and this paper is also published in the office along with the Post. Bruno was brought up in this environment and together with brothers other brothers and two brothers-in-law form the Steinbach company. During the war he served from 1943 to 1946 with the RCAF

I would like at this time to thank all Review subscribers, advertisers, correspondents, purchasers of printing and others with whom I have done business for their loyal support and co-operation and to bespeak a continuance of the pleasant relations with my successor.

S.G. QUICK

On the morning that our takeover of the paper was announced to the staff I called a little meeting and declared my intention of turning the Review into the best weekly newspaper in Canada. I am sure my voice rang with sincerity. I think the staff thought I was talking about doing it within a year, and I caught the incredulous looks exchanged. Actually, I was modest enough to expect the transformation to take two or even three years. By "best," I should explain, I meant winning the national Better Newspapers Competition for our circulation class.

Even my innocence did not blind me to some of the inherent facts about my new circumstances, and I was soon struck by the realization that I was facing challenges beyond my experience and proven abilities that it would require all the new skills I could hope to absorb to carry out the considerable task ahead of me. The shop had fallen into mechanical disrepair the staff had slipped into unacceptable practices, and the combination of the two had reduced profitability to zero at best. Sales would have to be increased both to turn around these deficiencies and to improve the editorial quality to an acceptable level, let alone that envisioned by the liberal I had tried to share the staff. And all this would have to happen in a community to which I was a complete stranger.

The thorny problem of priorities had been solved for me by Bruno Derksen, my absentee partner. A salesman both by calling and instinct, he had told me, before wishing me luck and giving me his blessing a dozen times if once, that there was nothing wrong with the Weyburn Review that couldn't be solved by more advertising sales and that this must be my first undertaking.

Accordingly in my maiden speech to Review staffers I had also informed them that until circumstances permitted the luxury of an ad salesman, I would be making sales call myself and that this would entail many hours of absence from the office. My unspoken message was that I expected everyone to work as diligently as though I were there myself to supervise.

Under the old management advertisers had been expected to bring in their own advertisements except that Mr Quack made personal calls on a few accounts that demanded this consideration. The passive sales policy probably harked back to a long-gone era when national advertising constituted a major portion of advertising revenue and it may have been considered a compromise of an editor's integrity and/or dignity to go around soliciting revenue from local merchants.

As well until after World War 2 few weekly newspapers in Canada had competing local media. It came as a shock (one of many) to me when I learned that Weyburn not only had a radio station, but that it had been established less than one year earlier. My mortgage, wages and any improvements I realized with dismay, would have to come from a fiunt that now must be shared with a competitor.

The competitive situation reinforced the wisdom of Bruno's judgment so I went forth and sold. But did I sell them? Barely recovered from the trauma of the discovery of the radio station and its recent genesis I soon learned that the owners were a group of about 20 of Weyburn's leading businessmen many of them naturally heavy advertisers. They now had a strong incentive to spend their dollars with radio. A few chain stores were managed by individuals who were shareholders in the station, and most of them had little difficulty convincing themselves that it was in the best interest of their employers to spend the advertising dollars of the latter with the station.

The non-advertisers to be won over fell into three categories those who had decided a long time ago that they need not and would not advertise and were not about to change their minds, those who had low sales resistance and agreed to advertising without fully realizing the cost and those who had long since exhausted their credit and were only too happy to buy advertising space for which they had an intention of paying.

The first group of course, I was unable to touch; the second approved modest-sized ads agreeing that they probably had been overlooking this aspect of business to their own detriment then crybaked and withheld future advertising when they received their first billings the third lashed boast the first month a lineage well above the corresponding month a year earlier and helped raise my sperits for the moment although not a nickel was ever received from them thereafter.

If the foregoing sounds like an unfriendly reception I must stress that there were many people businessmen readers and community leaders who went out of their way to offer encouragement make me feel welcome and to compliment me on my improvements and efforts. Both negative and positive reactions were essential components in my business training. In retrospect can think of nothing worse than if I had received immediate advertising support from the outset business community I quickly learned that I would have to improve the product in order to increase sales and the it would all require hard work long hours imagination salesmanship integrity craftsmanship and everything else that goes into a community newspaper worth its salt.

Another challenging experience to use the kindest possible term was my introduction in the staff through which certain end results must be achieved. Having never been responsible for even a small department nor hired or fired anyone my credentials for taking control of a group of sixteen people but any purpose were most conspicuous through their absence.

The Review of 1958 had several dedicated competent and hard working individuals who would have been a credit in any organization anywhere. There were also a few promising learners, plus a handful of raging individuals just above their ability and performance mixed in with a few more good all-rate gun unlocked to mediocre performances at the level of mediocrity.

There must have been a time when Mr Quack an intelligent shrewd, thrifty and cautious individual had a staffs comparable to any in the industry but the years and conditions had taken

them tell. He had given up on training and relied on tradesmen recruited from the marketplace — and in 1958 in Saskatchewan it was a seller's market.

Over the years the crew to which I had fallen had developed work habits for which "diversity" is at too harsh a word. Typesetting machines were not lubricated until a part started squeaking, metal shavings created by the trimmers would be allowed to accumulate until the piles interfered with the operators of the machines or the melting pots were short of metal, type was left unwashed after it had been inked for proofing with the result that all the compositors worked with hands and arms that were sticky and black. Waste paper was thrown on the floor even if there was a wastebasket only a few feet away. After all, there was a janitor coming in at night.

Some of these practices were corrected through repetitive muttering. With some I name in at night and did the neglected jobs myself — sweeping up shavings, washing inky printing forms, packing up discarded, balled-up proofs — until my point had been made. Others never changed until we switched to offset printing in 1965. Habits die hard and bad habits can be almost indestructible.

My initial naïveté was such — nurtured by my union background (acquired not inbred) — that I told a retailer who stopped by during my first week and who may have subtly suggested that stuff changes might be an early priority for me that I hoped I would never have to fire anyone. His look of sheer astonishment anointed in my mind forever: "Lots of luck!" was all he said.

This particular retailer was another example of what initiation into the business world may entail. Murray operated an office supply and furniture store a block away, and his came around a few days after my arrival, wished me a heart-warming welcome and hinted at a sales pitch for new furniture for my office. He was nothing if not a good salesman and would have succeeded on a handsome sale except for two factors. First I didn't have one cent to spare, and I knew it, secondly for all my innocence I knew that my first priority as funds became available would have to be modernization of the Review's machinery.

However I resented him that the points he had raised were valid and would be remembered when the time came to beautify and modernize the office. Then I sulked with what I hoped was just the right touch of business savvy, my expectation that he would also remember that I too was in business. His jaw dropped and he made a defeated voice. "Oh, I suppose you know?"

While I was still wondering what it was that I was supposed to know, his reminiscent out the salesman that he was selling printed matter in competition with the Review. In those days local printers tended to regard their towns as sacred territories, theirs almost by fiat and not fair game for competition. They lent thousands of dollars worth of printing to salesmen from the larger centres, but could get stonewalls in local stationer selling printing and farming it out. Murray's doing so had caused bad blood between him and Mr. Quack. he was absolutely certain the same would happen with me, and he held back quickly in the hope of making a big sale before I became his enemy.

But back to staff.

When I visited the Review office to negotiate the purchase about a month before taking over I spent a few minutes in the Review office. A handsome young man about my own age and obviously a tradesman came in from the back shop. He glanced at me, made a quick assessment, and gave me a knowing little smile.

I have always held Hector Bonvier that at the moment I had promised myself that this smart aleck would be the first to go. I really didn't given my general views on firing, but I did resent that knowing look and vowed to get even in some way. I'm glad I didn't because Hector became my first foreman an always dependable fellow worker of prodigious energy and many skills a treasured and true friend, and the Review's sales manager for many years until he returned parts few months short of thirty years later.

Hector was one of the fastest line operators I have ever met and I have met hundreds. He was also a self taught machinist who could always coax a broken typesetting machine to keep producing until the paper was out and permanent repairs could be effected.

Hector would do everything willingly except work evenings. At a man when Tuesday night

overtime was an accepted part of weekly newspaper life. Hector rejected it for himself in favor of coming in early. He might work grudgingly an hour or two after five, but usually he would assign evening work to others and repair to the beverage room for a few brews before going home for early retirement. He would come in so early in the morning as the work load required — and I mean so early as four — and pounded out type at unbelievable speed. By the time I came in at eight all news and ad copy had been converted to type proofed, and was waiting to be pressed.

Another real asset was Ray Winters, a young press apprentice working for near-minimum wage. When the "cataclysm" came and half the staff resigned, Ray was promoted to journeyman status. He was soon pressroom foreman and two years after that became plant foreman at about the same time that Hector became sales manager. Twenty years later he was still holding this position competently, calmly dependably and faithfully, a word you can only understand if you have visited a printing shop run by a slob.

Yet another legacy of the Quack administration was Phyllis Katsky, a short, plump, cheerful, lively and quick-witted English war bride who assumed the duties of office manager without the title or commensurate pay.

The Review of 1950 was located in the Mitchell Block at Souris Avenue and Second Street in premises about twenty feet wide and 100 feet deep. Office and composing room were on the main floor, and the press room and bindery in the basement. The generous-sized office was separated from the composing room by a swinging door cut down at about shoulder level to prevent collisions.

Whenever Phyllis had a demand, request or complaint for Hector, and this might be a dozen times a day, she would head for the composing room at quick-march pace calling his name as a long, high pitched octave — "EHHHHHCCCCCCH-TAAAAAAH" — that began the moment she turned her back to the counter and ended when she reached the linos about thirty feet into the shop.

A year after I took over Phyllis became my first sales manager and held this job for several years until she and her husband and son moved to British Columbia. She was good at the job: personable, cheerful and intelligent — and sometimes unbelievably industrious. We had one major advertiser who could never be depended upon to have his ad copy ready. He might phone on Friday and ask us to hold a full page for him. On Tuesday we might still be waiting, and calling his office only to learn that he was out of town and no one knew when he might be back. He might become in Tuesday afternoon or even Wednesday and work out the ad with Phyllis or Hector or he might not show up at all, leaving or mail a bag hole to fill. Phyllis several times when she was desperate, would go to the advertiser's house or his home eating breakfast and have him dictate the copy to her between mouthfuls of eggs and toast. He still speaks highly of her.

It was Phyllis also who set me on the right course on some fairly basic financial policies that can make or break a new enterprise with minimal capitalization. Left to myself and not to unfortunately conscious of a shrinking bank account, I might have fallen into the common trap of putting off the paying of bills until the financial situation improved. Phyllis schooled us. Mr. Quack's high business ethics never asked me if I wanted to pay on account at that time. She checked out invoices, wrote out cheques and brought them to me for signing. She looked terrified when she brought them as though afraid each time that I might about at her, refuse to sign the cheques or simply break into tears. Much as I might have been tempted on some occasions to put off signing a cheque that would almost wipe out the bank account, I couldn't bring myself to destroy her trust, however tenuous. This upshot was that I learned to solve or prevent financial difficulties with my bankers instead of abusing the trust of my creditors.

Would that every rookie entrepreneur had a Phyllis to set him straight!

Three first-class people on a run-down paper aren't that bad a legacy, I suppose, and there were also a few apprentices who became employees of various degrees of value at the Review and elsewhere. What brought down the average was a handful of journeymen below average in competence or energy and above average in wage rates. Mostly they had been hired in exceptionally busy periods and stayed on when work slackened off. Unfortunately a few of these

can through example until bad work habits that remain to haunt the establishment long after they have gone their way.

Among these was Ed, an ancient taciturnian who could get misfunctioning machines to fail completely and talk your ears off with excuses and wise suggestions. He was also a "strong collector" and kleptomaniac and had more curiosity than a Siamese cat. There was an area behind the downstairs washrooms filled with treasures he had "found". This included a section of four or five theatre seats so positioned that they could be taken for a waiting area for the lavatories. Ed had many cans of nautical printing inks which had been "given" him by previous employers. I have often wondered what I "gave" him when he left.

On one of my first evenings at the Review I was sitting in my office going through piles and piles of news releases correspondence and just plain junk that completely filled the room. The desk drawers were crammed there were foot-high piles covering the entire desk except for a tiny working space there were piles two feet high lining the walls. I set aside every possible minute to shoot through this material for the occasional document or letter that had to be dealt with, and to create some badly needed working space for myself.

Ed stopped at the door of my office to see what I was doing and remarked companionably on the job cut out for me. I agreed and held up a broken door lock that had been hoarded in one of the drawers.

"Just look at that," I exclaimed. "Now why would anyone want to keep that?" Ed chuckled his tongue-in-cheek laugh and eyeballed that Mr. Quick would keep anything. I tossed the piece of junk into the wastebasket, whereupon Ed said: "If you're throwing it out anyway do you mind if I take it? Might just come in handy some day."

Thursday was party time

Breaking on the job was another bad practice that had to be addressed. I don't know how I would have handled it but fate and Bruno a greater experience in dealing with people turned this problem around for me before I could even think about what I was going to do about it.

It was common knowledge on Weyburn that once the paper had been put to bed it was party time at the Review. From Thursday noon until the weekend work had been performed on a pleasant alcoholic haze. This was as well known that we were warned about it even before we took over.

It happened that on Thursday and Friday of the week before the takeover Bruno and I were there to do preliminary work such as stocktaking. At one point Bruno went downstairs for one reason or another and was just in time to see one of a cluster of journeymen taking a swig from a bottle. I don't know how Bruno might otherwise have handled it but one of the journeymen played into his hands by offering him a drink.

Bruno accepted the bottle took a healthy pull, smacked his lips appreciatively and said, "Thanks that was very good. But for God sake don't ever let Ernie catch you if he does that's it right there." There wasn't very much anyone could say to that. Bruno hadn't threatened anyone and wasn't even going to be around. I hadn't said anything, so they couldn't hold the warning against me. But they knew they could never say they hadn't been warned. I never saw a bottle around except for the occasional "grad-down". I authorized myself on special occasions.

Years later, Hector and I got into the bad habit of shaving a mickey in my office on Wednesday afternoons, after the paper had been put to bed and the shop staff had gone home. Once or twice we lost count of whose turn it was to treat and luck came "across." After several such unhappy developments, with such arriving at home and hearth three sheets to the wind we reluctantly agreed to forgo our little indulgences.

Having mentioned some of the shortcomings of staff I inherited, I must confess that my own introduction to staff recruitment brought disasters of its own. It hadn't taken me very long to realize that I could not single-handedly increase advertising revenue write news stories and

editorials take pictures cover news events sign cheques and handle all the surprises associated with management and work on the hmes several evenings a week Admittedly it was with some relief that I decided to hire someone to do the selling not only reducing my workload (really freeing it into other avenues) and my time away from the office but also relieving me of a duty that was not really my strength

My first (and probably only) applicant was one Ernest M who supposedly had sold advertising and/or printing somewhere He was a tall, balding, stout individual, with a tanned smile frozen in his face He brought in very few ads, spent hours in his little corner studying the mat services (books of advertising illustrations) then proudly brought handfuls of advertising layouts to show me Trouble was, they were not layouts for the newspaper from whom we were soliciting advertising they were all "house" ads advertising printing and advertising. I couldn't seem to get through to him that I expected him to sell space to others not to design fillers ads for the paper

Every evening I would see him standing motionless outside the window of the Soo Hotel, where he had taken a room smiling his smile and fat all he would looking like someone expecting unwelcome company Perhaps that is hindsight because a day or two after I summoned the courage to let him go I read a Leader story about one Ernest M who had been charged convicted and sent to prison for defrauding an employer by holding two jobs at the same time, concurrent shifts, not moonlighting.

In late fall I hired Mike R and I thought I had it licked He was young good-looking pleasant and intelligent, and looked us you with clear eyes that bespoke almost childlike honesty

Mike was too interested in the newspaper business that he even asked if he might write some news stories Amazed that this would be most acceptable he soon has right in an excellent story about a farmhouse fire near a neighboring village when several people had been saved by the heroism of one individual

Mike was always on the go, which was encouraging even though he did not bring in very much new advertising With Christmas approaching, I suggested he contact not only our regular advertisers for greetings but the mayor and aldermen and merchants in nearby towns and villages It was gratifying to see the Christmas advertising hat grew, and particularly the in cents he was having in selling modest-sized ads to the small town merchants He told me a friend and lent him a suit to go to these towns.

Then one day the radio station manager Keith Baker came to see me and asked me in private if Mike R was no longer working for me I assured him he was, and he suggested I do some checking because Mike was also driving for the local taxi company He had made several deliveries to the station and when asked if he had quit the *Review* explained he was only making the delivery as a favor to a friend.

Before I had time to look into the matter the local police visited me and informed me that Mike was appearing in court on sixteen charges of theft He had been stealing merchandise from our advertisers when selling us them and selling it to a second-hand dealer at reduced prices The officer assured me I was not missing anything, and I honestly told him we were not

Mike's father (from a small village some distance from Weyburn) was in court next day and agreed to make restitution, so Mike was handed a suspended sentence

About one day later Phyllis Katsky my bookkeeper came into my office with a troubled look on her face, and showed me the accounts receivable ledger card of a recently opened furniture store This was the single new account Mike had developed locally The card showed charges metered by Phyllis and a payment entered in someone else s handwriting Phyllis asked if I had made the entry Of course I had not

She then explained that Mike had asked for the card because the furniture store manager wanted a statement before month-end and he intended to prepare it himself This bothered Phyllis and a few days later she checked the receivables card and found a "payment" entered that did not show up in the cash or any where else

Naturally I went straight to the furniture store to get to the bottom of things and was shown a Review statement bearing typewritten instructions to make payment directly to Mike I briefly wondered about this merchant s honesty or intelligence but decided his like myself was new to

the business world and I'm sure Mike had told him a plausible fairy tale in his clear-eyed, credible way.

Mike was back in city jail next day but the magistrate decided to consider this felony as part of the original hat of offences on which sentence had already been suspended and had him released. No restitution was necessary this time.

Earlier I mentioned the fire reported by Mike. I recalled it months later and with burning fame decided that too had been the product of an over-active imagination. When I put this on paper thirty years later I finally decided to go for broke and I telephoned a Review rural correspondent who had lived in Fenside — scene of that fire — most of her life. She remembered both the people and the fire so Mike must have gotten something right for me. I did not, however, check on the details such as the heroes reported in our account.

It also turned out, after our Christmas issue had been printed and billed, that some of the ads "sold" in the small towns had been approved. Even a number of local advertisers refused to pay for their Christmas ads because Mike had placed them without approval. I have often wondered how many local businessmen suspected me of a policy of running unapproved ads. The owner of the taxi company for whom Mike had been driving on Review time, actually had the nerve to approach me for payment for Mike's use of his taxi.

After a few more "unknowns" who added nothing but were simply marking time as I pursued a few dedicated listeners more suitable jobs, Phyllis offered her services and I quickly realized that here was a solution handed me by a gracious providence to make up for some of my other woes, self-inflicted or otherwise.

A hard look at reality

In late summer of 1958, about two months after my ascendancy to the ivory tower of owner, manager, publisher and editor, I took off my rose-tinted glasses, looked at the situation in the production departments in its stark reality, and committed myself to solutions that were sure to bring about a staff crisis and indeed a personal one.

Edward Quach had been a fine job of taking over the Review during the depression, had worked hard through the war years which had brought increased business but had been encumbered by chronic shortages of labor, materials and equipment. In the earlier years of post-war growth he had expanded mechanically to meet increased demands, but as was the custom in workhorses then, he bought mostly used equipment. Each second-hand press or binder purchased brought problems, chain-reactions not only to the machine in question but those developed in each in the process of years of use and abuse.

By the time I arrived on the scene, Mr. Quach had given up on one or two fronts. Wishing to enjoy some of the fruits of his years of labor, he was reluctant to overspend in modernization, which would not only reduce his cash reserves but might drive up the price of the business beyond the means of a potential purchaser. He also began to take a few extended trips, and his family having opted against remaining in the business, had had to rely entirely on hired help. In the labor market of Saskatchewan in the late 1950s this meant he had to pay higher than going rates to marginally competent journeymen.

A sincere dream of mine, when fantasizing about the weekly newspaper I expected some day to acquire, had been that I would walk in and grandly announce raises for all. A grateful and dedicated staff would then dig in and double efficiency, and join me enthusiastically in turning out within a few short years, the finest weekly newspaper in Canada.

That isn't the way it worked out.

Without taking the reader through the mental muses and anguish of the decisions I made in order to survive, the upshot was that my rate adjustments were mostly downward. Coupled with traditional resistance to new management and overtures from an understaffed Leader-Post and an impervious-minded Estevan Mercury, about half of the staff resigned en masse, and I was left

to march into the golden future with a handful of veterans of the Review workforce a few apprentices who decided to stick it out, and newly recruited employees mostly inexperienced.

While the dream never quite died it went on the backburner while a few of us worked long hours to keep the leaky boat afloat.

Coming to grips with the condition of the book shop was an adventure in its own right. During the 1930s and later for economic reasons and because of the growing supply of typesetting machines being replaced at daily newspapers, it had become common for weeklies to install used machines and with them all the problems that went with equipment that had seen many years of heavy use and varying levels of maintenance.

Two makes of linecasting machines dominated the North American market. Linotypes and Intertypes and looked identical to the layman. In the trade, however, it was customary to refer to these generically as lines after the original of the two. In references herein too, "lines" will mean either Linotypes or Intertypes. Many of the operators of these lines had only on-the-job training and varying degrees of proficiency. Some excellent operators came out of weekly shops and on the other extreme there were some who flailed at the large keyboard with fingering systems of their own invention and somehow managed to coax type out of the machines.

Breakdowns and minor mechanical failures were commonplace. once each line had literally hundreds — more likely thousands — of moving parts. Dirt and lack of lubrication could cause stoppages or poor performances, and the distributor which sorted matrices back into their individual channels might stop dozens of times in a day. (Matrices are brass molds of individual typographical characters from which the lines of type are cast.)

Minor emergencies were the responsibility of the operator. If stumped he would seek help from the in-house, self-trained expert, in many cases the publisher, who had seen nearly a variety of breakdowns that there was little he hadn't faced before. A broken part might be welded by the local machinist if an spare was on hand. In any event, most weeklies had several old lines and could limp along somehow if a part had to be ordered.

A frustrating and time-consuming annoyance was the metal flash referred to in the trade as a squirt or a splash.

A line's function is to cast lines of type. A lead alloy is melted in an attached pot at a temperature of 550 degrees F. As each line of matrices is assembled it is mechanically wedged between two steel jaws the pot pours the molten metal into a mold that has been moved flush against the line of matrices. The metal solidifies almost instantly is allowed to cool while the mold shaft swings around to the ejection position, at which point the finished slug of type is ejected by a narrow steel blade into a metal "stick" (a tray-like container) in which the lines are assembled until the stick is full at the piece of copy has been typeset.

The melting pot has heating elements both at the bottom and in the mouthpiece and they must be kept at temperatures within a tight range. Variations will cause the metal to solidify too quickly or not quickly enough. Either condition can cause a flash or squirt of molten metal all over the front of the machine and even on the operator himself if the lines throw himself out of the way in time.

Squirts may also be caused by lines of matrices assembled too tightly to fit between the jaws or too loosely to be justified that is pushed to either side by wedge-shaped spare bands dropped between words to fill the space between the jaws. Another culprit can be dirt so situated that it prevents lockup of the mold disk at the casting stage. The metal squirted over the front of the machine, and into the mechanisms sticks and solidifies and must be chipped away before production can resume. This may take anywhere from five to fifteen minutes. If metal is left somewhere where it can affect lockup another squirt may be only minutes away.

A line may operate weeks without a squirt, but one squirt often leads to many of the same, particularly if the operator begins to suspect the temperature settings and makes adjustments. A squirt-filled day can be extremely frustrating and most unproductive.

Cleaning up a squirt was the individual operator's responsibility in weekly shops, unless help was needed in adjusting thermostat settings. Then the in-house "expert" would step in, and if a new element had to be installed, the local electrician would be brought in.

On the day Beans and I came to effect the take-over George Cogbill was in the Review shop installing an electrical part on one of the linos. It was clear that he was very much at home there and when he learned we were the new owners did not hesitate to let us know we could expect to get to know him quite well. He was right!

One of the two Review linos had so many distributor stops that one man was kept stationed behind the machine to clear and restart it. The distributor bar was no worn the matrices dumped regularly into wrong channels. This created so many typographical errors that no amount of proofreading could catch them all.

It was during my second or third week that one of the store managers with an investment in the radio station stopped me on the street and showed us a copy of the Review which he had gone to the trouble of proofreading. It looked pretty bad.

This once more was one of the negative experiences but like most of them, it was offset by the encouragement received. Boo-boos and advertisers generally spanking went out of their way to encourage me and to compliment me on every little improvement in the paper, sometimes even on non-existent ones.

For instance: no early improvement I was able to implement without any financial outlay was setting news type on a nine-point base instead of the eight-point base that had been used in the Review for many years, thereby reducing the number of lines of type per inch of depth. This improved legibility by adding a bit more space between lines. A spun-off of this improvement was that less type was required to fill the news hole and we were able to eliminate a lot of boilerplate — canned columns offered free of charge by news-hungry organizations with axes to grind. Immediately people stopped me on the street to express their appreciation for increasing the local news coverage. In fact there was no noticeable increase simply a reduction of non-local content with which they had become familiar.

The proofreading incident may well have been the catalyst for a long-overdue solution. We heard of a reconditioned monotype available from a Winnipeg printing machinery company and made a down payment on it. While waiting for delivery I simply ordered the matrix-forming (really the matrix-plate-casting) combine turned off. Instead, I suggested the boys use the one machine and perform a number of hours nightly myself.

The Review had no Ludlow a machine which cast lines of larger sizes of type from hand-assembled brass matrices. Story heads were set as much as possible from the largest font available as the lines to our case 24-point Cheltenham Bold Condensed. This would be about one-third of an inch in height from top to the bottom of descenders. Anything larger had to be handset, as the Review had dozens of unusual cases of foundry type for this purpose.

An assembled page of type weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred pounds contained hundreds of individual pieces and the form, when locked, had to fit so snugly that not a single piece could be depressed by pressing fingers. This was necessary both for transportation to the press area and so that the forms would withstand the steam and movement of thousands of printing impressions as without coming apart.

Because the pressroom was in the basement someone had overcome the inconvenience and drudgery of carrying heavy forms up and down stairs by installing a home-made lift. A platform would be raised and lowered through a square hole in the floor block and tackle and pulleys were used to counter, supposedly both easy raising of the loaded platform and lowering at a slow speed. Someone however had miscalculated the balances and with a load of four pages of type, the lift would plunge down at a speed that guaranteed disaster.

Although every apprentice was warned of this, and a sign cautioned the operator of the lift always to wear the heavy mitts provided whenever lowering forms, every apprentice made the same error: he would load on the fourth page and, panicking when the lift plunged downward, grab the rope (with bare hands, the rope having been ignored) to arrest the lift a disastrous plunge. It was a mistake each made only once because the resulting rope burns were extremely painful and usually resulted in the victim being off work for several days while hands healed. When one apprentice was actually hospitalized I shut down the lift and insisted that the printing

forms he carried up and down stairs. It was a decision not graciously accepted but I couldn't bear to see those wounded hands.

I have mentioned the building's dimensions, but not that it was one of the oldest business blocks in the city. The Review's part of it had been occupied by the paper for fifty years or more. The work areas were illuminated by a shed light bulb hanging from the ceiling, the plaster walls and ceiling had not seen a repair in decades.

Beside adding to the plant's air of antiquity, the building, through the leasing arrangement offered another dimension to my education as to what a neophyte businessman may expect. There was no written lease, which meant, as I discovered on an occasion when I misjudged my prerogatives, that I could be flung out on my ear on short notice but I was otherwise fully obligated in the three and one-half years remaining on the "lease."

Despite a hair-raising case of stuff and machines and disappearing sales, what made the first year not only bearable but memorable in the best sense of the word was my introduction to the role of a small town publisher in his community – something that in itself is rewarding to a degree that offsets many deficiencies. Needless to say these positive experiences extended through the years and typified the weekly newspaper publishing experience.

One of the characteristics of city life that had eventually brought me to Weyburn had been the growing realization when we lived in Toronto, that I wasn't really a part of the world around me. Riding to and from downtown Toronto daily I had not only been frustrated by the knowledge that several hours totally were expended merely in being taken from one place to another like a head of cattle in a load of coal, but by the feeling that everything happening was happening in spite of me. Wherever I travelled in that burgeoning city of the 1950s I saw highways, bridges, interchanges, apartment buildings and skyscrapers under construction, and it was all happening as though I didn't even exist. In Weyburn this feeling certainly disappeared as I came to understand the community and identified myself in its aspirations and dreams.

It was a heady experience to be autonomously a part of everything going on in the community and as editor of the local newspaper accorded privileges and considerations that I had not enjoyed in my backstop years.

No more than two weeks after coming to Weyburn I covered a meeting at which Premier Tommy Douglas was guest speaker. Someone introduced us and he almost bowled me over by remarking, "Oh yes, you're from Steinbach aren't you?" (or words to that effect).

This ability to remember things about people and surprising and charming them with this knowledge, was one of the acknowledged strengths of T. C. Douglas. In any case, since Weyburn was his constituency it is hardly surprising that he made it his business to know as much as he could about the ownership of the local paper, and to acquaint himself to some extent with the new publisher's background. For me however who had not been exposed to anything higher in the political hierarchy than a candidate glad-handing for votes it was a milestone to be addressed on almost familiar terms by the premier of a province.

It was on my first weekend following the takeover that I learned that a number of villages, towns and rural municipalities in the country made of Weyburn had signed an agreement to establish Dr. Maimpetre Regional park on the Souris River near Midale. (Dr. William G. Maimpetre was a pioneer doctor who had served the area for many years.) I drove to Midale that Sunday to interview George Molberg, secretary-treasurer of the R. M. of Cymri and an officer of the park board. I also interviewed Dr. Maimpetre, although "interview" as a malapropism when applied to the Doc. He was most reluctant to answer my questions if the answers to them were likely to show him in a favorable light. However, I did photograph him in his back yard in the shade of a tree, and the photo was still being used in park literature thirty years later.

A year later, almost to the day, I was to attend the official opening of the park, where thousands gathered to honor him. A brief but heavy downpour interrupted the ceremonies, and with a portion left the platform to run for shelter. I have never seen anything like it in my life before or since. Added to my few words, the Doc got up and mumbled that as always, Mrs. Maimpetre would do the talking added "thank you" and yielded the mike to his wife.

Eight years later I took a photo of "the Doc" and a baby he had just delivered — one of

thousands he had helped into the world. What made this one unique was that he had also delivered not only both of the infant's parents, but at least one of the grandparents.

Covering the events that reflected the life of Weyburn accounted for many different circumstances under which I met my fellow residents of city and district. None, however, was more memorable than my introduction to Monty Adolphus at the wedding of the one and the duck.

In late 1958 or perhaps early January of 1959 the roof of the Moose Jaw hockey arena collapsed, leaving that city's junior hockey franchise, the Canucks, homeless for the rest of the season. All Weyburn had to offer was the old Arena Rink with its vertical iron and leaky roof. But it was better than nothing, and it was decided to play the rest of the team's home games here.

As a campaign to build a rink and bring junior hockey to Weyburn was going into high gear at the time, as hockey promoters doubled to see the presence of the Canucks to attract attention to and create interest in junior hockey.

One event planned for one of the earlier games in Weyburn drew on old favorites and hockey lore. Back in earlier years when Weyburn and Moose Jaw teams competed in the senior league Weyburn players and fans had derogatorily referred to the Moose Jaw rink as a cow barn, while Moose Jaw folks retaliated by referring to the Weyburn facility as a duck pond.

The friendly exchange of insults had progressed and climaxed with Weyburn fans taking a large cardboard cow to a Moose Jaw game taking it into the ice and "milking" it between periods. This was recalled in 1958 and with a Moose Jaw team now playing out of Weyburn it was deemed fitting to end the old feud in a marriage of the cow and the duck at a hockey game. Live creatures were brought in the rink with ex-pros Roman Dyda, Gerry Hart and Russ Bell officiating.

Naturally, I was on hand to take pictures and was backing away from the "wedding" scene to increase the amount I could get. Behind me, Adolphus, a district farmer and acknowledged character I had not met before, was walking across the ice pulling a sled — for reasons I forget — with a high narrow box on it. Backed into the sled, the box caught me right behind the knees and I fell into it. I was wearing slip-on rubbers and as I pitchforked into the box, my feet kicked suddenly upwards and both rubbers soared about ten feet into the air.

The collision was no well timed that the crowd believed it to be staged and roared its approval for a neatly executed feat. I couldn't even get out of the box without Monty's help and was lucky to get out of the incident unhurt and with my camera intact. But that's how I met Monty and many a time we told the story in years to come.

Speaking of pictures, it was during my first summer in Weyburn I backed into taking a picture which was to be reprinted in Time magazine about a year later. I came to Weyburn with no more knowledge of photography than Bruno had been able to drill into me in several short sessions. Bruno himself took most of the pictures at the Carillon News. A paper noted for its liberal use of photos long before the switch to tabloid printing. Bruno had been a hobby photographer since high school, and even in later years supplemented his income by photographing weddings. It was a dream of his to have a photo published in Time and whenever he took an unusual picture or photographed an event he considered uncommon, he would mail a copy to Time with appropriate information. He never made it.

In summer of 1958 I covered the flame-lighting ceremony held downtown to mark the coming of natural gas service. Political rivals Premier Tommy Douglas and Weyburn Mayor Jim Staveley together turned a wheel symbolizing the turning on of the gas. It was almost dark and I had never before taken a flash photo outside in this type of lighting. I asked Leader-Post reporter and Bureau representative Pete Wenger what settings to use. He suggested I set the camera, aimed it and shot.

Just over a year later Time sent a reporter to Weyburn to write a story on Weyburn's handling of the economic consequences of the oil industry. While researching the story Time reporter Ed Ogle became interested in the continuing political feud between premier and mayor. He asked if I had pictures of them and I proudly offered the flame-lighting shots in the two men together.

He accepted them unenthusiastically mentioning that Time was not too keen on using year-old pictures with current stories. As it happened, both Douglas and Staveley were speaking at a

meeting while Ogle was in town and he was able to take a number of pictures, both posed and candid of them during the evening. That dashed my hopes but to my surprise when the Time feature ran a few weeks later, it was graced by my fuzzy flame-lighting shot

Earlier I mentioned Pete Wanger of the Leader-Post, with whom I was to enjoy a long and mainly pleasant association but one which got off to a rocky start. Pete's office was across the street from the original Review office, in the Sun Hotel. While he worked long hours his schedule permitted him to spend a lot of time at the Review chatting with staff and keeping in a rare open for anything that might be happening in the community

Many people had told me within the first few weeks that there was little point in reading the Review because anything in it had already appeared in the Leader. In those days the Leader had a policy of covering communities where the paper had representatives as it did in Weyburn almost as thoroughly as the local weekly. Most Weyburn nurses of any importance had indeed found their way into the pages of the Leader before they appeared in the Review. In addition I discovered that Pete and the Review reporter shared information on a trauma, but of course the Leader came out every day and was able to print most stories before the Review

Premier Douglas and Mayo Stanley

The Review reporter and Pete also took turns at the less-than-exciting job of covering the weekly meetings of city council and writing a story to be used by both papers. Again regardless of who had written the story it appeared first in the Leader and the public took it for granted that the Review was simply copying the daily's report

I united this arrangement by taking over council coverage myself and working hard at using local leads that would be different from Pete's. I also discouraged sharing information on which we might have an exclusive. Soon thereafter there was a difference of opinion about the release of certain information we had received at council. The misunderstanding imposed a lustre strain on our relationship and for a while we were barely on speaking terms. The months and years softened the edges of our discord and we worked together comfortably both in reporting the news and in serving on community organizations such as the Chamber of Commerce. However, there was never again even a hint of the easy arrangement of the past.

A few years later, when we were back to a reasonable level of co-operation I almost cooked Pete and myself in the bargain

It was a hot August afternoon and Pete and I were in the same plane when we learned that a garage in Macoun about 35 miles southeast was on fire. We decided to save on gas costs and drove in Macoun in my car. Heck! It was probably the hottest day of the summer and it was several years before air-conditioning became common in cars. So we opened our windows and turned the vent fans on full blast. Nothing helped and the hot air blowing from the vent felt like a desert wind. In fact, it turned out that someone had turned on the heater and most of the way to Macoun the near-100-degree temperature was getting a boost from this source.

Photo journalism (if I may so dignify the pictures I took with little previous experience) played a strong part in getting recognition for our efforts to improve the paper. This was at a time when a few daring weeklies were beginning to use photos, but the plate-making process was still slow and costly. Our films were developed at the local photo studio, Channell's, then sent, matched and accompanied by an explanatory note, by bus to Dorkson to Steinbach. They would have prints made, burn plates and return them to us a few days later, also by bus. With all these steps and the

long-distance transmittal. a news photo was not likely to appear in print until at least ten days after the event No matter local pictures were new to Weyburn readers and they ate them up

Sometimes the consequences were embarrassing.

Mistaken identity

One evening I took some pictures at a teen dance and selected for printing a photo of a particularly good-looking young couple I asked someone who the pair were and identified the photo accordingly when it ran in the Review A few days later the father of the girl stormed into my office in a rage because according to him we had incorrectly identified the boy dancing with his daughter

It turned out the father had forbidden his daughter to see the young man When confronted with the evidence, the girl got out of it by saying it was the Review's error that the boy she was shown with in the photo (he back toward the camera) was another boy who looked remarkably like the out-of-bounds admirer

On another occasion my candid photographs resulted in problems with the police for the subject Wandering around one winter Sunday afternoon looking for a suitable photo to flesh out a blank week I snapped a shot of a local man going he youngsters a ride on a sled drawn by his car This is illegal and although I took the picture without malice or intent, the police were able to read the car s license number and as a result either charged the driver or issued a warning He wasn't at all happy with the Review

It still amazes when I remember the farmer who invited us for supper to get some publicity He invited me to bring my wife and children to his farm home for Sunday supper adding mysteriously that I would find it worthwhile to bring my camera It turned out he raised cattle, including show animals which he took to various fairs and exhibitions throughout the province He had all his medals trophies ribbons and other memorabilia on display with the obvious expectation of a newsstory

While I knew I had been used I admitted to myself that his achievements probably deserved some publicity So I ran a story and a photo. What hurt more was that I discovered later that the farmer was telling people that if you wanted publicity in the Review the best way to get it was to feed the editor and his family a meal

Of course as long as there are newspapers there will be individuals who try by devious means to steer the newspapers attention toward themselves or their interests or in the opposite direction A rather insignificant instance often comes to mind because it was re ridiculous The city was planning to acquire land on which to build a library A man entered my office closed the door and with a conspiratorial grin told me he would make it worth my while if I wrote an editorial favoring a particular location He owned land in one of the areas being considered and thought the right decision would enhance the value of his property I've always wondered what my "while" was supposed to be worth $50? $100?

Much more common of course, were instances of people seeking to have happenings, particularly offences, omitted from our coverage Often those seeking exemption on behalf of someone admitted that the culprit deserved both the legal penalty and the publicity...but there was always a dear old grandmother who could very well take a heart attack if she learned of her grandchild's misconduct I greatly countered with the assurance that grandmother hadn't lived to ripe old age without experiencing a lot of shocks and disappointments.

I've tried not to permit myself to feel patronizing toward people reduced to pleading on behalf of an errant loved one. Scorn, ridicule and contempt are not easy to bear for anyone and the fates and circumstances can be very selective as to who is exposed

Once when I was still covering the court beat myself I received a phone call from a young man who had been convicted of a number of burglaries. After telling me the particulars he insolently

demanded "What does a guy do to keep his name out of the paper?" "Stay out of trouble." I replied. my sympathies not extending to bold unoriginality.

He started to argue and shouting he wasn't getting anywhere demanded to speak to the boss. He was incredulous when I told him I was the boss. "Do you mean you run the paper and go to court and write stories too?" I assured him that I had also been known to sweep the floor.

Once a young (but older than she would like to be) matron telephoned me the day after she Review was out and demanded what I meant by telling the whole world her age. I strummed something about not knowing we had done so and she read back "Twenty years ago Sixteen-year-old Mary Jones" (not the real name) "Saturday was married (who knows)

Do you suppose people can't add sixteen and twenty?" Then after allowing me to suffer for a few moments she burst out laughing at my embarrassment and all the joke in herself

I felt more then a bit last time I attended one morning when seven or eight young toughs walked into my office looking to one who was obviously their leader to speak for them. I knew the gang had been up for a fairly serious offence and while I was not familiar with any of them, had no doubt that they had dropped into let me know that previous story about them would not go unpunished

Reclaiming that the leader was putting on a show for his pals and couldn't afford to lose face, I had to use more tact than I am usually noted for. I asked him if the offence was so serious that he couldn't live with the community a knowledge of it. He admitted with a grin that it was serious enough. I asked if he thought no one would know about it if I did not print the story. He allowed that that was unlikely.

"So," I asked "if some people knew about it do you think what they will say about it will be better or worse than the truth?" He admitted that rumor necessarily could be worse and he and his friends trooped out without so much as threat

Just a year or two ago, a young woman telephoned me identified herself explained that she had been convicted of shoplifting and wondered if it was necessary to mention it in the paper when it involved a "nice person" (her words) like herself

Some of the newspaper's own sins of omission or commission also add graying to the publisher a hair. Probably one of the worst in my experience was a report on the conviction of a man who had — under the influence of liquor or drugs or both — driven his car through a tent at Kanase Lake Provincial Park. Our story mentioned the name of the "accused" — a very unusual name in these parts — at least half a dozen times. The matter was brought to my attention by the head of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment at Carlyle, who was so angry I was grateful he was seventy miles away. Our story was correct in every detail except a very important one the name we had used as that of the accused had in fact been the name of the arresting officer. To add insult to injury the officer had done a ton of work with Carlyle district young people and my alcohol education. To add further irony the story had been placed right next to a graduation story sure to be read by teen-agers, and as a final touch the officer was at the time on Ottawa on a summon on relation with the arms

We placed apologies in the Review and several newspapers in the Carlyle area. By sheer happenstance Irene and I were seated at the same table as the officer at a banquet in fall of 1969 and were almost afraid to identify ourselves when we heard his name. Fortunately he was a man with a sense of humor and any wounds we had aunused originally had healed well. He told us that when he had returned from Ottawa to Arcola, where he then lived, people there had believed he was in prison. He had a whole scrap book relating to the matter including a photo of himself with bars drawn over it, furnished by thoughtful fellow officers.

In a category all its own is the time we offended some readers with an April Fool's joke. It was 1961 with the first of April falling on a Wednesday. The new dam had not yet been completed and as so often in the 1960s, the water reservoir had fallen to a dangerously low level. As a result council found itself casting about for ways to alleviate a serious water shortage that seemed imminent.

Our Ontario-born editor of the day Don McCahill was inspired to photograph a number of railway tank cars on a siding near Weyburn. The picture was run on page one with a caption

explaining that they contained water being brought in from Lake Erie. We thought Lake Erie would top off our readers to the joke but to be on the safe side closed with the credit "Photo by April Fool."

Reading before thinking it over indignant readers deluged any hall with phone calls berating officials for bringing in water from far-away polluted Lake Erie, with thousands of clean lakes available in Saskatchewan and neighbouring Manitoba. When told it was just a gag — and after simmering down — most thought it was a pretty original joke. A few never believed it let it be known that they didn't appreciate falsehoods even mean April Fool spoke in these local newspaper

Fairly early in my editorial career I made a mistake for which a person I was trying to help paid rather painfully

A reader who learned near a village not far from Weyburn came in with a Letter to the Editor he wanted me to publish. He was on bad terms with the rural municipality's snow plow operator who to torment him wouldn't open the road to his farm. He thought exposure of the man a infamy might change his ways. Reading the letter I found it loaded with libel but because a municipal government was involved no employee of the plow operator. I felt he probably had a case that deserved saving. His knowledge of English was limited and his fourteenyear great so I decided to be a hero and help him. So I rewrote the letter on the spot scrubbing out all the libel and unprovable accusations yet giving readers a good idea of what the man was being subjected to.

I proudly showed him the finished product which he signed happily and gratefully. And that was the way we ran it. That was the end of it as far as I was immediately aware. However New Year's eve soon upon us — perhaps a few weeks later — and I had to go to the hospital to take a picture of the New Year's baby. While I was waiting at the reception desk for permission to go to the maternity ward I noticed standing beside me a rural letter-writer

I took him Happy New Year and asked him how he was. "Pretty good now," he conceded but added that things had been pretty rough

"You've been sick?" I asked

He looked at me strangely as though he expected me to know of his illness, then reminded me of the letter I had written for him. The next time he had wanted his village the snow plow operator had parked his machine in such a way as to keep the farmer's vehicle. He had then dragged the farmer out of it and beaten the daylights out of him. He was just now being released from hospital. Later I learned I had also been on the snow plow operator's hit list, but he had made known his intentions at the local beverage canoe and had been talked out of it.

Ever since, I have been very careful never to assist anyone with a Letter to the Editor to any extent that might identify me with the authorship.

Commercial printing

Job printing has been a traditional economic staple of the weekly newspaper industry since it steers productive work toward existing facilities in the slow days immediately following publishing day. Since the advent of offset printing, many weekly newspapers use outmoded printing plants and quite a few are result have found it uneconomic to maintain commercial printing departments. In the days of hot type, however anything that helped pay the compositors and line operators pay on Thursdays and Fridays was a boon. Although printing letterheads or sale bills is not a hilarious exercise like any other facet of life, work and human relations, it provides its light moments.

It still tickles me to think that I was once able to hold on to a printing order by raising the price.

This was back in the days when wedding invitations were still customarily printed by the local printers. A selection of beautiful embossed wedding cabinets was stocked and the text was handset in Old English or script type. Even type cases that tended to be badly depleted. Given the

cost of the cabinets, the markup and the time-consuming process of typesetting, lockup and pressing the final product was fairly expensive.

One day a psychiatric nurse from the mental hospital planning to marry a psychiatrist came in with a sample invitation she wanted him own modified after it was obviously a *source de substance* from her point of view and she was uneasy about entrusting it to a small-town establishment

All it amounted to was a hand-torn sheet of construction paper with the text printed on it in ordinary sans serif type available on our line She had even bought and hand-torn the construction paper expecting us to have difficulty finding anything so exotic The whole order would entail only five minutes on the line, another five minutes to lock up the form and perhaps fifteen minutes on the press.

She all ed if I thought we could handle the job

"Of course " I replied and not wanting to offend by pricing it too low quoted eight dollars. (This was at a time when standard cabinets would have cost twenty to thirty dollars.)

"Eight dollars" she almost shouted "I am not having cheap invitations " She put not her hand for the sample, obviously intending to leave

The real me would have explained how simple a job it was, but a higher (or possibly lower) power intervened in my earthly I wanted that job I had better smarten up, and fast

"Oh my goodness" I lamented "I'm afraid I forgot all about the — uh uh — the " and without finishing the sentence, but pantomiming a series of mental calculations, I quickly apologized for misquoting, and told her what she wanted was really more complicated than I had first supposed and that it would cost $21 50

"Well that is better " she exclaimed and although still obviously questioning my competence, meand and otherwise entrusted me with the job

It is a dishonest dollar I have never regretted

One printing order that still comes close to drawing tears was the two-color job for an itinerant evangelist — another experience of my first weeks in Weyburn People like that must have put pressure on from a male The evangelist who was holding revival meetings in Weyburn came in with a young male companion Together they designed the letterhead arguing mumbly over details and placed an order for ten thousand sheets printed in two colors That press on unexpected source in the doldrums of July was a bonanza They even came in a few days later to okay the pre-press proof but never picked up the completed order — nor paid for it

And that s the last we ever saw of them.

Printed on the letterhead was the Texas address of a religious organization with which the itinerant claimed some sort of affiliation I sent the billing to this address and failing to receive payment or acknowledgment fired off a letter that must have arrived in Texas still warm. This drew a reply advising that the party in question was not, in fact, affiliated in any way with the Texas organization

Having corresponded with the Texans however my name automatically went on their mailing list and every few months for the next few years I received from them tracts and offers of religious literature I didn't really need those reminders.

Some years later I drew the wrath of a customer by being party to a name change that didn't exactly tickle him

Local entrepreneurs Wilbur Thompson purchased the El Rancho Motel in Weyburn at about the time public dining rooms were first being licensed for the sale of liquor with meals. Wilbur came in with his manager Tom Dixon, and between the three of us we designed a handsome menu for the Ambassador Room, as the dining room was to be called.

Liquor licensing was still a touchy matter in Saskatchewan, and everything associated with it including the printed prices list or menus, had to be approved by a representative of the provincial liquor board Wilbur was out of town, presumably away with his stable of racehorses when the time came for the okay on the menu, so Tom Dixon came in with Shad Wheeler from the liquor board.

After he had satisfied himself that everything about the menu was in sync with regulations

Shad said, "There's just one thing that bothers me. The motel is called the El Rancho, and the dining room is the Ambassador Room." He thought the two names were incompatible and asked where "Ambassador" fit in anyway.

"I dunno," said Tane, and asked what Shad would suggest.

Wheeler volunteered that Ranchero Room might be more appropriate and I seconded the suggestion. Asked if this would hold up, the licensing Shad assured Tane that he could change the name on the form right there and I too agreed the name could be changed in the menus in short delaying the printing.

So the Ambassador Room became the Ranchero Room — and when Wilbur Thompson returned to Weyburn he blew his stack. I've mentioned he had a stable of racehorses. His had one particular favorite, a horse by the name of Ambassador.

A niche of spanning era on the job printing department was the "funeral press."

In communities not served by radio or daily newspapers, and before economical and quick photocopying techniques were available, it was customary to publicize deaths through cards placed at strategic locations such as the post office, throughout town. A form of type was kept handy and when a death occurred the name, time of death and funeral particulars were changed. Several cards were printed and taken out to the various locations.

The Review had a small platen press with a printing surface too small to be useful for anything else. One funeral card form was always kept locked into a chase (a metal frame) of the right size, and cards paid left in position on the press platen so cards could be printed as quickly as possible. Inevitably the little press was dubbed the funeral press. We charged $4.50 for printing and distributing half a dozen cards with fifty cents brazenly added for a full dozen. Funeral directors delighted in bringing in a card order or two on Friday afternoon just as the place was being locked up. The loss of funeral cards to the revenue of the weekly newspaper industry has caused few tears.

Rebuilding the plant

The depletion of the Review's staff soon after our arrival resulted, as already suggested, in an early introduction to the joys and surprises of staff enlistment. I made some hiring decisions that I find incredible to this day. Once I learned, only through bitter experience, not to hire bodies when I needed people to clunk out references, and to ask pointed questions my record improved. Hiring is always a dicy business, but for all the disappointingly bad choices I still managed to hire in the first few years people like Mary Griner, who became my first news editor, and Henry Akbash, the Review's hard-pressman thirty years later. Many others here come and gone as to respected careers in writing, printing and in other businesses.

And while the staff was being rebuilt so the physical assets of the plant gave way to new units of the art replacements. Using the words "new" and "state of the art" is an overstatement as it might be if applied to acquisitions not many years later. In the postwar era, and until the great conversion to offset printing equipment in the newspaper composing room — the key production department — did not change significantly. With a few bells and whistles added, the linos in daily newspapers were not very different from the typecasting machines produced decades earlier. In fact, many parts were still interchangeable. The linos in stockers were similar to those of the dailies except as noted earlier, they tended to be hand-me-downs from larger plants.

However, many time-saving devices in use in daily newspapers for many years simply had not found their way to the shops of these country cousins. Those probably did, at least in part, to the fact that as the weekly shop of the depression years, money was not readily available for capital expenditures. Family and staff worked evenings without overtime pay and wages were low. As a result efficiency didn't count for much in the scheme of things, and this omission cut deeply into profitability when higher wage rates, overtime pay, paid vacations and other employee benefits became part of small-town life, even if at a lower level than in the large city.

It would be satisfying to say that I had come to Weyburn with a bold vision of modernizing. Although I had worked in modern printing shops in many parts of the continent and had every hope of streamlining, I thought of these machines to some extent as frills to improve working conditions, the quality of the product, and the appearance of the plant. Oh, I knew efficiency was a factor too but not how dramatic a factor, and we didn't have the money to lay out. Anyway, I was willing to work extra hours to offset plant inefficiency. I believe I had some vague goal of beginning a replacement and modernization program in about five years after the mortgage had been substantially reduced.

It was a request of Hector Bouvier's that made me accelerate the program. Hand-inserted as the use of larger type for news and advertising headlines to improve the appearance of the paper and the larger type (hand set) had to be assembled from our dozens of type cases. Most fonts were depleted and a lot of type was tied up in standing forms saved for subsequent re-use. It was not uncommon to see a line in a particular font of type only to find oneself short of a few letters. This left the chance aggravating and time-consuming of distributing the line back into the case and switching to another font (with possibly the same results) or scrounging through piles of standing forms to find the letters required in the appropriate font.

So one day early in 1959 Hector approached me with a casual look in his face and a long list of type needed to replenish our type forts. I muttered and protested that this would cost over one thousand dollars and provide only temporary relief. Hector was unmoved. "If you expect me to use large type, we've got to have type to use especially with the busy spring season ahead of us."

With knees shaking and a sick mind I retired to my office to consider this latest bombshell.

Suddenly the realization struck me that if I could afford (indeed if I could escape together the wherewithal to pay for the type demanded by Hector I could afford a down payment for a Ludlow machine which would alleviate the problem forever.

A Ludlow was a machine with which large type could be cast, up to an inch in height and perhaps larger and in line lengths of up to eighteen inches (in about four-inch sections). The lines were hand-assembled from brass matrices and cast from metal identical to that used in the regular linecasting machines. Blank lines could even be cast for spacing, and as with type from lines, the metal could be remelted and reused.

My pleas to a representative of the Ludlow Corporation representative must have been heart rending because he agreed to supply the machine for a down payment of one thousand dollars. The improved production was nothing less than astounding and the higher quality was pleasant as well but hoped it would be.

It wasn't much later that we bought a photo-engraver of a sort. I've already mentioned the emphasis I had been taught to place on local news photos and local appreciation of them in spite of the time lapse between the event and the published picture because of our reliance on photos produced in Steinbach.

People are quick to accept improvement and also to recognize inadequacies in them, so it wasn't long before people began to wonder out loud about the lateness of our pictures. At about the same time, a revolutionary engraving process made it economical for large and medium sized weekly newspapers to install in-plant engraving machines.

While the process used in Steinbach and in other engraving plants required costly special cameras and baths plate emulsifiers and all sorts of complicated and costly procedures (and produced excellent products) several companies now were offering small electronic engravers that scanned photographs and punched holes into plastic plates in inverse proportion to the density of the corresponding area of the photo. (Dot patterns of various density on printing surfaces are the basis for printed photographs.)

Quality was much inferior to acid-etched zinc plates but at a rental of about $130 monthly requiring a space of only a few square feet and able to turn out an engraving about eight inches square in twenty minutes it was a triumph of technology. Brochures advertising the machines — ours was a Klischograph — invariably showed a young, pretty smiling girl standing beside the

machine. The message was clear: if a young, pretty, smiling girl was capable of running a Kinebograph, no one need feel inhibited.

Temporarily, a new owner of Channell's Studio was permitted to develop and print our films, but a more permanent solution was not far away. In fall construction was begun on our bungalow on Woodlawn Crescent, complete with a darkroom in the basement. Shortly after we moved in, in late winter, we bought a darkroom "package," and, with a few days of instruction from a tutor who had had only a few days of instruction himself, from because our professional photo lab expert.

This arrangement lasted for four or five years, through three babies that managed to survive lengthy sessions in a 60-degree basement, or to sleep through from a sequestering, on photo days.

Like everything else, the home studio added a few highlights to my store of memories. I remember with particular vividness a provincial election night, perhaps in 1964, Saskatchewan elections are held on Wednesdays and the Review, at that time, went to bed Wednesday nights for Thursday morning printing.

After the election returns were in, perhaps an hour after the polls closed at eight o'clock, I took pictures at the office of the winning candidate, drove home to deliver the film to Irene, then returned to the office to write my stories, set them on the line, proofread and correct them, and drop them into the front and jump pages, allowing a rectangular space for the photo to be cropped early in the morning.

By this time it was after midnight, house lights were out throughout the city, and all was still. I parked and left the car running while I carried to the home to pick up the photos waiting for me on the kitchen table. I had noticed the car door swinging open because I hadn't closed it properly, but at that time of night, and for one minute, it wasn't worth going back for.

So I entered the home, grabbed the photos, and dashed back to the car and was about to get in, when my heart almost stood still. There sitting in the driver's seat was a tall figure. I must have let out some sort of distressed sound, because with a frightened yelp, the figure sprang out of the car, crashed past me and disappeared into the night.

The Jennings, who lived across the street, had a black Labrador retriever, and I learned later that he just loved to get in cars. My car, with an empty seat and open door, had been too much to resist!

The cylinder press

So far, I have said little about the press.

Before I had even taken over the Review — that is, in the few days I was in Weyburn before the key was actually turned over to me — I quickly was told by more than one unthinking nature that the Review was printed on an old piece of junk that broke down regularly, and that as a consequence the paper was often hours late.

This turned out to be entirely true, except for the part about the press being an old piece of junk. It was a wonderful, well-built piece of equipment that was being forced to work under impossible conditions.

At this point, just a bit of printing history is in order — unnecessarily, but as I have learned to understand or perhaps imagine it.

For hundreds of years after Johannes Gutenberg's invention of movable type, this in itself was sufficient unto itself as a wonder of human ingenuity. If you consider the alternative of copying Bibles and other documents by hand, wasn't it great to be able to hand-set a page of type and then print as many copies as desired? What matter that the form probably had to be inked with a hand-held brayer, a sheet of paper carefully positioned on it, and a platen hand screwed down to press the paper evenly against the form of type?

Naturally this wasn't good enough forever and inventors eventually developed presses operated by manpower by horsepower and by the early 1800s, by steam power. Proliferation of printed matter fed literacy which in turn fanned demand for more printing. Either in the twilight of the steam power era, or in the years that followed the invention of the internal combustion engine the press industry must have decided that improvement had gone about as far as it could go until the trade was sold a quantity of sturdy steel printing presses, built to last a hundred years — at maximum speeds at which sheets of paper could be hand-fed into them.

Time came when even these mechanical miracles were succeeded by web presses and mechanically fed cylinder presses, and the new orphans often became the work horses of the weekly newspaper prescreen. There were new presses offered to the weekly industry but for two to four short press runs per week this was a pretty costly route compared to picking up a low-cost used press being replaced shortly to make way for faster presses coming on the market. These used presses gave years of service run under unbelievable conditions and were very undemanding in terms of maintenance and repair. If a part broke every town had its mechanical genius who was able to get the press running long enough to get the paper out and until replacement parts could be brought in.

Such a press was the Review's Optimus. It was larger than most presses found in weeklies. Four hundred newspaper page forms locked onto the press bed looked almost lost. The entire machine was about fifteen feet or more in length. The press had been installed in the Review's basement on a cement floor and should have lasted forever, had it not been for Weyburn's highly alkaline soil. Over the decades the alkali had eaten away at the concrete base, causing the steel chassis of the press to warp from its own weight.

Imagine a steel slab weighing a ton or more hurtling first in one direction, coming to a stop assisted by a cylinder slamming into an air chamber, then reversing itself and heading in the opposite direction to have the process repeated at the other end. This whole cycle was repeated over one thousand times in an hour of operation.

The press broke down often and in unexpected places. That would cause delays, late delivery of the paper, costly repairs and overtime pay while the entire crew waited for our local mechanical wizard Floyd Tralson, to get the press going again.

When the press was started it sounded like a locomotive roaring through the basement and when a sheet of paper got caught in the ink rollers the first person to notice it would let out a banshee-frightening roar in which he would be joined by others until they gained the attention of the press feeder. Thereupon the press would be brought to a stop with further gnashing of steel and gears. All this was happening in a basic that was no longer true.

My office was located directly above the pressroom separated from this dungeon by a not-very substantial floor. My stomach flip-pod with every rotation of the press cylinder, and my heart would lurch every time I heard the distress cries, and I would perspire copiously until I heard the press rolling once more.

A most creative ambiance!

The repairs were costly, using up a good share of the meagre margin that might otherwise have gone into the profit column. And as of the inherent problems of the press and its ills were not enough, the electrical system's cables became corroded by alkali. The costly repair job was completed while the press staff was out for coffee. Suddenly there was the sound of the press being started followed immediately by an enormous smash.

We rushed downstairs and found the electrician standing beside the press looking sheepish — and deservedly so. He had finished his repairs and had decided to start up the machine to see if everything was in order. So he pressed the startex button of a machine he knew nothing about. The press must have had a safety clutch to prevent accidental starting in this way but either the electrician found it, or the press had been left engaged. At any rate, it happened. The press bed had on it many loose pieces of metal and steel furniture (spacing material used for locking forms into position on to the bed). These pieces were thrown off the bed when the press started, some of them landing in the compressium chamber to which they were jammed by the returning

compression cylinder machined to fit tightly into the chamber now filled with pieces of wood and metal.

The result was not beautiful to behold.

Insurance covered the cost of this major repair and we were operational again for the following week's paper. Insurance however did nothing for my nerves, my sheets or my dresses nor for that matter for the lifespan of a much-abused press

It was becoming more obvious every day that the only answer was a new press. At the time the Goss company was offering a web fed press suitable for medium sized weeklies. It was capable of printing and folding eight broadsheet pages at a time at a speed of several thousand impressions per hour. These Coz-o-type presses had already been installed at Steinbach Estevan, and a number of other weeklies in the west

The spirit was willing, but it made so much sense but I was faced with two major obstacles One was the price tag of $30,000 or thereabouts and the second was where to put the press Considering the condition of the leased premises, and my landlord's relation with the landlord I was not exactly anxious to install an expensive press in the trembling basement with its disintegrating floor. Several years also remained on the existing unwritten lease and installation of a press would hardly leave me in any bargaining position for a renewal Somehow a new building as well as a new press did not seem within the realm of possibility

In any case I went to see the landlord to see where I stood in the event of a move and he told me to do whatever was best for the Review that the Review had always been at this location and would always be welcome He added that Wentworth 1 next door in the same building, had been eyeing our premises covetously for years so there would be no problem in getting a new tenant. This was very reassuring but it didn't come close to covering all relevant considerations

The decision was made for me on the last Sunday of April in 1960

Western Wire and Cable Co at the Weyburn airport had expanded its operating area an additional hangar and was holding an official opening and reception to celebrate and publicize the enhancement We had been asked to print a special section of the Review to commemorate the occasion and to provide several thousand extra copies of the section With our limit of four pages per run on the old Optimus press with each section handfed into a folder after printing, plus the longer press run it was necessary to work through the weekend to print the special

We were halfway through the last run of the special when the press seized and wouldn't run Floyd Trudeau again left whatever he was doing on a Sunday afternoon and tackled the mechanical monster He adjusted nothing swore mightily made more adjustments and swore some more and declared that there was just no goddamn reason why the sonofabitch wouldn't run

In the meantime I was saying silent prayers and promising God that if He got me through this one press run I would never bother Him for another favor in my whole life Naturally it is a promise many times broken but it was made sincerely I console myself that the Almighty is probably more favorably disposed toward individuals who demonstrate frequent dependency than toward those whose self-sufficiency fails them only once in a lifetime

If you wonder about the urgency of completing the run it was this as the old flatbed presses four pages were first printed on one side of the sheet The sheets were then turned over and printed on the other side with another four pages Metal and storage space were usually limited so the first four pages of type were disassembled and melted down before the next run was completed. Had we been unable to complete the run it would have been necessary to reset the first four pages and take the right pages to Estevan for printing because no shop within a reasonable distance had a press compatible with our page size.

In any case, between God and Floyd it was possible to coax the press, at slow speeds and with signs of heating up to complete the press run Then I ordered the press turned off and never started again making arrangements with the Estevan Mercury to print the Review on their Coz-o-type until alternate arrangements could be made

Calculating how much money could be saved annually by not having constant and costly press

repairs, a more efficient operation and roll newsprint at a substantially lower price than sheet stock. I wrote the Goss company enthusing considerations for a reasonable terms for a Cox-o-type press of our own.

The building to house the press and the Review, I concluded would have to be built by someone prepared to make an investment less long-term rental. Against almost desperate whim prospective investors accustomed to treating the Review as a joke, I used equal humor in the thought of taking good dollars on its future. None certainly demonstrated any sense of urgency in considering the proposal.

A new building

Somehow I was steered to the Porter brothers, Jim and Chuck, whom I knew only casually at the time. They not only gave me a sympathetic hearing but, being temporarily unable to make this sort of commitment, undertook to find an investor. It was through them that I was brought together with Gordon Russell, a downtown retailer who agreed to look at my needs. The Goss people, by the way, had acceded to my pleas for easy terms, and my orders were already "in the works" before we even had a place to put the press. Gordon made quick decisions after studying a proposal seriously, and within weeks ground was broken for a cement block and brick building built to my specifications (modified by Russell, a greater experience in these matters) on Second Street between Sourse and Conant Avenues.

This meshed the beginning of a lengthy relationship that would be envied by anyone who has ever accepted leased premises of any kind. The Review was in the building for over seventeen years, and in all those years there was never once occasion for me to complain about anything concerning the arrangement. If Gordon Russell ever had cause to be dissatisfied with us — a possibility, since maintenance was the lessee's responsibility — he was kind enough never to tell me about it. Over the years we had occasion twice to make additions to the building, adding first a small warehouse and then a second storey in 1967. On both occasions Gordon was out at town when I identified my need, both times I contacted him wherever he was, and on both occasions he gave me a verbal okay, leaving the legal details and rental adjustments — always low — to be completed after his return, usually after construction had begun.

Completion of our new building was targeted for mid-September of 1960, and for the intervening five months we took our page forms to Estevan for printing — one trip for each press run, but in those days sixteen pages (two runs on the Cox-o type) was our limit. We were unable to meet our deadlines forward, so instead of having the printed product available fairly early on Thursday mornings, so our readers were accustomed, the papers did not reach our office until the truck returned in mid-afternoon or later. We last readers temporarily and advertisers were not exactly thrilled.

With the co-operation of Sterling King at the Mercury, the months of printing at Estevan passed almost without incident, except for the occasion when our pressmen put his knee through a page while putting it on the press, scattering type and spacing material all over the neighborhood. Fortunately we kept page proofs, but I had to drive to Estevan with it (fifty miles) then help them sort the knee rules and spaces to match the proof. The Mercury's type faces were different than ours, so we were unable to reset some parts of the page which would have been faster and easier.

About the most difficult aspect of having the paper printed in Estevan was the unnatural atmosphere of the office after closing our forms. It was weird, this sudden transition to something like weightlessness from frenzy to a standstill state.

In a weekly, when all the pre-press functions merge and the press begins to run, there may be a sense of finality for most of the staff, but there is also a new progression that meshes with what a newspaper is all about. The first impatient readers have been waiting restlessly at the counter to

get one of the first copies (there are always a few regulars who do this). They comes a steady trickle of advertisers and readers who come as soon as they can be reasonably sure the paper is available. Bindery workers are inserting and bagging papers for mailing and counting out piles for the carrier boys; others are taking bags of papers to the post office for distribution and mailing; carrier boys march into the office and through to the shop to fill their bags and money is being collected from the youngsters who are responsible for collections from their customers. Advertisers hurry out with tearsheets. The phone starts ringing with the earliest reactions to the paper hitting the streets: an occasional compliment, complimentary query. When you go downtown you see people in restaurants — friends acquaintances and complete strangers — reading your paper the words you have written, or edited, and printed. It is the culmination of what the week's work has been all about: not just a pile of printed matter but a collection of informations going out to and being absorbed by the community.

It is a feeling that always is both new and traditional. But it disappeared for months while we printed at Estevan. The public quickly learned that there would be no paper until some indeterminate time after the truck had returned and the sentence collated. So after the truck left, loaded with page forms there was only silence. No customers, no carrier boys no ringing telephones no complaints, just a heavy silence that felt like disapproval and embarrassment at our shame. We had worked hard at producing something and had nothing to show for it.

Even when the truck showed up with the finished product, it was not as though time had simply been suspended for a few hours. There was just no excitement about the paper being out and available; at this late hour it seemed simply irrelevant.

But it was the nadir of our early years at Weyburn: the final purgatory before our glorious entry into the comparative paradise of a new building built to our needs and with a brand new press.

Business as usual

OAGE-STORY *September 8 1960*

This week's issue of the Weyburn Review was produced under circumstances even more confusing than those which usually exist.

The reason is that the big native at our new premises began last week and with the building on Second St still under construction, the office remained at the old location while the composing and stereotype department were re-organized in the new quarters early this week.

The proceedures was totally "blacked out" for a few days, with presses either awaiting re-assembly or electrical hook-up.

A one or two-week delay would have been better for all but this was made all but impossible by the advance arrangements which had to be made in connection with the move.

As it was the Goss Cox-o-type printing press on which the Review will be printed in the future arrived a week before the scheduled delivery time and the 12 tons of much very parts had to be stored until the floor of the building had set. On Tuesday of last week as had been arranged earlier A Cunningham of the Goss Co. Chicago, arrived to begin reunion work on the eight-page web-fed newspaper press.

Another factor which contributed to the on-schedule move was the size of the back door at the old building. Because the opening was not large enough to accommodate the large pieces of equipment required in the production of a newspaper a number of machines had to be stripped to size and re-assembled in the new plant.

The two main reel experiencend machinists. These were provided by Toronto Type Foundry of Winnipeg with Vince Webster and Frank Bean seeing at the presses and Don Green in charge of the typesetting machines. Mr. Green was one of the men who who installed the linotype machine in the Review office two years ago.

To move the printing presses, stereotyping and bindery equipment out of the basement of the premises which have been occupied by the Review as long as most people can remember, it has been necessary to remove the entire rear wall so that the machines may be raised through the stairway opening.

By last weekend, most of the heavy equipment had been removed from the basement by the movers, Heavy Equipment Haulers.

Moving of the remaining equipment was deferred until later this week in an not to interfere with the production of the paper — mirely hampered by temporary electrical hook-ups and lighting the usual problems associated with moving and machinists finishing off the building — and to give things a

chance to adjust at the new building before the balance is brought a The Office staff and fixtures also remained at the Mitchell Block so as not to interfere with finish ng work in the new office

It is hoped that by next weekend the entire move will have been completed and that production will soon be in normal shortly thereafter Business, of course has been carried on in usual during this time with very few printing orders affected by the temporary shut-down of the presses

One thing which may be attributed to the move is the scarcity of pictures in this week s paper This was partly due to the staff being occupied in mov ng and partly because the engraver had been rushed for moving, making it necessary to have plates made in Kenora

Th i week s issue is sli l being printed on the new

The move into the new building seemed to write "finis" in the era in which we grop ingly attempted to establish ourselves in Weyburn and to restore the newspaper s image as the mirror of the community ingrad out in a modern plant While the years ahead were not free of problems, as could not have been expected in any business under a novice s management, we had soon bought most of the equipment then considered appropriate for a weekly plant the size of ours.

The Co-o-type press secured like a miracle printing four, then eight pages at a time at a speed of over two thousand impressions per hour simultaneously slitting and quarter-folding them eliminating what had once been an extra step The printed image especially photos was of a lower quality than that of the old sheet-fed presses but at such a saving in time and money it was easy to walk at some sacrifice

To further increase type production we bought a brand new Comet Linotype capable of turning out eight lines per minute instead of the traditional six. Within a year we had this typesetter hooked up to teletypesetter equipment with the Linotype producing type from tape-led commands. The tape was punched in the front office on a separate keyboard with a standard typewriter configuration and operated by a typist

The big advantage was that while a manual line operator stop ipped averaged about five lines per minute — speaking now of a first-class operator — and about three lines or slightly more for the average operator and still less for a learner the tape-controlled machine could run at full speed except for short stops in change tapes and remove "slicks" of type. It was not without disadvantages but these were well compensated for by faster and less costly production.

Beside the press breakdown which forced me into replacement of both press and building, most of the modernization came about deliberately and systematically based on cost-effectiveness and the availability of a down payment

One of the changes that came at least in prospect only as the press was now furniture for my office. I had decided that cosmetic changes could not be undertaken until all our production equipment was top-line So I made do even in the new building with a rickety old desk with drawers that jammed and a vintage swivel chair The chair had armrests supported by wooden spindles rising from the seat The chair's height was adjusted by spinning the chair and then tightening the vertical screw at the right height The screw had become worn over the years so the chair would gradually sink as I worked I could barely reach at my desk. Then I would have to stop whatever I was doing and bring the chair up to working level again The spindles were also loose and occasionally would slip out of their holes, also requiring some delicate restoration

When Phyllis Katelly took over as sales manager her bookkeeping duties were taken over by a young man by the name of Don Forbes Don had a keen sense of humour, but a very old-fashioned approach to business relationships. While almost everyone in the shop called me Ernie I was always Mr Neufeld to Don and he always addressed me as respectfully as though I were Lord Thomson

One morning he came into my office and asked me a question that required some thought. As I addressed myself to the problem I leaned back and placed my arms on the armrests.

This is difficult even for me to believe, but at this point the screw failed completely, the chair sank to its lowest level with a lurp and a thud and every individual spindle and all the crossbars at the chair's back, fell apart and tumbled into a heap on the floor It was like a scene from a cheap western or a second-rate farce Total destruction

Even Dan's sense of dignity and decorum could not restrain him. He not only laughed, he howled, doubled over and holding his belly with both arms. I laughed too, but not quite so heartily.

That day I bought both a new chair and a new desk.

The Estevan Mercury

Another major change came in 1963 when we were offered the Estevan Mercury on a silver platter.

In the middle 1950s or thereabouts the Liverpool (England) Echo organization expanded into Canada buying a weekly in Midland, Ontario, the Estevan Mercury, the daily Red Deer Advocate in Alberta, and three weeklies in British Columbia's Fraser River Valley.

We had no sooner taken over the Review — my family hadn't even jumped out in Weyburn — when I received a letter from the Echo's top executive suggesting that I might be open to an offer. I replied that we hadn't bought the Review just to resell it, but admitted that everything probably had its price. Not long after that the Echo executive, on his annual visit to the Canadian holdings, dropped in to see me and to feel out my amenability to an offer. He expressed serious concern about my financial ability to handle the necessary rebuilding of the Review.

I then again I declined to negotiate, thereby adding to the worries of our first year in Weyburn we secretly feared the Liverpool group might be as ruthless as some of the newspaper chains than feeding on their neighbors in the country. As it turned out the English as we called them always behaved like good neighbors and I don't know how I would have survived without their co-operation during the press crisis.

It developed, however, that not everything was peaches and cream in the Echo's overseas operations either. While the Red Deer and Fraser Valley operations were thriving, the same could not be said for Midland and even less for the Mercury which reportedly was losing money hand-over-fist.

Long-distance supervision was obviously one of the problems in the Mercury's case and another was a United Kingdom policy that did not look favorably upon money-losing foreign investments. There were also a few local problems, but they would have been unreasonable taken out of the framework of the other two.

The upshot of all this was that one day I received a visit from Cecil Hacker of Abbotsford British Columbia manager of the Echo's Canadian operations. The visit purported to be neighborly and fraternal, but sensing a less casual underlying purpose I was tense and tight-cuffish.

Having heard of the troubles at the Mercury and being close enough to see and sense a few more, I cheekily asked how things were going in Estevan. I was surprised when Hacker replied quite candidly that things weren't going well at all. Still more brazenly I suggested that maybe Liverpool might be offering the Mercury to me. I almost fell from my chair when he replied with a pained expression, that such might not be the worst solution and suggested a figure well above anything I could have managed or than would have been reasonable in view of the Mercury's fallen state: a steadily decreasing circulation and reduced advertising sales in the face of stiff shoppers competition. I countered with an offer about half of his — also unreasonable — and was not surprised when he seemed offended. He left but left the door open by suggesting we might meet in Calgary some weekend if I could bring myself to think in terms of a more reasonable price.

Until that moment I hadn't really believed he was serious, and the enormity of it all left me almost speechless. I had long held that the Mercury and the Review were near enough to each other to operate out of one shop cutting out a lot of duplications in expensive equipment. It had seems seemed likely that the Liverpool group would consider a production partnership and we,

of course were not inclined to sell out. Now, suddenly, a joint operation was possible, under circumstances I could not have imagined until that moment.

A short exchange of letters ensued and a few weeks later Cecil Hacken, Jr. and I met in Calgary and at the moment Harvey Lee Oswald was shooting John Fitzgerald Kennedy in Dallas we were shaking hands on the transfer of the Mercury at a price about halfway between the two extreme figures mentioned at our Weyburn meeting.

The opportunity to acquire the Mercury came at a time when we were hardly in a financial position to assume new obligations. However, my conviction that the Mercury and the Review were legitimately a single operation from a production point of view, compelled me to seek backing. Again I typed the Porter brothers who had helped me find an investor for the Review's new building. I am certain Jim and Chuck, men of wide business experience, realized that realities would fall somewhat short of the enthusiastic picture I painted for them but generously decided to chance it anyway. They agreed to participate on any one of several arrangements — at my option — and thus became financially involved in the Review as an investment that continued for about twenty years. I have nothing but good memories of the association. It was another one of those that fostered faith in human nature.

Papers were signed in mid-December, and a few days before or after Christmas I presented myself to the manager of the Estevan Mercury bearing a letter announcing the change in ownership.

Another moment to treasure, however unworthily.

Mercury managers he'd never mistreated me, but their courtesies were usually extended with the patronizing air that well-paid executives of large corporations find difficult to shake in the presence of humbler colleagues who must constantly make ends meet without head office subsidization when such one be justified.

When I entered his office the manager was sitting back in his reclining chair with one foot on the desk and was speaking into the telephone to a close friend about some absurd activity. He waved me into a chair, which I took while laying the folded letter on the table in front of him. He lastly acknowledged the letter with one hand while continuing his companionable telephone conversation.

His mind seemed to have difficulty absorbing what he was reading on the first pass, particularly with the distraction of the telephone call; the second time around his eyes glazed and he suddenly hung up the receiver with a terse "Call you later."

For a few seconds he looked as though he was still unable to make sense of it all, until suddenly he gasped "My God, you're my boss!"

That began a new phase of our newspaper career: one with almost as many surprises as centering the business personally in Weyburn. Having visualized the merger as a solution to many problems, it was but it also added new ones. I soon verified it was one thing to direct an operation personally and quite another to accomplish change from a distance. This holds true particularly when the staff has become accustomed to absentee ownership by a large corporation. Since not a single individual had stood dependent on a profit. Rule was done to avoid unnecessary costs that could be justified or had been budgeted.

In short it was like a bureaucracy.

Shortly after the acquisition we brought the mechanical production of the Mercury to Weyburn while all our job printing equipment and business was moved to the Mercury plant. To accomplish the first, we leased a direct telephone line between the two offices. News and advertising copy were punched on teletype tape at the Mercury and transmitted to the Review office to be run off on our tape-controlled typesetting machine.

Earlier I explained how loose or tight lines of matrices may cause "squirts" on typesetting machines, cause damage to machines and matrices or all of these. A beginner quickly learns to avoid this error because a squirt can be physically painful and is always a time-consuming nuisance.

A clerk punching tape in an office outside the composing room is a bit harder to teach because

the is faced with neither the danger nor the inconvenience. Even when the submitter tells her the line is full or loose all she has to do is hit the "return" key, and the problem becomes that of the person superadding the typesetting machine. Even then if she is communications, and it brought face to face with the chaos she has caused and treated to some choice language by the foreman the soon adapts. At a distance of fifty miles, however, the telephone has been to become pretty hot and has been fully convey the production department displeasure. It was a battle never really won but fortunately effect printing was not too far off less than two years, although we didn't know it.

Estevan folks had resented absentee ownership by the Liverpool group and I had cherished the hope that they would be thrilled to see the paper taken over by a Saskatchewan resident. Not a chance! Weyburn and Estevan are and then were about the same size, the competing for markets industries and government offices, and I discovered Weyburn just wasn't a good word anywhere in Estevan. We never really got the Mercury turned around until several years later when I brought George Derksen, the youngest of Irene's three brothers in as a shareholder and manager of a separate company operating the Mercury. Several years after the advent of offset and taking several other factors and developments into consideration, we sold our interest in the Mercury to George, and following his death a few years later — after bringing the operation back to profitability — the Mercury was again taken over by strangers.

Once chatting with one of several managers who preceded George, I tried to explain one of the effects of a backshop background on my approach to management when I had first come to Weyburn. I told him that because I had been accustomed to performing assigned work with each job having an identifiable beginning and end I was out of my element faced with competing demands on my time and concentration and with handling intangibles. Given the backshop situation at the Review in my first few years I had often found it necessary to spend evening hours on the linos setting type. Because I was a skilled operator, and because I knew I was producing something tangible my mind relaxed and I was able to sort out some of my business problems, I explained.

When this manager left the Mercury's employ, he filled his successor in on some of the particulars of the position and especially the "eccentricities of working with me." "Why," he said, "that man's idea of relaxation is running a lino."

The pre-offset Mercury period, while not quite the nightmare of the early Review years was a two-year stretch of unpredictable and unrewarding frustrations, two solid days of work in our composing room every week to put out twelve pages of the Mercury then putting together sixteen to twenty pages of Herman in one day weekly trips to Estevan to put out that area, try to motivate staff and interview prospective employees. Meanwhile, one day a week had been taken out of my own schedule in Weyburn, adding to the extra hours I had to spend catching up.

Too late I discovered that the Estevan staff was able to meet delivery demands for Weyburn job printing by posting off Estevan work. Naturally, the absentee Weyburn management got the black eye for this, and commercial printing from Estevan sources dwindled to a trickle. Inevitably Weyburn service also suffered since two days were almost inevitably lost in sending the order to Estevan and receiving shipment of the finished product. The experiment failed partly because of some of the factors mentioned partly because of the difficulty of staffing in the Saskatchewan labor market of the 1960's and I must confess that I miserably failed to measure up to the imperatives of absentee management.

At about the time of the Mercury acquisition I was also becoming increasingly involved in community and newspaper association activities. I was president of the Weyburn Chamber of Commerce during the year of the Mercury purchase also the year of Weyburn's 50th jubilee celebrations. I served on the city-appointed Jubilee Committee, charged with co-ordinating activities in the city jubilee the 1965 provincial 60th anniversary and the 1967 Canadian Centennial celebrations. I was also on the board of directors of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association at the time.

All the extra activity turned out to be for the good because it forced me to learn to delegate

authority in the news department. With trained young reporters non-existent — at least unavailable to weeklies — and few high school graduates interested in learning newspaper reporting, I had relied during my first two years in Weyburn — after several disastrous hiring errors — largely on my own writing and reporting, which was additional to management, some selling and some mechanical work

It was a streak of luck that about 1960 Mary Greer presented herself at my office and announced (probably wryly in an ad) that she wished to apply for a reporting position. She was a mature woman (from my point of view) had some typing experience was a native of Weyburn and had been active in a number of organizations.

My experience to that point had been that applicants expected to be paid on the basis of age education financial need and just about anything except background in the type of work being sought. Therefore I asked rather cautiously what sort of salary she would expect. I was dumbfounded when she declared with dignity that since she knew nothing about the business she expected to start at the bottom

This brought to an end one of the nightmares of my initial years at the Review for Mary brought to the job intelligence a natural talent for writing, humor, knowledge of the community from a pioneer-family perspective integrity and love for her work By the time of the Mercury purchase I relied heavily on her assistance and with new duties demanding more of my time I made the obvious decision and appointed her news editor a position she held ably until near the end of the 1960s when she and her husband Jack decided to move to British Columbia

Switch to offset printing

Only a few years after the Mercury purchase came about what can only be termed a complete metamorphosis in the production of weekly newspapers. offset printing

Until the 1960s it was simply a given that newspapers must be printed by the letterpress process a process that had hardly changed in decades at the level of technology available to a small plant

Letterpress printing is the process through which printed matter is produced by imprinting paper from inked metal type or plates with printing areas defined by raised surfaces The only major changes her machines had been the web-fed presses such as the Cox-o-type we had recently installed — introduced for a variety of reasons two decades too late — and tape-driven typesetting machines Both had evolved naturally as improvements in the letterpress process but neither was startlingly innovative For that matter neither was available to most community newspapers because they were too small to manage the capital outlay

To describe the offset process I won't try to improve on an article I wrote for the Jubilee '60 special edition I compiled and edited for the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association in 1960 It follows:

A northern trail blazer

When relief finally came from the mechanical nightmare that dom nated life in the weekly newspaper industry about two decades ago, it came so fast as a major technological breakthrough, no on the blinding flash of revelation, experienced by Saul on the road to Damascus.

For several decades as weekly newspapermen throughout Saskatchewan — as elsewhere for that matter — sank weekly no bed late on publishing night each at one time or another groaned to himself: "Isn't there an easier way?" By next morning, however the discipline of an accepted order of things reasserted itself and life went on as usual.

Here and there however maverick pioneers in different parts of the country found themselves drawn to the advantages of a relatively established process known as offset l ithography In Saskatchewan it was Al Mazur now a 25 year veteran of the new order and as publisher of the Hudson Bay Post-Review

Lithography itself is not new It is a technique mistakenly discovered in the mid 1800s, whereby a grease-base image can be transferred with high

fidelity onto paper or other materials. Early lithographing presses were at least as cumbersome as printing presses and because they required water and chemicals as well as ink problems arose commonplace. These chief advantage lay in the faithful reproduction of art work impregnated on special stone slabs.

Later when it was discovered that zinc and aluminum would serve as well as stone and that images could be photographically exposed onto these metals printing posed become another plus for the printer could be offered an rapidly running cyl inders because positive images were used printed onto a rubber blanket and offset onto the paper from the blanket, the process became known as offset lithography today simply offset printing.

Still another advantage held any great attraction to the country newspaper. Printing spend was not a great load in the publisher's catalogue of problems, nor was high fidelity. The major problems lay in getting the written word into printed form along a path well sprinkled with hazards.

Photography was still an alien discipline to the small printing office and if the though of offset printing ever even crossed a publisher's mind it was quickly rejected as an invention to making new skills seem woes and new impediments to an already-burdensome pursuit.

If this sounds backward it should be borne a round that, aside from hand-lettering, the only practical way to transcribe language into form suitable for photographing was to typeset it carefully pull a proof and then allow the ink to dry so that the proof might be handled without smearing. Manual typewriters with conventional ribbons did not provide type of suitable quality.

Then, in the years following World War 2 came several developments which turned the minds of a few publishers toward offset

1 A simple vertical camera, occupying little space and easy to operate took the magic out of the photographic process involved in offset.

2. Pre sensitized offset printing plates, and a simple plate-burner minds another highly specialized skill now it took and surely massive operation

3 Electric typewriters with one-time carbons (ribbons) offset clarity, consistent camera-ready type

4 A burgeoning lithography industry was still quint specialized and presses and no place to go from there but to the "boneyard" A few press salesmen and their keen eyes began looking wistfully at the thousands of weekly newspaper offices where makeset might find a few more useful years.

5 Electronic engraving machines had introduced photo journal ism into the office of the weekly but too often the publisher found the time and effort it took to take a picture develop and print it and then engrave it on costly plates went almost far enough when the final product was a hardly enough salable likeness of a person or an event

These five elements ought to have offered sufficient incentive for a mass switch to offset right there Change doesn't come easily however Heavy investments a conversational printing machinery could not light y be written off and the very problems of the trade had cultivated an "immune mechanism" against fundamental change

The tyranny of the present had effectmaed most publishers who were not trade-oriented Thus publishers were with a few exceptions persons to whom the trade was a primary discipline and journalism a secondary interest.

So for all the wishful thinking about a better way others At Mazur established an offset-produced newspaper in the mod-Sin at Hudson Bay a small town where a succession of itinerpreat publications had failed the news was greeted with amusement that included hostility suspicion ridicule contempt horror and fear

Far from being regarded as a leader who was blazing a new path through the jungle he was initially seen as a threat to the status quo a rebel an apostate profaning a thing that had been revealed and sanctified by Gutenberg and Mergenthaler But Mazur engrossed in the day-to-day challenges of pioneering and far from the brains trust which in his mind improved on but predict and wherever he met his colleagues at conventions or workshops, enthusiastically preached the new gospel of offset

Despite the hostility toward the offset process, fellow publishers envied Mazur his beautiful by printed photos and clean-cut snappy-looking paper Within a few years Tom Kearns at Kisling, the late Marv Willoughby at Midnatoan and Alec Sharp at Assiniboia had become practising converts

The switch to offset had slowly begun

About the time I realized that most of the machinery involved in the Review's production process was due for early replacement, I attended a Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association workshop, where the main speaker was one John Ellison who spoke convincingly about offset printing as the 20th century alternative for weekly newspapers.

A big, innocent-looking individual who could probably sell sand to Arabs, Elliot was quickly dubbed "Honest John." He certainly sold me, and I asked him to come to Weyburn and suggest an offset solution. In fairness to him, he looked at our circulation figures and our normal number of pages and quickly counselled against going offset.

Our two alternatives in switching to offset, he pointed out, would be to install one of his presses and print four tabloid pages at a time, and then fold and collate all the sections — or to install a Goss Suburban press, a webfed offset press just on the market at $75 000 plus. The former, in his opinion, would result in by creating an impossible workload and deadlines problem, and the latter would break us through the capital cost.

Once again he sold me and I went the route of resolving one letterpress operation and then turned right around and switched to offset.

Little interest in offset

EDITORIAL *August 4 1977*

On several occasions I have mentioned in this column the rate at which technology is moving in the newspaper industry.

Cleaning out correspondence files the other day I ran across a letter I received in 1958 which bears this out and afforded me a little chuckle as well.

When I came to Weyburn in 1958, most of the equipment at the Review office needed replacement and I was desperate, y attempting during the first year or two to circle practicable from all available credit.

In that winter (early 1959) I attended a workshop of our provincial newspaper association where several speakers were hold up forth enthusiastically on offset printing as the coming thing for weekly newspapers.

They really got to me and I went home infected with the concept. Since we were faced with a complete replacement program anyway why not go method right off?

I discussed the matter with my chief supplier for information, and here, with no new deletions, is the reply I rece ved:

"You will no doubt recall on our visit to you that we discussed the contadernation you were giving offset for the publication of your paper.

"We wrote to ——— in see if he could get some information for us and we also discussed it with the ad man when he was in our office if he could give us the names of anybody you could get in touch with.

"Frankly both of the opinions of these men were that really two that they know of were putting out their papers by offset which was, of course, an individual matter which would be of no interest to you and they both do not feel that offset printing has any place for the publication of a newspaper such as printed by the Weyburn Review.

"These gentlemen are very personal opinions and the reason we are passing them along to you is that both these men have quite an inside picture more quite a large acreage and for that reason we offer you might be interested in their reactions.

"I would appear that them have been a great deal of interest shown by the weekly publishers as yet in the method of producing their papers and it has quietly we were not able to get a lot of information."

Armed with this and similar advice we modernized along traditional lines only to find not a few years later that our offset theory had been right in the first place.

In 1965 the Review became the first weekly in Saskatchewan with its own in-plant web offset facility here. Since then all but perhaps one in two weeklies in this province have switched to offset printing with most of the pressework done in central plants.

When made the switch feasible in the mid 1960s, at least to us, was a package offer by the Goss company the newly introduced Community press — a more modestly priced sister to the Suburban — and a fairly soon and plate-making assembly that would give a publisher all that was necessary to print an offset newspaper. A generous trade-in was offered for Color-type presses such as ours.

Considering my enthusiasm when I had fallen under the spell of Honest John, I ought to have been immediately interested. It is pretty hard, however to convince someone who has completely refined an operation that what he has done, at great cost, is almost obsolete. One foreman at the time, an outspoken printer by the name of Bill Adair kept telling me that in the United States and in British Columbia a decided switch to offset had begun, bringing the benefits of lower production costs and high-fidelity reproduction of photos.

Perhaps no five years, was my reply. Then one day I was discussing the trend toward offset with another publisher who with a modern letterhead plant, held views similar to mine. I decided to play the devil's advocate and played it so well that I convinced both of us.

Within the next week I had contacted Goss learned of the package offer described earlier and made my decision. Adair was on vacation at the time and on the Monday he returned I called him into my office and joyously told him of my decision. He stared at me in amusement slowly shook his head and fervently declared "You know Ernie when we were coming home last night just when we reached the sign that said "Welcome to Weyburn I said to John I wonder what that hairy bastard has thought up now "

Bill, as I said was outspoken And I hadn't really disappointed him I had only gone a step beyond anything he had expected from me

However taken aback he may have been from that point on he was all co-operation and even enthusiasm as we proceeded to plan and implement changes that would lead us into this new wilderness Fortunately we had installed a small offset job printing press a year or two earlier although this had done little more than introduce us to the mysteries of a new craft. Seeing a magic show doesn't really equip one to step on the stage and do likewise

All we would do was clean an area adjacent to the front office for a 12x12 darkroom orders two light tables and prepare another area in the middle of the shop for the offset press We sent a young employee in another newspaper that had recently converted for a crash course in the darkroom work on which the offset process depended.

It probably would have made sense to make sure the new press was fully installed and reasonably understood by our personnel before we jumped into conversion for the Review press run but no, as soon as the Goss company erection set up lined up and greased in the press and got the darkroom operation until nothing would do but a switch right then.

We come now back our annual Fire Prevention issue one or two weeks so that we might print it in two colors It was printed on Sunday afternoon under the reluctant supervision of the press erector Al Cunningham, whose cheek began to twitch as he watched me reading the separations for the ten a number of times before they were — barely — usable Naturally I had made at all much too complicated layout confusing the red and black images and ended up with many black and red areas reversed One illustration ended up with black-tipped red matchsticks

"Bet you don t see that after — many color on the first run" one of our staffers exclaimed proudly to Cunningham.

"Ever" sandwich has to do it " replied rural Missourian Cunningham through clenched teeth

Our real baptism is fire, however, still lay ahead Cunningham stayed around a few more days to dismantle and crate the "old" Cox-o-type press and was available for support when we produced our first fully offset editions of both papers but we were on our own as learning to do the pre-press work with inadequate equipment

Instead of simply locking up forms into pages as we had been accustomed to doing all our lives, we now had to pull proofs on an unfamiliar proof press, and wait for the proofs to dry before we pasted them up We tried to speed up the process by holding the proofs near light bulbs, but it was still very much like watching pots to cause to a boil no too often we handled a proof prematurely smeared it and had to pull a new proof

Our ears were already ringing from the interruptions and complaints of the Mercury manager He was always sure he was getting the dirty end of the stick and of course in sundin't possibly believe that it was worse for us having as we did on hand the same problems as he, plus the darkroom platemaking and offset press Tempers run high and tempers flared and there was almost a rebellion when the lad who had received the crash course in the darkroom of another offset newspaper complained that he hadn't seen a hockey game for over a week and might take a few hours off that night to see one. He was probably kidding or trying to have his importance

acknowledged, because we were able to prevail upon him to forgo holiday for one more night while we got out our first offset issue. But he sure had an unwritten!

There were moments during the first months, and occasionally the first week when I questioned my sanity in making the conversion. In fact I was not alone. However even at the worst times there were glimmerings of promise when I could sense, without really putting my finger on it, that we were heading for sweeping changes. And indeed we were.

Another factor that guaranteed an interesting metamorphosis was that there really were no guidelines and each plant was its own laboratory and testing and training ground. Where the letterpress weekly had learned from and imitated daily newspaper production methods to the extent permitted by economics and common sense, this was not possible with offset because there was no model to follow.

Again, an article I wrote for Jubilee 80 tells the story more fully than memory permits after still another decade.

The big switch

A full decade passed in Saskatchewan between the tentative groping search in offset printing by Al Moore at the Flotten Bay Post-Review, and anything resembling enormous, industry-wide conversion to the new process.

While publishers today tend to ask, "What took us so long?" there did not exist in the mid-1950s the infrastructure for a viable offset-produced newspaper industry. The press was sizzling at that time started with the photo-ready page and ended with a press — a stand-out for all practical purposes.

Cold compositon which includes any typesetting method not employing type cast from molten metal was primitive. Photo-composition was in its very infancy and with no market for these amazing but complicated machines they bore price tags that paused them well out of the reach of the country printer. There was really nothing but an electric typewriter with a face reduced in size and modified at base to resemble standard news faces. All the letters went the same width, which was enough to offend the eye of the printer and, horror of horrors, there was no way of aligning the columns on the right. Trade-between publishers could not concur we of their readers accepting a printed product with ragged columns.

Furthermore where the line-saver offered at least some variety as to sizes and styles in keyboard-generated type, the office process offered nothing between typewriter size had hand-assembled larger sizes.

Even the first hand-operated photo-typesetting display machines, while offering variety and range spoed than hand-tastefully reterabled nothing so much as the little toy typewriters children get at Christmas. On one popular model, the type images were mounted that near the outer edge of a large, circular plastic disc which had to be swung into position for each character exposed by pressing a switch controlled by one hand then moved to the next letter. This process created a long, narrow strip of photo-ready type which then had to be cut and positioned carefully on the page — assuming it did not have to be redone because it had become fouled in the developing tray.

Even affixing type to pages was a major problem. If the adhesive dried too fast the image stuck before it was properly positioned, and any later alterations or corrections resulted in ugly patchwork. The answer to that problem finally came in the form of rubber however, which allows page-size to be positioned so they are sticky enough for working purposes but still easily movable as required.

The press was another deterrent. Machines available within economic limits were used commercial presses accepting a maximum sheet size of about 17 by 22 inches — the equivalent of two tabloid newspaper pages. Thus the offset operation was limited to a two-page (tabloid) press run and four-page between which, after printing, had to be folded and gathered.

Even the small newspaper was accustomed to a four-page print, producing a single eight-page section.

The root of the problem was that the normal industrial evolutionary process was reversed. Normally the giants of the industry are the innovators and perfectors, and the changes seep slowly down to the smaller plants. In newspaper publishing, the reverse held true in the conversion to offset.

Printing and publishing had boomed in post-war North America and millions had been spent on expanding printing plants along conventional lines. Union agreements defined jurisdictions along lines that had evolved for a century or more. Conversion to a new process promised little but the confusion of retraining, sacrifice of great investments, and almost-certain industrial strife.

So sadness it had no name from the bottom The small offset weekly ridiculed at first, then tolerated but always envied its sharp photographic reproduction and the simple cy of assembly for all to disappear It might have perished had it existed in a complete vacuum but the cocoonate of offset industry was also thriving and improvements gradually were introduced

The medium-sized and larger weekly newspaper, meanwhile, was flourishing There is no need to add a new acceptance in the role of spokesman for the communities-oriented community throughout served and for the most up local bits of news and comment that was so stock in trade

Plants were enlarged and became more modern and but publishers found themselves on a treadmill As rapidly as people were trained to operate the complicated machines they joined the rank in the big city and had to be replaced by new trainees. The machines themselves suffered from overuse use by half-trained help and lack of expert maintenance causing costly breakdowns

In addition photo-journal ism and simp s electronic engravers had come in the weekly newspaper However the engravers seldom produced good engravings a the hands of non-professionals and the newer web-fed presses designed for speed and at least twenty years held to the latest, took what was left of the original photo and imprinted it on the newspaper page in a barely recognizable mass of ink.

In the early 1960s a major press manufacturer introduced to offset press designed for the large weekly It was web-fed and capable of producing four eight twelve to fourteen-page sections at a speed of almost 70 00 per hour and folded in the same process.

Meantime a subsidiary of a sewing machine company brought relief in the typesetting area. Tape could be punched on a typewriter-like machine which computed the necessary space between words to fill out the l ne, and immediately fed into a "slaved" unit which produced columns of camera-ready type with nearly al good right-hand edges as clear to journey users

Wood came of conversion to offset by larger weekl ies and small dailies in British Columbia the western states and some other isolated parts of the continent

In 1965 the Weyburn Review then one of the most modern letterpress plants in the province made the switch. There were a few gasps but nothing in the order of the horror that had accompanied the Flodden Ray s agreement ten years earlier

The b g switch was on and within a few years, all but a few holdouts had gone offset, part of the vanguard of a cont nent wide revolution.

This new market spurred the development of relatively simple computerized photo-typesetting machines and wh le the metropolitan dailies were still working with venerable linecasters that had hardly changed since the turn of the century even small weekl ies were using these technological miracles and rig ac ng them as better faster and more flexible generations of typesetters were developed

Today even small weekly shops own typesetters so sophisticated that they might have been equated with black magic just a few years ago

More important than the fact that the drudgery has been taken out f printing, offset has given weekly newspaper readers a vast y superior product. Ines enabled papers to serv ve that might by now have passed from the scene and has even increased the number of weeklies being published

More important it has developed a breed of publishers who are able to spend more now and effort on content, and are readily adjusted to the inevitability of constant change and improvement and committed to meeting the challenges of the years and decades ahead

Cold composition

Very quickly machine manufacturers became aware of a vast new industry with needs and demands of infinite proportions and not many years passed before offset weeklies were assembled, photographed and plated from sophisticated equipment designed in many instances, with the medium-small-sized weekly plant in mind

In fall of 1965, the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association invited an American newspaper expert to critique Saskatchewan weeklies at the win ter workshop To enable him to study the subjects he was sent by the SWNA office a copy of each Saskatchewan weekly printed that week "That week" happened to be our very first offset issue a textbook specimen of inexperience with no allen prisons and a few classic samples of Murphy s Law thrown in.

Came the workshop in February n March and the visiting expert threw enlarged facsimiles of our newspapers onto a screen

When he came to the Review e "example," he gassed on it for a few meaningful moments, and muttered something about no comment being necessary. Since at least half of the weekly printers were still not persuaded that offset was the way of the future, our sorry first issue — of course they didn't know it was our first — confirmed their opinion and they greeted both the blow-up and the accompanying comment with a gale of laughter

What could I say? I shrank in inverse proportion to the enlarged image of our diagnosis.

One manufacturer in particular took advantage of the weeklies' needs and stole a march that may be unparalleled in industrial history. The established manufacturers were busying themselves as they had for some years with the prospective needs of the giants of the industry in an approaching age of photo-typography. As a result there were available photo-typesetters in the 1960s at prices of $75,000 upwards.

A new company, Compugraphic, stole the show and the market by producing a computerized photo-typesetting machine capable of setting "straight" matter from "idiot tape" at about 14 to 20 lines per minute. ("Idiot tape" is keypunched tape without operator-designated line endings and straight matter is type of one typeface and size produced in a column of one width.) The Compugraphic grew rapidly in sophistication quality and versatility and became a household word within the industry virtually overnight. In 1975 I was told on good authority that the only weekly in British Columbia without at least one Compugraphic installation was the one holdout letterpress operation.

Besides improving the production and esthetics of the weekly press, offset also ushered in the centralized printing plant.

In letterpress days the sheer weight of the printing forms all but dictated that each community had to have its own printing press. In fact, this condition was almost a comfort to those publishers whose ownership of a paper might reasonably be termed as a printing position purchased, almost in the sense of the old monster printer working independently rather than as an employee.

There were outstanding exceptions, of course: publishers who ran small newspapers that were distinctive and highly regarded for their journalistic content. Many small publishers however seem to have regarded themselves as tradesmen assembling and packaging ads and news matter that came in through the mail or over the counter.

With the first wave of offset conversion publishers were inclined toward one of three options: installing sheet-fed presses and maintaining the independence which so many was almost synonymous with personal integrity or staying with letterpress and taking advantage of all the late-model letterpress equipment (including Cox-o-type presses) flooding the market at incredibly low prices.

It wasn't too long before those who chose the third course in and that their products suffered in comparison with the rapidly improving quality of the products of their converted brethren. They junked the letterpress equipment they had bought so jubilantly and at such bargain prices, and joined the majority.

Since second-hand sheet-fed presses on which the "independents" relied were almost invariably in the 17"x28" range, their number of press runs (and deadlines) were immediately doubled, without even allowing for increased demand for pages which often was generated by a better-looking product. Each section also had to be folded and collated. Driving (or sending) pasted-up pages (referred to as flats) negatives or press-ready aluminum plates to a central plant was a far cry from carting heavy page-sized lead forms. The saving in capital cost of presses and perhaps darkroom equipment provided an additional incentive, and within ten years of the earliest conversions — not counting the original pioneers who toughed it out on sheer cussedness — all but one or two weeklies had gone offset, and most were printed in central plants on web offset presses.

Our early conversion to offset, together with several other sets of circumstances, led to the Review winning an award I have prized above most journalistic achievements in my career

Having renewed my weekly newspaper training with the Dorksens in Stanbarb who were noted among other things for their excellent special editions I naturally came to Weyburn determined to excel in this area as well It wasn't long before I discovered that not too far beyond the horizon three important anniversaries were approaching and with them three opportunities and three challenges to excel

Weyburn a 50th birthday as a city would be celebrated in 1963, the provincial 60th in 1965 and the Canadian Centennial in 1967 So I was faced with three important anniversaries in two-year intervals Each merited indeed demanded a special edition but running so close together there was a built-in danger of duplication

To give each a flavor different from the other two I decided to base the first one solely on Weyburn's history the second on the Weyburn district's past as it related to the provincial scene and the final one a reflection of the Weyburn area within the context of Canadian history and development It didn't work out quite like that but at least there was an overall plan, however loosely shaped

The Weyburn special was produced successfully While the scores of Kinchegraph engravings didn't do justice to the subject Review readers had never been treated to such an aggregation of local pictures Mary Grant collected pictures Phyllis Rainby and I and the advertising space, and Mary and I wrote copiously I am certain both readers and advertisers were happy with the result

It also took wear of the wind out of my sails what with the provincial special only twenty-four leaves away as the calendar For this one I left it to Mary to gather pictures and write articles we had stories and pictures (where possible) of every member of the Legislative Assembly who had served the constituencies in our reading area since Saskatchewan became a province. Advertising sales was delegated completely to the salesman of the day — Phyllis having left for British Columbia — as I am deeply immersed in the wars of the Estevan Mercury Mary did her usual meticulous job and our readers were well served by this resulting product The unanimous simply did not have the manner as convention required to sell a special and it was a financial disaster

A special issue is neither a bonanza was a label of love At least it shouldn't be The week and month in which it is billed usually look good on the financial statement but that is because many of the costs including much of the labor have loaned their way into the expenses of several earlier months A good special ought to reflect enough work effort and imaginative material to give readers a bonus, advertisers the opportunity to take advantage of the extra interest and to identify with an important milestone and the editors and writers pride in the authorship of material of lasting value But unless there are enough ads to pay for it, the special isn't carrying its weight and inhibits future undertakings of a like nature

That was probably where I stood when the provincial jubilee flopped as a revenue-generating occasion of 1965 I looked toward the approaching Centennial year without too much optimism and wondered just how much effect that special would be worth Any thought of not producing a Centennial special would have been dismissed as unprofessional and unpatriotic but my heart wasn't in it.

That fun stepped in.

A Centennial Commission had been set up by the Canadian government and a lot of hype was building up about the event and its observance across the nation Through the efforts of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association the communities was persuaded to sponsor a contest for the best Centennial edition published by a Canadian weekly newspaper

To encourage participation by members papers a season was reserved on the agenda of the 1966 convention held in Saint John New Brunswick on the production of a Centennial edition and how to approach it

In those days conventions as often located in Canada's maritimes tended not to draw large numbers Irene and I had decided early to go, and made our reservations early in spring, as soon

no registration forms were available. The convention chairman faced with filling panel and moderator slots for the various programs from a limited list of publishers committed to attending, pounced on early requestants and prevailed upon them to participate. That is the only reason I can think of for having been asked to conduct this Centennial session.

Reluctantly I accepted and having done no disinterred the ideas I had earlier developed about a Centennial issue and spent some hours developing them into a presentation suitable for my distinguished peers who really were for the most part my elders and more prestigious than I. Fortunately I stressed the need for starting early six months and preferably longer before the publication date.

The session drew mild interest, and a number of the publishers, who to that point probably had given little thought to their Centennial issues, complimented us on my early start.

That is when pride set in and sometimes it smash before achievement.

Vanity I confess to, and also boastfulness and all associated evils. But they have to have some basis in fact even if that basis tends to become exaggerated in my mind. I have never claimed to be a good athlete dancer raspberry packer or beet thinner, and I cannot draw or sing worth a hoot. But having tactily represented myself as something of an authority as the subject, I went home from Saint John with the heavy knowledge that I must now produce not only a good Centennial edition, but one that would make publishers across the country sit up and take notice. We would rather win that prize or come mighty close — and lose and hard work be damned.

We were a year into offset. We were beginning to feel at home with the process and our readers were still appreciative of local photos of good quality. This Mary Greer and I decided would be a special edition relying almost totally on pictures to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday and the participation of Weyburn and district in the nation's first century.

We decided early on five sixteen-page tabloid sections, pages to be sponsored by advertisers individually or jointly with myself to do the selling.

The first section was called "Weyburn and Canadian History" and dealt with such subjects as the building of the railroads, settlement of the area, two world wars, the drought and the depression and personalities of national or international prominence — such as F. C. Douglas and Irene Saleucka — with Weyburn beginnings.

"Canada's People" the only section with a lot of "words" was devoted to pictures and stories of families representing the many national and ethnic groups that settled the area individually or in groups.

"Weyburn Today" was a pictorial representation of Weyburn as it was in 1967.

"Remember When" was a photographic potpourri of nostalgic and hysteric reasons of the city and area over the years: the royal visit, minstrel shows, prize-winning athletic teams and so on as well as spreads on a few area towns wishing to be included.

"The Second Century" concentrated on young people and the mainstreams and activities dedicated to their advancement, education and fulfillment.

Sponsors were offered a small section of the page for photos and stories relating to their own business. The whole issue would be enclosed in a process color cover or jacket with a Weyburn scene on each page and again with a smaller color picture on each of the four pages relating to the sponsor of that page.

We started gathering photos and information in fall of 1966 (one of Mary Greer's underlinings) and the stories on the settlers were written over the winter months. I don't know how many thousands of inches we encored, but over 500 were used in the special. Also over the winter months I sold sponsorships and wrote the stories and captions associated with the sponsors. By early spring, I started to assemble the pages and sections completing them (more or less) according to a schedule, releasing one section weekly in the pressroom as publication week approached. I personally wrote all the captions and did all the typesetting on the Intertypers that had replaced the hot metal linecasting machines. I did this, in part, to eliminate errors. So naturally I inserted the name of Alderman Gordon Miles from the city-sponsored front cover and made another compounding error on the first page of the first section.

So much for perfection!

The cake never was printed in Manitoba.

The special was sent out with the May 4, 1967 issue of the Review and in early September after we had all but given up hope learned that we had indeed won the national competition. A few weeks later at the CWNA convention in Ottawa I was presented with a bookcase containing 100 books by Canadian authors. The presentation was made by Mr Centennial — John Fisher chairman of the Canada Centennial Commission.

We were a pretty proud staff and family

Quite a piece

EDITORIAL *September 21 1967*

Two weeks ago in Ottawa, the publisher of the Review was presented by Centennial Commissioner John Fisher with a library of one hundred Canadian books — complete with bookcase — as a reward for publishing what has been chosen as Canada's best Centennial edition in a competition open to all weekly newspapers throughout the country.

Pleased as we were with receiving such a valuable prize we were equally gratified by the closing paragraph in the comments of the competition judge: "If the Weyburn Review Centennial edition evokes the atmosphere and personality of the community, Weyburn must be quite a place."

We are proud that we captured "the atmosphere and personality" of Weyburn in such a way as to evoke the comment from a far-away judge who probably has never visited our community that Weyburn "must be quite a place."

It was a great period in weekly newspaper publishing. Offset printing gave us respectability and prestige that had been lacking, and this was reflected in more advertising revenue more pages, more subscribers and even, to our surprise and gratification greater profitability. At about the time that we were producing the Centennial issue under increasingly crowded conditions we decided to add a second storey to our building. George Derkson had room over from Manitoba to take over the Estevan Mercury as a partner in what became a separate company

Press time growth

EDITORIAL *September 2 1976*

The past two years since we installed our three-unit Community web newspaper press have seen such growth — our newsprint consumption has almost doubled — that we are adding a fourth unit which has just been shipped out of Chicago

What is it this do?

Each unit makes possible the simultaneous printing of four pages in an additional colour to four pages being printed on another unit

Thus we will have the capability of printing 16 pages simultaneously in black and white or 12 pages with four of them in two colors or eight pages in two colors on six pages with four pages in three colors or four pages in four colors.

A full color photo will still be a rarity in the Review but it demand sometimes is going to be in the past decade who knows what the next five or 10 pages will bring?

When I came to Weyburn the newspaper had to be hand-fed, a four-page sheets, through a vintage cylinder press, then turned around and fed through again for the back printing, and finally hand-fed through a folding machine. Our maximum capability then was 2 850 printed and folded pages per hour compared to 24 000 now printed and folded pages per hour after the fourth unit is operational

George was doing an excellent job of rebuilding the Mercury when he suffered his first heart attack in late 1966 or early 1969. He was just recovering when, following the visit to Weyburn of the travelling tuberculosis van, I was summoned to Fort San at Fort Qu'Appelle to check out an x-ray that wasn't satisfactory

How I remember that day!

I had gone to Estevan for a conference with George, and had expected to stay in that city all day. Instead I found myself back in Weyburn at a non and half-reading the Fort San summons. With an unexpected half-day on my hands and a beautiful late spring day to spend it on I decided to drive to Fort Qu'Appelle and satisfy the incompetents who obviously didn't know how to operate an x-ray camera

The elderly Scotsman who received me took me into the lab, showed me a number of x-rays, pointed at clouds and smudges that meant nothing to me and said as tactfully as possible that those anomalies were what had caused them to suspect that I might have TB. He must have been too tactful because even then I asked with a touch of impatience: I'm sure just when they expected to make up their minds.

He looked me in the eyes and pronounced that "as of this moment I am diagnosing tuberculosis until proved otherwise."

That was on a Thursday and on Monday morning I was delivered with ruthless full of books a typewriter and other management paraphernalia to the San, authorized to remain there for a period to be determined by my progress.

Not having kept up with the medical advances in the field of tuberculosis, and remembering only the meaningful looks exchanged by adults in my youth when telling of someone being sent to the San with "consumptions" I believed at first that I had received an almost instant death sentence. Dr. Macpherson quickly informed me that I was very fortunate that with modern medication they might well have me out in two months or less. Only twenty years earlier, he said, it was not uncommon to submit a patient with only the smallest spot — like mine — and still have him there six months later with a hole the size of a half-dollar in his lung — and worsening.

As it turned out my TB tested just sensitive — I was not a carrier — and in good health otherwise so I was discharged with several sacks (literally) of pills and upon my promise to modify my work hours and pressures.

Just before entering the San I had accepted the vice-presidency of the Weyburn Rotary Club, the campaign chairmanship of the Weyburn and District United Appeal and the southeastern zone chairmanship for Saskatchewan Homecoming '71. I was also a director of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. Something had to give. Mary Grace had by this time moved on to British Columbia, so I canceled the one of the news staff to take myself off the irregular hours and evening obligations of the news beat. Hector Emmyer became sales manager, a position he was even more suited for than he had been for the furniture; Ray Wouters, whom I had upgraded from apprentice to journeyman when we acquired the Review became foreman.

Hector held the sales position until his retirement early in 1968 and Ray was still competently managing the shop when this was written. From foreman for the last ten years or so had been Henry Aldrich hired as a bright-eyed apprentice in fall of 1959. Without in any way disparaging numerous others who, over the years helped us build a newspaper respected, I believe both in the community and the industry that much of it was made possible through the dependable stewardship of these three men.

In the heady 1970s when it seemed prosperity would last forever we found ourselves again outgrowing our factory and with no room for promised expansion. Our lease still had several years to run, but when the building of a downtown shopping mall was announced I contacted our landlord Gordon Russell, then living in London, Ontario and explained the circumstances. He declined to terminate our lease without penalty, leaving us free to build a new building at the edge of the city. We moved into it in May of 1978.

Printshop "characters"

HUMBUTTS *November 9 1978*

Offset printing or more correctly photo-composition has done away with some of the "characters" that used to hang around printing offices.

No doubt typesetters of today when they become oldtimers, will have their own tales of woe to reminisce about, when technology creates some of the problems which today are simply taken for granted as past and parcel of the operation.

One of the premises that has disappeared from the scene is the "type loose."

The type loose was the mysterious, inevitable little creature back in the hand-setting days that placed type into the wrong cases (compositors had a drawer set aside for storing type), or into the wrong compartments.

Thus the typesetter trying to assemble a "stick" of type for a funny might find himself picking up letters of

the wrong note of typeline, or p's instead of q's.

It was traditionally the apprentice's job to distribute used type back into the proper cases and compartments and it was no secret that they sometimes had difficulty in telling one typeface from another, incorrectly identifying 14-point type at a glance, and differentiating between p's and q's, or b's and d's much more often.

It was suspected but seldom proven, that the apprentices had goofed in "dishing" the type; but as an apprentice was ever known to admit to the sin the punished foots were blamed on type lice.

In the Linotype a heyday the wrong fonts became the nemesis of the press shop, particularly on publishing day when haste tended to take its toll.

The lines cast type from individual matrices dropping into the assembler from a magazine containing about 1,000 matrix a font. Matrix removed from the assembler because the wrong keys had been struck were placed into a little container called the pi stick ("pi" if you know your crosswords is jumbled type).

When the pi stick got too full the operator changed to another type font the pi was run back into the magazine. It was not unknown for an operator to run into the magazine a matrix of the wrong face.

One mat wrong in 1,000 may not seem like much, but remember the magazine had room for no more than 24 mats for each character. Thus if the wrong mat was an "e" and you didn't catch it you might typeset a column or two with every 21st "e" in the wrong typeface or size before the sin was discovered by the office girls checking the proofs.

To this day I can still that you can give a former linotype operator nightmares by up spacing into but one when he's dissecting that he's got a wrong font "e" in his machine.

I recall a once on an ex-operator in our office when his wife woke awake and cries from I thought I detected snake turning out of his ears and nostrils.

Also gone from the scene is the hellbox.

Since printing was done from hot forms corrected lines or forms no longer needed were not thrown away but tossed into the hellbox.

Why was it called the hellbox?

Bearing in mind that the next step for its contents was a melting pot heated to 550 degrees Fahrenheit or higher the connection is obvious.

"Plastic shed us" has also disappeared although with a name like that, we can't often be sacked.

The lowest comic inside the sequences of the first two rows of morgue keys and to fill up a line of "m" the operator usually slammed his fingers down three rows.

Sooner or later he would forget to throw away the resulting line of type and when you opened up the paper the first thing staring at you would be good old "Eno a shrdlu" along with the wrong fonts, type face and other gremlins.

Still alive and doing well however is old faithful "36" and I still means "the end".

Changes continued in the trade but probably our greatest challenge in the 1960s from a technical point of view has been the quantum leap into computer technology We were introduced to this 20th century miracle on two fronts — typesetting and accounting — in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Mentioned earlier was Compugraphic which swept the typesetting market with a couple — that is to say simple or fundamental in terms of the products produced — typesetters to produce photo-ready columns of type. A computer calculated the widths of each letter, decided where to end lines, work or without hyphenation and photographically exposed the line one letter at a time, from a rapidly revolving film strip. This may sound slow, but at almost ten characters a second, it was still faster than anything we had ever seen in the weekly newspaper industry.

Godsend that it was, it was still compared to what lay only a decade or two away what the Spirit of St Louis was to the supersonic transports in aviation. Line measures and leading could not be changed without stopping the machine and manually ranking new settings changes in typefaces and sizes required changes in film strips. Type size range was limited from five to fourteen points (one point is 1/72nd of an inch) newspaper text usually runs from eight to ten points). Improvements to the machine came faster than we could cope with them and planned obsolescence became an accepted part of technological progress. By the mid-1970s, area composition — typesetting in varying measures, type faces and sizes, with keyboard controlled spacing entered an outside ray screens — came into standard use and by the early 1980s this technology had advanced to include management of editorial material.

Out of date suddenly was hunt-and-peck typewritten copy handed to truculent typesetters with much after-the-fact criticism about typographical errors and poor proofreading. Suddenly reporters became authors in every sense of the product that found its way into the pages of the newspaper. They didn't always appreciate the sense but before long they became used to keyboarding their stories directly from their notes or memories onto a screen reading it for

errors then storing it in the memory of a computer disk. The editor then called it onto his or her own screen, edited and verified it, assigned typesetter parameter codes for the computer justify the matter and send the story (electronically) to the typesetter which (without so much as a flimsy) photographed the story through laser beams onto sensitized paper in any one of dozens of type faces and hundreds, indeed thousands of size and line length configurations at incredible speed

Complex as the application may be in its totality it was relatively easy to master, since the typesetting aspect proceeded in manageable mouthfuls from the earliest Campographics, through the various improved models to the laser beamed systems now in use. Adjusting to the consoles and memory banks entailed instant returning for the news department, but because the programs are tailored for and confined to editorial and typesetting needs the system does not have the ongoing mystery and challenge of the general office computer

By the late 1960s everyone knew about computers, although the art had not yet reached the state where the technological miracle affected almost every aspect of our lives. Somewhere in the every towers of industry and governmental huge machines costing millions of dollars performed tasks once held to be impossible, and made errors formerly believed to be beyond the gift of the most imaginative incompetent. Stories trickled down to us performing our tasks in traditional ways on *surrey forms*, together with promises of how the technology would change our lives and simplify our work

Why I began to wonder out loud, especially in the presence of our accountants if computers were changing everything, were we still doing most office chores as they had been done since typewriters and adding machines appeared upon the scene. The Review had an old posting machine on which new charges and payments could be posted to accounts receivable cards, but monthly statements were created by typing the information to the statements. Invoices were typewritten or written by hand newspapers were imprinted with mailing addresses from metal stencils, carrier route lists were hand-corrected on dog-eared sheets that had been originally typewritten; procedures that were vintage 1940 or earlier

It should be possible, I proposed, to take batches of debit and credit items coded to ledger accounts, deliver them to a central computer-equipped depot, enter the data and have the office work performed in seconds or even minutes. I made inquiries and found that such services were available in some large accounting offices but at costs far exceeding our budget

Then in early 1970 our old posting machine showed unmistakable signs of giving up the ghost and looking into replacement costs. I was shocked at the cost of these devices. Again I looked into centralized data processing, again was discouraged by prices, and was about to give in and pay big dollars for a function not directly related to the printing process — a cardinal sin in my eyes in those days.

By sheer coincidence, someone mentioned that a local garage was using datacentre services offered by IBM in Regina. A visit to the garage confirmed this and the dealer's satisfaction with both the service and the cost. I contacted IBM a representative called on us soon, and I was quickly convinced that this was our solution.

So, about as fast as we could restructure our ledger configuration to our standard general ledger and accounts receivable packages offered by IBM, and print new office forms to accommodate compatible data entry we were on datacentre services. This happened in summer of 1970. Every month-end we would box our encoded documents — cheques, invoices, cash sheets and journal entries — to the IBM datacentre in Regina, and a few days later we would get back the documents, plus updated monthly customer statements, an aged accounts receivable report, and a general ledger journal from which we might compile balance sheets and statements of profit and loss. The transition to this system was virtually painless, thanks to careful and thoughtful supervision by our IBM rep. And the cost was unbelievably low, since there was no minimum charge and we had managed through a few departures from IBM recommendations to cut the number of transactions to almost half of what had been initially estimated. One transaction as almost everyone knows nowadays is a single ticket or credit entry

A new word: turnaround

EDITORIAL *December 2, 1976*

I learned a new word a few weeks ago and past it along in case you run up against it in a crossword puzzle or heaven help you, pre-salary

"Turnaround."

Our spouses from a computer centre were late getting back to us, so I finally telephoned to find out what was the problem

"Well," explained a frazzled voice at the other end of the line "we had a turnaround problem."

I didn't want to sound too dumb, but overcoming my embarrassment, I asked: "What's a turnaround?"

The party at the other end hesitated and heaved a sigh,

as the manner of a person trying to explain one of those questions coming from a youngster too young to be given the answer. Finally he said something about work loads, time factors and session-hours."

I still don't understand and said so

He was quiet for a moment, took a deep breath, then put it to me in simple language that even I could understand.

"We were busy and didn't get it done."

That's "turnaround."

So if your one isn't done on time, your printing delivered ready when it's supposed to be, or your mail order doesn't get to you until after Christmas, and someone tell you the problem is "turnaround" you'll know what to mean.

At time went on rates went up and a minimum charge soon to be place I am guessing that this happened because computer prices were coming down and major datacentre users were making their own installations. Relatively few small businesses were at this point, using the datacentres or making their own installations.

There in no telling how long we might have settled for this arrangement It was not without its little problems, and allowed none of the little home-made programs and short-cuts made possible by in-plant computers. But it was comfortable, reasonably reliable and required no cash investment

After about ten years of this arrangement changes in the computer world about which I speculated earlier began to seep down to the client level. First we were told of increasing difficulty in getting keyboard operators to Regina, and it was suggested that we buy a key-punch and send punched cards to IBM

By way of emphasizing the desirability of in-plant keypunching there began to be delays in returning our processed material Naturally we soon acquired a keypunch. This reduced new processing costs only slightly and added the nuisance of a new operation to our office However it was still not hard to live with.

The next step was the closing of the Regina datacentre making it necessary for us to ship documents to the Calgary datacentre for processing This removed the personal touch: times over the years we had often found it necessary on convenient to hand-deliver our documents to Regina Consequently the datacentre people and we were not strangers to each other This may seem a minor remuneration but nonsense who knows you is more inclined to pick you up when you make an obvious error, rather than letting you stew in the juices of your own mistake

The second disadvantage was that connections were frequently missed in Regina — coming, going or both — adding another day or two to what I have since learned is called "turn-around time." Courier services were just coming into their own and did not make regular stops in small centres so having was still necessary, hence the missed connections It was not unusual either for the couriers to drop our documents in Saskatoon instead of Regina and occasionally even in Winnipeg or Toronto.

The loss of a day or two may seem trivial but it is very unsettling to set aside a day to wrap up the month-end, and then find yourself empty-handed Many customers also found it unsatisfactory to receive statements and invoices later after having become accustomed to getting their promptly

All the time of course computer technology was making giant strides, and a few customers and data-communications at IBM in Regina convinced us the day was not far off when we would have to make our own installation We were given another powerful nudge in that direction when in 1979 or 1980, we were notified that after a certain date about two years ahead all data-processing for western Canada would be done in Vancouver We accepted this as the proverbial handwriting on the wall.

BOURNE'S ULTIMATE HAPPY TRISTER AVS

At the costs I was then I began to take a serious interest in the IBM computer seminars and to try and understand what we were getting into. Our own 3 lengthy experiences with computers helped us probably more than we realized and we were at real from investing in computers that did not have the storage in pastry we knew we needed.

If-then-or-else

EDMONTON *December 10 1980*

If the heading contain the either a vague threat to an equally vague pressure. It is probably a bit of both.

It is an expression used in computer programming, a world that is rapidly closing in on everyone in business. Industry, government, organizations farming, housekeeping and you name it.

The speed with which computer technology is advancing has been expressed as a number of interesting ways but two of my favorites are comparisons with air travel

One expert has figured out that of air flight costs and efficiency had improved as rapidly as computer costs and efficiency in the past two decades it would be possible to fly overseas now for a fare of 25 cents

A fact sheet issued by the University of Saskatchewan about two years ago expressed it these; "It is said that if the technology of powered flight had advanced at the same rate as the technology of computing, the first another landing on the moon would have taken place eight months after the Wright brothers flew the first plane."

My late awareness of computers affecting my day-to-day life came about 15 years ago when I started receiving statements and invoices from some of the larger suppliers then stopping, with little but faith and determination to guide them, with computer accounting.

Receiving invoices on which keypunch errors and content a charge 100 times in excess of the value of the goods or services sent to us instead of perhaps the 99 cents it should have been one dig it in the customer number had been misnumbered, hardly inspires great confidence in the computer as an efficient business tool.

These problems began to straighten out in favorites and not many years went by before the idea of using a central computer began to have greater appeal

About 11 years ago I began half seriously to accept demand for data services but found the costs so high and the product so complicated and slow that I was prepared to leave the problem to the next generation

Then along came one of the acknowledged world

human in the computer field with a package deal as available and at an affordable price, that I was not sold.

Our system, too, has managed to accumber a few changes and accurred us with its ability to make stupid errors but I would dread the thought of going back to manual entries into ledgers

The computer accidentally thrust I make stupid errors. It makes been y my account all The errors are human but the computer being stupid accepts mistakes that would not easily escape a human being

A payroll clerk, for example is not likely to pay an employee 10 times the weekly rate, or make a batch pinto deduction of $683.90 instead of $6.83. Given a misplaced decimal point or input into the statement returns and the computer will some turn (or insufficient) pay or make shameful deductions another burning as eye.

Since going to the processing system, we have also availed ourselves of the bank's payroll system and computerized typesetting system — been bringing schemes and new sets of problems.

With computers coming thrust in price, decreasing in size increasing in speed and efficiently improving in simplicity of programming, we are normally considering a consumer of our own within the next year or two.

Thus I find myself attend my business listening to sales pitches reading texts and brochures to human acquaint myself with the wonderful and frightening world of computers Just when I think I am beginning to understand, a new term is kicked to me, in a new problem is posed.

So I return at night with bits and bytes parameters CRT's intelligent terminals, if-then-or-else's and do-while's reading through my head instead of the sugarplums seem appropriate to the season.

Don't laugh If you is not about yet, you will be before you know it

(P.S. If-then-or-else is a routine whereby a function is performed as long as a human condition thrust and another function when the condition ceases to exist.)

(P.P.S. I think.)

Computer salesmen began calling on us regularly exuding breathless excitement with each advancement. The gap between obviously affordable but inadequate hardware and the needs of our configuration remained wide until we were introduced to the IBM System 38, a model by the way that was considered a dinosaur only a few years later

It did have the advantage of using diskettes (floppies) with 2. 1 million bits, with two slots in the

computer and another two in a little box nicknamed the "toaster" because of its resemblance to the kitchen appliance. Also available were "off-the-shelf" general ledger and accounts receivable programs developed especially for this computer and a program called BRAMS — Business Report/Applications Development System — with which a computer illiterate like myself might write additional programs. This was important because I still had not been able to find simulated programs for advertising invoicing or circulation control. IBM also had a hotline in Toronto to give assistance (once the misery index) required in mastering the programs.

We hope!

As I write these lines — over eight years later — the System 23 printer is still rattling away in the front office and giving yeoman service although slated for scrapping in several months. So we weren't cheated. Indeed, with it we have developed many programs we may not be able to afford with custom programming.

Once we got over our horror at discovering that both the learning and familiarization with hardware and custom software were do-it-yourself sessions, we found the system to be user-friendly, with skeleton taking us step by step through the daily, weekly, monthly and annual cycles of Accounts Receivable and General Ledger applications.

Although it all worked out, for pure generation of terror computers ought to have been sold to the pre-reform Soviet Union for installation at Lubyanka Prison as extreme punishment and torture devices.

We had hoped — assumed really — that our second computer installation somewhere in the distant future would be a piece of cake with all the software needed for our business available "on the shelf." In fact, we signed a contract in April of 1989 received the hardware in June or so, and after giving up on a company that was unable to have a single program running by the end of the year — when it finally went into receivership — we are optimistic that the new system will be fully operational by June of 1990.

Doing it yourself

TUESDAY, January 17, 1982

Last week I promised (or threatened) that my experiences in the computer world would probably be chronicled in future columns.

That epistle ended with the first disappointment: the computer did not arrive New Year's Eve as promised. That ended not too badly: the delivery people promptly rotated my five months and brought the machine first thing Monday morning.

Second, naturally I telephoned the computer sales office to let the folks there know that the hardware was here and ready for installation. They were very interested to find this information, but pointed out that that was a do-it-yourself proposition and that I would first

detailed instructions in one of the packing crates.

When I stopped trembling I checked the sales contract, and found it was unambiguous in the customer's responsibility.

You are rightfully wondering about my naivete in not getting that straight in the first place. However in our industry I goes without saying that new equipment is obsolete on first by a qualified technician.

My next surprise, considering that I have been known to have difficulty turning on a simple screwdriver that the instructions really were simple. I'll admit I had help and it entailed two phone calls to the Toronto hot line but we actually got it hooked up and making noises.

I am now anxiously waiting for my wife to return home to operate the beast, so that she can teach me. That sure beats reading all the manuals myself!

In one day bouts with the A/R and G/L programs while I grappled with the mysteries of **programming**, I won't attempt to describe all our frustrations and manifold brer'rnagnee learning to cope with machines that ring bells and flash messages — all intended to assist, but which tend to frighten — and doing it all from volumes and volumes of manuals that seem to have been written for professionals. Then, when at your wits end, you phone the hotline, you learn that your helper is attending a seminar in Montreal or Atlanta and will not be available until after the weekend. So you blunder on, sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire or you bring everything to a halt until after the weekend awaiting the benefit of professional advice.

We learned too, that for all the haunted speed of computers there are some things that simply take time. After a while we learned that some functions took a few minutes, some an hour, and

minute even three or four hours. But it is an irritation to insanity to stare at a computer screen bearing the bland message "Posting, please wait," and expect to wait five minutes and it turns into three-hour wait.

One memorable weekend when we were loading our aged accounts receivable we posted a large batch Friday afternoon then waited for the computer to absorb the new data and return to the data entry mode, enabling us to go home for the evening. We didn't know that once in a while we had to instruct the computer to reorganize indexed files to speed up the process. One of us returned to the office after supper to check out the program and found the screen unchanged. A problem with the software in our system was that on runs that did not generate printouts, there was nothing to indicate how far advanced the run was—half finished, 70 percent, or whatever.

Not wanting to sit there and watch the kettle come to a boil, so to speak, and unwilling to let it rest for the night, we sat down and consumed a bottle of wine, believing that the computer couldn't possibly outlast us.

It did.

We went home and to bed, and on Saturday morning I rushed to the office and was relieved to find a terse message confirming that the chore had been successfully completed. So we spent the day entering a few hundred more customer data files into the system. Knowing now that the computer took a fat of time to advance the posting — and perhaps wondering, uneasily, how the computer would work if things took that long — we amply went home and let the computer work out its problems overnight again.

Sunday morning I dashed confidently to the office and the message on the screen was only slightly different than an empty gas gauge at midnight—one hundred miles from civilization.

It told me that the computer had found the demand upon it beyond its ability to cope and had simply given up and aborted the mission at some predetermined point. This message was accompanied by error references which, had we been professionals, might have solved the problem. Instead we spent an utter-aggravating Sunday and a sleepless night wondering what might have gone amiss. Naturally the IBM hotline wasn't even warm on Sundays.

The problem was really quite simple.

Let us suppose you gave a librarian an empty building a pile of five thousand books, and instructions to place them on the shelves consecutively (as opposed to alphabetically) and to ensure there must not under any circumstances be two copies of the same title — and all this without making any index of books so stored.

The first few arrivals would be pretty fast, and then the process would become slower as it became necessary to check out each title against hundreds of stored titles. Then imagine three thousand books in place and the librarian still attempting to add more, checking each title against three thousand.

At some point there could be only one logical reaction from the librarian: "I quit!"

That's what our computer had done. It quit.

All that would have been necessary was to run the data files through an indexing function every hundred entries or so so that memory would tell it that new entries were not duplications. However having pushed the computer over the edge getting out of it wasn't that simple. The hotline people tried after the weekend, to get us on track without losing data. The result however was another error which made it necessary to run the machine on mature day to print on endless (and useless) report.

While Irene was familiarizing herself with the canned programs I was having my own little struggle accomplishing things with BRADS that wonderful program designed to allow an amateur to build reports with little familiarity with programming.

In case this sounds far-fetched let me say that I have used BRADS to build scores of excellent (my assessment admittedly) and helpful programs without even learning one-third of its capabilities. Again comparing with something in the every-day world let us suppose you were given a box capable of freezing, heating, baking, broiling, hairdressing, showing films, playing music, flossing, flying and just about everything else, if only you learned the right abracadabra

so feed into its storytown, with them commands to be gleaned from a book written, in part in a foreign language.

Somewhere you might with intense concentration and cerebral overwork, discover how to make the device fly and float. At this point you might in exhaustion settle for flying and floating and rely on traditional sources for the other functions.

That's the way it worked out with BRADS.

It was very simple to design respect forms instructed by data files, also simple to create. Even generating totals was a fairly simple step taught in the elementary training (self-training) exercises supplied.

The trouble was that as I built my expert configurations, I would run into a statement in the BRADS manual explaining that in de-math-and-matic words and he necessary to write statements in appropriate phases in the report program and to accomplish this it would be necessary to learn a bit about System 38 BASIC—the computer language of our system.

Soon I would find myself between the devil and the deep blue sea. To complete my programs, and make them practical, I had to learn some BASIC as well as the mechanism of the BRADS report program. Tackling BASIC however I quickly learned that if I tried to learn it all before putting it to use it would take years to build my functioning and practical program.

So I would turn to the BASIC manual whenever stumped but go back to programming as soon as a problem had been solved. The result was functional and useful programs that might have been much more efficient if I had first learned all of BRADS and BASIC — but which then might never have happened.

Without regretting any of it, a highlight in nightmarish sort of way of my thirty-plus years of publishing, will still be the year or two dominated by programming, the frustrations of finding solutions and trying to overcome errors in malformations, evenings spent brooding about alternatives and dead ends, near-sleepless nights with my mind trapped in computer loops. Sometimes the roadblock was as simple as a typographical error. The experience really was far from totally negative. Few things are so satisfying as finding a program statement or manoeuvre that accomplishes what for hours or days seemed impossible.

Admittedly I sometimes wondered whether I had become a compulsive nut, instead of a newspaper publisher in my defence, I never played computer games or wrote programs just as exercises.

When we made the installation, I was confident that by the time it had to be replaced all my BRADS programs or programs performing like functions would be right there on the shelf like popcorn and razor blades. Just here we are retooling more than eight years later and all the programs except A/R and G/L still have to be custom designed.

But this time professionals will do it.

Little triumphs

With so much space and so many words devoted to the mechanical and technical challenges of the weekly newspaper industry the reader may wonder whether there is any excitement in creating and refining the components that comprise the newspaper itself.

There is but it is at least in this era of technological revolution, more subtle and difficult to quantify. Our pages reflect our quiet communities the lifestyle, spirit and excitement of which usually lie below the surface and are not regularly exposed to violence and upheaval.

In our thirty years here there have been only two murder trials in our courthouse, which serves a considerable radius, and two of them were overly sensational. There isn't a major fire in the average year, automobile accidents are chiefly fender-benders. A local strike is big news and in weeks when city council meets, the report of that tends to be the lead story.

There are little ocean victories, like the pleasure mentioned earlier of Premier Douglas and

Mayer Staveley turning on the natural gas, and later making Time suggestions. In 1959 an October fire during the night burned down Weyburn Hardware a fairly large establishment by local standards and I was on the spot because an employee who rescued in a nearby hotel was wakened by the commotion and had the presence of mind to call me.

There was the New Year's baby that almost let me down This was back in the days when Ivens operated the darkroom in our home basement and printing plates were produced on the Klischograph New Year's Day was on Wednesday and we "closed" page one on Tuesday leaving a front page hole for the baby that surely would be born the following day at the latest. I called the hospital a dozen times on New Year s Day and by evening they told me I might as well forget it. There wasn t even a prospect in hospital, and it being a cold, blustry night anyone anywhere near term surely would have come in

I didn t even have anything else ready for the page one hole it is not a hot news season in the weekly newspaper cycle So I set my alarm for about six in the morning and crossed my fingers. When I got up and telephoned "Maternity" jubilantly told me that no expectant mother had been brought in at two in the morning, had been delivered of a baby and would be ready for a photo in fifteen minutes

So I rushed to the hospital photographed the hours-old infant and mother at seven, got the basic facts for my story and rushed the film home to Ivens By the time the staff arrived at the office Ivens had printed the photo. I had written the story directly on the line keyboard and the photo was being scanned on the Klisch.

Today s technology would not lessen the suspense of waiting for a birth that might not occur before time ran out But with tray development of photos Klisch engraving and hot metal typesetting it was a feat to have a picture and a story on page one and on the street that had only been available two hours earlier.

Once in the early 1960s someone telephoned to suggest that we go out and get a picture of a ditched car on Highway 13 (then still with a gravel surface), a few miles east of the city I don't know why a ditched car should be remarkable enough to merit a picture, but I drove out decided there was nothing newsworthy about it, and returned to the office.

This was on a Thursday so Friday and I didn't pursue the matter further until phoning the RCMP for an accident report about Tuesday of the following week. Since there was nothing about a mishap on Highway 13 I asked the detachment chief what the story was on the ditched car There was complete silence for a few seconds then the chief demanded to know in a voice that conveyed controlled rage just what I knew about that car I told him and received a severe dressing-down for not having reported it to the police

Earlier during the week in which I had gone to look at the ditched car an elderly farm couple living near Weyburn had been kidnapped and locked up for many hours in a small granary. The disabled car had proved to be one of several stolen cars used by the kidnappers and had not been discovered by the police until a day or so before I had called Had I telephoned immediately, it might have put them on the trail when it was still warm.

I received that day a stern lecture on my own duties

Once in my small to localize a national news story I probably put my life in the line

It was in 1960 and Hazen Argue, former national leader of the New Democratic Party had been defeated by Tommy Douglas in a contest for this position, and subsequently had crossed the floor of the House of Commons to join the Liberal party There was much conjecture about what this would do to his popularity in his Assiniboia riding and even in the Kayville area he came from

He announced that he was going home to Kayville to explain his decision to his constituents, and an Argue friend telephoned me and urged me to attend a welcome planned for the Argues at their Kayville home.

It was a November Tuesday night — city council night — and bitterly cold I am talking about forty below with a slight breeze blowing. I attended council, wrote my news story and headed out at about nine for Kayville over an hour away in a sparsely settled region It was so cold the car

just months old did not even warm up, inside during the drive and ground-drifting was building up small drifts across the highway. I had to charge through them at full speed least in throat and hoping for the best. I arrived at the Argue home in time for the end of the party. I remember sharing a sofa with a large farm dog and an exuberant guest offering me a drink at home brew in an unwashed glass. Everyone tried to talk me out of driving home that night but my work schedule did not permit such dalliance.

It was a frightening drive. The drifts were deeper. It was a moonless night, yard lights had been turned off and there was not a car on the highway. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if I had car trouble and had to walk any distance. I knew I couldn't last half an hour out of the car.

Next morning, the car wouldn't even turn over.

I have since made it a point to advise reporters not to venture out in that type of weather. Some stories just are not worth it.

The Saskatchewan Hospital fire in 1961 that took the lives of six elderly patients, was one of the major tragedies of our Weyburn years but I may be forgiven a degree of satisfaction over late a interjection in our own age of it.

The fire broke out early on a Tuesday morning and Mary Grose and I got there in time to take dozens of good photos. It was unquestionably the biggest national-class story to have happened in Weyburn in years and the Leader-Post sent a photographer in on airplane.

Irene spent all day making phonies for national television and eastern news services, which had to look to us when it transpired that the Leader's photos hadn't turned out. It was during the period when our relations with the Leader were still "cordial" as it was rather satisfying to allow the daily to run a number of our pictures on the street conditions that they we visibly identified as Weyburn Review photos.

There was the great Medicare controversy when most Saskatchewan medical doctors withdrew their services to use their sophomore for going to strike, and these were stories that were hard and important, but there was more tension than drama in the coverage. We kept our readers abreast of what was going on as well as we could, and like everyone else on both sides of the issue, hoped it would be resolved without tragedy.

Visits by prime ministers — Lester Pearson, John Diefenbaker and Pierre Trudeau — and other prominent figures gave our pages national mix occasionally, a hailstorm that devastated several farms yielded us a collection of prize-winning pictures (in a minor competition) occasional floods added excitement as did tornadoes and unusually severe blizzards. Several major fires got us out of bed during the night and there were local provincial and federal elections that kept us up labouring poll-by-poll results for the morning's paper.

The quality of the satisfaction of publishing a weekly newspaper lies not in big headlines and sensational pictures, but in the quiet contentment of being an integral part of a progressive community in a province we have learned to appreciate a country we love and a world we worry about. We hope the editorials, features and columns reprinted herein reflect our involvement and define the constant challenge better than would a rambling history of the city, the province and the world.

One of the most interesting editorial challenges of my career, rivalling even the prize-winning Centennial edition came when the directors of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association commissioned me in early 1979 to compile a jubilee section to be placed in all Saskatchewan weeklies in early summer of 1980, in observance of the province's 75th anniversary.

Given a free hand as to style and content, I used transcripts from most Saskatchewan weeklies to reflect the changing times from 1905 to 1980 and stories submitted by fellow publishers and myself to introduce the readers to our industry and its progress through and participation in Saskatchewan history.

I spent scores of hours at the Saskatchewan Archives in Regina reading old weeklies, and with

stories and anecdotes submitted by my colleagues in the industry, particularly Bert McKay of Moosomin – put together what I like to think of as a fairly acceptable special

Another source of satisfaction has been the prerogative of using such pretension and privileges to have some good clean fun such as writing an apology for a relatively harmless typographical error as such a way as to place it in a humourous perspective, having fun with a government news release replying to a patronizing article about Saskatchewan in a large California daily poking fun at Canada Post's rate-rescinding plans or writing a column on just about anything that seems good for a laugh. Sometimes, admittedly our humour was not fully shared by the target, but mostly our intentions were honorable.

An apology of sorts

HERESTT *June 3 1976*

The Review owes apologies to several parties for an extraneous or typographical error which appeared in the account of the Crechton graduation ceremonies in the May 13 edition of the Review

Mrs Kara Loucks our Crechton correspondent, had correctly written the account of the event and in our news office, our paragraph was edited *wrong* to read in part "Andrew Goerzen school superintendent Weyburn addressed the graduates and during the supper Irene Koren Wilmos sang two solos accompanied at the piano by Phyli a Primrose "

In the typesetting several words were snagged, with the following result "Andrew Goerzen, school superintendent Weyburn, addressed the graduates and sang two solos "

Naturally we owe an apology to Mrs Loucks for incorrectly naming her story We also owe an apology to Mr Goerzen who tells me he has since had three requests to sing at weddings

And of course we owe an apology to those responsible for planning the graduation because of the impression left that they might be in by of making Mr Goerzen sing two solos

I am very long to sweet to many sterling qualities on the part of Mr Goerzen but having stood shoulder to shoulder at Rotary with him on many occasions and he first out "O Canada!" I can say with some authority that no one is likely to ask him to sing two sound. One — maybe. But not two Not even in consecutive years.

Tips on teaching

EHERESTT *August 2 1979*

Saskatchewan Health has come up with 10 tips on how to teach young children to speak

This advice was prompted by the issue of a four-year-old brought in for speech evaluation because she did not speak clearly, but understood everything said to her. It turned out that on that of the parents talked to the little girl until she was three years old because they did not think she could understand what they were saying.

Here are the tips, *followed by Esther* by the child's possible counterpart in her (or his) twenties two or three Winnies later:

1 Talk in your child long before she is able to speak The child with *there*" the *information* that will be helpful in her later *I sometimes felt that I was born with 200 episodes of "Another World" programmed into my subconscious.*

2. Demonstrate what you want your child to do then ask her to do the same thing; e.g. "clap hands," clap your hands and say "I am clapping my hands can you clap your hands?" *My parents expected applause at the end of every word By the time I was six, nothing short of standing ovations satisfied them*

3 Encourage your ch ld's efforts to talk and reward her with a smile or a hug. *I became a very quiet child because it was impossible to get a word in my parents without getting slobbered over*

4. Listen to your child talk The best *lessons* you can give her is your attention Stop whatever you are doing, especially if the her difficulty expressing herself and stoo at her when she speaks *If I spoke too subtly it is* because both of *my parents were lip readers*

5. Do not rush or apply the missing words Give her time to find the words she wants to use *Many a time I tried to* heel hungry or in your *hesitate another* permanded *I understand my words and that could not be confirmed in Webster or in* usage and *pronunciation*

6 Use all the senses Children hand by hearing, feeling and doing. New words should be introduced by using them a different ways. For example "this table is smooth, *rub* your hand on the table and feel it. Rub your hand on the brush and feel it In t s words, as, it is rough " *Other kids* were told the *stove's burner was hot My crummy parents put my* hand on it *and said, "Hot, hot "*

7 Explain new words in short sentences and speak clearly *I was taught early that pronunciation was one issue. I pointed at a* stove *Father hot, once and got a bilingual sermon on the subject made up of dozens of short sentences* using the words *"Even Rabbit.*

8 Discuss events such as holidays or a trip to the classes. *An early disappointment in life was my first*

ergs to the cleaners. A one-hour build-up was my parents' way of setting me up for a drive down the block to drop off some dirty clothing. My second greatest disappointment when they went into a similar spiel and I grabbed a table lag and wouldn't let go. So they left me with a babysitter and went to Disneyland without me.

10. Help by repeating the child's awkward grammar correctly. For example "Us are going away" has to be repeated by saying "You we are going away." *My parents made a great sport of mimicking me under the pretext of encouraging my speech. Once I bellowed "me wanna firewis" and mother said, "Her dear say 'I would like to have a cannon.' I obliged and got a carrot. Look how I have turned.*

Saskatchewan Health closes with the admission that these are only a few hints and that the variations are endless. *When I came of age my parents told me they had been goaded by a 19-point guide from the provincial government. I thought they had taken an honest course in child abuse.*

Raising muskrat stew

ERNESTLY *July 9 1970*

Having received more than a few gutload letters to be published for all to see, I succumbed last week to the urge to write more myself.

What provoked me was a clipping from the Los Angeles Times, brought in by a thoughtful health reading as a Saskatchewan one, like a sporting scrapped out of some cave to the Ozarks.

Based on a cooking and household hints booklet issued by the Saskatchewan department of public health for the northern Indian population, the Times story grossly fucks a slight twist was headed "Nordy Told How to Make Muskrat Stew" and read as follows:

"REGINA, Sask. (AP) — To help needy country people save on food bills health officials in Saskatchewan have put out a cookbook listing such specialities as stewed muskrat and roast beaver.

"The book entitled 'Recipes for You' is published by the northern division of the department of public health. Among other things, a recommends salads made from pigweed and jam concocted of rose hips (the pods on wild roses after they bloom).

"For those who really need to save pennies the book recommends taking the sack bones of meat, grease or fat, and simmering them for two hours, then adding carrots, onions, potatoes and simmering the last 30 minutes to make the dish tasty.

"Partridge is gotten the book advises go out into the fields in quest of dandelion greens, pigweed, farms, wild onions or whatever else as edible nonpoisonous and in season."

The foregoing prompted me to pen the following letter to the editor of the Times:

"Dear Sir:

"A reader today brought to my attention the enclosed news item Needy Told How to Make Muskrat Stew which appeared recently in your paper.

"I instead only succeeded a copy of the booklet 'Recipes for You which is giving you all the belly laughs and find it as written for our northern Indian population and it devoted to hints on economical eating, bearing in mind the enormous bounty available to these people, their financial resources and their traditional way of life.

"If you will take the time to glance at a map of Saskatchewan, let you will find that there not only a handful of unexplained communities north of the geographical centre of our province. In that great northern expanse — roughly 90,000 square miles — of rocky, virgin forests, and cold, clear lakes. I've a few thousand Indians. They've there by choice but since they are hours away from even a small general store, and perhaps a lifetime away from such delicacies as milk as hamburgs and hominy grits, they receive advice on the preparation of foods available to them — such as beaver and muskrat stew.

"But just so that these may be at least equality of merriment how about items ating into Cree and sending us a supply of pumpkins on smog control diet control flicking the slope habit dealing with molesters, how to keep your cool in a traffic jam and other typical Californian topics. Our tax payers would enjoy them immense y as they not their northern jobs — with dande ion greens — on an open campfire beside a lake not yet just sited.'

I must admit, of course, that I hope the editor of the Times has a similar sense of the necessary pollution in our northern waters. He might just take me down a peg to two if he knew how far "civil invasion" and advancement in that respect we our unspoiled northland.

Alice in Government

ERNESTLY *May 29 1984*

Alice was weary

After her adventures first to Wonderland, and then in the strange land Through the Looking Glass, she had awakened in a timely to her own snug bed with her cat Dinah curled up beside her but on the hard bench in a huge rotunda that reminded her for all the world of a railway station, with all its workers, and assorted attendants.

"I wonder where I am" she said to herself "I hope I'm not too far from home."

She looked around her and her gaze fell upon a

huge neon sign with two-foot letters blinking the words "Canada Post."

Underneath the in slightly smaller letters, was the legend "Where Profit is Not Just a Word."

"Why," Alice said, "I'm in the post office but it's only a few blocks from home. I can walk it in a few minutes."

She looked for an exit sign and soon knew one but trying the doors underneath found it locked.

"I guess it's an emergency exit" she explained to herself, looked around and took hand another exit. She arrived there only to find that it too was locked. She had just found the third exit, and tried it (it, too, was locked) when she felt her arm being firmly grasped. She looked up to see a stern-faced security guard.

"And what, if I may ask, are you up to, young lady?" demanded the guard.

"Please sir," said Alice, "I'm only trying to get out of the building."

"That's what I suspected, exactly the guard. And just what business do you have leaving the building at 10 in the morning — eight hours before quitting time? Do you have a maternity leave pass, to a sick leave voucher or a note in lieu of sick leave slip, to a vacation visa, in a compassionate leave pass, in a

Alice couldn't help giggling in the thought of her a little girl being a postal employee.

"This is no laughing matter" said the guard.

"I'm sorry" said Alice "I didn't mean to offend But I don't work here I'm a customer of the public and I would like

"You are a member of the public and you'd like!" exploded the guard. "Then I just know that members of the job is are not allowed to leave the premises for any reason before quitting time? Do you think Canada Post can make any profit on people who go flitting out of love moments after they arrive? For that matter what have you bought so far?"

"Nothing," admitted Alice "But then, I haven't any money."

"Nothing, echoed " replied the guard. Then realizing she was only a child, he said in a softer voice, "Credit cards will be find The books scattered on the floor of the zoinsia have mailogram for just issue anything you can pick. You simply make your selections fill out the order cards, then take them to the appropriate Canada Post worker and place your order The merchandise will be remark to you promptly within a reasonable time after the items is received by the direct mail house. "

"What is a reasonable time?" asked Alice timidly remembering that shops of all kinds sold merchandise of every description within blocks of home. "And that letters sometimes get lost?"

"You impudent little creature shouted the guard

"One more remark like that and off you go to the "Purchases of $1,000 and Over" section And there," he added ominously "you get no chance of somehow that and there are no refunds Profits raise are the name of the game "

Again in a more kindly tone, he whispered "There are also other government departments represented here. Perhaps you'll find some services there within your speed ing range."

So saying Alice wandered off through the rotunda until she came to wickets marked "Metric Conversions " "Veterinary Services" and then "Weather Bureau "

She stopped at the Weather Bureau wicket thinking, At least can find out what the weather's like "

She stepped up to the attendant and asked, "Please sir what's the weather like today?"

"You poor addled child " came the reply "The weather is of course is just what you want it to be What would you prefer?"

Genuinely surprised, Alice said, "Well, lots of sunshine of course "

"Tickets to Buenos Waco, Miami Tahiti — you name it — at Canada Post worker 37 Next please "

"What a scam!" thought Alice, and went on to the next wicket marked National Film Board " She decided she might see a movie in two until quieting time

"Can you suggest a movie?" she asked

"Of course I can. That's what I'm here for Sell and hand pass Canada Post worker 45 wickets wicket 72, and there s also

"How disgusting!" cackled on Alice and marched quickly to the wicket designated "Justice Department."

"I want some justice!" she demanded, with more than a little spirit

"Of course," said the attendant, who wore polaroid robes in with the tinted cap "And whom would you like us to hit?"

"Hit?" she asked, puzzled "What do you mean "hit,' ?"

"Hit," he repeated. "Can rid of deep-six — whatever you want to call it. Isn't that what justice is all about? Reasonable — bar profession — prices. Canada Post wicket "

"Outrageous!" Alice said to herself "Why if I can t get out of here, I'll just send a letter home and tell them where I am. Maybe they'll come and get me."

So she walked up to the Canada Post Stamps counter and put a handful of change on the counter

"For that Sackler feed," said the clerk, "maybe I can get you a Togo 17-tonsina stamp in a used Egyptian "

All I want," interrupted Alice, "is a Canadian 32-cent stamp "

A Canadian 32-cent stamp?" asked the clerk incredulously. "Nobody collects those."

Next time, Alice retorted. "I don't want to collect it. I just want to send a letter to my ..."

"She wants to send a letter!" screamed the clerk and soon everyone was screaming, "She wants to send a letter! She wants to send a letter!"

Shouted the Junior desk assistant, "Off with her head!"

Things grow extremely out-of-control.

(The foregoing was written in response to Canada Post plans to add mail order and other profitable lines to existing services.)

Oh yes, that early ambition to produce the best newspaper in Canada!

Over the years we learned to accept the reality that competition was stiff and that worthy opposition abounded in the country. While we never lost the dream, and seriously studied the marks the *Review* was awarded in the annual Better Newspapers Competitions, both provincial and national, we consoled ourselves with frequent provincial awards the Centennial edition victory and an occasional second or third place in one category or another in national competition.

And then it happened!

We were almost on the eve of a staff banquet observing our 25th anniversary in Weyburn, and honoring Hector Sauvier and Ray Winters on their twenty five years with us when we received word that the *Review* had won the triple crown of the competition — Best All Around Newspaper Best Front Page and Best Editorial Page — in our circulation category. It seemed almost as though a benign providence had rewarded us for a quarter-century in the business and had *timed* the cake for the staff party.

Whether it is human perverseness or the maturity that comes with age and experience, I'm not sure — perhaps it is a bit of both — but where we used to look to our competition entries and wonder why they hadn't merited higher placement now we looked at our entry and wondered who in the world had granted us first prize for it — and why.

In the next few years, we won the Best-All-Around three more, as well as several other awards. It was never the same, however, as the one that crowned our twenty-five years.

A dream come true

TWENTY-*Three 15 1903*

We all have our dreams.

Some are without ground dreams. Sometimes they national goals. Sometimes goals torn into dreams.

Before coming to Weyburn I was with a weekly which once swept the nation newspapers association for awards for its circulation category — best all around best front page and best editorial page.

Naturally that's what we had our eyes on when we move to Weyburn. At the time it seem simply a dream but a goal which gives the confidence and naivete of youth, seemed right around the corner.

Over the quarter-century the *Review* has won at least an sheen of awards in the Saskatchewan competitions. Few years have gone by that didn't see us bringing home at least a second or third prize, and as often as not a first prize in one or more of the key categories.

The national awards have been more elusive.

Our biggest plum came in 1967 when we received the award for the best Centennial edition in Canada, regardless of circulation. That stand with it a library of 100 books by Canadian readers.

Once every five years or so, we picked up a second

or third prize in front page or editorial page competition, and one year our Christmas edition was judged best.

The first 10 years to us, we went to conventions confident that this was the year we would find ourselves near if not right at the top.

A quick look at the list of winners would establish that ours was not among them and we would then sit down and up the marks, compare them with those of competitors, and determine where we stood in the field. It was not heartening to find that we were silently somewhere in the middle of the pack. There was a temptation, as in any contest, to blame the judges, to question their impartiality or even their qualifications.

But as time went by we realized that different judges with different backgrounds did not vary all that much in their assessment. So that excuse went out the window. We developed the philosophy — the one the competition judges seemed to foster — that an expert upon us in enabling us to see how in the eyes of impartial arbiters we compare with other community newspapers of similar size, and to do so not for the sake of winning the big prize, but in order to give our readers and advertisers a better product for their money.

As years head by we found ourselves scraping up

in the standings but as our readership increased, we rose into the greater competition of the higher circulation classifications and we would find ourselves in the middle ranks of the new threshold

The dream never quite died but as a goal it seemed secondary to the more important consideration of proving to ourselves that we were somewhere up there among the metropolitan newspapers of the country

For the past few years we found ourselves just below the leaders in the 6,500 to 10,000 circulation class, and some despite the high quality of some of the weeklies in that group we didn't feel we were doing too badly In business obviously, however, and the years were slipping by and that the dream might have to await fulfillment by a future generation

Then I didn't allow myself to get too excited when,

The role of the press being so obviously fundamental to our form society and so divorcely understood It is natural that I found it necessary or expedient, from time to time to deliver myself of a pronouncement on the topic and my interpretations of it. A few examples seem like an appropriate end for this chapter

Commission on publications

EDITORIAL *July 6 1961*

It is interesting to see the position of the Canadian press as recent recommendations by the Royal Commission on Publications which are aimed at killing the Canadian operations of U.S magazines such as "Time" and "Reader's Digest."

These publications which insist on retaining its type of production I understand, may discover in their course that they have trusted their birthright for a mess of pottage For governmental protection is also governmental control and this could be dangerous in the field of news media.

Half a century ago with only half the population of today Canada had almost twice as many weekly newspapers as most today Weyburn, with a much smaller population and two newspapers The weekly was the only medium through which the rural population could be reached and as a result national advertising outweighed their retail advertising in their papers.

Then along came national and farm publications with their large circulations, and consequently some commercial rates for those forms of national advertising With the loss of and revenue weeklies in two-paper towns were forced to merge and in many smaller communities dropped out of the picture altogether Competition was stepped up again with the advent of radio, particularly in the days when it was confined to large centres and huge listening audiences, and now with television The increased rural circulation of the daily press also had its effect.

Fifty years ago the weekly editor's chief news source was the nearest daily newspaper. Item which he cut and rewrote the items important national and world items stories Local and district stories while they must have existed received secondary consideration and local pictures were simply awkward of

But this was what was expected of the paper and everyone was happy until competing need a forced the weekly to reassess its function in the community

Today the weekly press all but ignores the national and international news stories of the day and confines itself to more comprehensive local coverage their pictures and editorials concerned with local problems. The result has reacted to the advantage we believe of readers and advertisers alike Circulations have shinded, and many papers have developed reputations for community services which go far beyond their immediate circulation area

If the weekly can meet competition through drastic revision of policy surely it is not too much to expect the monied national publications to do the same

Freedom of the press

EDITORIAL *August 2 1962*

Lately we hear people express themselves on the subject of freedom of the press in a manner that suggests their understanding of it is very much like Congolese conceptions of independence.

Freedom of the press of course is strictly an extension of the principle of freedom of speech, which we accept as the right of any person to voice his opinions without regard for how they may go with anyone else

Newspaper editors exercise this freedom through the editorial columns of their papers and being human, personal bias, prejudice ignorance and even vindictiveness may be reflected in their writings To

the extent that they do so over a period of time, the person or the paper's pronouncements inevitably suffers an informed society

Anyone disagreeing with the editor has the right to submit a letter to a statement to the newspaper and the editor exercising his own rights may refuse to publish it If this occurs (and I seldom does) the person may purchase space in the publication to circulate his own opinion and thereby reach the same people that are reached by the editorial

The idea of paying for the space might come as a shock to those who think of freedom of the press as a guarantee of free newspaper space — something like unemployment insurance or social aid — and to whom it never seems to occur that the newspaper too, must pay for the space it uses to present an opinion.

If the newspaper refuses to accept the advertising (now we're really getting hypothetical) any individual still has the right to print a circular and distribute it in any way he sees fit This is what freedom of the press in the right to publish an opinion or fact without fear of prosecution, but as exist on someone to provide the medium.

It should be remembered that freedom of the press — like democracy — is no guarantee of perfection but simply one of the safeguards which help prevent a people from being enslaved by its own mistakes

Confusions

EDITORIAL *June 16 1966*

In a "viewpoint" publ shed a few weeks ago in this paper a local exhibitor (in one instance) levelled a barrage of criticism against modern merchand sing and advertising methods He questioned the morality of many current practices such as manipulating small children, playing upon human weaknesses and encouraging wastefulness.

Factual articles exposing evils which exist in advertising as in everything else, are good for they create a wareness better informed public better equipped to merchand advertisements which should never have been written

As public resistance to wastefulness advertising and manufacturing practices develop, both will be recommended in higher place

Retail merchants particularly those in communities like Weyburn learn quickly that honest advertising is important if they are to remain in business in an area which they must depend on the same customers to patronize their stores week after week, month after month, year after year This is no least one of the reasons why (plug) most local businesses find their advertisements in the Review effective, and a few do not.

This, of course is the crux of the whole debate on advertising The responsibility to educate is in delicate balance with the consumer's ability to avail it small of his knowledge, and it is true that whenever the motivation of advertisers — the sale of their products — tips the scales advertising becomes the villain

Self-policing by the advertising industry seems to be beforehand but the best and most effective policing of all will be done by consumers who through their reactions, dictate what type of advertising will be successful

Press freedom, NDP style

EDITORIAL *July 14 1970*

According to press reports of the whole Saskatchewan New Democratic annual convent on in Regina, a resolution was passed advocating, under an NDP government, establishment of a commission to study setting up community controlled radio and television stations and regional publishing facil ties.

One of the reasons advanced for the resolution, according to the report was because the NDP "has historically found it difficult to present its views and to educate the public in the face of the biased, hostile mass media control ed by L beralis and Conservatives" (Ironically the same convention which finds it difficult to get space or time for NDP views, and so-cial tech n ques thereto, who it would have barred the press from the convention)

One wonders what is meant by "community-owned regional publishing facilities." The press now operates without franchise and there is both ng to deny an ind vidual or a group the right to organize a publishing enterprise either which the corporation or on a co-operative

Obviously this has not been found financially practical which pun sh ng fact does exist, and the NDP-proposed publishing house could exist only with heavy government subsidization, which in turn would eliminate the private corporation and naturally leave only the state-controlled and financed media

That is press freedom?

Voice of the state?

EDITORIAL *June 3 1971*

A list of projects approved recently by the Canadian secretary of state for Reading through the Opportunities for Youth program includes a $6 920 item "to enable seven students to publish 12 issues of the Prairie Fire during the summer allowing organizations of tenants the unemployed Indians and Metis and anti-pollution groups to express their problems "

We without what yardstick was used by the

government in deciding that it was important for these individuals to publish their viewpoints on public issues.

And that these are the groups whose problems the Prairie Fire proposes (according to the release) to express. Why are they so special? Who has decided and on what authority that these problems are not sufficiently aired by the Leader Post and other publication's provincial and national available to the people of Regina? And are these groups not represented in city council the provincial legislature and the federal Parliament as other citizens are?

We're getting a bit tired of the seldom-challenged assumption that the problems of these groups outrank those of others.

Why is it right to subsidize the point of view of the unemployed but not the thousands of employed persons who help foot the bill for the former? Why is it more important to public to air the view of the tenant than that of the landlord, who, heaven knows, has lots of problems? And how do we know such a newspaper will actually eradicate itself in the causes aimed, in whatever this is only a front to enable them to express certain political views at the expense of the taxpayer?

The term involved may seem like a small thing to gripe about, but it is up a short step from a small subsidy to state-owned, state-controlled newspapers and the end of press freedom for all.

Danger in prose privilege

intervenor, March 15 1979

Freedom of the press is not and should not be the privilege of those who happen to be in the publishing or broadcasting business, but a simple and logical extension of freedom of speech that is to say that it is lawful to make a certain statement of fact or opinion to friends acquaintances, a stranger on the street, or to the policeman on the corner it is and ought to be lawful to say the same thing a print whether through a circular delivered to a dozen people or through a news medium reaching out to all it is and ought to be lawful whether disseminated by the publisher through his prerogatives by the individual citizen writing a letter to the editor of a publication or by an individual in a group of individuals using a paid advertisement.

In our opinion, special privilege simply invites the next step: the licensing of persons who may gather and disseminate information, and that would be the end of freedom of the press and eventually freedom of speech.

Freedom of speech and of the press are indeed in jeopardy but they are best protected by safeguarding existing rights with a logical base — not through special protection of the media.

Dangerous to no all

intervenor, April 12 1979

As publisher of the Review I am free to write as many editorials as I wish during the advertising blackout favoring or opposing any candidate in a most unreasonable manner and the affected candidate would not be permitted to by space as rebuttal to reply.

That is freedom of speech?

Think about these things carefully and ask yourself whether end incursion upon freedom of speech in reality in the national interest, and how extremely (these days) more enacted

Granted, election advertising becomes tiresome and if we simply cannot stand it for one weeky let's put down on the official election period To trespass upon the freedoms of individuals and groups to advertise a minor business is dangerous to us all

The Gem Community web offset press on which the Review and about eight other southeastern Saskatchewan weekly newspapers are regularly printed

2. Weyburn, Saskatchewan

A disheartening beginning

For a few seconds I could cheerfully have killed the little old man smiling — leering, I thought — at me across the heath cubic at the old Naughty Pine Restaurant

It was fall of 1958, with the dust blowing as I had never seen it blow (but had heard it described many times by the oldtimers who had lived in Saskatchewan during the Dirty Thirties) I had only been in Weyburn for a few months, and had come here in spite of dire warnings from Irene a brother Eugene Derksen that we were going straight to the dust bowl

It was a busy Tuesday morning, had as if the unbelievable that wasn't hard enough to take Edward G Quick my predecessor as publisher of the Review, had chosen this morning to come in had asked me to join him for a cup of coffee across the street. I had protested that I didn't have time, but he had insisted it would do me good Not wishing to offend the quiet, mild-mannered gentleman I had agreed

But like the proverbial hoose hal to water I couldn't be coaxed into the comfortable, carefree mood one associates with coffee break. Instead I looked gloomily out of the window at the gray blizzard which almost obscured the buildings across the street

That a when Mr Quick smilingly asked. "Well, Ernie, what do you think of it now?"

That's when I genuinely hated him for a few seconds That's when I could have strangled him It's all right for you to sit there smiling, I felt like saying. You've unloaded the Review and I'm stuck with it and this godforsaken little town that gets lost in dust storms

I replied as what I hoped was a measured tone: "Mr. Quick, if I had ever seen anything like this nothing could have induced me to come here."

He gave a little chuckle had and with a twinkle in his eye "This is nothing. You should have seen it when I came here."

For the first time that day I took my thoughts off my troubles and did some thinking had calculating

I knew Mr Quick was 72 years old I knew he had owned the Review for 25 years I knew he had four children I knew Mr Quick had been dusted out of a little town called Youngstown in Alberta And I mean dusted out. He hadn't even been able to sell his little weekly newspaper He had just closed the door presumably after selling his old press had typefaces for what little they might have been worth, and left with his family for an obscure somewhere.

The transplanted Englishman, a journeyman painter, had operated the Youngstown Plan-dealer for almost two decades before being turned by drought and depression to close his doors. He was 50 years old, had a wife and family and little else, and the year was 1936—still the depth of depression and drought in Weyburn — when he took over the Review from an Ontarian who had seen enough and wanted to get the paper Weyburn and Saskatchewan all his hands.

Unable to pronounce them address I asked, "Mr Quach whatever made you do it?"

Still smiling his little smile he answered in his soft voice "I knew this was good country I knew it would come back."

I suddenly saw this man in a new and awesome light. Here was a man who had taken his chances on Weyburn and Saskatchewan after his own setback at age 50 with a family to feed. And I also realized at that moment that it was no coincidence that he had invented an gazing for coffee with me on this dark morning.

That kind compassionate man had realized what doubts must be assailing me and had gently led me to the lesson of his own experience. I have thought gratefully of the incident so many times in our three decades in Weyburn decades that have been kind to me and mine but which inevitably have seen their share of drought low grain prices, crop failures, grasshopper infestations, overproduction and the many other reverses that come up to bedevil dryland farmers and those whose living depends on their fortunes.

After 17 years

Originally July 10 1975

This will always be a very special time of year for me for July 2 1958, was the day I took over the Weyburn Review.

Even in an unusual year such as this the first week of July comes through with scenic pretty hot days, so the weather itself serves as a reminder of my first days of trying to fill the role of editor in a community where I didn't know a soul.

That was a hot, dry summer, 1958 with booms and ditches turned up raw and unproducing, even before I arrived. Streets were unpaved except for two or three of our downtown blocks, and even on days without a breeze gravel dust hung heavy on the air.

I had left my then-small family behind to dispose of our Manitoba home before joining me in Weyburn so it was a pretty lonely young man (in those days you could be over 25 without being counted in with the aged and infirm) who woke up on his first Sunday in Weyburn in an overdue clothes-hound room to the dull prospect of having to seek out a place to eat breakfast instead of down in the kitchen with bacon and eggs waiting.

The first few days earlier and left me with the impression of Weyburn as almost a carnival-type of place and the real joy of this city on the first Sunday in July with one-third of the population away on holidays, and another third at the lake was it had settled down. I confess to a Mr Tuesday-like feeling that I had moved into a ghost town after most of the population had moved out.

I might very well have cut and run had I not been slightly buoyed by the enthusiasm for Weyburn I had found in Alan Moffet whom I chanced to meet during the first week. Alan as I was then rather new, and I sometimes wonder how many people discouraged by first impressions of a new home find their spirits fired and hopes restored by the boom town loyalty of the Allan Moffets.

If anyone anywhere reads this and happens to be embarking on a new venture and is disencouraged as I was 17 years ago this week take heart. Keep at it and things will work out.

Of course Mr. Quach was right. This is good country, and it does come back.

The foregoing will establish I am sure that my affection for Weyburn could not be called by any stretch of the imagination a case of love at first sight. Weather conditions and the me of pioneerism engendered by them didn't help, nor did the feeling of strangeness at being in a community quite different from my previous experience.

Growing up in a small town should have prepared me for Weyburn and in many ways it did. Yet there were fundamental differences between Steinbach Manitoba, and Weyburn Saskatchewan that did not make for quick assimilation of course ten years of living in big cities also had left their effect.

While Steinbach had a unique nature within the context of the overall Canadian scene, Weyburn, in contrast, always strikes me as a microcosm of Canada; more particularly, Western Canada. The Mennonite community a village sixty years after it was settled, prided itself then as in isolation — culturally, religiously and ethnically — from its host environment, discouraging

its young citizens from seeking fame and fortune. Weyburn, by contrast, drew first and foremost from North American people and confidently thrust itself into this society and offered its young to the building of the young nation.

Weyburn was a product of what has been described as the greatest migration in human history, the settlement of the North American west. Like most Western Canadian towns it grew at the turn of the century around the commercial magnet of railway depot and grain delivery point, and in a few years — in 1903 — qualified for and was granted a charter as a town. Only ten years later, fed by the boom of western settlement and the general prosperity of the times it was ready to be chartered as a Saskatchewan city. Whether Weyburn actually had the required 5,000 inhabitants has been questioned and likely would not have stood close scrutiny but the people built well upon this foundation, and the community has always been respected among Saskatchewan's group of small cities.

Granted the establishment of a large provincial mental hospital here in the early 1920s its dominance as a local industry and the stigma then attached to the presence of such an institution, did affect how the city was perceived elsewhere in the province. Many people imagined life in Weyburn to be a virtual and constant bedlam.

However the hospital also contributed very substantially to Weyburn as a community integrated with the Canadian level of sophistication. Innovative programs introduced and developed at the Weyburn hospital earned it respect in the North American psychiatric community. As well the hospital's need for professional help and the transient nature of imported professionals exposed the young community to greater diversity of culture and opinion than is common to small towns. The associated training school for psychiatric nurses also brought in students from many backgrounds many of whom remained here as hospital staff or married into local families.

If mention of innovative programs seems presumptuous, I'll mention two that have been felt throughout the continent, and indeed the world — for better or for worse. Witness that the first experiments with the hallucinogenic drug LSD were carried out here by Dr. Humphrey Osmond, administrator of the Saskatchewan Hospital Weyburn, in the late 1950s — together with his wife, and his brother-in-law and colleague, Dr. Ian Chassey. Another was the resettlement of the Weyburn hospital's population into halfway houses in their own communities in the mid-1960s. By approval of these particular measures may be qualified but it must be admitted they were not the parochial efforts they were world class.

World War I, with its drain on both human and material resources, slowed things down temporarily as it did throughout the nation. The Roaring Twenties ushered in a decade of optimism, opportunity and progress, only to be brought to an abrupt halt by developments as New York a Wall Street which precipitated a continental depression that effectively took care of most of the 1930s. In the *Palliser* Triangle which surrounds Weyburn the depression years were accompanied by a severe drought with effects that went well beyond the decade.

The advent of World War 2 quickly drew the people of Weyburn into a partnership with the rest of the country in the prosecution of the bloodiest war in history. Local men and women quickly responded to the nation's call and served, often with distinction in all branches of the Canadian armed forces.

Two things probably enhanced Weyburn's credentials as a closer partner in the war effort than the average community. The establishment of a Secondary Flying Training School as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan just outside the city gave the people of Weyburn direct exposure for much of the war to hundreds of young men whose families were pronouncing war at first hand. This exposure could not have helped but fine-tune the city's natural identification with the war.

Then, on a fateful day in August of 1942 units of the South Saskatchewan Regiment took part in the Dieppe Raid which has variously been described as a colossal strategic blunder, as a necessary prologue in the eventual opening of the second front, and as a tactical probe with a

secret missions of great sensitivity. Whichever it was, it took a heavy toll, since the SSR consisted largely of men recruited in Weyburn Estevan and other communities in this corner of the province.

Yes throughout Canada and for several years once Canadian forces were drawn into action the telegraph of regret became all too familiar in Canadian communities large and small. But few small centres were introduced so suddenly and tellingly to the realities of war. There was probably no one in Weyburn who was not personally acquainted with a number of the men who died, were wounded were captured or who distinguished themselves at Dieppe and nearby villages. On the seven seas, in the skies over Britain and Germany, and in the battlefields of France, the Netherlands and Germany, men from the Weyburn area distinguished themselves as well, and too many did not return to enjoy the rewards of the triumph of freedom and democracy.

'Green Beach'

ERNESTLY *August 5 1976*

One of the most fascinating books I have read in many years has to be "Green Beach " by James Lamar

It was brought to me by Rev Jack Jones of Weyburn, and I have to confess, that I wondered until I got into the book just what the exercise was all about. Ministers in case Mr Jones doesn't know it after half a century in the service are always suspect to the their members and this instance was no exception. His hunches it of course and knowing owners far better than I know clergymen, probably took it for granted that I would read the opening and closing chapters and when I then tell him on the first appropriate occasion that it was wonderful and inspiring, and that if only the Lord and more such people in His service the world would be a better place

Well, surprise it was a that kind of a book and I read the whole thing with fascination. I pondered the description for a long time because my first chosen "suggestion, necessarily out-of-place in 1976.

The book was a blow-by-blow account of the Dieppe raid on August 19 1942, where as many Weyburn Estevan men boys lost their lives in World War 2 — a raid which many have justified as a trial run for the Normandy invasion two years later, but continued by as many others as a wasteful slaughter

But all that aside, a few years ago a news feature in the daily press revealed for the first time that the Dieppe raid — at least the Pourville portion of it and that in where the SSR was involved — was tied in with a cloak-and-dagger mission that would defy the imagination of fiction writers today

The story was confirmed in "Green Beach, which while taking into consideration and fully explaining the broader purpose of the raid also gives us vivid

accounts of the personal adventure of one Jack Nissenthal an RAF radar expert who donned a Canadian uniform and was ashore with the SSR to get what information he could on German radar expertise

What book fits case to bizarre was that he was accompanied at all times by a data it all SSR men assigned to protect him and assist him in every way but to make sure that he did not fall into enemy hands being my accumulations because of his knowledge of British radar technology The fact that he was Jew at a time when the distinction was accurately an Iron Cross qualification as Germany did not make the mission much less or for the RAF flight-sergeant.

Besides the charm of the whole story the fact that the tale included so many names of people that I have since met or read about in back copies of the Review — Empringham England, Kelsey, Mosher Merrin Orme Quinn Pick Stinson — gives it almost a personal signal cance even though I never saw Weyburn until December was already inched me the city a history as deeply and as painfully as it was in the history of World War 2 itself

Nissenthal came to Canada a few years ago to help the author research the book, and in a personal note noted on the epilogue is as own sentimentality on the way lines cross:

> we were in Regina Sask roughly 1 400 miles west of Ottawa to meet SSR veterans and Jack and I hailed a taxi to take us to our first appointment. As we climbed into the cab the driver heard our accents and asked I we were English We said we were, and he gave us Iran name — Eric Empringham — and cry acted that he had landed with the South Saskatchewan Regiment at Pourville

" You know one thing?" he went on "There was an English guy there, a radar expert. Now some of our people were go up in short turn I these was my risk of his falling into German hands. I have often thought about that I wonder what happened to him?" "

Well the book tells the whole story

A Royal Canadian Navy frigate the HMCS Weyburn, further attained the city a identification with the war Three were numerous contacts between the ship and the city and there was a real sense of loss when the ship went down with heavy losses of personnel even though none of the ship's crew came from Weyburn.

Having represented Weyburn as a microcosm of Canada and particularly Western Canada I must qualify this with the seeming contradiction that Weyburn was not a typical western Canadian settlement.

A high percentage of prairie towns were settled by people from one ethnic background as another who were dedicated consciously or otherwise to isolating and insulating these groups and then traditional lifestyles. Weyburn by contrast was settled first by Saskatchewan people from settlements along the CPR main line, then by a large contingent of eastern Canadians, followed soon by an emergence of American settlers lured here by the available free land and other inventives. Europeans who migrated here directly from the Old World tended to come in families or as individuals to homestead, to hire out as farm laborers or housemaids, or to work on the railway. Often they joined relatives already living here. While there surely must have been little ethnic pockets they were generally too small to be noticeable, or to have manifest leadership and independent political and social directions.

Churches which often draw aprons of apartness around distinct ethnic groups may have done the opposite here because the major ones were not dominated by individual ethnic groups. The Roman Catholic Church for instance had parishioners of French, German Polish Dutch, Hungarian and other backgrounds including some of the American and Ontario settlers. The Lutheran Church mustered its German and Scandinavian immigrants, as well as to English-speaking Americans of the same origins. The United Church of Canada formed through union of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches shortly after World War 1 became a catch-all for many Protestants whose religious were not represented here strongly enough to build their own churches.

So this is the Weyburn to which we came a baker's dozen years after the end of World War 2. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that this is how it is impressionist my mind out of original impressions tempered by the hindsights of over 30 years of exposure to the community and its evolution, perusal of local histories (combines as quasi-cities, proofreader as press typesetter), personal involvement in a numerous historical sections, and reading countless stories in back issues of the Review.

World War 3 had been over long enough to permit confidence in agriculture the long-range weather gestures and in a strong national economy that might even support this part of Canada. All this was tempered with some caution and distrust on the part of the ubiquitous pessimists but there was no gainsaying the dollars from the recently discovered Weyburn oil fields beginning to find their way into local coffers through diverse routes.

Distinct residents still included in 1958 a strong sprinkling of the rugged individuals who had settled here area, and whose characteristics helped to shape the community. A book just on these personalities would have been a challenging undertaking for a local writer. I have been able to touch on just a few of them.

He sold Southeast Saskatchewan

a FEATURE *April 9, 1959*

You can say Pete Hurst sold Southeast Saskatchewan and you'll only be exaggerating the slightest bit, for if there is anyone in this corner of the province to whom that witty garrulous — and skewed — raconteur hasn't sold something there is a good chance that he a sold something for him.

Seventy in July and with probably more than a thousand amateur sales behind him Pete has sold everything there is to sell and a lot of things that usually aren't — like hundreds of acres of fish which he claimed they swam a good Liberal and kept for sentimental reasons.

It is said, and Pete admits it, that he can spot a bid before it's out of the bidder's mouth and once a successful customer even claimed that all he and Jean ever took on eyebrow at Pete, and the next thing he knew was "Sold!"

Calvin H. Hurst, who is known as "Pete" by nearly everyone in the territory is justly proud of the popularity which he means took to a lifetime of fair dealings with clients and bidders alike.

"Friendship stops when the sale starts," he declares, and highest bidder takes it. I've never played favorites."

The secret of auctioneering, says Pete — and he can give it away without fearing a flood of competition — is to keep things moving with a flow of chatter and a quick answer to a disparaging comment. "And you

listed to hold your tongue" if you can't control that you can't control a crowd.

But the greatest factor in the success of a sale he mentions, is the popularity of the owner

"I can tell with the first bid" he avers "how the whole sale is going to go, and how we I bid the numbers. If he's popular I a good sale if he aint, it isn't."

While Mr. Horst recalls a fabulous day's commissions he can remember equally well countless sales especially during the dirty thirties, when he didn't take home a cent. With always a soft spot in his heart for people down on the luck, he refused to charge widowed mothers or others whom he considered down and out.

Recalling the first cash sale, he says it was for a woman whose husband was not in hospital "I went to the man and he asked me for advice on the terms I said cash was the only thing, and he just shook his head"

The funny assignment after learning his client expected to get only $2 000 out of the sale persuaded him to agree to the cash sale. After the sale he returned to the hospital put on his courtroll expression and went into the man's room

"Well how did the sale go?" he asked me. Not very good I told him. Not good at all. "That's what I figured" he told me and asked how little he dreaded

"Why he wouldn't believe me, when I told him it and brought him $3,500 — $1 500 more than he'd hoped for "cheerio Pete — "And with my phone ever busy Every auctioneer in the province called to ask me him I'd made out with the sale

Pete a love for auction sales dates back to his study boyhood and as a very much responsible for his migration to Saskatchewan from his native Huronia Ont.

He used to play hookey from school to go to auction sales, and the old auctioneer who taught him some of the tricks and let him auction off the buggy whip, and odds and ends used to tell him to go west.

His chance came before he expected it for his rates caught up with him Tired of expelling him three times a week for playing hookey the teacher made it stick and Pete found himself at home early

Undaunted although broke, he decided to go west, and was beckoned to the municipal secretary a office by a sign that said "Loans

"It meant farm loans" chuckles Pete "but I didn't know that, and anyway I talked the secretary into giving me fifty dollars That took me to Weyburn, where a number of local folks and learned I got a job on a farm and was able to send him back the money to the end of the summer

Pete worked to whatever came along until the first war when he enlisted as the 46th Battalion He went overseas but never reached France as a severe attack of influenza hospitalized him for months He underwent two returned operations before finally being sent back to Canada

After the war his brother Stel an R.C.A.F. Burnt farm a few years ago dean of the University of Toronto College of Pharmacy Introduced Pete to a well known pharmacist.

"I said my head must "Be insane "And the man said I would have made a good lawyer But I was too old to start study ng law Had suggested the profession or a travel ng salesman but not their rang who I

"What are you interested in doing?" he asked me, and I told him I had always wanted to be an auctioneer Don't ever change your mind, he told me, and I never have

After attending at a few he a pounds and a small auction sale a Ontario "Just so I could tell myself an auctioneer." Mr. Horst returned to Weyburn hung out his shingle and has been following his trade ever since.

The biggest job of his career came when the federal government engaged him to sell a quarter million dollars worth of crown lands in Saskatchewan at a fee of about $300 per day

How true the utmost everything in his life those was more than met the eye, for it was a Liberal government and Horst always was a strong Tory ("Why I was once the only Tory in Weyburn")

After having been assured by local Liberals that he had very little chance of getting the job, Pete relates he wrote to Ottawa, described himself as a man who thought the right way and himself got the job and signed the name of a local Liberal He got the job.

Besides being the only auctioneer a Weyburn for many years Pete is exactly for keeping up a steady chatter wise him may a job as conventioneer such to as the livestock parade as the Weyburn fair Knowing each farmer within m es he would add a comment about the meat himself and in turn, as he passed with his prize-winn ng stock

In the days before radio and television brought the news into people's homes daily a was the Review a custom, on occasions day to hook up with a wire service and set up a public address system outside around which huge crowds would gather to hear the latest national and local returns

In the basement the telegrapher would hand the to letters a Pete who would read them over the loudspeaker

He won t soon forget the time when, contrary to his hopes, the Liberals showed an early land and he

trouble to contain himself except into the mike

Don't tell me the g——d——— Greats are taking it again!"

As a man whose life and livelihood has always been closely interwoven with that of the farmers, it was natural that he should show a deep interest in their links such as that of the Agricultural Society. He was on the fair board from 1923 has been its advertising consultant chairman auctioneer for the calf club for ten years, and is still an honorary director.

Blessing his Waterloo home in life than mess. Mr Hurst married Bertha Tubs in 1926. There three daughters and all in Weyburn although the youngest 13-year-old Brenda fathering an artistic bent may go to Vancouver a summer for training in figure skating. The elder two are Hazeldean (Mrs John Evans) and Ethel Lou (Mrs Mervi Dean)

With the end of this year Mr Hurst hopes to retire from the wearing business of auctioneering. At 70, he certainly deserve the rest, but those who know him well believe it when they see it.

A brochure brought him here

APEATURE *April 16 1959*

Early in March in the Regina business area Weyburn a tired heart quickened as an old man watched the passing landmarks that were to familiar to him in the pa m of his heart as he was borne nearer to a place would his name a synonymous with "pioneer" and "community builder

For George Beischel, among the first abroad of the region and associated in the years and he mixed with every major project which made Weyburn what it is today. It was the end of the road for at the age of 88 and after eight years of retirement in the kind climate of Nevada...he had resolved that the city wh ch he had helped to mold was the place where he would like to spend the twilight years of his life

And with every family ir ness and every familiar contour of the country he passed on the way home came a memory of the joys sorrows, triumphs...frustrations, smiles and tears and not an integral part of a long life in a new city a new province, and a new nation.

Born in Jefferson, Wis., the son of one of the best blacksmiths in the state Mr Beischel spent most of his early years on an Iowa farm as the elder Beischel and m give up his trade for reasons of health when George was only six, and moved in a farm in the Baraboga State.

There he might have stayed, helping his father run the farm, and managing a threshing outfit of his own but for a railway trip in a nearby town in 1901 that banded his own life, and may have altered the history of a good deal of our province of Saskatchewan, especially the city of Weyburn.

S tting in the coach, he eyes was caught by a printed pamph et lying on a seat. He picked it up read it and was immediately sold on the western Canada and in underdeveloped expanse which was described in such glowing terms as the real estate circular that closed with the immortal "Go West, Young Man.

"I'm going to Canada," he announced the same day to a friend who managed a resta in the town he and travelled on.

"When?" the banker shared in leave

"Just as soon as I've finished two or three more threshing jobs I have to do," Mr Beischel told him and immediately won an enthusiastic partner for the trip

As he had planned Mr Beischel completed the fall harvesting around the threshing outfit visited his friend that he was on her way and together they came to Weyburn and bought several pieces of land in the Fil mont district.

Mr Beischel stayed here the banker remains in use what the Saskatchewan winter climate was like then returned to Iowa to prepare for the move In spring he came back in Weyburn, bringing with him a herd of 30 white-faced Hereford cattle believed to be the first of the breed imported to this area.

Mr Beischel cannot recall that part of his life without pondering for a moment on the memory of the two dogs, which seems identified to him a unselved the ol time.

It seems that he brought with him from Iowa but dogs, a mongrel collie which was an well trained that he was Mr Beischel's pride and joy However as money and the dog have got on the train waited he began to act strangely...cowering and whimpering and refusing to eat.

The bottom the door of the sedcar was opened in Weyburn, he dashed out, crashed under a house not far from the shared and beton of making failed in bring him out

Mr Beischel gave up finally deciding that once he was half a mile out on the prairie the dog would come bounding after him He didn t and the cattle, arousing the absence of the dog, did everything but co-operate and after a few frustrating miles Mr Beischel was fully prepared for a secret packing trip.

Suddenly out of nowhere a dog streaked by him got the herd in line and came back for a sign of approval Mr Beischel thought at first it was his own dog but when he came closer discovered it wasn't

He gave the animal a pat on the head as we l as a some material reward in the form of a sandwich and a new partnership was formed He and the dog the years often wondered what and come over but town dog and where the new dog and come from but never found out

"And I wasn't trying hard to find out," admits Mr. Beschel. He believes the dog was accidentally left behind when a handful of settlers made a stop at Weyburn.

At that summer Mr. Beschel hauled lumber and supplies from Weyburn to Pilmoor over what later became known as the Big Arbel Trail and by the time the first snowstorm came in fall and a bonus finished and ready for plastering inside of his 16 by 24 homesteader.

After several years Mr. Beschel moved to Weyburn, Saskatchewan where as horse trader, realtor and farm implement dealer he first became one of the area's leading businessmen. His first shop was built where Weyburn Motors now stands and he later moved across the river to the present Home-Saskatoon location.

Dealing in everything in the implement line Mr. Beschel recalls how eg a stock of 50 2½ horsepower outboard motors in 1912 and selling every one of them.

Mr. Beschel was more than a businessman, he was a community builder whose support and talents were volunteered for every worthwhile project undertaken during his active life.

When the old hospital (now Mount S. Mary) was built, Mr. Beschel, who owned the and left the council chambers and asked the aldermen to name their own price on the parcel and whatever they decided would be okay with him.

When the race track at the fair was built, Mr. Beschel's aid was sought again so he recruited two helpers, hitched a scraper to two ponders, and in two and a half days Weyburn had a race track.

He was official starter at the first races held there and at first for many years thereafter. He was also on the fair board for numerous years.

Long a member of council Mr. Beschel stayed from local as provincial and federal politics although

unsuccessful in both attempts.

His defeat a the 1908 election on the Conservative ticket was certainly not for the lack of support from the press for the old Weyburn Herald came out with two-inch head lines urg ng the electors to "Vote for Beschel" and almost every front-page story was on his opponent ranging from politically critical to downright libelous.

One story was headed "Liberal Candidate a Dismissed Official"; decided" ——— Lone ves Goose Lake People" and a third "An Attempt to Steal the Seal." One story, which sounded as though it might have been borrowed from the Calgary Eyeopener accused Mr. Beschel i opposion of having four planks in his platform: "Vote against Beschel because he is an American; 2 Vote against Beschel because he is a German; 3 Vote ag nst Beschel because he is a Catholic; 4. Vote against Beschel because he is a Protestant."

Mr. Beschel a second attempt came a the 30s when he joined countless other Ilussuc followers in defeat under a Liberal, undidate. His comment on his political career a hard "I was a fool."

Of the long eventful life behind him Mr. Beschel wistfully says he would love to live it all over again, basically adds, "knowing what I know now."

In up to of his a ght year absence Mr. Beschel finds it hard anything but lonesome, for all hosted have not forgotten him. When he arrived he was greeted by a group of acquaintances who had appointed themselves as a welcoming committee and were on his room at the Royal he a near-door neighbor at several of the oldtimers who were here with him when the Soo L ne country opened up.

Weyburn has changed since the day when George Beschel took his white-faced Herefords off the train but still always he home and will always welcome back the man who built it.

Western Wire and Cable had been here a years in the hangars at the airport, vacated when the war was and down. Western Christian College had moved into airport buildings at about the same time. There was a plan a that other industries could be ac acted in as other available hangars and a few individuals — notably Tom Lang — worked tirelessly toward this end.

On the civic scene, council had approved a long-term program to pave most of the city streets but found a prerequisite was the replacement al many of the water and sewage mains, still in plank from pioneer times. The short-term consequence was a lot of mud on the rare wet days and a lot of dust on the more common dry and windy days.

Negotiations were underway to sell the old power plant operated by the city and mostly in need of modernization, to the Saskatchewan Power Corporation. This was accomplished in the following year, amid political turmoil that resulted in the resignation of Mayor Jim Staveley. The city received $2 million for the electrical facility. Not only was the city relieved of further concern with the operation and modernization of the utility, but what was then still considered a princely sum could be set aside to finance future capital expenditures.

A few weeks after our arrival in Weyburn, the city police force headed by ex-Mounte Jim McCardle observed its first anniversary. For years before that community policing had been handled under contract, by the RCMP.

Until the mid 1950s the education of Weyburn's children was handled by the three original elementary schools, Assiniboia, Souris and Hugh but the city's growth demanded expansion, and a fourth public school Elgin had been added as well as St Dominic Savio School for the recently organized Roman Catholic school district About this time too, Queen Elizabeth School was built for rural children reflecting a growing trend toward centralized education. A private kindergarten was introduced in the early 1960s and in a few years this became part of the elementary school system

Predestined victim of the century

AFRATURE November 12 1999

Fifty years ago the newly-built century schools of Saskatchewan stood as proud symbols of the progressiveness of the 20th century — a progressiveness that demanded distinction for the children of the pioneers, whatever else had or be sacrificed to school it.

Turkey stalking into a wood-chinked neglected background the deserted little red schoolhouse is a victim of the same century's pace which builds them quickly destroys in favour of smaller, easy-forward

Within by eg memory those schools were built by farmers whose homes drew the lumber over muddy roads to demand building rises and made happy gatherings out of days of hard work.

Such a school was Manvera Five miles east of Weyburn and the recollections of its former students and the people who built would be like the story of dozens, offered hundreds of little schools in the province which have faded from the sphere of usefulness

Built in 1908, it was named after Manvera, Ont., where many of the district's pioneers came from and classes were held months every term from that year until the centralized school district was introduced At one time there were as few as seven students enrolled and as many as 30 in another term.

It started with an elected school board which had the burden of all the day to-day tasks as where to buy the lumber, and whether borrow the money to district the building until enough money was raised with a the district Later after the school was built, the trustees had to hire a teacher and to decide on his or her salary

The school was the centre, a community centre as it was used for students meetings socials and concerts and a church Christmas concerts and other programs were put on frequently to raise money for a worthwhile project and everyone in the community joined in and gave a hand.

Most of the work of cleaning in the days of the country school fell to the teachers not students. Teachers had to do their own janitor work, such as making fires, washing windows, sweeping floors and burning trash

One of the happiest times for students was the district preparation for the Christmas concert No school work would be done for at least two weeks and those selected by end of laughter and gaiety

Streamers put up and be hung from the ceiling, and the daring "big boys" selected climb on the piano to do it

If you asked any of the oldtimers of the district as roll of one incident connected with the administration of the school, they probably referred invented the time the trustee made a motion that "O Canada" not be sung at school It seems he argued it was a French hymn, therefore unsuitable as a Canadian national anthem. Hilarious was not seconded.

It wasn't all fun and games at the school however and several near-tragedies resulted from lack of games equipment or from work done by unqualified people

In 1935 a faulty furnace gave off fumes which nearly asphyxiated pupils and teachers School was closed for several days while the furnace was repaired and the vacuum recovered There were no serious after-effects

In 1954 a fire district in the school when one of the students built a fire in the furnace. Unable to get the fire started he but soaked it with gasoline. The one district to burn and fire spread to the building when he was unable to get the conflagrate and out

A making monster noticed the students pouring from the school and he saw the smoke He rushed to the nearest neighbor to phone the Weyburn fire department which soon and the fire extinguished. There was little damage to the building, although the school were badly charred

The school had quite a turnover as students at a family moving even a few miles would be in another school district Often new families moving in would, be Ukrainian immigrants, whose children spoke not a word of English

Ex-students recovered wonderingly that despite the language barrier they never had any difficulty playing local games and conclude that hide-and-seek, pussum e lause red light and other children a games are international

All grades were taught in one room by one teacher as it was no wonder that the students felt like one big happy family Birthday parties and the like were not complete unless the whole student body was there

To the younger children, the vases of the school inspector were something to be dreaded, as he always looked in work books and test books at see if they were neat And he always sent students to the board to

do drill work. The older students enjoyed that work — if those books were to indicate that they knew their work.

But the entire class was always on best behavior on these days.

Everything related to the operation of the school was looked after by the local elected section of trustees until the larger unit came into effect in 1945. Many people thought the change was a good idea, but there were many against it although no one actually put up a fight.

The main objection was that they felt the school building the city should belong to them.

School terms have been a change from the first year the school was opened. At first the term was from April 1 to December 1 with two weeks holidays in July. Gradually changes were made until the school reached at present September-to-June schedule.

Another thing that changed was the teacher's salary. In 1905 wages were $50 per month. Every year they gained a little until the 30s when they dropped sharply almost reach ing the 1905 level.

The larger school unit unit came debated long ago, and although accepted with misgivings is now performed by most.

But people of the district must wonder as they pass the empty schoolhouse whether something process was not lost when they changed over to the easier more practical modern methods

The Weyburn Collegiate Institute, opened on the day of Weyburn amalgamation as a city, still stood with the community a secondary educational needs although with some additions to the original structure. Two junior high schools, school addit ions and a comprehensive high school are on a larger area than just the city was at that time but in the future.

By the time of car arrival, the automobile had fully taken over as the standard mode of transportation. Hitching rails had disappeared from city streets, and livery stables were no more. A last reminder of the horse-and-buggy days were the horse-drawn milk wagon operated by Gordon Miles then a city alderman and a future mayor, and Herman Kochanik a familiar dray driven by a unmatched team of horses.

Television was slowly creeping across the nation and with the opening of a Regina station, antennas began to find their way onto Weyburn rooftops to pick up fuzzy signals of wrestling matches and puppet shows. Distances between urban centres being what they are in the part of the country, it was only a few years later that a cable television company erected a receiving tower almost 1 000 feet high on South Hill improving the quality of reception, increasing the choice of stations available and removing the jungle of antennas from the rooftops.

Also, long Weyburn into the 20th century ascendancy of instant communications, a local radio station CFSL, had been on the air for just a year. References to the station in the opening chapter almost as a villainous rival should be read as reflecting mutual goodwill on the part. The Review and CFSL have been competitors but complementary to each other have enjoyed excellent relations at all times and have worked together in many ways for a better Weyburn. The founder and president Tommy Laing commanded our deepest respect, and he taught me many valuable lessons in my initiation to the business world.

A number of local organizations had joined forces in an initiative to establish a park in the perimeter of the water reservoir formed in the Souris River northeast of the city at what was then known as Seven-Mile Dam. A lot of work had been done with much effort not visible and for a while it looked as though the whole project might be abandoned. Certainly the council of the day was pointedly uncombustible about it. I like to think that the Review had a hand in keeping it alive until the provincial government's regional park zones two gave the recreational area a new name — Nickle Lake Regional Park — and a new lease on life. Today people of the area could not imagine being without it.

The horse isn't having any

EDITORIAL September 12 1963

You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink" the old adage goes, and we must confess that the union of the city the R.M. of Weyburn and the R.M. of Lonsdale for the purpose of improving the Weyburn Community Park reminds us very much of a horse that won't.

Although the Review has been campaigning for a regional park agreement for several years we have never expected miracles from the arrangements Neither however were we prepared for a completely negative approach.

When the city first reluctantly explored the possibility of joining with rural municipalities in form a regional park authority council showed its enthusiasm by appointing at its representatives the aldermen

who and expressed the most opposition to the park

When finally a spate of themselves the three seems to appeal to proceed (we use the term loosely) they are men appointed to the governing body are asked only one person who and ever shown any interest in the park The other five have five records of community service and we have no doubt that we we received full value, and more, for every cent entrusted to them.

But unless they have become fired with enthusiasm since accepting these appointments we are not likely to see big things happening in the Weyburn Community Park

Council of course, furnished the ball when it failed to get commitments from district clubs and organizations which started the project before even agreeing to it themselves by (repeated) park.

But as we we said if the right were it is just won't.

Another regional park which has become important to Weyburnians as well as to people throughout the Southeast was born also at the week I arrived This Dr Maimprise Regional Park was established to honor Mildale minister doctor who had been many things beside leader to the community

Goals and rewards

EDITORIAL *June 16, 1959*

Men have set as their goal the acquisition of a million do lars — or a billion — and have reached that goal only to wonder whether it was worth the trouble sacrifice and hard work.

Had someone half a century ago named young Dr William Graham Maimprise opened his practice in Melville prescribed for it in the course he has fol lowed, and promised it as a return a park named in his honor it may be assumed that the doctor would have turned down the offer of a moment of glory in return for a lifetime of sacrifice

A week ago, when southern Saskatchewan turned out, three thousand strong, to dedicate the Maimprise Community Park Mrs Maimprise the woman who and been the doctor s partner in h s dedicated existence indicated quite sincere y that they had never wo their reward in the friendship of the community and that the naming of the park was a glorious generous remin

There were not empty words just as the naming of the park was similar empty gesture

To the members of the community which presented the park its name came naturally and unmistakably were unanimous approval. It was merely the gain of an idea which caught their fancy: it was a full-blown thought that needed only voicing to win enthusiastic approval. It had its origin in their general love for a man and his wife; which was the essence of what the Maimprises considered their reward for their work

Which brings us back to goals.

What was Dr Maimprise s goal?

We can safely guess that it was the knowledge that he was doing the very best he could every day and under all circumstances.

There were too many times when he might have said "No" and no one of the shortest judge that he was being asked to do the impossible

But being his own judge made it more difficult, and the thousands who saw him accomplish the im possible must regard it great man and loved him for it

We believe as you do Dr and Mrs Maimprise, that you have your reward But we don t know whether anyone is at all how much it is worth

It is difficult to impress on anyone today the dilemma faced every summer by parents in the days when polio was still a constant urban hot weather threat Who wanted to deny a child the treat of an afternoon at the park just because there was an infinitely small chance of contracting the crippling disease? Yet who wanted to expose children to the dreadful consequences of polio? So children for the most part, swam and took part in other group activities, while parents anxiously watched for the fearful symptoms. Then in the late 1950s along came Dr Jonas Salk and the oral vaccine that wiped out the disease on this continent and removed in least one source of parental worry

Tommy Douglas, who had used his pastorship in Weyburn s Calvary Baptist Church as a springboard to becoming eventually Canada s first Socialist premier was still a familiar figure on city streets and particularly at community functions. He had first been elected to the old federal Weyburn riding to the House of Commons for the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) finishing the seat until 1952, when he had resigned to take the leadership of the provincial party. In the 1944 general election his party was swept to power and he never forgot the city that gave him his political start, and the people — his congenial personality and persuasive powers had gained him a large following — who had given him their unstinting support

It was only a few years after our arrival that an old dream of Tommy Douglas' universal free medical care and hospitalization was introduced amid great controversy. By this time Douglas had accepted the national leadership of the New Democratic party successor to the CCF and there was a commonly held belief that the Saskatchewan medicare plan — Canada's first — had been hatched along just a bit to strengthen the Douglas image nationally. A tribute by the medical profession engendered anxieties and hatreds that left their mark for decades but the plan became the model for a national medicare scheme. Few Saskatchewan people today would stand for its removal and politicians of all parties make very rare they are firmly on the side of the angels on this question.

Hockey and skating in Weyburn were still limited to several outdoor rinks and the old Leahy Arena Rink with its unreliable natural ice. The curling rink also with natural ice was attached to the Arena Rink.

It was also in the late 1950s that an organized effort was begun to build the Colosseum and a new curling rink with artificial ice for both on the fairgrounds. It wasn't long coming to fruition and brought junior hockey in the form of the Weyburn Red Wings to Weyburn.

Recreation was still unco-ordinated in towns and small cities in the 1950s. It was in 1959 that Al Herron was hired for a one-year trial period at Weyburn's first recreation director — at a salary of $5,000. When you look at the recreation department empire today it is difficult to see how anyone ever managed to have fun in less organized recreation-starved times.

Rev. Shaun Herron, who later left the ministry in favor of writing newspaper columns and fiction was making United Church and downtown life interesting in those days with his fiery sermons laced with humor and scorn. Instead of one his favorite targets were the "money barons of Main Street," Weyburn's power establishment. Between his sermons and his brief entry into the political scene as a city alderman he probably ripened some cases of worms that needed opening, but he didn't choose to stay long enough to savor the results if any, of his crusade. His successor Ross McMurtry was pastor of the church for almost thirty years, and was also known to wear some hackles but his hang on rather i totally confident in the advice he was passing along, at as his ability to come up with new sermons suitable for the times and guaranteed to provoke thought.

Speaking of characters it seemed that the small town business world in those day was dominated by characters. A book could be written just about the individuals who ran the butcher shops, drug stores, garages and conclusive shops of a few decades ago.

Although gravel highways were still very much the rule in the late 1950s Highways 39 and 6 between Weyburn and Regina had received some sort of surfacing — perhaps oil — about in 1948. This may have been a plum for putting Tommy Douglas into the premiership. When I arrived these highways had already been blacktopped and Highway 13 most to Stoughton was being prepared for surfacing.

Traffic between Weyburn and Regina was still relatively light probably in part because people still tended to equate the trip in their minds with a two-hour drive on dusty gravel. The two-car family still wasn't the norm and even single-car families had not yet developed the compulsion to eliminate walking which for a period seemed to be part of the North American psyche. In the two years that the Review remained in the Mitchell Block after we came to Weyburn, for instance, I was the only staff member (out of sixteen) to drive a car to the office. A few others owned cars but used them only sparingly during leisure hours. Twenty years later, when the second Review move was made to the East and Ninth location we provided parking lot with spaces just about equal in the number of staff members, and even then a few always parked on the street.

Some time during the next twenty years blacktopping of Highway 13 from Stoughton to Carlyle was completed, giving Weyburn residents easier access to their resorts at White Bear Lake and Kenosee. the same highway was soon also regraded and surfaced from Carlyle to the Manitoba border, providing all-weather access to Winnipeg.

The International Parks Highway Association which promoted a one-numbered (36E) good-quality highway from northern Saskatchewan (through Weyburn) to the Montana border and beyond probably helped bring about oiling and blacktopping of Highway 35 from this city to the U.S. border and later some form of surfacing north to the Prince Canada Highway. The 36E organization faded away somehow but more recently has been replaced by the Ameuca Highway Association promoting a north-south highway system better geared to creating traffic patterns and roads

In the mid-1970s the Red Coat Trail organization was founded to establish an alternate route from Winnipeg to British Columbia following Highway 13 through Saskatchewan This group helped bring about straightening of Highway 13 west of Skaunavon to the Alberta border and connecting it with a new stretch of highway on the Alberta side Thus and construction of the Weyburn mall, also led to blacktopping of Highway 13 west beyond Tecumseha and oiling or surfacing of other western sections

Easier access to distant cities has been a mixed blessing. The good roads are a boon for the travellers but less so for the small town merchant who sees his customers making off to Regina and other cities. Weyburn's mall, a product of the late 1970s was a countermeasure to this trend purporting to offer district people one-stop shopping under one roof without going in far-off cities This battle of course, has yet to be won

The local airport, a legacy of World War 2, also affected Weyburn's contact with the world bringing in small aircraft from other throughout the continent

Oil fields developed in Southeastern Saskatchewan in the 1950s gave a new dimension to the economic base of the district and the city and again injected new blood into the community

Thus, perhaps as "through a glass darkly" is a glimpse of the Weyburn we found in 1958, and I hope the editorials columns and features reprinted herein and hereafter offer an insight into the Weyburn of the 1960s through the 1980s, the people of the community and their collective aspirations and initiatives

What's happening?

EDITORIAL *March 23 1961*

"What's happening in Weyburn?"

About a gbt thousand people asked themselves this question last week after learning one morning that the city police force had been manhandled by a mob of youths whose utter contempt for constituted authority left witnesses to the incident aghast.

It was difficult to believe this thu was a prairie agricultural community — town by the standard of any province but Saskatchewan — for the attitude of the gang was that of a group which had enjoyed immunity for so long that its members were enraged by the interference of the city police

It is doubtful, too whether the issues of law and order was helped by the fact that a score of civilian adults simply looked on while those appointed to protect them were fighting a los ng battle.

The situation was fina ly brought under control when members of the RCMP appeared on the scene But a lo interesting to note this the Mounties didn't seem roughly-handled. They carried night-sticks — and didn't even have to use them.

Strangely however the bonnet were anything but subdued after they had been locked up n cells at the police station They continued to laugh, shout and taunt their captors, and what the morrow might bring appeared to be the least of their worry

Even n police court next morning, they were hardly the picture of wayward youth normally facing punishment The courtroom was filled with their buddies and until the moment of judgment none seemed to be unduly worried

It was brought out in court that most of the youths involved had previous convictions But they were continually causing disturbances and that the work of the police force was constantly being hampered by the fact that they were constantly having to check the same persons in all hours of the night Raids on dances in neighboring villages disturbances in restaurants, and extreme misconduct at local teen dances have also come to light

Sentence has been passed and the case n now closed — except in the minds of those of us who are wondering in what sort of community our children are growing up. One father was heard to express the fear that his son is away n university n used to be the other way around with the small town father worrying about the evil that might befall his son in the city

The police and the courts have served notice that this sort of thing will no longer be tolerated. Prigit-sticks have been ordered for city policemen and Magistrate Mitchell n handing out prison terms to last week s defendants warned members of their gang that that should give them a picture of what to expect.

But the police and the courts must do only so much They can maintain the laws but they cannot, alone,

create true respect for law and order. For this they need the support of the public - and especially the press.

For instance, we are doubtful about how much good does a six months sentence — to any other sentence — will do the youths whose parents are already going around expressing the gang's sentiments that the police are pick-up on them. What law-abiding citizen finds the police picking on him? They've got too many things to do. Magistrate Mitchell disposed of this argument very ably when he remarked that "the police have every right and it's their duty to question any stance who continually is out of his home deemed midnight until o'clock in the morning."

Of course, we can expect a true and maybe first time disavowal of the pot of force-ones like night-sticks. This will be labelled promptly as "police brutality" - but it's up to us to stand by the police in these efforts to effect a clean-up.

And, incidentally, we might suggest that the police should feel free to ask for assistance.

Experiments and the public

EDITORIAL *October 1 1964*

During the past year or two, the Saskatchewan Hospital in Weyburn has been engaged in a research action program which has drawn the attention of the psychiatric profession across the nation.

The net result of the programs — which will be more comprehensively explained in an article by a hospital staff member — is that the patient population has been reduced by several hundreds. The discharged patients, whose condition is considered to have improved to a point where they are temporarily or permanently capable of getting along without hospital care, are in large in the community although still under observation by hospital staff.

This has led, inevitably to an increase in the number of former residents to which Weyburn has been host since the establishment of the Saskatchewan Hospital here some 60 years ago - but which citizens generally have accepted with good grace.

Possibly because of a lack of communications between the community and the hospital administration - a annual occurrence of sensitivity has been building up particularly in recent months over the nature and number of these incidents — or alleged incidents.

If the present program turns out to be unbeneficial to patients, is unfair to the community in both we have no doubt it will be scrapped or modified as the findings suggest.

We need not permit ourselves to be incensed upon but let's be fair in our criticism helpful by reporting conditions which may have escaped the attention of hospital authorities and the police, co-operative in helping to assess the worst of the program and let's give full marks to those who are doing their utmost to break down formidable barriers in the fight against mental illness.

Bathing

EDITORIAL *December 17 1964*

We were most disturbed by the attitude displayed by two to three members of city council at last week's meeting, with regard to continuing to underwrite the Weyburn Festival of the Arts to the extent of $1,000 per year.

One alderman was of the opinion that the festival was of interest to only a handful of people and another obviously sharing that view, came zealously to the defense of taxpayers money which he felt should not be used to finance "pussywillow clubs."

The entire question of government involvement beyond necessary administration and legislation is often at issue, and we too are frequently frightened by the degree to which the several governments and their agencies think for us plan for us demand from us, give us promises us and provide for us.

But within the context of existing trends and philosophies, the negative attitude toward the festival strikes us as bewildering.

In our publics year the provincial Festival of the Arts was brought to Weyburn and proved such a success that a local group decided that a regional festival would be both feasible and desirable.

A municipally sponsored arts council was established by a city bylaw last year and specifically charged with the responsibility of holding an annual arts festival. To this end city council guaranteed to underwrite the 1964 operation in a maximum of $1,000 (an amount matched by the Saskatchewan Arts Council).

Starting from "scratch," the new organization working against a demanding deadline, produced a festival which was also hailed as outstanding success.

To say that a suggested to only a handful may reflect a lack of interest on the part of some aldermen in the programs for which they and authorized funds.

The arts and crafts exhibition had 300 exhibits and entries were turned back because interest exceeded the arts council's financial capabilities. There were hundreds, and perhaps thousands of non-exhibitors who visited the exhibition.

Hundreds of people were introduced to ballet through the visit of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet a group which probably never would have come to Weyburn except for sponsorships through the arts festival. The Regina Wind Ensemble provided another treat for hundreds and attendance at several annual events such as the fall meet fair probably was increased through being tied in with the festival's promotional efforts.

Most of these things it might be added, were self-supporting, but sponsorship might have been difficult for any organization without some guarantee from a central organization. In fact the city grant can fairly be said to have been used chiefly for expenses involved in actual organization and in promotion of the festival (as wholly rather than on the subsidization of special interest projects. The fact that the council survived its first year on that limited assistance speaks well for its good sense.

Beside bringing outstanding experiences to that "handful" of several thousand Weyburn people the festival brought many visitors to Weyburn as participants and spectators earned the city more publicity throughout the province than $1 000 could ever hope to buy and provided encouragement to people in every walk of life to put increasing leisure time to creative use.

We do not believe council a obligated to guarantee an annual grant in the festival for all time to come. A year or two of experimentation may guide the arts council to some venture so profitable that it takes care of several operational and promotional costs.

But to pull the rug out from under a fledgeling, city-sponsored organization which has done so out standing a job is as unreasonable as it is baffling.

Like a glove

EDITORIAL *May 28 1970*

Not surprisingly the Weyburn Mineterial Association has submitted a Viewpoint" for this week a Review which is not 100 percent enthusiastic about the new industry which is coming to that city

Indeed the most hard-headed supporter of the distillery would probably find it strange I local churches held special thanksgiving services to mark the advent of a factory which will turn out a product which admittedly but dimly more harm than good throughman s flirtation with it.

The people who set on a year or so ago to bring new industry to Weyburn were not looking for a distillery in particular but for any industry which fitted our community s needs and resources This as the Ministerial Assoc ation must be aware was what was meant when it was in d that the distillery fitted Weyburn like a glove.[1] The industrial development committee and c ty council would have been equally elated if they had succeeded n bringing to Weyburn a Bible publishing house or church pew manufacturer and so say that those industries fitted Weyburn like gloves would not imply that the people of Weyburn are more pious than the people of other communities.

On Weyburn's death

EDITORIAL *June 13 1974*

In this space last week, we reprinted a Saskatoon Star Phoenix article by Eric O Hurt, a resident of Weyburn many years ago who expressed his dismay at the pending death of Weyburn and other Saskatchewan communities

While we would agree that fine depot facilities so Weyburn are a far cry from what the travelling public heighten roundsby expect — if the bus company hopes to tempt more of us to use this mode of transportation — we would ask Mr Hurt to take heart. f there are symptoms of death, there are also symptoms of survival

The very corner from which Mr Hurt made his glum appraisal testifies to a measure of progress, at least. Both to the optimistic years of pre-depression boom and business Hotel Block didn't use a business until the past decade, when the downtown area expanded n that direction Today the block houses a number of that estates, including a restaurant next door to the bus depot, where that travellmr can and de stop for a snack to meals

While Mr Hurt a closing sadly about the "baby stinky — the co-op store , the credit unions and the NDP" — is attributed to an Estevan source as the major cause of the flu in that city the county is such that one cannot that in that assumption is included the rest of the problem to other towns and cities mentioned

The NDP Mr Hurt might be reminded governs not only Weyburn Estevan, Melville and Watrous, but a the government of the day for all of Saskatchewan — aven Saskatoon

The co-op and the credit un on are indeed strong and thriving in Weyburn but they still leave room tha three supermarkets three chartered banks (with a fourth more than sl ghtly interested in moving in) and a host of other privately owned outlets providing competing services There are also thousands of co-op and credit un on members who will resent the insinuation that membership in these institutions brands them as soc alists

Perhaps one day other Mr Hurt's personal fortunes enable him to retu n Weyburn under circumstances that will permit him a wider vista than that afforded by a 15 minute bus stop he will discover that Weyburn of dying will be survived by schools, churches, skating rink curling rink library playgrounds swimming pool museum and many other modern facilities built since the days of Mr Hurt's gallant striving there Weybcrter Weyburn.

His efforts may not have been completely success Or somebody s

'Injured' stray dog

EDITED BY *December 4, 1973*

During intermission at the Weyburn Junior High School band concert last week, I was attracted to the entrance hall by an air of excitement that currently existed in unmistakably.

A group of students was clustered around a re-sibling, no-fella-zared yellow dog, stroking him gently and making comforting sounds. One of them explained that the dog had broken its leg and that a veterinarian had been called

I thought about that one and something about the whole thing didn't look right. From what I have seen of injured dogs they are more inc ined to snap even of their owners when touched rather than lie n-compla nently while n dozen strange youngsters however well-intentioned are petting him.

This dog also had n b eutiful look on his face that demanded acknowledgment with the sight of a broken leg and the shock of the accident which must have caused it.

I finally decided that it was one of the first cold nights of the winter and that the dog had come seeking warmth hopping on three legs as dogs will when their feet are cold and found sympathy beyond his dre ms and were simply basking in the warmth and tender care heaped on h m so generously by the Good Samaritans of the Junior High school

I couldn't let the matter go without testing my theory so I called Dr Nicholson and day to ask if an injured dog had been brought up h re from the junior high school the night before The dog had been brought n t night but I gathered it was the healthiest dog he had ever treated.

So I guess my theory was c lse out

But th an age where people pass by injured and dying human beings, it is good to see on young people show concern for an injured stray dog even if he is shamming

"Who has seen the wind?"

EDITED BY *November 10 1977*

Finally made it to the local theatre Friday night to see W.O Mitchell i n "Who has seen the wind?" It is been a long time since I've spent two hours so enjoy ably

Admittedly I'm prejudiced By the time you have lived 20 years in the town where the author lived as a boy when you have met the author personally as well as the director and some cast members are familiar with the movie s setting, and have visited the location on while filming was in progress you would have to have n chip on your shoulder not to go to the movie with the intention of enjoying it.

I and m ostly feeling of being part of it during the funeral scene, for I was in that church once less than two years ago for the funeral of a good friend of mine. He was the pall bearer f r the Arcola Sun-Standard, whose building provided the backdrop for a number of scenes.

Even the congregation and n family ar look about it, probably for the very good reason that since the scenes were Arcola people many r f them probably had attended Chris Leibel's funeral

The gopher drowning sc enes was another that brought back memories as it with the most fellows who grew up on the prairies. That penny we had looked pretty good especially n winter when you permitted yourself fantasies about how many hundreds of inch you would harvest and the delightful things you would do with the returned wealth

But summer came and w th it the realizat e of the situation you had to let near a source of water and one gopher hole could hold an awful lot of water and the canvases do have back doors Anyone who was in flush out a gopher without finding the back door and blocking it off as't go up to take many gophers I've known them to have three ex its, and there was one smart rascal on a vacant lot across the street from my the school home who and a drain lead ng into an abandoned well a few feet away We poured n ot of water down his door before he e ge out

I remember too getting sentimental about the little beasts, and grabbing one to take home and raise as a pet. My intentions were neither understood nor appreciated, and he bit my finger sharply That was the end of that notion

Another scene that brought back memories was the birthday party

I was at n party like that since

My friend was the o dest of three children in an immigrant family His mother was some dour and never went out of h d company The father was fluent in a ex ept more languages but and suffered a serious head injury n World Wa r I and was left bitter eccentric and irritable and co d *hold* no discretion; only to low-paying jobs offered as n kindness The family lived in a shack on a quiet wooded piece of land at the edge of town

The boy wasn t really n close friend of mine, but I won because our own economic niche on the totem pole didn't rate as nearly my instinct that I can n afford to turn any down.

We spent the afternoon running from the house to the front yard gate to gain status in the eyes and wonder f the distant figures approach ng were some of the other invited guests. They never were. No one else showed up.

When the appropriate time came we all — five family members and one guest — sat down on the blanket that had been spread under n shade tree to

partake of the homemade sandwiches cookies and birthday cake so lovingly prepared. Nobody ate much and there wasn't much conversation. Tears were just below the surface.

I don't think my friend asked his mother for a birthday party again.

But back to the wake:

It may not win an Oscar, but it was and done with good acting, especially on the part of the youngster who played Brian, and anyone who is a prairie background should enjoy it — if you can put up with a few cuss words used not by every member of the cast but by a few "characters".

Endless Q, Shanty 0

EDITORIAL *November 24 1977*

The speaker was a man whose powers of persuasion have swayed judges and confounded opponents.

But last week in Weyburn, when he attempted to postpone the cleaning of banquet dishes he met his Waterloo: the ladies in their wisdom

"Gentlemen, you will just a few minutes until I conclose my remarks" implored the speaker

"Take a 10-minute break until we're through" was the suggestion from that kitchen.

"What's more important," countered the speaker "10 ladies washing 10 matchine or that whole auditorium?"

"We've been here since early morning and we want to clean up and go home," was the final verdict.

The speech went on and so did the noise.

Ladies in the kitchen: 1 Mr Shermanicher more.

We have every sympathy for a speaker who comes from a distance to entertain or instruct or to find himself interrupted by the dish-cleaning crew!

But let's see the point too of the ladies who make our various banquets possible. They are volunteer workers doing their bit for their organization and their community and they work at it harder than most of us suspect.

The secret to avoiding this type of collision may be scheduling.

Officer and gentleman

EDITORIAL *September 15 1982*

When the word "pioneer" is used in connection with Saskatchewan it evokes an image of men and women filling the soil behind oxen fighting the elements of inadequate shelters and labouring long hours to provide for their children firmhold and freedom in an emerging Canadian territory.

Such an image is apt and every town we become known as from churches throughout the province the dwindling survivors of that era are hunted out our living links with that period of time are further diminished.

Not only farmers however were required to open the province. Merchants, tradesmen and professional people were needed to make life viable for those who worked the soil the organizations and institutions which are an important part of life had to be created and developed the innovations of new technology had to be mastered and brought into service.

Those who were the prime movers in bringing these necessities to the frontier — and fought when necessary to preserve them — were also pioneers to every sense of the word.

Last week, with the passing of Harold Kempton, Weyburn and Saskatchewan lost a giant among such pioneers.

Coming to Weyburn the year before Saskatchewan became a province, Mr Kempton, with his brother established the book store that still bears their name.

A bold and daring young man, his courage in fighting fire and flood became part of Weyburn lore.

Enlisted by the flying machines that began to swing in the skies he soon became an amateur and served overseas in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I, at times without a pilot's life expectancy was a few weeks. (In the next war he was to become commanding officer of the South Saskatchewan Regiment although he was not permitted to accompany it to Dieppe.)

A few years later he became the first amateur to Saskatchewan to make a free-fall parachute jump.

In the mid-'20s intrigued by the wizardry of radio, he was involved in a quirky legal broadcast from Radio Station 4AI Kempton Bros. an outcry the authorities quickly brought to a halt.

He dedicated to public service guiding him to charter membership in the Weyburn Rotary Club, and to membership in many other organizations devoted to community betterment.

For all the daring-do of his youth Mr Kempton matured into advanced age with dignity. Those who knew him for the past few decades will remember him as a person of great honesty, dignity courtesy innovation thoughtful neat, into figures and integrity but in his eye there was always the sparkle of humor and *mischief* that told of the youth in his heart.

Col Kempton was a officer and a gentleman

Those sweet onions

EDITORIAL *November 16 1983*

A few days ago I chanced to have a lengthy and informative conversation with area pioneer Sheridan May still pretty chipper after over four score and ten years on this earth.

That is an typographical error. The gentlemen is several years past his 90th birthday and he instantly proved any Pioneer Place soon to satisfy his family that because he felt he could not look after himself

Among the reminiscences Mr May shared with me was an occasion in World War I, when he was serving with the Canadian army in Europe.

Presumably the end of the war was nearing, and rumors were flying about the maintenance of armistice.

Can I blame the boys for becoming optimistic but in the eyes of the commanding officer this attitude evidently did not make for vigilance. So he rallied the entire company parade and told the men in no uncertain terms that the war was not over and until he was notified that it was ended he was taking the attitude that "we came here to fight a war and that's what we're going to do."

The reaction of the troops was disappointment, and in essence is, some of them shout the O.C.

This didn't sit well with the O.C. so he ordered the men on a route march with full pack.

Certainly it is true when most of the men were convinced that hostilities were about at an end, this discipline did not find favor with the men and they decided that if no one showed up for the route march who was there to make them do it?

The ploy worked to the extent of cancelling the route march but of course they didn't get off scot-free. For his part in the shenanigans young May drew two weeks of confinement to barracks, with two hours of extra duty every evening before retiring.

The extra duty consisted of pushing two boxes of shovel every night.

As he told me about it, I thought Mr May was going to complain about his hard taken-pecking was on the spot. But instead with an exultant mischievous look in his eye he said "We sent lots of rations in our time but those two weeks "Then realizing that the statement was not be 1-explanatory to one who and not knows the dispensations of war he added "Choose sort of odd flavor to food you know."

Then got about the afterwards

serving read more than a few novels about recent conflicts. I've read about a number of incidents where soldiers forced great satisfaction in perishing — noteworthy at considerable risk — "deliverers" which civilians back home take for granted, not as deliverers but as exploits.

But here almost 70 years after the fact, a veteran could still remember the returns as well that he could almost taste them, as they added delightful flavor to the simple monotonous food they were allotted.

Some now thing to read about treasured moments in life regardless of how seemingly unimportant but another to here and see someone in voting about decades after the fact.

Once again, there a no substitute for experience although there are a lot of experiences we can cheerfully do without.

Last Friday I imagine thousands of similar episodes and escapades were exchanged with some embroidery by veterans meeting on Remembrance Day to honor fallen comrades and to renew acquaintanceships with comrades of a youth some of them will ever forget

Are you blushing, Weyburn?

EDITORIAL *January 29 1986*

Two to three decades ago when Weyburn a first subdivisionist north of First Avenue N (Highway 13) were being told what many of the families moving to what was then considered the boundaries did so with the assurance that by the time the family's toddlers or at least the gleams in father's eye had reached school age they would trudge off to a facility as it could not reside for that purpose north of Douglas Road

This was back in the days when the human tendency to multiply was considered about as sure a bet as death and taxes and what on earth was considered prudent at set aside land for expanded school needs, particularly in communities with ambitions for growth.

Thus came the yet - and city fathers and the school board of the day in sheer pessimism or optimism depending on your point of view decided new schools for future generations were about as needless as blacksmith shops and livery barns. The result was that the land reserved for the school was subdivided and sold for residential consumption.

Even when Assiniboia School was demolished to make way for a supermarket there seemed to be little concern for declining enrolment (or diminished expectations) in the numerical school left ample room in the facility for the displaced Assiniboia students.

Something must be happening, ended the pill is not as effective as expected or the race's progenitive instincts are stronger than anti-pesta credited

Whichever the case the Weyburn Public School Board recently took steps toward preserving land, and, however belatedly, the construction of a new school for Weyburn's north end.

If this sort of retrogression continues we may soon begin to speak coyly again of "blessed events."

Weyburn loses a booster

EDITORIAL *September 9 1987*

A community must have people

A good community does have good people and strong leaders

Once in a while, a good community is stricken it truly and is given an outstanding leader one whose vision, courage, determination and energy inspire confidence, respect, support and action

Such a person was Thomas George "Tommy" Lang, former mayor of Weyburn, president and one of the founders of the Sask. Basic Broadcasting Co. Ltd (CFSL and CISL), and president of the biggest private-hauling company in Canada.

Ever a fighter for reason he believed in — his community but brashness his provision — he resisted least those on self-congratulation when one of his besties succumbed and and time on self-pity when one of them failed. He simply set new goals and priorities and went back to work

Time could be courteous or brave as the occasion demanded; he was friendly but not overwhelmingly so; he praised generously or withstood sharply depending on when produced the desired results, he drove a hard bargain but listened to the views of his adversaries, he was a keen competitor but not them to the rights of others, he was an ardent party enthusiast with an instinct for knowing when it must not mix with business nor when the interests of the two intersected.

A product of the depression, Tom might have settled in years ago in a level of success envied by most but the driving force in and demanded that he go on to greater challenges.

To the end, he was an unabashed "booster" not out of a narrow parochialism which other characterizes such people but as a world traveller who and made his own comparisons and found they supported his instinctive loyalties.

Tommy Long who died and week will be missed.

Parade of interlopers

EDITORIAL *January 5 1968*

Many attributes come to mind to describe the pioneers who built our community. If one allows the time to consider what faced them in the trackless wilderness and the particular spot they chose for the declaration of their lives the investments of their youngest years, the expenditures of their energy and the dedication of their progeny

A few that come to them are courage, optimism patience perseverance dependency dedication, hope stamina, love, integrity these are probably quite a few more.

If that sounds like a gallop of the fifty put yourself in their places.

You have probably seen, in past weeks or months persons on television from miserable brashness hopeand settlements in the Third World, and have asked yourself how anyone could have to face a lifetime to these living horrors.

And the answer that offered itself to your mind probably was that these people didn't know better as they and no hope for comparison — except perhaps beam years with a bit more food in the stomach.

For the most part, the majority of those who built our community knew better in the sense that they came from some part of stability and civilization where already existed most of the amenities they would have to face through first brave

So resigned those standing here on central Saskatchewan with summer heat scorching the earth with fall winds stalking the world with cheer, with winter gales and Arctic temperatures showing them Saskatchewan's permanent face, or with spring's sense of mud making a joke of cultivation, yet saying, "Here we shall form our city."

They built, and it wasn't easy

Like ourselves, they did not come naturally endowed with all the good virtues attributed to them above. Many yielded to their limitations, went back to where they came from, or pressed on to meet simpler demands that perhaps were easier.

Others remained and developed or enhanced the qualities that brought them encouragement and endowment then

All this we have inherited and as we prepare to celebrate Weyburn's 75th anniversary as a city — one of the earlier milestones of accomplishment — we humbly acknowledge that most of that our legacy is inherited

Humility is appropriate but it is not sufficient to assure our community today as to the future

The problems challenges and opportunities that the shared demand of as many of the same qualities that gave us our fairly

They exist, often dormant within us, waiting to be summoned by the same spirit that lived in our forebears and which we must also accept as our legacy

Ceremony can symbolize

EDITORIAL *May 11 1968*

Every ceremony is inherently symbolic, in that it involves the participant or the onlooker to look beyond what is obviously taking place and to consider it in the perspective of the past the future the nature, the greater community or whatever the event significantly touches upon

Thus when a handful of adults and a fairly large number of children gathered Friday on the banks of the Souris River near Government Road to take a significant step toward beautifying those banks and making the Tatagwa Parkway a parkway in fact as well as in name there was really more than a bit of symbolism involved.

First of all there is strong symbolism in the fact that the project ties into the landscaping of the dykes to which Weyburn has fallen heir through the long-term flood prevention program funded through federal and provincial treasuries generally regarded by most of us as more than slightly far-fetched

But rather than pouring with revulsion on this questionable inheritance, Weyburn is using the dykes to enhance the overall beautification program making in effect, a silk purse out of a sow's ear

Secondly there was an important message which the participating children may look back on when they recall that the ceremony took place during weeks so strong that they needed no bibs when everyone away

When the children grow up and ahead the memory of Friday may impress upon them that it is but only during seasons times that a progressive community as battle but that even during the weaknesses — climatic, political or economic — we must continue to build for the future and that building includes not only the functional but also the number

Meet a student

BRIEFLY *September 7 1968*

Highway safety campaigns constantly warn at her to become a statistic. We know what is meant of course, carelessness or even a momentary lack of caution can cost human lives. And for the world at large we are simply calculated into the cold statistics the number of fatalities for a particular day week or year

Even as we tend to think of the term as an anonymity "How we talk some we "one I remember a someone when the only life I have but ended? Surely to family friends and acquaintances I cannot become just a number!"

That's true but it isn't always the total picture Take the fatal accident that occurred several weeks ago at the hazardous intersection just west of the city We have been complaining about it for years, had pondering that sooner or later it would claim more lives

Let us suppose that the victim had been a local young woman Her death would have sent a shock wave pulsating through the community and wheels would have been set in motion that would have kept the family in a state of uncertainty for weeks.

From the minute the family learned of the death, inquiries would have radiated out to relatives and friends drawing them to the home to offer their condolences and alerting hundreds of personal plans in order to arrange possible attendance at the funeral

Former school mates would been wept in each other's arms as they shared their sorrow over the untimely and horrible death of a friend. And whenever people met and discussed the tragedy there would have been expressed bitterness about the bad intersection and as predicted, rubbed yet another notch on our community or life

Now most of these things happened but not in Weyburn They happened in the little town of Churchbridge where the victim whome was All that is except the it harrows about the intersection become people there didn't know about it, and simply wondered how it could have happened

But in Weyburn shocking as I was it was the death of a young woman from another world: a nurse, an age and a home town mentioned in news reports had a photo caption. Yes there were conversations on coffee row and elsewhere about the terrible misadventure, but they lacked the indignation that would have been triggered by personal loss We didn't know her as you see the incident upon her death, a statistic.

So meet a statistic!

Meet Shannon Fern Mary Dressler... who met her death just outside our city in the early evening of Friday August 12 less than two weeks before her 23 birthday, had who was buried a few days later in the town in which she had been born

Russell Hanchuk of Yorkton Shannon's brother-in-law sent me a copy of the order of service and obituary received by people attending the funeral service at Trinity Lutheran Church in Churchbridge

Shannon grew up on the farm by farm most and her elementary and high school education in Churchbridge, and was enrolled in the University of Saskatchewan College of Education learning to be a special education teacher Shin enjoyed work ng with children and had given much of her time to teaching Sunday School and vacation Bible school and to working at the Kinsmen Ch hdren's Centre with children experiencing communication disorders.

She was interested in music and studied organ for many years and taught at the Academy of Music in Saskatoon in her spare time.

Shannon was described as a well- liked person with quick wit, strong-willed and determined. She probably and to be strong-w lled because she was born with congenital heart defect and had to undergo open heart surgery when she was eight Her strong will helped her overcome the difficulty "and her health blossomed "

Shannon is family had friends been established in interested fund in the promoted to the Saskatchewan Music Foundation "in memory had gratitude for Shannon is life making use he by committee heart surgery

On the day of her death she had worked at Hay at her summer job at International Mineral Corporation at Esterhazy and then had left for Rockville to visit her university chum Helen Larsen recently returned from a year in France

Helen, who disturbed Shannon as her best friend, and confirmed all the good things mentioned about her said Shannon had been very excited about the year abroad had about the career she was going to pursue

Listed among the honorary pallbearers was Kirsten Jewitt whom many of our readers met last August She was the tall friendly blonde journal ism student who interned at the Review in early 1968 Kirsten said she had been surprised to see the mountains wearing bright, happy colors as the festival until the remembered that Shannon had always told her family that in

the event of the death, she did not want people to attend the funeral – dark sombre colors. They remembered and honored her request.

Perhaps I have taken the whole thing a bit more personally than I might have because through sheer happenstance I was at the accident scene taking pictures as police and ambulance people worked frantically to free Shannon from the wrecked vehicle. I saw her lung badly broken and bleeding carried on a stretcher to the waiting ambulance.

See there is your statistic

Only I cannot think of her as a statistic. But as a scout friendly human being whom I could have admired, respected and grown fond of. I hope some of you now feel you know her a bit and that you too will feel indignant about the sad circumstance that she cut her life short and which now silently awaits its next almost.

By the way Shannon probably did not drive through the stop sign at the intersection without stopping as originally reported. An eyewitness driving a few hundred feet behind her told me came to a full stop then crossed when she saw a van eastbound on Highway 13 crossing from another side.

I guess neither she nor the van driver saw the approaching posse. The van made it Shannon didn't.

A fitting finish

EDITORIAL September 14 1988

It's finally over!

After two years of planning by the city's scouting committees and others, months of work and preparations feverish last almost adjustments and perhaps more than a few silent prayers, the celebrations of Weyburn's 75th anniversary as a city culminated last weekend with a birthday party that offered something for almost everyone.

There were many historical of the various events that were particularly fitting and worth comment.

It was fitting for instance that our new lieutenant-governor — the representative of our sovereign — commended to come to Weyburn to make her first official public address since her installation last week.

It was particularly fitting that in view of her annual commitment to working for the betterment of children her address was to hundreds of Weyburn school children gathered in Jubilee Park and that in her remarks she reminded them that they too might aspire to the highest offices of the province and the nation. Her reminiscences about seeing King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in Melville during their 1939 visit to Canada reminded almost all of us whose memory goes back half a century of being trucked off to the nearest centre where it was possible for us to get a glimpse of the royal couple.

While on the subject of Her Honor it bears mentioning that she seems to be not only a fitting if not representative of the crown, but will serve as a fitting representative to Saskatchewan people for the foreseeable half of the population for the thousands of people of Ukrainian origin who have given so much to our heritage in every possible area of activity and achievement and for the Saskatchewan scientific community whose contributions to our nation have been substantial.

It was also fitting that the survivors of the FH/CS Weyburn hold their reunion in our city over the weekend. No minds during the war many of the airmen received some day to visit the small city after which their ship was named, but sure y most Weyburn people hoped some day to meet the heroes who represented us so directly in taking up our quarrel with the foe.

By the time the war ended, however everyone's first thoughts were of a return to peace and normalcy and there was little contact between city and crew until several years ago.

The 12 survivors and their wives brought us a human dimension of history and it is to be hoped that they also left with new affection for their adopted and adoptive city.

It was fitting that the Ormsbee Singers whose honored excellence in making them a legend in their own time took center of the anniversary banquet through the decades with costumes, dancing and especially song.

It was fitting that our represented zoom were remembered with the old time harvesting thanksgivings in the Rev Medonell home; that our religious heritage was observed with special services for all at Knox Presbyterian Church that the performance of the Canadian Armed Forces stage band reminded us of the warm and friendly relationship that one exits in a democracy between military and civilians.

It was fitting that the afternoon tea at the Legion supplemented the importance of simple informal relationships and customs in our community life.

It was fitting that the Young Fellows Club, a product of our city and the contributor of so much behind a better Weyburn, made its presence felt both in the sponsorship of the anniversary ball and in serving at the dinner.

All in all, the event was a fitting finish to a wonderful summer of celebration.

The birthday party

BY ANDREWS *September 9, 1958*

It was my honour and privilege to address Weyburn's official 75th birthday party. I include my remarks herein because I sense that in them I caught something of what I feel about the community in which we have spent the better part of our lives.

Your Honour Mayhew Lieutenant-Governor etc

I am sure that I need privileged to be able to say a few words on this important occasion in the history of the community most of us fondly call home. Admittedly there have been times for all of us, such as when the sky was grey with dust or the grasshoppers ornamented underfoot when the refreshening became a bit strained but genuine affection is not built upon good experiences alone

Mayor Shields asked me to say a few words about the history of Weyburn and I said to ask myself where does it start and how does one condense into a few minutes something about which volumes have already been written?

Since the community was only settled around the turn of the century and received its name about that time that seems to be the logical place to begin If you want antecedents about dinosaurs covering up on the slopes of South Hill or tales of what the natives were doing when the waist of Assiniboine came tumbling down you might contact James Minchour

Much of what is usually called history Weyburn shares with other prairie communities settlers came in live here they and their descendants saw bumper years and hard times the railways came two world wars were fought depression and drought were endured and were well schools and hospitals and churches and clubs and parks and libraries were built and the technology and prosperity of the past four decades changed all our lives

That just about sums it up, doesn't it?

Without demeaning the many facilities we are so proud of I suggest that I we take the same description subtract a mental hospital — or am I crooked care fully — and add a coal mine and power generating station, we might as well be talking about Estevan — heaven forbid!

So, however profound the influence of national and regional events on ourselves and our communities there have to be other powerful ingredients else our communities would be as alike as peas in a pod and the very notion of that a difference to most of us.

Then what is the difference?

Tommy Lang, who left us just one year ago and who was the dynamic mayor of our city of several terms and generally recognized as an unabashed Weyburn booster was fond of saying that people make the difference

One thing that sets Weyburn apart from most Canadian and even Saskatchewan communities is its fundamental racial cultural national or religious mixture, in whatever you prefer to call it

Pierre Trudeau when he was prime minister of Canada used to talk about the Canadian mosaic and indeed you don't have to travel far in most directions before you encounter the pattern of communities with distinct ethnic flavors Belgian French German Scandinavian Polish British Rumanian, Hungarian and so on Individual ist al groups even divided into separate communities based on religious differences.

Weyburn a earliest settlers however were a group of farmers from the main line settlements around Indian Head where, presumably homesteading was still becoming scarce. They were soon followed by fairly heavy migrations of Ontario families — especially from Grey and Bruce counties — and joined just after the turn of the century by hundreds of settlers from the United States

It was probably the racial-cultural mixture of these Americans and certain Canadians and set the tone for Weyburn a make-up, and as immigrants came here from Europe and elsewhere and from ethnically identifiable communities throughout the Southeast one or y never seems to have been divided into ethnic or studies Instead it has been the type of melting pot usually identified with the U S

Even the French-Canadian contribution fundamental to Canada seems to be most conspicuous in Weyburn through its absence If you check the telephone book or city directory you may be surprised by the generous sprinkling of French names. Yet if there is an identifiable French-Canadian community in Weyburn I've never been aware of it Whether this a good or sad story depend on your own individual ideal toward bilingualism and bicultural ism, but regardless of that, that is how things are

But even if we take it as a given that Weyburn a ethnic mix somehow makes it different I the town what really makes it special is the individual people who have l ved here and whose character and nature have become a part of our legacy

Let's just remember for several minutes almost a few known to most of us, at least by reputation I make no attempt to name them in any particular order

Remember Ed Cugnet?

By now there are many of us who never knew the man, but there are very few here who have not heard of Ed Cugnet a famous weather forecaster.

Whether he got the formula from a prairie chief or a Hungarian priest has become a bit murky over the decades, but it is generally accepted that by studying the weather and when several phenomenon in certain

12-day period in December he was able to forecast the weather month by month for the following year

How right were his predictions?

Some people swore by them and planned their crops accordingly but most there are even people who believe Environment Canada. Manz importantly people throughout southern Saskatchewan awaited the forecast every year and they became as important part of Weyburn lore. Revived them, and Weyburn is southern

Consider Joe Warren, a former Weyburn mayor and a retired personality by about whom enough material could be collected to fill a book.

We arrived in Weyburn after Mr Warren a time but ten years later visiting Canadian Armed forces in Germany I was sought out by a Canadian general who had learned there was someone from Weyburn in our group.

His purpose? He just wanted to hear stories about Joe Warren

A friend of his had been a commanding officer of the Royal Air Force training school in Weyburn and the Canadian had heard so much about Mayor Joe Warren that he wanted to meet someone who knew Joe Warren met could tell him more. He was quite disappointed there I told him I had never known Mr Warren

Imagine! This was more than ten years after Joe Warren a death and more than twenty years after the RAF officer had been stationed in Weyburn.

Of the many Warren anecdotes I have much a favorite of mine was told me by the late Lloyd Shrigley for many years our city engineer. Lloyd was I ving in Yorkton and and applied for the advertised Weyburn position.

He was telephoned by Mayor Warren who brusquely commanded Lloyd to present himself in the lobby of the Hotel Saskatchewan at a certain time for an interview. All the way to Regina Lloyd worried about how they would know each other. When he arrived at the Saskatchewan he found the lobby crowded with people and this did nothing for his peace of mind. Naturally he had arrived early so he had many minutes to wait to this his fingernails had nearly everyone in the lobby wondering if it was Joe Warren.

At last appointed hour no imposing figure shouted the hotel strode to the centre of the lobby and shouted at the top of his voice

"SHAAAAAAK?"

So you see there was really no problem at all

Would Weyburn really have been the same place if there had never been a Joe Warren?

Only half a year after Weyburn's inaugural ceremonies there was born to the wife of Weyburn a pioneer druggist, a son William, now known internationally for his radio series "Jake and the Kid " had for many humorous television shorted plays and novels

Many of his stories have rural Saskatchewan settings, humorously but sympathetically portrayed. In these literary works, the name "Weyburn" does not appear but it has always been accepted that the "Crocus of Jake and the Kid" represents Weyburn had certainly any Weyburn resident who reads How I Spent My Summer Holidays feels very much at home in the 1930s setting of a little Saskatchewan community near the headwaters of a small river flowing by a mental hospital

If you set W O D tchell fans anywhere in Canada, just you are from Weyburn they accept you as being from Cronus Saskatchewan or the other little towns of his Saskatchewan-based tales

Thus however the detail s have been altered Weyburn surely served as the inspiration for the fictional town, and as fictions drew from Weyburn as also the and city drew from the fictional one had in thousands of minds one is inseparable from the other

It it seems not so why would we have celebrated Crocus Days in June had it years gone by? Certainly not because we thought W D was wrong about North Battleford.

Would Weyburn be the same if there had never been a W O Mitchell inspired by the sloopy town and the characters of his oft libbed, and who preserved these memories and garnished was for countless others? I think not

And then there was the Idaho Kid.

Was he real and did he ever shoot up the Waverley Hotel?

The story has been told so many times that we almply have to believe it And anyway who wouldn it want to

According to Isabelle Eaglesham a version in "The Night the Cat Froze in the Oven " the drunken gunman shot holes in the ceiling of the hotel s barroom, frozen into a shock several citizens had announced that he was taking over the town. Can't you just see him?

A leading citizen suggested that the mayor know the man since Constable Larry Lunt of the North West Mounted Pol ce was away in Halbrite

"Why should I?" asked the mayor

"Because it s your duty as chief magistrate had I can show you the act where it says so "

"Oh no you won't," replied the mayor "because I won't look"

Mayor Sheldon you are heir to proud tradition!

Anyway someone went Constable Lunt who flagged down a freight, came had arrested the Idaho Kid and locked him up in a room at the Royal Hotel

It has been said the Idaho Kid settled down and took out a homestead and that his descendants live here still. I know it I hear them tearing up had down our street all more every night

But regardless of whom truth ends in the story of the

Idahs Kid and where fiction begins Weyburn wouldn't be the same. That arrogant Yankee hadn't invaded the town, or the soul matter of Constable Lute and not lived up to Moosnic tradition by calmly stepping in to get his man.

Tommy Douglas.

If I just have enough to be told much about the young Scottish Baptist clergyman who arrived in Weyburn in the early 1930s...saw his adversary in the political arena and swore on to become First the Member of Parliament for Weyburn, then Premier of Saskatchewan for almost two decades — and representing our riding — and finally Leader of the New Democratic Party in the House of Commons. Always tall, he was a pioneer of broad reform in our province and in our nation.

When we came to Weyburn, T.C. was and premier of the province, and it was not at all uncommon to see him in town, because every announcement with a special celebration would invite Tommy to be the guest speaker. He obliged whenever he could, and being a masterful orator with a sharp wit, he was more entertaining than any professional performer who might have been brought in.

When Tommy told his story about the fat and and the skinny cats you could see in your mind's eye those nasty fatties I eating the cream off their whiskers and growing fatter and fatter while the poor lean cats looked on sadly — and still kept stealing the smidgens to Ottawa.

Historians may regard T.C. s few years in Weyburn or as non-pertinent interludes, a casual stepping-stone on his march to history.

But he accepted a pastorate in the city of Winnipeg, for instance, or is a small village, or one he came to Weyburn 10 years earlier or 10 years later, or had he come when he did, but to a suburban area, a cake-man, I doubt if the same Tommy Douglas would have emerged.

It was in the early 1930s that drought, a world depression and 20th century agronomics collided, and where but in a small prairie agricultural city would a person get an understanding of the consequences to mankind blue and white collar workers small business and even the bobos who rode the rods throughout the nation? And, who but a sympathetic clergyman would have been supposed to all of them?

And if it is fair to say that T.C. Douglas would not have been the same person without his sojourn in Weyburn, it follows and Weyburn would not be the same place and Tommy Douglas not ministered here and represented none Ottawa and Regina.

I have to confess that would be true. I was not among the faithful but I strongly believe that if he were living today I would be one of his ardent supporters.

At least I think so.

You see, I have it on the best authority that if Tommy Douglas were alive today he would be a member of another political party. *(Tory Premier Grant Devine had been saying publicly that a zone would Douglas would most likely be a Progressive Conservative.)*

Who in Weyburn hasn't known — or at least heard of — Sadie Bowerman?

Hundreds more I fully otherwise of Weyburn children, over a number of decades, learned respect for education and fear of the Lord under the guidance of Sadie.

By the time our own family was proclaimed through the system, Miss Bowerman was officially retired, but I remember at least one time when one of our lads stud, barely holding a mark that the class would be having a substitute teacher and day I would tell they were expecting a ball.

After school the child came in with a sort of dazed expression and said in a tone of reverence "We and a substitute teacher. It was Miss Bowerman. She knows what she a talking about."

Although I didn't go to school in Weyburn, I see had the benefit of some residing from her.

I and been in Weyburn for perhaps a week or two when a woman neighbor into my office waved and would a copy of the Review under my nose and declared, "Young man, McGill is way in an old Weyburn sense and if you expect to run a newspaper in this community you had better learn to spell it.

I and and Sadie McGillivray Bowerman

I never Sadie and I can spe I McGillivray — forwards backwards, sideway and upside-down. If I seem it in French or German or Spanish, I would run across up with any of those across or certain those in containers. I would write it or you might me and or God intended.

Would Weyburn be the same place. I we and seem and the benefit of the guidance of Sadie Bowerman?

And remember Bill Montgomery?

Bill was a machinist turned successful a dentist and his combination of mechanical genius and homespun common sense helped many a pensioner of a friend. He also set and built a few in spirited souls.

Bill could fix anything mechanical even if it meant fashioning a new part, and it was not unusual for a harvesting farmer to interrupt Bill's Saturday night card game to get his help.

The story is told and on one occasion Bill made a new part and the customer felt the price was a mas high. "No charge" announced Bill and tossed the part into the Souris

On another occasion, if in and, Bill welded a part and the customer complained and 25 cents was put in such to pay "No problem" said Bill took a sledgehammer to the part and removed it to the smith town in which he and recovered it.

Once many years ago, I went to Standard Garage to

sake photos of some used cars for an ad. Bill took me across Third Street to the used car lot and held me back when I failed to see a Ride Savings car hurtling down on us.

"Careful," he cautioned. "That guy looks like he wouldn't bother stopping for us. It's sort of a disgrace to get killed by one of those little buggers."

Bill liked a gag now and then, and I understand that when he was confined to hospital he was even allowed to bring in a hockey. I have heard he got special dispensation from the pope. Yes, I know Bill was Anglican but if he wanted something badly things got ecumenical in a heck of a big hurry.

Bill too has a representative become part of the fabric of Weyburn.

People individuals that's what it's all about isn't it?

When you feel nostalgia about or affection for our community you grow thinking of buildings or streets or businesses but it's individuals who and in influence on our city or on your personal lives.

I've mentioned just a few of the many people on my list. I haven't even touched on hundreds of heroes such as the HMCS Weyburn crewmen, our town Weyburn boys who fought our battle in two major wars, and countless others who made tremendous decisions to do important things to make ours a better city in a better province, nation and world. They are all our legacy and our history.

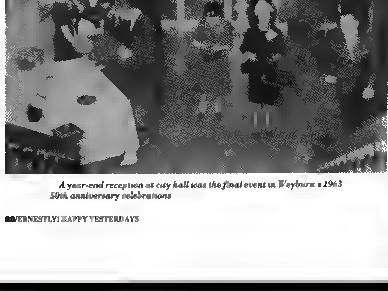
You each have your own list of individuals who represent Weyburn to you and without whom Weyburn would be diminished. Each list is different and I am certain that each one of you here is on someone else's list — perhaps on many — as a vital part of Weyburn.

But these lists must be preserved and updated for while some individuals have become a part of ecumenical history, the memory of many, unfortunately fades as those who remember them pass from the scene.

And this is our challenge as the years ahead to continue to develop individuals — through our homes and schools and churches and organizations through the freedoms and principles we safeguard and embrace, and through encouragement and example.

If we succeed in this many other good things will happen for Weyburn and when people of our city forgather 25, 50 or 75 years from now as we do today, perhaps someone will say about your children or grandchildren or of mine, "Weyburn just wouldn't be Weyburn if it were not for them."

Ladies and gentlemen I would like you to rise now and join me in a toast to our wonderful city and the people who built it and made it what it is today.



A year-end reception at city hall was the final event in Weyburn's 1963 50th anniversary celebrations

3. Politics, drought and curling

The 'most Canadian' province

The community is not conceived and grown in a vacuum. The influences — human and other — that contribute to a city's or town's development and which in turn rely on its central resources and services, radiate outward from and converge inward toward the lines that define corporate limits.

Similarly reciprocal influences exist between the collections of communities and districts that constitute the greater divisions, the provinces and territories of our nation. In Weyburn's case Saskatchewan.

So let us take a look at this Saskatchewan as we found it, or as we perceived it to be when we found it.

In truth Irene and I came not joyously into an adopted province. Both of us the youngest of immigrant families which had settled in Saskatchewan in the 1920s and had been compelled through personal or economic circumstances to move to Manitoba, we both had learned at mother's knee, and almost in the same breath, the horrors of the Russian Revolution and the climatic and environmental hostility of Saskatchewan.

As for most Canadians of our mother's years, mention of Saskatchewan evoked three images: monotonous prairie with unkind weather patterns, the Dirty Thirties of drought and depression, and hatred of North American socialism, not so much in the image of Tommy Douglas but as embraced by the pugnacious rhetoric of the Regina Manifesto. Accordingly, when early in marriage we set our sights on acquiring a weekly newspaper we agreed to follow our inclinations wherever in Canada opportunity might take us — except Quebec or Saskatchewan. Quebec of course was ebuttied because of language, and Saskatchewan because of the prejudices we had grown up with and which had been further fed by general Canadian prejudices.

Frank Mountjoy, a fellow employee of mine at Moore Business Forms in Toronto, probably capsulized our own opinion and one prevalent in postwar Canada when he told me that in the army if a man said he was from Saskatchewan it was usual to ask him whether his parents were bohunks or worked on the railway. Aside from an assured pay cheque issued somewhere in the east, there was obviously no incentive or excuse for anyone to live in Saskatchewan, except if one happened to be a ragged-penniless bohunk — the term, in this case embracing any European not of British or French origin.

Those then were the prejudices we had to overcome in shopping to make a pile of our modest winnings and risking them at one turn of pitch and toss. Heaven help us in Saskatchewan.

Arriving here we were quickly disabused of our patronizing opinion of what we remembered the ragamuffin member of the Canadian family of provinces. We smiled and still slightly wary, yet but also proud independent politically sophisticated and assertive and referring in itself part jocularly part wistfully but also with unshakeable confidence in itself as "New Ivor Country."

The Saskatchewan we have come to appreciate finally ruminatingly and even jealously was recently described by Dr. John H. Archer, O.C., as "the most Canadian of the provinces." This was an opinion I had formed myself but which gained provenance coming from this noted Saskatchewan resident historian archivist, agriculturalist and humorist.

In describing the Saskatchewan we found I rely partly on opinions drawn on years of exposure to Saskatchewan born as revealed by its natives and as gleaned from history recorded in Saskatchewan wackiles and elsewhere but also as guided, confirmed, redirected and clarified by Dr. Archer in his introduction to a seminar moderated by him a year or two ago at a convention of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association.

Some of the assessments here contained are my own conclusions confirmed by Dr. Archer and which I might have similarly articulated myself were I not already preempted by his scholarly and lucid interpretations, and others are insights that lean entirely on his studies and summation, although confirmed by everything I have seen, heard or read.

I have used italics to identify sentences or phrases taken with permission directly from Dr. Archer's remarks but this does not exempt others from reliance on his findings. The reader would probably be safe in concluding that any error in fact or opinion is mine while scholarly insights are hers confessed by him.

The stock for the brew that makes Saskatchewan singularly Canadian was the early waves of immigration from Ontario and the United States and to a lesser degree Quebec. These people were both schooled and steeped in the principles and practices of democracy and self-government. *They brought with them knowledge of the parliamentary process. Many were social reformers seeking to found a new and better society based on the old ways cleansed and purified in the untrammelness of the new.*

If anything, they found Ottawa a distant overlordship foreign and offensive, and their approach to politics was confident and assertive in contrast with the apologetic entry into politics of people unfamiliar with the democratic process.

While soon roughly half of Saskatchewan a people were of origins other than British or French many of these had their roots in provinces remote from central government in their native countries and where authority tended as is perceived as protection of privilege and the status quo rather than as an agency for the enactment and administration of just laws. "Caesar" to them was the power which taxed their meagre incomes punished and deterred any independent initiatives and took their sons to fight in distant, meaningless wars. For them it was prudent to live as invisibly as possible on their isolated islands and archipelagos.

Their children and grandchildren however saw the elephant of democracy from the perspective of Saskatchewan usage and assertiveness came to them naturally further consolidating the provincial trend.

Overseen by the North West Mounted Police early settlement of Saskatchewan was *peaceful and orderly*, not characterized by the Wild West excesses of the westward migration in the United States. *Settlers came into a region wherein the basics of law, survey, homestead grants and projected rail lines were known.*

Peaceful and orderly and without the excesses of the United States? Undoubtedly as it was remembered by most pioneers of the Canadian prairie provinces but while the early settlers were digging in and establishing the ways of the east on the new frontier, the indigenous people — Indians and Metis — were making a desperate attempt to seek redress for wrongs inflicted upon them by the encroaching Europeans.

Manitoba-born Louis Riel who several years earlier had presided over a defiant provisional government in that province came to northern Saskatchewan and assisted in the initiation of hostilities in what was to become known as the North West Rebellion of 1885, and which wrote names like Frog Lake and Batoche into Saskatchewan and Canadian history.

Today Riel, who was hanged in Regina after being convicted of treason is widely regarded as a martyr. Yet the Royal Canadian Mounted Police successors to the North West Mounted Police mobilized to put down the rebellion still walk tall in the eyes of most Canadians particularly Saskatchewan people who saw their fine performance as peace-keepers and dispensers of frontier justice in the pioneer era. The Saskatchewan need has been difficulty with these somewhat anomalous conditions. It is still fair to say in any case that for most settlers of Saskatchewan the process was peaceful and orderly to an extent that even today seems unbelievable.

In 1966 the Review proudly printed a diary never before published written by Staff Sergeant Walter Hamilton of the NWMP who chronicled the rare Canadian adventure in this province from the time of his enlistment in Ontario to the day of his discharge in Toronto after the conclusion of hostilities. The rare manuscript was lent to the Review by a grandson of the sergeant from Edson, Alberta, then a student attending Western Christian College in North Weyburn.

The steamer Northcote one of several river boats deployed on the South Saskatchewan River in combatting the Riel Rebellion. The sketch was part of the Batoche Journal printed in the Review in 1966.

The agricultural character of Saskatchewan settlement also bored natural rural instincts of neighborliness and co-operation. *One settler could not fight a prairie fire by himself — a community could. And neighbors together could build a farm, form a beef ring, set up a rural telephone company.* Working together for mutual betterment, they also viewed school boards

and municipal councils as a personal delegation of voice and authority to do through an elected body what was too distant to be done personally unlike the residents of the cities of the east who often saw even local government as an unbridge or even downright hostile "they" In the same sense the provincial government was seen as a not-so-distant extension of local council powers

Drawn to the west and its thousands of eligible and potentially successful bachelors female teachers added their own noticeable influences on the developing society As they married and became mothers, they added sophistication tradition and culture to homes that might in lacking these have impeded social development As a result it is not surprising that Saskatchewan was among the leaders in fostering militant women's organizations, and one of the first provinces to grant the franchise to women.

While many aspects of the Saskatchewan mould-as-came thrust are credited to the CCF and NDP governments the basic Saskatchewan character seems to have been reflected even in the 1920s by government activity in areas not then considered the traditional responsibility of government. Underneath it all was a developing sense of responsibility for the unfortunate the rejected the needy Such people as Matt Anderson encouraged, indeed brought about a system of municipal health. Concern over T.B epidemic diseases child mortality brought an emphasis on construction of hospitals training of nurses and provision of doctor care

Saskatchewan was Canada s fastest growing province and probably the most promising in terms of potential prosperity and the good life when it was all brought to a screeching halt by the great depression and the decade-long drought that compounded the misery of that era in Saskatchewan

The reaction to this major setback probably says something too about the makeup of Saskatchewan s population that those to stay through this numbing decade or had an inherent

Throughout history regions have suffered severe reversals and their people accepted these without picking up and leaving for other parts Home humble though it may be, seems sacrosanct in times of adversity The people of Saskatchewan of the early 1930s, however except for the young, were the same people who had settled the province They had memories of other regions that represented home to them and by the thousands they went back to places of their origins the United States Ontario or Manitoba, or went west to British Columbia. Of those who remained then, and they were the majority many must have had confidence that good times would return

Many had no real choice but they had alternatives to entertain For most of the thousands of European settlers then living here there were often harsh political economic reasons or both that ruled out s return Even for the Anglo-Canadian American population in truth alternatives were limited as economic conditions elsewhere in the country were not inviting. What this left here was a people who had witnessed at their own firsthand the rigors of pioneering the high of boom times and the shattering losses of the 1930s. They made the decision to stay and this had to make a difference in their collective character

The war brought both an end to drought and an injection of revenue as all grain grown was absorbed by the war effort. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan brought flying schools to numerous Saskatchewan communities and this also injected dollars

Even as times slowly improved, Saskatchewan people were not quick to forgive the perceived eastern cabal of railways banks mortgage companies, line elevators and machinery manufacturers they blamed for many of the ills of the depression Add to this the siren song of Tommy Douglas and his vision of a New Jerusalem here in Saskatchewan and it is not altogether surprising that in 1944 voters here shocked the nation and elected the first Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) government

Innovative legislation a concept neither foreign nor unwelcome to Saskatchewan voters, honest government the Douglas charisma and postwar prosperity combined to entrench the CCF

as a way that made its opponents despair of ever removing it from office. Even tweaks such as upgrading of highways, common throughout the nation by then, were here seen — not without encouragement — as products of socialist policy. It was not uncommon to hear a rank-and-file government supporter speak fervently at a political meeting of the day when all Canadians might enjoy such benefits of CCF imagination and achievement in rural electrification.

By the time we arrived, and particularly as the years immediately following, there were signs that the intense almost religious loyalties were suffering some strain. Fears about Medicare and the departure of Premier T.C. Douglas to lead the CCF's successor, the New Democratic Party (NDP) at the national level set the stage for the first defeat of the party by Ross Thatcher's Liberals.

Also a contributor to voter-alienation in some educated quarters, was the government's initiative toward creation of the county system. The larger municipal units envisioned made enemies of hundreds of officials of the rural municipalities as danger of dissolution and these rural mandarins, some say, helped bring about the 1964 defeat of the CCF. So when that rascally maverick-Socialist-turned-Liberal Ross Thatcher swept through the hustings and exhorted listeners to join him in ranting "that old Liberal song *This Land is Your Land*" (long accepted as a CCF hymn in Saskatchewan) what could they do but sing it lustily and say like Ado Annie in *"Oklahoma"*, "I couldn't say no!"?

Since then the province has gone to alternate NDP administrations and governments by the traditional parties with the provincial economy probably playing a greater role in the fortunes of incumbent governments than their political flavors.

In 1958 although oil had been discovered and was pumping millions into the Saskatchewan economy, development of the province's vast potash deposits was hoped to do for Saskatchewan what oil had done for Alberta. A decade in more of reasonably good crops had restored a degree of confidence yet the Saskatchewan personality was still out of optimism restrained by great caution. I compare it to a lad who has been given a treat to compensate for a severe thrashing: it may taste ever so good but it does not purge the sting from the postscript nor the moral lesson from the consciousness.

For agriculturalists and those who depended upon them, the future had to be evaluated in terms of a new set of rules dearly learned in the 1930s. Pioneers who had come here and applied traditional approaches, and their sons, had to evaluate the future of their industry under rules not recognized in time that the traditional half section could not be looked to as a viable economic unit nor a mechanized world, that light soils and high winds must be seriously considered in land management, and livability itself must be evaluated against the probable drought cycles of the future.

Like the rest of the world Saskatchewan has changed over the three decades of our life here but looking backwards what dominates is the constant fluctuation of economic, climatic and political cycles, and the constants of the rural nature of the province. These and cursing mark the unique and singular nature of Saskatchewan.

The following reprints purport only to offer a glimpse of the Saskatchewan of our times.

Definitions

EDITORIAL *February 22 1961*

Since the verbal duel in the Saskatchewan legislature between Premier T.C. Douglas and Opposition leader Ross Thatcher we have wondered how many Friends the latter made for himself and for his party with the statement attributed to him in the daily press, that a socialist is a person who has lost all hope of becoming a capitalist.

Despite being an insult to many CCF supporters who have both the ability and the means to die as well or under for themselves under the free enterprise system, Mr Thatcher's statement, by implication ridicules millions of people in the free world who have no hope or desire to become capitalists but who believe unswervingly in the free enterprise system and what it offers to every class in our society.

Mr Thatcher's statement might almost be classified as self-incriminate, for should he continued to mean he was a socialist only so long as he saw for himself a role as leader of the movement and when the dream faded, or when he saw an opportunity for personal gain with another party he conveniently switched politics.

No Mr Thatcher we submit that the majority of

the Canadian people reject elements without entertaining any real hope of becoming capitalists.

They are amply convinced that the free enterprise system offers better opportunity for all through permitting the individual a maximum of freedom to achieve whatever may represent success to him.

They do not even disagree necessarily with the convinced that someone socialist hopes to achieve for all, the they without most people can achieve these things for themselves in and course by setting a goal and striving to reach it.

In other words, they believe they will travel faster and further by walking, than by sitting still and watching for free ride and may never come. and workmanlike regarding as common the fortunate few who pass them on bicycles, they regard them as pace-setters and semi-labourers who will show the way to greater progress.

In fairness to Mr Thatcher his address, as the whole was in this same vein but leaders of partners supporting free enterprise should refrain from making statements which appear to give sentiment to the elements promoting class-hatred.

Death of the iron horse

EDITORIAL April 21 1961

Less than a century ago, the westward probe of steel told the story of the gave sentiment of Canada's west. Nowhere else in the world is the history of a people so closely linked with the miracle of the 19th century. the iron horse

Villages, towns had cities on the Canadian prairie sprung up in the path of the rolling had with everlonliness had there only Towns and were missed by the rar way because of a change of plans by the railway or because of a wrong guess by the settlers. died as quickly as they had grown.

To be designated as a railway centre was a community apparanse for a bright future And few sentiment would have cared to take a chance on a community unless the coming of the railway without removed.

How times have changed!

Last week, the announcement by the Board of Transport Commissioners and discontinuation of passenger services on the Sear Line had been approved had few people cheering their fingernails

Perhaps the reasons for both the discontinuation had public apathy is related to the news story of the week— the Russian man in space. For it is not surprising that a railway line is unable to attract travellers when a man circles the globe in an hour and 48 seconds by offering the same standard of services that existed years before airplanes had been invented.

However, the base for argument is past. The iron horse as a means of travel, is dead. We can only salute he mourner be grateful for the beginning it gave and that its passing does not mean our end, as it might have 50 years ago.

Rebuttal

EDITORIAL November 16, 1961

In our issue, a Letter to the Editor from Mr Cecil T Bailey of Weyburn when the Review to had for last week's editorial at politics in municipal government.

While Mr Bailey's views on the subject are ably intelligently and logically presented, the Review finds itself unable to withdraw substantially from the position taken to the editorial in question

The argument on semantics in Mr Bailey s first paragraph is not well taken. Today's usage of the word "politics" obviously has no basis to do with the Greek origin of the word as October 31 Shakespeare have to do with the meaning of "Hallowe'en." We submit that when we used the term "party politics," every reader knew precisely what we meant, even if he didn't know Greek from interferment

As for "tacitly accepting as a good thing" party politics to a higher level we simply accept as a necessary evil a situation which leaves much to be desired

The only change we might have wished to those in the final paragraph is to qualify out "it appears to emanate from nothing more nor less than an insatiable greed for power

While political parties at the grass roots level of government might be justified (if unlikely) as spontaneous movements originating from municipal problems, this does not justify downward organization from the provincial level which we can see no benefitting only the party and not the local government, furthermore we fail to see how the "left" and "right" principles apply on the municipal level although we confess to some apprehension at the thought

Mr Bailey suggests our editorial did a disservice to "honest men who would serve their communities within the framework of their political beliefs. We simply do not acknowledge and there is any need for these political beliefs to cause any many municipal issues had when there is them still is no need for any label — not even "independent."

"The investing public"

EDITORIAL November 30 1961

Last Thursday Premier Woodrow S Lloyd foster his first Weyburn appearance since assuming leadership of the government in and province. When he spoke at a political banquet to support CCF-NDP candidate Dean Rennie

It must be conceded that even in a constituency represented for 17 years by Premier T.C Douglas and opposed an countless occasions to the eloquence,

Premier Lloyd acquired himself well. While Mr. Lloyd backed the evangelistic zeal of Mr. Douglas (which was heightening to some fairly thin sayings) his evangelical restraint delivery built a favourable impression on most who heard him.

In fact, Mr. Lloyd was so frank that intentionally or accidentally he neglected to use any of the noises (whether whimsical or referring to matters financial) or

Raising an incident which concerned neither Premier Douglas and he had made a trip to Toronto to sell a recent issue of Province of Saskatchewan bonds, Premier Lloyd referred to the prospective purchasers as "representatives of the investing public."

This indeed, is what they are. Thousands of Canadian working people, business people and professional people entrust their savings into investments which enable industry and government to finance their capital expenditures — to the benefit of both the investor and the borrower.

In between the two there is another group which represents the interests of those thousands of *actual* investors, and sees to it that they receive a fair return for the money they are investing to the care of others. These men depend on one a norm of view may be called either "Hunt-hearted Hay St. money-changers" or "representatives of the investing public."

For our part, we prefer the latter expression, and are grateful to see this term used by the premier of *our* province. Perhaps it is used only when the opinions in question are buying Saskatchewan bonds and merits support to be named, but it helps to know that *Mr. Lloyd* and his colleagues know in their hearts what the facts are

Keep our doctors!

EDITORIAL *July 12 1962*

Saskatchewan is now into its second week without the normal services of the medical profession and it is an understatement to say that antipathy and tensions are steadily mounting.

Anything at any time may produce a crisis for which the people of the province might have to pay for many years to come.

As perhaps never before in our province's brief existence public opinion is reflected in the editorials of the nation's newspapers is much more divided on the doctors' stand than it is here. Perhaps the medicare legislation looks less poisonous to people who are not ruled by a government dedicated to the destruction of *our* democratic system.

While then action is described as a strike — and we contend that this word best describes the situation — there are still a few outstanding differences. Not the least of these is the fact that any individual doctor still has the right to work under the plan if he chooses to do so, without fear of disciplines from his association. We would hold that any disciplinary action taken against a doctor for exercising this right would be fundamentally wrong.

It must be remembered, as well, that at no time have the doctors refused to render services under the conditions which have proved satisfactory to patients and the profession for many many years and they stressed simple warning that they intended to take the stand they are now taking. It was the provincial government which refused to send the handwriting on the wall or to recognize that until Canada becomes a police state, certain fundamental rights exist which if ever denied by a large enough or strong enough section of society have the effect of nullifying despotic legislation without breaking the law.

The medicare premiums as charged by some of dissenting its patients. Does this charge then not hold equally true for the many critical who feel justified in expression in Jess Carson or Fiske at countries often desperately short of medical practitioners? And does it not apply to the doctors whom the government of Saskatchewan is recruiting from doctor-poor Commonwealth countries with offers of higher wages?

The fact of the matter is that for centuries another have been serving the public regardless of war political and economic or other unrest, and it seems a shock to all that they chose to reverse their traditional stands on a point of principle.

Perhaps the doctors' wisdom in taking this course is open to question — but despite to a large extent on your point of view — but the fact remains that they did it for something they believed in and at greater sacrifice than most of us can ever realize.

The only possible solution at the time and is to remove the cond i ons wh ch have forced heli doc ation restore normal medical services " the prov nce, and provide the quiet negotiation of c flonstructive in an atmosphere free fraught with threa and counterthreat, and so shall the hope born of pol tical expediency.

Railines

EDITORIAL *February 6 1964*

Considering the important role played by the railways in developing the Canadian prairies only half a century ago, it is strange how apathetic most of us are to the rai l ne abandonment plans of the CNR and CPR. Provincial governments of the three pra ne prov inces and many of our representatives at the municipal level are deeply concerned but by and large, the rest of us react as though it wouldn t he happening unless it were inevitable

Perhaps it is inevitable. An operations as far-flung and complex as a railway system whose problems confound experts, is not easily understood by a lay-

sions, and we would not attempt to dispute the claim that business economics indicate the abandonment of certain lines. That is unrelated to anything but pure business factors: the indissolution may be unnecessary.

The background of the Canadian railway system becomes, in such a complexity of issues, restrictions subsidies, monopoly control — every conceivable manner of artificial balance and counter-balance — that the industry is far removed from any semblance of the free enterprise basis of supply and demand. Some of these have probably been important factors in the railway dilemma today: subsidization but had to disregard for cost in some instances and control has been threatened for disinvestment in others.

Whatever the reasons, today we are faced with the loss of several thousands of miles of rail line and from the viewpoint of the present economy it is a prospect with far-reaching consequences and ramifications bearing in mind again the history of the railways, and its relationship to the development of the west, we have not only the right but the responsibility to exert every effort toward finding alternatives to abandonment.

Subsidization is the first one that comes to mind, but might not be the only one.

One might be the outright purchase of marginal lines by the government. The lines roads then be balanced and by the government, and the railways charged a toll for actual use. In this manner it might be possible to separate investment in the outworn interest from the responsibility of the railways to operate at a profit.

With millions being spent on civil unrest, on circumstances such as that might be justified simply from the standpoint of keeping fishermen open against a national emergency. This on top of the savings to grain thriving costs to individual industry who eventually must recapture these costs from the consumer.

Unbelievably the railways and government do have been making discussions but they may look just a bit harder if we, the people, make it amply clear that we are demanding a solution.

A northern fishing trip

a FEATURE *July 21 1966*

All my life I have been in love with the image of the country office who, paper in hand, thinks the brass door and hangs out a sign, "Gone Fishing."

In practice such a philosophy has I discovered upon which I shall not dwell. However it is difficult to finish week into week, year after year to the tall tales of returning fishermen without developing a fondness to learn what it is all about. To make a long story short, I went and done it.

To go fishing with the particular group which I accompanied to an adventure long before the trip begins. Planning of the following year a trip starts when our trip ends leaving a full 12 months to study maps, folders and annual photographs of isolated northern fishing camps which promise isolation finished only by the statistics.

The sense of adventure, which last perished during the last few days of feverish gear-gathering and borrowing takes a sharp nose dive as our line night when the alarm terrorizes you into your worst 'bed to alarm 3 3/4 — half minutes before departure time.

The reason for the early start is that we have an aircraft chartered to fly us out of Otter Lake 50 miles or so past La Ronge, annul inaccessible. While we leisure quickly that nothing a guaranteed in the Canadian north for the customer to show up five minutes late might well be considered jobs cause for cancellation of all reservations and arrangements.

If you are too young to remember the gasoline roads of the 20s and 30s a trip to Somerset Saskatchewan compensates very nicely. Blacktop now indicates to Waskesiu but from there on "Roads to Mongolia" seem designed to protect those structures at all costs. Five hours for the 150-odd miles from Waskesiu to Otter Lake was a good average for fast chassis this June. On our return trip we got stuck — in the middle of the "highway" — in a hole left by a tractor which and spent the night, unable to pull itself out of a soft spot to the road bed

As I have already hinted however circumstance had not yet dedicated itself to the proposition that the customer is king. Although our reservations and flying arrangements had been confirmed, reconfirmed, checked and cross-checked, we arrived at Otter at the appointed hour only to discover that our chances of being flown to our camp that day were laidaire zero and 50 percent.

Lacking accommodation for us in Otter, the camp owner had no alternative but to put us up on with the town and we and several hours later — until past suppertime — we were delivered to the custody of a nonexistent pilot for delivery to our camp.

That I say assumed. Perhaps I have shaving for to from two years and with our boat clambing a map of the town, and the other fumbling nervously to the instruments he got us almost to our destination. (Turned out he knew an acquaintance of mine — an "elderly chap who flew base in World War 2.")

I say almost to our destination because he decided, for reasons never clearly established to set down not on the lake for which we were booked. Instead he dropped us on the dock of a camp on a lake passed to our lake by a narrow channel several miles long.

Here we sat. Loaded with gear, under the coldly unsympathetic stares of a group from Colorado who impressed us as the most hostile representatives of a usually friendly people we had ever encountered.

Introductions were for the Americans; gender to take a host of us to our camp in one boat, to fetch our own

boats and return for the rest of us and our gear. The Yanks excitedly put with the guide until he and finished filleting their day's catch but catching our apprehensive glances toward the setting sun, and otherwise not of mind to suffer our company overnight, they re-mount ed to let us use one of their boats and find our own way to the other lake. We didn't have long to postpone.

About 45 minutes later, whom the guide had finished his filleting, he took the rest of us and the remainder of our gear. We arrived at the camp at the same time as the first boat, which had fi n ished and since at twilight before finding the connecting channel.

What was to be our home for the next three days was a tiny island cabin perched on a massive rock which sloped down and out into the lake. We quickly discovered that the camp operator, when he warned us that the stove wasn t "good for baking," was not lying. He hadn't mentioned, however, that it wasn't much good for anything a so either. When we finally got a fire going in the old iron monster the heat went straight up the chimney pipe which was not equipped with anything at all to stop it.

The three boats that were part of the deal were theirs, and there was no shortage of motors but by the time we had snatched a few table fuel tanks with motors we had two usable boats.

Each boat was equipped with one lifebelt presumably on the theory that if accidents must happen, at least there should be a survivor left to tell the world what had happened.

We returned to our sleeping bags early the first night, so as to be in shape for an early start. We woke however to a cold, chilly rainy day and it took several dozen n most breakfast out of the stove with what little fuel (and thoroughly soaked) firewood was around the campsite.

About half of us headed up as the an Arctic expedition, braved the elements and brought in the first fish of the trip and lunch for the day.

By dinner wood and r n a had increased to the point where any thought of fishing and to be put out of mind and restored our attention instead to keeping out the cold.

The area within easy reach of the cabin it turned out and long been picked clean of firewood, and we had to chop down dead trees on the far side of the island. This was really only a few hundred yards, but some time past for fun try carrying an armful of ten foot lengths of wood through trees about six inches apart with rain pelting down as you and your branches slapping you in the face. It is very relaxing, for it takes your mind off business problems completely.

As it turned out we were confined to our 10x15 cabin from noon of the first day to mid-afternoon of the second and that's where your choice of companionship tells. You can be stuck with people who cry to high heaven about their misfortune, or people who make the best of it.

Our group quickly became engrossed in a dice game which combined poker hands with the ability to lie and bluff. Naturally I lost but the game kept us happily occupied until the noise had died down and we were able to take to the boats.

It was still chilly on the water that afternoon but properly dressed and with a few nibbles on the line minor discomforts are quickly forgotten.

On the final day of the operation we rose early so they taken right out in a travel brochure. The sun which barely dips below the horizon at that far north in June was already high in the sky there was not a breath of wind and the lake was a shiny blue mirror with the spruce down world of reflection looking as perfect in detail as the real world around us.

The silence was broken only by the drone of the motor, the occasional shout from one boat to the other, the cry of the loon and the occasional splash of a gulf jumping on his prey.

That's when even the novice who has gone with tongue in cheek becomes an ardent fisherman as the wink of an eye — at the tug of a line.

That is when you come to understand how — if not why — it is possible to spend 10 or 12 hours on the water without tiring of the sport. There is the sharp sensation of expectancy as you find a little sun-baked bay where you just know a school of big northern pike will be lurking between them just waiting for your bright Bonny Maid to spin by there. Then there's either the exultation of having hit it right or the frustration of being dead wrong. Sheets of sheer joy as you reel them in or delight and determination as a spunky trout fights you every inch of the way — or a sigh of resignation as you turn the boat and your hopes toward the next bay or cove and reel in.

That's when you savor the satisfaction of lunch on a rock far from camp, a pan of fresh-caught pike fried in a golden brown on a fire of twigs, with beans and bread and cheese and a pot of strong coffee.

That's when your thoughts inevitably turn to the unbelievably rich heritage of ours. this vast wealth of untapped lakes, hallows of evergreens which manage to also left out of the more than pure rock, and fills of sunlit snow which seem to symbolize the beautiful and challenge of the north.

That's when you find out what a northern fishing trip is all about.

Suddenly it's all over time to head back the camp pack your gear, clean the fish and sit back and wait — one hour, two hours three or four hours — for the plane which will carry you in the pike accompanying back to civilization, a term which by then includes the most comforts of Otter or La Ronge.

Unbelievably, dirty smelly of fish you have up your stamen wagon and head for home way down south. Soon road-weariness takes over and you wonder if

anything can be worth the long drive and especially the bumps and ruts of the Lac la Ronge Highway

Is it?

Post try me next year!

Dedication of Gardiner Dam

EDITORIAL *July 27 1967*

If federal politicians ever doubted that the South Saskatchewan Dam meant a lot to the people of Saskatchewan, the most distinguished audience ever which gathered at Outlook on Friday July 21 for the assistance of Premier Diefenbaker Lake must have been convinced by the size of people who had joined them in the historical ceremony.

An estimated 25 000 brought to Outlook by thousands of private cars and scores of STC Saskatoon and Regina buses sat uncomfortably for several hours under a blazing sun to see the faint most of a dream of men of vision, the coming true of a desperate dream of their fathers and grandfathers who had watched for decades the runoff from the western mountains sweep through the prairies only to spill into Hudson's Bay, with hardly a drop diverted to relieve the parched prairies.

Leaders of Canada a three most prominent political parties were platform guests and speakers of the occasion, and for good reason.

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson was there ostensibly as the country's leader to mark the completion of one of the biggest engineering projects in history with a ten-figure price tag and one which will bring economic benefits to Saskatchewan and Canada which stagger the imagination.

Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, the Rt. Hon John Diefenbaker, was there to receive recognition as the prime minister whose appreciation of this province's problems and lack in 1958 to quick approval of the agreement between the governments of Canada and Saskatchewan for the Saskatchewan Dam projects.

most too and speaking with the eloquence and drama for which he is well remembered in this province, was Saskatchewan's former premier the Hon T C Douglas now national leader of the New Democratic Party. Mr Douglas not only signed together with I.C Nollon the 1958 agreement on behalf of the province, but sounded as Ottawa about 30 years ago the first resolution possessed to the House of Commons with reference to the harnessing of this great river

The Hon Ross Thatcher as present Liberal premier of Saskatchewan also took part in the ceremonies and couldn't resist putting in a plug for assistance for Saskatchewan farmers, who that year are experiencing the type of weather conditions that first caused the people of this province and their leaders to turn their eyes toward the mighty Saskatchewan River

For such a gathering of old political foes, there was a lot of back-slapping and friendly banter with generous recognition remaining party lines.

In the unusually congenial atmosphere which pervaded the occasion, even the weathermen seemed to want to join in the fun When at the opening of ceremonies, the chairman the Hon J.J Green federal minister of agriculture asked for a real Saskatchewan welcome for the distinguished guests from all over Canada the first response was a deafening clap of thunder from a black cloud overhead which till then had not emitted a crackle

The spirit of goodwill carried on at the city and Chamber of Commerce-sponsored banquet Thursday evening at Saskatoon where the same slate of speakers couldn't resist in banter and repartee putting on a show for 400 appreciative guests which would have got an banter any floor these personnel by the best comedians of Hollywood or Broadway

Asked by Saskatoon's Mayor Sid Buckwold to smoke the traditional peace pipe with him, Prime Minister Pearson not only puffed away at the pipe, but then on impulse stepped a few feet to his right to offer the pipe to arch-foe Diefenbaker Mr Diefenbaker accepted it with equally good cheer

The prime minister circumvented on his warm welcome by the people of Saskatchewan and he and concentrated a under humanitarian a Diefenbaker day before; his wife however and added "Then why didn't they vote for you?"

It can't happen here

EDITORIAL *May 22 1969*

The people of Weyburn were shocked to learn last week that the body and been found in a nearby farm field of an elderly patient who had been missing from the Saskatchewan Hospital for over two months without a hue and cry being raised

The situation was inevitable if hospital policy is still to be implemented to as several years ago by a person that is indirectly that after a missing patient has been absent for a certain period, he at no longer class fled to existing, but rather as having rehabilitated himself. The theory as we understand it, was that if a person and been able to get by in society for a while without getting into some sort of trouble or difficulty he/she contended must use contra-indicated.

Not only is such reasoning nonsense — particularly when applied to the hard-core type of patient now found at the mental hospital here — but the whole procedure smacks of calculated perfidy of keeping the evil away in the dark about possible shortcomings in the operation of a public institution with utter disregard for the well being of an individual and for the public might to information.

As because man might be written off as an error of judgment or an oversight (however serious), but we have experienced other occasions where the public right to information was ignored by the authorities.

Some years ago, an Indian chief died in the north during the night shortly after being placed in a foster home. We were in first denied any information about the death, ostensibly out of considerations for the foster parents, but more likely to avoid embarrassment on the part of the welfare department.

More recently a young woman died undernoted in a farm house. No inquest, or information from the RCMP and our questions about it evoked unbelievable indignation.

We are sorry.

Not many years ago in Texas, a man declared by a coroner to have died from natural causes was later determined to have been foully bullets.

It can happen here?

It sure can if we continue to pursue a course of keeping the public ignorant about such things as missing people sudden deaths and the related policies and procedures of the authorities.

Fox Valley Hutterite Colony

FEATURE *November 13 1969*

I had some misgivings about how these simple-hearted people would feel about five dozen newsmen prowling and poking cameras at them but I soon saw that to most of them we were as big a curiosity as they were to us.

I tried to pass two little boys in their old-fashioned garb with finding the moment I got off the bus which delivered us to the Fox Valley Hutterite Colony. The dog however would have nothing to do with a foreign-looking devil like me and in the few moments I tried to exercise the charm (with dogs that is) on which I pride myself the youngsters and lads turned on and fled.

Equally shy but finding courage in numbers, a dozen or so of the colony's women and children peered at us from behind the long assembly hall building on which we were able to enjoy the hospitality of this strange sect. They were obviously excited about the host of visitors with strange clothes and manners — perhaps they even felt reassured by the fact that a few of our humans were also beautiful but the moment a camera was pointed their way, they would run for newer, modest shelter, of delight at their own daring-do, and with a flurry of ankle-length skirts.

It became sort of a pony for the few minutes at least, with much less self-consciousness on their part than us ours. But they won; I didn't get any pictures of them.

The visit to the colony of a men which has clung to old traditions probably more successfully than any in the country was part of a two-day tour sponsored by the Saskatchewan Power Corporation to familiarize the press with the extensive use of natural gas in several industries. The foregoing statement may seem self-contradictory but I'm sure you that however unsuitously these people cling to their customs, for anything to do with production any conclusion that provides greater efficiency is acceptable.

Now because of our heavy schedule and the fact that from we arrived at Fox Valley at 4 p m we were still four hours and seven from the supper table the SPC had arranged with our Hutterite hosts to provide a coffee break.

I m sure our SPC guides were as astonished as most of our colleagues to discover that "coffee" in old German usage goes well beyond the a mere meaning of the word. Coffee is a mid-afternoon meal by itself (though probably it is right our but nevertheless one from which a famished traveller can those well satisfied

Piece of all though whom we because the consumed dining hall in which the entire colony of 85 people share their meals we were served rhubarb wine. This too came as a surprise to those of us not familiar with the Hutterites for they are noted for their opposition to the use of intoxicants strong drink. As I understand it now however strong drink does not include beer or the wine on which they pride themselves

Setting the pace for this dispensation however was the fact the our generous hosts cups were filled by the colony administrator (who would also be the religious leader) out of reconstituted cans which were replenished from gallon crocks in the kitchen I got the impression on that this was a function that was reserved by him whenever the occasion was proper I become too that the bonging knock and open thorn of a handful of revellers were ignored

Coffee, when we sat down for it at the long tables runs start of fried potatoes (shaped like French fries but not deep fried) abundant quantities of home-made bologna and boiled home-cured ham sauerkraut (the German double-pocker buns traditionally made for the weekend) with huge bottles of coffee to wash it down.

Sitting with us through coffee were Joe Mandel, a talkative good-humored man of about 35-40 with the traditional down and Peter on it's early 20s, to whom shown as a spokesman in the no one world in fluent English, spoken with a broad German accent and a curious lilt which seems to be another trademark of the sect they tend to best they could to field the many questions thrown at them

Everyone from the administrator to the low that down on the colony they explained is elected to the position for an indeterminate period.

Joe, for instance was a change of the chickens. When asked if he had previously shown any special inclination for this type of work he looked puzzled

No, said he, he and simply been elected to do it.

"What if you didn't do a good job?" I inform and he explained with a shrug and a grin and in such a manner would be elected to some other job. Later when I was a member of the colony — as observed on the others — making the allotted five hours with the honey wagon, I couldn't help wondering whether how was a man who had been elected out of too many other jobs.

One of our group expressed surprise at the fact that Peter was clean-shaven, mentioning and it was a general belief that the Hutterites, like the Old Testament black chosen and hairs are an integral part of the religion No, and Peter it was entirely a matter of conflict that the custom was very strong. He compared it to the sweatsuch already mentioned which they and enjoyed for centuries

Asked whether young people are compared to leave the colony if they desire higher education (government-supervised chosen to Grade 8, are held on the colony), his said weekend burning an eye, that the question had never been.

"Kids don't like school," he explained. Give them a choice between driving a tractor or helping with the house or against attending classes and they'll choose the former every time. He refused to speculate on a hypothetical man as the whole idea of a child wanting to continue school was too ridiculous to entertain. That book was closed" but firmly.

In the modern, gas-serviced kitchen which we visited after the meal and where all meals for the colony are cooked we were shown a menu which would make 100 people of those in at time. Everything else, including ovens and a walk-in refrigeration room was proportionate. Most of the equipment was made or assembled by members of the colony as every purchase became a carefully examined as to the most possible savings if house labor can be utilized

The brethren we met were openly proud of the gangrous hospitality the colony to its brief existence. The administrator Joseph Entz, said 16 pictures of land had been purchased about three years ago....and 14 could foter 15 families moved in from the colony at Cyprs Also By this time the new and completed all the buildings including the numerous barns and house it should utilized in thousands.

The colony keeps 7,200 laying hens, which yield 5,000 eggs daily. The hens are kept, four to a small cage, in a barn which never darkened. The creatures end lay eggs day and night until their top productive period has been passed after about one year Then of they go to someone's supper table.

Thousands of hogs are contracted yearly and hosts 100 cows are kept. Dairy products are kept for the colony's own use as there is no convenient market. Fox Valley being literally miles from anywhere. Maple Creek is 40 miles to the house and and is the

only sizeable community anywhere near and east

Wheat, oats and barley are grown but Mr. Hutt said 7,000 acres of land was not enough for the colony particularly in that men of the province

Everything in the colony is communally owned of course as has been the practice of this sect for centuries. Come anyone use into the year's earnings are divided (for computation purposes only) among the working members and tax repaid accordingly

My encyclopedia says about the Hutterites that "they have become highly mechanized, to the neglect of their work habits, the customs governing personal conduct, family relationships, and community life have changed very little since 1528 when their an ceslors were forced to flee southern Germany and Switzerland because of their belief in communal living pacifism and unaccepted protestantism. After an odyssey of centuries through temporary havens in Bohemia Hungary and Russia she sent migrated to find freedom from persecution "

Germans as well as English would aught at colony schools had the former is the official church language

Another interesting fact mentioned is and "few Hutterites have ever been mentally troubled to mental hospitals, jails or required public assistance to meet personal economic or social problems The relationship of cultural and psychiatric factors to the mental health of Hutterites was the subject of a research survey sponsored in 1949-52 by the member of Mental Health of the United States public health service.

Where ghosts walk at night

APEATURE. *September 24, 1970*

Ghosts walk in eight feet in island burial ground, across 200 yards of water which separates them from the white chums that towers imposingly on a precambrian shelf jutting into the waters of the Churchill River

They are the ghosts of Cree Indians — the number varies according to the teller of the legend perhaps there were 30, perhaps 300 — who died in an influenza epidemic almost half a century ago were buried in a mass shaft on the top ever island and were return to worship in the mission church where their fathers were introduced to the white man the ways and the God.

So two dozen more health men were told, anyway hents they visited last week the isolated Indian villages of Stanley Mission and Pinehouse on the eleven point tour of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation this year to tell us — and show us — the Northern Saskatchewan Story

Perhaps you don t believe in ghosts, but I felt them. Not only the ghosts of the influenza victims, but the ghosts of a whole race reconciled to a changing world

living or about towns which are drifted, littered institutions of what was once a culture but can today be described only as dismal, though endless lines are cities and without end streets to them.

I would like to stipulate at the onset that as a flying visitor of a few hours all ages did not turn me overnight into an expert on Indian affairs and that I set out attempting to blame, defend, condemn or justify, but simply to share with Review readers a few of what I saw and heard during what was an unique experience in my life.

As our twin-engined Otter aircraft taxied up to the dock of the village of Pinehouse, children by the dozen were already lining the sandy enclosure to witness what we were told were probably the largest invasion of strangers the settlement and area experienced.

One of the few white people who live there told us that Pinehouse, with its 100 families totalling about 700 people, is self-supporting and that only about *eight families* are on welfare. The figures are impressive but not the standard at which the rest of the community supports itself through fishing and trapping.

The only thing that moved the village from an appearance of classical destitution and blindness was the scores of brightly painted bungalows installed by the Department of Indian Affairs, and which now houses a high proportion of the population. Some of the residents it seemed to me preferred the wigwam beside the bungalow. While the neat looking houses seen from a distance angered well for the bottomless pit of misery that accompanied broken windows seen in many of them at closer range foretold another destiny.

Those not fortunate enough to have a bungalow literary shacks as wretched and tiny defy description.

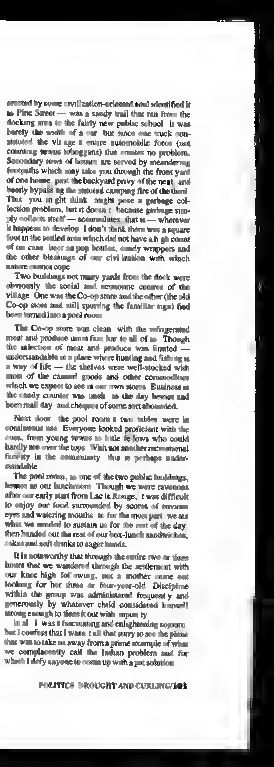
But back to the children.

I believe that every youngster under 12 and old enough to walk composed our entourage as we walked about the village. They were shyly friendly and inquisitive, bashful when blondness individually in the tongue still strange to them, but unabashedly familiar as they grabbed your arms while walking beside you as they might with a favorite uncle.

The happy hordes looked reasonably well fed; some were dressed reasonably well and some like scarecrows, and houses all were dirty in a way that so exceed not merely the natural affin ity of children for all things grimy but a thoroughly unhygienic way of life. Scars of diseases were also visible.

While every move we made was the subject of intense curiosity and conjecture on the part of the little people—I thought I would be attached to the press as I kneeled on the ground to consign films — adolescents and adults, for the most part remained hidden interest for the first hour in their venturing out only toward the end of the day.

The focal point of the community — a street sign



erected by some civilization-oriented soul identified it as Pine Street — was a sandy trail that ran from the docking area to the fairly new public school. It was barely the width of a car but since one truck constituted the village it enjoyed automobile status (not counting vicious belonging) that ensures no problems. Secondary rows of houses are served by meandering footpaths which may take you through the front yard of one house, past the backyard privy of the next, and beetly bypass by the annual campaign fire of the third. That you in girl think might pose a garbage collection problem, but it doesn't because garbage simply collects itself — automobiles, that is — however it happens to develop. I don't think there was a square foot in the settled area which did not have a tin can or two of an easy beer or pop bottle, candy wrappers and the other blessings of our civi lization with which nature cannot cope.

Two buildings not many yards from the dock were obviously the social and economic centres of the village. One was the Co-op store and the other (the old Co-op store and still quarrying the familiar sign) God bless turned into a pool room.

The Co-op store was clean with the refrigerated meat and produce counters fair bar to all of us. Though the selection of meat and produce was limited — understandable in a place where hunting and fishing is a way of life — the shelves were well-stocked with most of the canned goods and other commodities which we expect to see in our own stores. Business in the candy counter was much in the day I was and been mail day and cheques of some sort abounded.

Next door the pool room a two hobby were in consternation. Everyone looked proficient with the cues, from young tweens to little fellows who could hardly see over the tops. With not another recreational facility in the community this is perhaps understandable.

The pool room, as one of the two public hangouts, houses no one hitchhiker. Though we were hustled after our early start from Lac la Ronge, I was difficult to enjoy our food surrounded by scores of curious eyes and watching mouths in for the most part we ate what we needed to sustain us for the rest of the day then handed out the rest of our box-lunch sandwiches, cakes and soft drinks at eager hands.

It is noteworthy that through the entire two or three hours that we wandered through the settlement with our knee high following, not a mother came out looking for her three or four-year-old. Discipline within the group was administered frequent y and generously by whatever child considered himself strong enough to thrust out with impun ity.

In al I was a fascinating and enlightening sojourn but I confess that I want t all that sorry to see the plane that was to take us away from a primer example of what we complacently call the Indian problem and for which I defy anyone to come up with a pat solution

Our next stop, of course was the viele to Holy Trinity Church better known as Stanley Mission, which I have already mentioned, and which stands like a guardian angel on an woody promontory overlooking the settlement half a mile away by boat.

Nature by we asked the obvious question. Why was the church built so far away? We were told the settlement had originally been near the church but after the influenza epidemic in which I have already referred, superstition and fear drove the inhabitants to what they considered a safer site.

Construction of the church, Saskatchewan's oldest man-made landmark, was begun shortly after the Rev Robert Hunt of the Church of England was sent to the area in 1850. Built by the Indians of whip-sawn lumber from nearby under the missionary's watchful eye, the church was completed in 1856. Hardware and the stained glass windows were brought from England through Hudson's Bay

There is a new church now in the settlement, where a native minister Rev. Philip John Charles holds two services every Sunday for his Anglican flock. Rev Charles is 72 years old, and served the parish as a lay minister until his ordination two years ago. Services are conducted in Cree

The old church although it is certainly picturesque enough is rarely used now except for the occasional funeral

Back at the settlement a group of us were invited to the well appointed cabin home of Minnie and Mary Harbricht who have taught there for five years and are two of the nine white people who make their homes at Stanley Mission

Population of the settlement is placed at 650 but Mr. Harbricht estimated that about 1,000 people call Stanley Mission their home. But at any given time there are hundreds away trapping, fishing, hunting and guiding

Don Beaseberry newsman originally from Fraude, finds it easy to make friends with the youngsters of the Saskatchewan north

The Hatfield-Ile-Ile progress was being made with the Indian people although at a rate which would exhaust the patience of those who expect to see a quick breakthrough. I gather one of the problems is that there's not unanimous opinion, by any means even among the Indians as to what is best suited.

A state-of-the-art railway to the La Ronge-Otter Lake highway only 16 miles from Stanley Mission. It was begun a few years ago as a Winter Work project. However when one worker suffered a bodily frozen fate, construction was abandoned and the partially cleared road by now has regressed to nature.

The real instance as I grasped it in that while a white community of the same size and similarly located, would not for itself had access to the outside world the Indian people see far from certain that they want to be so closely and so our way human.

The Mission settlement also has a well furnished and stocked Hudson's Bay store.

The purpose of the press 'ver of the northern villages was to acquire at its with the northern electrification program being carried out by North-Sask Electric Ltd. a subsidiary of the SPC. Since its incorporation 18 months ago North-Sask has built or purchased distributions and generating facilities at 13 settlements to serve more than 1,000 customers. More power stations are planned.

Before formation of North-Sask several of the isolated northern settlements had electric lighting plants to serve the school a store and possibly one or two homes. North-Sask enlarged the generating facilities and the distribution systems to serve all the population. The new stations have generating capacities in the range of 50 to 200 kilowatts.

Building transmission lines from one station to another is one of the question because of the distance and terrain. Constructing the power stations was not without problems either of course a race with no highways all much navy buildings had to be materials are transported over winter roads or by lake barge.

The most unusual problem facing the company right now is that of communications between head office and the remote power stations. Various methods of emergency communications systems are being examined and there are high hopes of holding the problem before winter.

Under the existing method of operation if trouble should develop at Pinsuanik for example the plant operator must travel 50 miles overland to Stiffle-Narrows to reach the nearest DNR radio point. If the plant operator is able to analyze the problem a mechanic at Prince Albert is then flown directly to the settlement with the replacement part if the operator can't pinpoint the trouble then of course two trips are necessary.

In keeping with a policy of involving local people in the operation of the company North-Sask's board of directors includes people of Indian and Metis ancestry as well as representatives of government departments with special interests in the administration of the north, and representatives of local industry.

Proponents of the northern electrification program are quick to point out too that the project does not entail simply to bring low-cost subsidized power to the Indian people but that it is an essential preliminary to opening up Saskatchewan's vast and rich northland.

Maybe some day, at the efforts of North-Sask and people like the Hatfields bear fruit, the Indians of the north may reap the rewards of technology and industry while still living in their beloved, wild, beautiful surrbund

A multicultural approach

EDITORIAL *May 4 1972*

All we think I have enough problems the Saskatchewan Association on Human Rights is now calling for "a multicultural approach to education that would enable persons to choose the language of instruction in schools."

According to an association release "Language and culture are unable to survive without each other and that therefore it is imminent to promote them for political convenience."

If the group were speaking on behalf of the Indian population here long before what all any nationality there would be moral though not economic sense to the suggestion.

The association claims to speak however on behalf of the 52 percent of Saskatchewan people of ethnic origin other than English and French.

Most people of non English or non French origin came to this country in the full knowledge that they were migrating to a country with a language and culture other than their own. While most these groups understandably sought to perpetuate their cultures here as best they could and have not been denied that right government encouragement of our country's fragmentation would not only run counter to the social agreement and policy of the provinces, but might indeed be instituted by many to be distrustful turney toward young Canadians whose participation in the life of the greater community might thereby be restricted.

We would agree that it might be desirable to enable communities with large non-English or non French groups to encourage instruction in their languages for an hour or on a day in such courses standard textbooks for use particular language might be used across the nation

But to permit instruction of all or most subjects in other than the official languages could lead us into a frightening jungle of educational standards or educa-

natively impose on the province the cost of transhoing standard seats in all subjects into each of the languages of our many cultural groups

Fifty years ago when ethnic communities could and did exist in the country almost completely isolated against the world around them it might have been possible and even desirable (from the point of view of the future and without the benefit of crystal ball) to permit instruction in those non-English languages

To introduce such a practice today would create confusion that would thwart the Tower of Babel episode scene by everyone in a minor problem in communication.

When thieves fall out

EDITORIAL *November 28 1974*

A battle royal is shaping up between the province of Saskatchewan and the federal government over the loot each may seize from the oil and mining industries in this province

But doesn't that bring at have to the provincial government's annual announcement just a few weeks ago that it intended to siphon off 25 percent of the Saskatchewan potash industry's gross sales? Is that not also an invasion upon ownership and control?

There is no odd saying that when thieves fall out, good men rejoice There is little rejoicing, however, for the good man lying stunned by while the thieves are fighting over the contents of his wallet and arguing over the best way to dispose of the body

To the oil company or potash company it makes little difference whether the profits are being confiscated by the gang in Regina or the gang in Ottawa. There is nothing left for the company then the company ceases to operate.

Successor to Mr. Klinax

ERNESTLY *June 9 1977*

It must be about 15 years ago, if memory serves, when Mr Klinax the huge "walking" dragline went into operation in the Klinax coalfields

With a bucket capacity of some 40 yards it was thought of in that time as the eighth wonder of the world

Now at Coronach where work is rapidly progressing on the Poplar River power project and the strip mining operation which will fuel the power station, a dragline is being assembled which with a 90-yard bucket capacity will more than double Mr Klinax anywhere

The dragline will have a twin boom 366 feet long and will weigh about 100 tons The completed load on the boom will be about 23 1 tons.

The dragline will be capable of walking at a speed of one-sixth of a mile per hour, powered by four 500 hp electric motors In the walking process, the dragline lifts itself on two rectangular shoes (each 72x14 feet in size) moves ahead eight feet and then settles down on the base This cycle is repeated until the monster reaches its destination

Like Mr Klinax the dragline will be used only for removing the overburden from the coal seam buried some 50 feet below the earth's surface Sensitive machines are used to extract the coal itself

I spent most of Thursday afternoon browsing around the project where the mud for the power house is pretty well up the dam and the spillway under construction and miming operations scheduled to begin some time next summer

At the campsite the chef and cooks were working frantically to serve their first meal to a possible cooking and dining facility designed to serve 300 men (I should say "persons" but there being fewer 499 men and one woman would be more accurate.)

The Poplar River coalfields will probably be one of the first to go into operation with reclamation of land built right into the master plan. A test plot has been planted to determine what type of growth will best be supported as the reclaimed topsoil which will be replaced as soon as mining of an area is completed. It is only right that proper that the generation many times removed create the land to a fruitful condition rather than leaving ugly scars of waste

It is difficult however to escape the vagrant thought that all the same policy prevailed during the depressed thirties, people punching pennies to scrape foul coins might not have been altogether pleased with the idea of paying a few cents more per ton to preserve the aesthetics of some remote area

However that's something we'll have to come to grips with of course ever get but difficult again In the meantime I'm all for the reclamation program Eventually I understand there will be four power plants in the Poplar River site

As the SPC men said as long as permit request fights in turn on when they pass a little cents it's got to come from somewhere

The Poplar River system incidentally supplies water to Scotia Mout. just across the line, and there was some anxiety about pollution on that score This seems to have been settled by allowing one of the rivers two branches to flow unimpeded into Montana, which the other is held back for power generation.

Buried in Saskatchewan

ERNESTLY *April 19 1979*

Just finished reading "The Last Convertible" a novel which might be summed up as a very readable explanation to the young idealism of today of how their parents managed in spite of their own high ideals and intentions to let the world slip even farther into a mess

You may agree or disagree with the writer's pol-

blind and social views, and sympathise with or reject his gentle feelings, but if you are between 45 and 60 years of age you will find the book not only nostalgic but reassuring in that it tends to confirm that things really were once very much as you remember them.

Some contemporary writers have almost succeeded in convincing us that except for a few preachers and all-round humbugs, social and sexual mores were always very much as they are today, and that what we remember is really the result of mutual memory if I may coin a phrase.

However I couldn't help chuckling about a passage on the novel

> The story a protagonist, a rebel of liberal minded convers, had succeeded in convincing a young friend that serving in the Viet Nam war would, on the long run, be preferable to some of the options such as jail or draft-dodging.

The young man now back from the campaign was in resentful mood of the advice he had been given

> Well rationalise his advisor maybe it wasn't the best advice but you'll have to admit about spending half your life burned in some damn place like Saskatchewan.

Well, gee whiz, thanks a lot, sonnie

As a transplant there have been times, admittedly when I have wondered how mercifully I had considered all the options but after a five-month winter capped by a copious snowfall during the first week of April I don't recently mine for bothering telling me that slithering outside in the jungles of Viet Nam with people trying to kill you was, at intensely preferable to being landed in Saskatchewan.

We may be crazy to live here, but people would leave us the dignity of ignorance

Four of depths

ERNESTLY *October 7 1981*

In this age of flying cushion everyone has come to grips with the four of hearts that seems to be part of most middle-aged mortals. People who have all when they have to look down from a be girl of more than 30 that sat back with complete equanimity in a jetliner travelling at an altitude of 30,000 or 40,000 feet.

Many of us still find a slight trembling in the tummy as a chill running up the spine as take-off but once the craft is airborne we're as comfortable as though we believe the ship is running along and held aloft by an overhead cable.

So if you want a new kind of kick, see how you make out with four of depths

Aside from a few visits to scenic underground caverns — which gave me an extra fast leg and a sense of relief when the boat was over — I had never been lower than the basement level of large buildings. so it was with a sense of adventure that I s gared up at our scenic newspaper cameraman in Saskatoon for an underground tour of a potash mine

The sense of adventure heightened with a touch of extreme shyness in when at the office of the Cominco plant in Vanscoy we were issued coveralls, hat in power packs, miners lamps, cyclonous and hardhats By the time I had struggled into the cumbersome gear and learned that the underground temperature is a constant 89 degrees Fahrenheit (or something close to that). I began perspiring in anticipation. Only pride kept me from resigning on the spot. I knew my wife would never chicken out, so how could I?

Twin elevators like workers and waitress times as the mining, and 3 500 feet — more than half a mile — below ground level. When our cage goes down, the other comes up, one acts as a counter-balance for the other. The trip takes only two as three minutes but that is long time when you're wondering what it would be like if something went wrong and the cage dropped all the way

A Cominco officer captained later that the system and its from as four safety mechanisms are checked out every day and are just about foolproof I had a lot better going up and down that elevator than on the ones in most Saskatoon buildings which are standard perhaps every few months ?

Stepping out of the elevator at the mining level reminded me a bit of stepping in Hawaii to Mexico, as the first sensation a blast of unexpectedly warm air hitting your face That, of course, is where the similarity with a holiday mecca ends

Once accustomed to the warmth however, it wasn't all that uncomfortable down there. Fresh air is constantly being pumped into the area, so is the cold but air is sucked out

I had heard of the miles of roads in potash mines, and was formed a mental image of wide underground thoro...probably complete with fast food outlets and drive-in movies.

Well it wasn't exactly like that.

The roads are mostly drifts, the square tunnels created by the mining process, and they run parallel to each other for up to four or five miles from the main shaft. We were driven in a Landrover for a mile of nearly five miles to the end of the line where the mining machine was chewing away at the cobalt

It was a rough ride, for while the floor of the drift is perfectly smooth when it's cut pressures from the side, probably aborted by traffic cause considerable heaving. If the heaving gets too bad the road way may as be levelled, but until that time the Landrovers scoot across the bulges at a fairly healthy c.p. We hung on to our seats with one hand, and to handlers with the other and I'll tell you that five miles seems a long way under those conditions

Except in the working area, the only l ght came from our miners lamps and the headlights It was noisy. Occasionally we'd meet another vehicle and the Landrover would have to edge to a widened

portion that the other is pass. By the way stand towns: may has found outlets or drive-in movies in the widened portions ruinne. Just pozzah. above, below and on both sides.

I'm glad they didn't tell us until after we were back on the surface that the ducts usually collapse within a few days after mining is completed. Actually this is to some extent contrived because the cave-in relieves the stress on nearby drifts being worked and makes them safer. There are in some instances man-hauled caves as but there are a number of signs — such as cracks in the walls to caving — that warn of this danger. These drifts are then abandoned long before the collapse occurs. The Cominco plant actually has had several hundred days without a lost-time accident, and most of the mishaps that occur really have nothing to do with mining to working underground.

All in all, it was one of the most interesting places I've visited in recent years and I was never really terrified, but nevertheless relieved when I stepped out of the elevator and into the surface once more.

And next summer, when similar tours are being put on for our terrified convention and understanding that the mines can accommodate only a limited number of visitors, I shall re-acquaint myself with and yield to our guests from media provinces.

Community viability

SASKATOON Decembre 9 1981

A month to two ago I reviewed a round of articles from a group known as the Saskatchewan Committee on Rural Area Development (SCRAD).

The articles are abstracts of a number of background papers prepared for the committee by the University of Saskatchewan. They all deal with the viability of communities in the 200-to-2,000 range and are intended as the stimuli for local study sessions sponsored by community exchanges throughout the province.

Presumably local groups could tackle the problems affecting small town growth, take the necessary steps to remove the obstacles and live happily ever after in thriving, growing towns offering their residents good services of every imaginable type.

It is not surprising that many of the causes for small-town stagnation be identified more correctly identified. After all you could assign to any high school student to essay on the effect on Uranium City on isolated one-industry town, of closing down its only industry and you'd probably get an assessment not too widened from one prepared by a Ph D in economics.

The experience of Saskatchewan's small communities has not a most instances been be quick to an unmitigable for any one generation of residents. But the long-range effect the cause has been very much the same

MACKENSTY! HAPPY KENTUCKIANS

The first requirement the settlement of an area is usually (at least naturally) the presence of some reason by which people can extract a living from the area's resources. Once people have settled there quickly develops a need to supply them with goods and services necessary to their survival.

In Saskatchewan, most people were drawn to settle here by free land on which they might grow enough grain and livestock for their own needs, plus most left the marketing or trading for things they could not produce for themselves.

Farms were small roads returns meagre, families large roads almost non-existant and short-distance transportation dependent upon horse and buggy to wagon.

Villages, hamlets and towns sprung up quickly within eight or 10 miles of each other scattered by game the very points that obvious y and to be within farmers reach. Each vil age needed a general store, blacksmith shop hardware and dry goods stores, bother post office, school churches hotel restaurant, drug store bank livery stable and perhaps a dozen other services which gave the community viv and self-sufficiency. Each service needed to be brought another family into the settlement and increased the economic base

The motor car and the consequent highway system, changed all that forever. The depression of the 1930's gave things a little shove in that previous by closing down businesses that might have lasted a few more years and by increasing the viable farm size earlier and with less disparity than might otherwise have been necessary. Decreasing family sizes, more cash in the raisns of individuals regionalization of health and educational services, and other factors have contributed to the stagnation or demise of small urban communities but mostly the community base disappeared with the horse and buggy

And considering the fact that there is no wave of immigration which might strengthen each of the remaining communities just where are they going to get the basic resource for growth — people? From each other? From the large cities?

Significantly the SCRAD papers do not come up with any answers unless you accept the suggestion of one that community pride be developed through the arts

"Fun (as a small town) often consists of getting a case of beer and racing down the roads knocking over mail boxes. Getting drunk is far more a way of life. Where once the family, friends and neighbors gathered around the piano he brought out the fiddle and created their own entertainment, they now tend to stay at home and stare at the tube. yet I would venture that somewhere in every town in an area of some note He/she may do wood carving write poetry to play the fiddle but they have no outlet to demonstrate their abilities"

Well maybe an annual exhibition by the local wheeler or a monthly recital by the local fiddler in the community could have saved Hanse or Ralph, but somehow I doubt it.

But what I missed. One of the brothers done flirt with a notation. It is entitled: "Regional Planning for the 1980s."

"The use of regional planning to co-ordinate economic and social activities in communities is necessary for efficient land use and for energy conservation. But it does not insure achievement of stated objectives unless municipalities change to compete for industrial commercial and housing developments. The economic disadvantages for a municipality of an industrial growth or even of no residential growth have to be suffered possibly by means of tax base sharing.

Somehow I suspected all along that if I looked closely enough I might find Big Brother lurking in there somewhere."

Kaiser Bill Street

ERNESTLY *September 9 1981*

Canada, and in particular the prairie region is often referred to as a cultural and leisure mosaic as opposed to the more traditional melting pot of the United States.

In the Weyburn area probably due to the American "dynamic early in the century, the mosaic concept is not so clearly defined.

In central Saskatchewan, where a greater proportion of the settlers came directly from Europe the unusual was more distinct, and signs of the original culture survive sometimes in strange ways.

I discovered an interesting example of one but week when I was motoring from Brandon to an appointment in Yorkton.

Just a few miles north the Saskatchewan border I found myself driving through the town of Langenburg. For some reason the highways department did not bother bypassing this little metropolis and as I crawled through the restricted speed area my wandering eye fixed on something and almost made me lose control of the car even at 40 km/h

It was the street sign on what appeared to be one of the main streets.

It read Kaiser Wm Street (Or maybe Avenue." I was too stunned to make a distinction.)

Now old Kaiser Bill of World War I notoriety may not have been quite the rascal he was made out to be in the war bond posters and cartoons of that period, but I couldn't help wondering how the name had survived the hysteria of two major wars with Germany.

I was tempted to stop right there and ask a few questions of the natives about the background of the name, real possible controversy during the war years. However as mentioned, I had an appointment in Yorkton, had about 50 minutes to travel 45 miles, find a meeting place for which I did not have the address and meets person I'd never seen before.

I telephoned the town office learned and the village and have settled in 1886 by Germans from Langenburg, Germany and their folks from Langenburg, Sask. recently visited Langenburg, Germany and were well received. As to the street name I was referred to a local historian.

The gentleman, who had a British accent months imported and I should even find the name strange. "These were German people settling here and they simply honored the Kaiser by naming the street for him don't you know."

He said and there may have been some second thoughts about the name during the first was but those and never been a public outcry.

When I asked: If it was permanently called Kaiser Street, Kaiser Bill Street or Kaiser Wilhelm Street, he said, "Why we don't call anyone. This is a small town you know, and everybody knows where every body else lives, so you never mention the names of streets."

Fair enough. Some day perhaps I'll drive through a small Transer-American village and find it has an Ayatollah Khomeini Street.

Next year country

ERNESTLY *March 18 1981*

Although I missed by six months being a native Saskatchewanian, was exposed throughout my formative years to the ill influences of Man Jobs, and wanted a decade in the villi kitchen of Toronto Vancouver and cities south of the border my nearly 23 years in Weyburn have burnt enough to allow some local characteristics to rub off on me.

One of these is the tendency to feel guilty about the beautiful winter we have enjoyed so far.

Th n symptom may be a legacy from the pioneers who were constantly fighting the weather in a many violent and vengeful forms as they tried to eke a livelihood out of the harsh and uncompromising prairie A touch may have come also from the failure my generation which got it tile help from nature while struggling to survive a world depression and agricultural mechanization.

Give us a stiff west wind blasting powdered snow into our faces at 75 kilometers per hour, and we grin, spit out a snowball and mutter cheerily to that this is nothing like any one of 10 storms in the winter of 1942 or thereabouts. No sir they just don t know anywhere like they did when we reckoned wind velocity in miles per hour

Drop 10 feet of snow on us and we reminisce happily about the winter of 1946 (or was it 1947?) when a locomotive was lost for several months because t was buried in snow on the Radville line.

Not give us an icy fir winter with little snow or

cold and hardly even any wind to speak of and we're not at all comfortable with it.

Every morning when I wake up to sunshine and above-zero temperatures do I throw out my chest and exclaim how wonderful it is to be in Saskatchewan in the winter of 1980-81? I do not. I sit there gloomily churning my toast and wondering how I am going to face the two Ostriches in the news department who were faced with the distinct understanding that they were loving themselves in for winter conditions guaranteed to make men out of them.

So what do we get? Weather that's mild enough to have a serious effect on the Florida tourist trade.

It wasn't as mad in February when we could still tell ourselves and others that the worst Saskatchewan snowstorms often come in March and that there was time enough for as much and weather like this until weeks of January and February might be no more than a passingly memory by the time we dug ourselves out of the snow some time in mid-May.

But here we are in the middle of March, just a few days from the first day of spring and still mild weather and I smile himself felt (I wrote it a Monday morning and while the weatherman is predicting snow per cm tomorrow I'll have to see it to believe it.)

The way we gamish ourselves for the gentle tantrum you see, is to predict thin droughts and grasshoppers to the summer.

"Exactly like the spring of 1931," our veteran of the last cold era triumphantly the other day. Those who heard him heightened his perceptibly feeling immediately shriven from the guilt of a winter without frostbite or the expense of a trip to the south

For those who find the name I have a word of encouragement. There is ways next year

Next year the wind will howl, the snow will fall and the frost will crackle — starting on Hallowe en night and not letting up until Victoria Day

Then we ll feel better

Dirty Thirties? Baloney!

EDITORIAL May 13 1981

Presumably since the beginning of time and until the end of time this part of the country and experiment and will experience dry cycles. And every time the cycle rolls around, just as inevitably as pop art of the ground after a rain, the ghostbusters slip out of the cracks of the parched ground and croak dreadly "The Dirty Thirties are back. The Dirty Thirties are back!"

Nonsense

The year 1931 is 50 years behind us on the calendar and it will never return.

Last year after a near-moreless winter and an unusually dry spring and early summer the sky was saved by late summer showers that produced crops and I beyond the expectations of even the pessimists But only after the pessimists and cried "The Dirty Thirties are back!"

Light snow that past month again and left soil conditions somewhere between the most desirable level and according to the latest report of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool only one crop district in all of Saskatchewan actually and poor seeding and germinations conditions

Admittedly some segments of the agricultural industry such as cattlemen are suffering and to compare today with the 30s is no more than self-pity

In the 1930s many farmers and to give up their acreages under different conditions Many of them would have and to give up their land in a few years anyway — albeit with more dignity — but since mechanization was demanding larger farm units

In the 1930s we were in the middle of a unsaid depression and what grain was being grown did not enjoy a market as anywhere near full grain Today every farmer knows that all or most of the grain harvested will be sold at something approaching reasonable prices

In the 1930s there were some years when there was sufficient moisture to raise crops, but the crops were devastated by disease and pestilence. Today diseases resistant grain varieties and pesticides help control these dangers

In the 1930s most farmers lost valuable topsoil to high winds because they were ignorant of the right cultivation practices required by our light soil Today some farmers are losing topsoil because they have forgotten or ignored the lessons of the 1930s.

In the 1930s Saskatchewan had an economy based almost totally on agricul ture When things got tough, we had to hold out for cash for a bounce from the east that just swallowed the profits of the good years.

Today Saskatchewan is enjoying economic expansion that is the envy of the nation.

Perhaps — and only perhaps — we ll have a below-average crop.

But Dirty Thirties? Baloney.

Next year country

EDITORIAL August 22 1984

The term "next year country" is commonly applied to Saskatchewan and particularly the southern prairie lands itself to two connotations

The first is one of rueful pessimism, a view that the only good thing about this part of the country is the hope that next year may be better but that next year somehow never seems to roll around.

The second is more pen ive and optimistic, acknowledging that while it is not always a land of milk and honey, that there are indeed years of pretty tough sledding, but that there is always next year that when things have bottomed out next year has to be better and that there are a lot of good next years

Dr Isaac Hecmer geologist, naturalist, medical

men and map maker with the Palliser Expedition commissioned by the British government to explore the territory in the mid-19th century wrote about this area:

"The British province of the arid country (extending north from the United States) is a triangular region its apex reaching at the 52nd parallel while its base spot at a long the 49th extends between longitude 100 degrees and 114 degrees west. It contains however many varieties of land, and some arrayed areas that are even good; but on the whole it must be described as deficient in wood water and grass.

Not exactly a hymn of praise but sufficient enough encouragement to thousands of people in eastern Canada, the United States Great Britain and Europe at come and settle their own patch of land hoping with hard work to survive and with good fortune even prosper

They came as farmers, tradesmen and professional people, they endured great cattle hard times, and some of course did not survive. Others have done very well in the early days and particularly in the past few decades.

The late Edward G Quick, who took over the Review at the age of 50, when the dust was blowing in the mid-30s was once asked how he and the carnage at do that. He replied: "I knew this was good country and that it would come back "

He obviously saw this as "next year country" in the optimistic connotation

And he was proved right

In a summer such as this one, when crop yields are below normal and the hayfields are parched — it is understandably difficult for young farmers young businessmen or young workers with heavy mortgages to make sense of conditions

But it is all remember we came here knowing it was dry country that there would be bad years but also that it a "good country" and will come back " It's "next year country in the best sense of the word.

Are we more intolerant?

EDITORIAL *April 9, 1986*

At last Thursday s Leader-Post, a front-page headline announced "Prairie people most intolerant of racial minorities."

It was a stunning if very healthy of us.

The story beneath the header was based on a national survey conducted by Reginald B Isby in University of Lethbridge sociologist, who found that while the actual incidence of intolerance had declined in Canada in the last 10 years " the prairies ten went in that respect

The story does not quote the actual questions asked the 1 200 Canadians sampled- but we suppose that the findings are actual on a question and ing whether the person interv actual feels uneasy around an Oriental a black a Canadian Indian, a Jew East Indians or Pakistanis

This makes me wonder whether there is not a difference between being intolerant and being uneasy

It seems so be natural for people to feel uneasy with the inclusions but if we are firmly grounded in respect for the rights of others we will not be intolerant of them, and as we come to know them our feel ings of discomfort in their presence will probably disappear

Saskatchewan, it is worth remembering is the only province in Canada in which the majority of the population is not made up of members of the nation's two founding races.

Sure at the early days of the province when hordes of Ukrainians Germans Rumanians Mennonites Hungarians Belgians Rumanians Scandinavians and heaven knows what else descended upon Saskatchewan the older Canadians who and moved here from eastern Canada were I always at that happy about the foreign presence and for a little while the Ku Klux Klan was even represented here (with unknown damage to anyone).

But as the decades passed, and all these people served together as com wars endured a depression together and saw in the postwar prosperity that they coveted the same worldly goods the suspicions largely d sappeared

By now...in a matter of fact you have to be mighty careful about whom you tell an ethnic joke A person s name may be O'Toole, but it s another s name may very well be Lesbinski or Schmidt or hmmm, even Nashfat.

The same I would guess applies largely throughout the prairies So we have come to feel at home with Canadians of other European backgrounds than our own but we still have problems with blacks and Asians

It is quite simple.

There are relatively few blacks and Asians in the province Thus these people and their ar ivals are still strange to many Saskatchewanians and thus they don t feel at home with them Anyway I feel some skepticism about the survey since only 10 twenty of those questioned admitted to racewalked around the visible minorities.

Bear in mind that the majority of people in eastern Canada and British Columbia live in large urban centres where they tend to live in suburbs made up of people of their own economic class. It is easy to claim to have no prejudices when you don't have to prove it.

I think most of us still have some vestige of prejudice within us, and I mistrust the ones who claim to be completely free of it It s a bit like being without a conscience ourself so to be

By the way have you bugged an Arab lat y?

4. Our home and native land

Canada in the waning century

It is unsurprisingly difficult to portray in a few paragraphs the Canada of my lifetime, and especially as it existed matured and transformed in the 1930s and 1940s where my memories begin

Perhaps the same might be said for any nation. Could a London chimneysweep have recognized his country in Shakespeare's words through John of Gaunt in *King Richard the Second*: "This other Eden, demi-paradise . . . this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . . . "? But there, the difference may have been simply one of status or station.

But how different the perceptions of our young nation relatively early in the century, of the child of a Nova Scotia fisherman whose forefathers were among the continent's earliest settlers and for whom for all the fierce protection of cultural distinctiveness, so much of life was a constant reminder of defeat on one fateful day on the Plains of Abraham, of the Toronto-born children and grandchildren of British immigrants who had taken for granted their right to citizenship in a Commonwealth country, of the children of immigrants in villages comprised of fellow-countrymen, where English was the language of school and officialdom and of old European tongue the *lingua franca* of the home, the community and the street; and yes, of the original native sons existing in *de facto* confinement in reconstructed camps that bred disease, poverty, ignorance and social degradation even in the midst of prosperity!

From the hindsight of half a century, which is not always nearly as accurate as endowed in prevarb, I believe that Canada of the first third of the twentieth century A.D. was in fact an unlikely string of disparate communities or phalanxes stretching from Atlantic to Pacific Oceans and held together by pennyroles committed to parchment many years earlier at Whitehall, and two bands of steel crossing that great landmass and both ceaselessly sustained by Union Jacks flattering proudly over thousands of little schoolhouses in which "O Canada!" and "God Save the King" were sung proudly but mendaciously by millions of future citizens.

Most of the children finding commonality with other Canadians in the flag and the anthem, probably conceived of Canada more as an extension of the great British Empire than as a sovereign state, one of the many patches of red on the world map upon which somewhere, always benignly shone the sun-loved by a gracious sovereign as surely as all peoples are loved by God.

How these individual strands were ever woven into a nation proud of its own identity and confident as to our future is anybody's guess. In my view it probably was pushed in this direction by the depression that forced young men out into the alien world, where they found common ground with Canadians of diverse cultures in threshing crews, hobo camps, bus depots and even jails. (The depression was also a challenge to the young country to survive without external aid.) Another thrust was provided by World War 2, when those same young people of many backgrounds went to fight a common foe — and found as each other, despite some differences, clear and recognized qualities and characteristics missing not only in their foes but also in these allies. Finally the postwar disintegration of the British Empire impressed on all Canadians the reality of their full independence and the collective responsibilities thereto entailed. The shared legacy of a vast and rich nation wanting to be mined may also have served to unify.

The decades since World War 2 have witnessed conflicting forces at work in the national psyche: on one hand prosperity and growth have given us confidence in a national identity separate from either Great Britain or the United States, but thrust upon our consciousness has been the reality of a second culture and perhaps a third demanding recognition as legitimate manifestations of nonconformity characters.

We have been learning that it was one thing altogether to adopt a distinctive flag, and even to adopt our own constitution to replace the British North America Act which had served as our constitution for over a century, and an altogether different thing to build into this new legal framework assurances to all geographic and cultural divisions.

While Canada is gaining creditably as at least a junior partner in the industrial world, and respect as a peacekeeper in the world, a trouble spot at home seems to become increasingly bewildered about differences we find difficult to grasp.

In 1986 the Meech Lake Accord seemed to point the way to a truly unified Canada. In late 1989 it all started to unravel again as several provinces sought to reopen negotiations on the accord while Quebec and the prime minister declined to budge.

It is difficult to accept the premise that the Canada that once seemed a pipedream has become a successful reality, only to disintegrate because we as a larger can rely on Whitehall a parliament, and cannot find it in ourselves to trust each other as fully as reality demands. Only time will tell. But that may be a commodity that is running out. Meanwhile the following reprints reflect the writer's reactions to, and attitudes toward, some national issues as they developed.

New Democratic Party

EDITORIAL *August 10 1960*

The birth of the New Democratic Party has been accomplished and across the nation its supporters in opponents and the uncommitted will one are wondering how history will be affected by what took place at the founding convention last week.

He or seems to be general that leadership of the socialist party went to Saskatchewan a province unusual of in the leftist opponent, CCF House Leader Hazen Argue

If the party is to play an important role in Canadian politics — and indications are that it will — it is reassuring to almost everyone that it will be led by a man who is more familiar with the nuposo by by of government than with the license of opposition. Much as Premier Douglas protests, but he is more of a radical now than he was 30 years ago he has learned in those years that legislation and idealism do not change the hard facts of life in either the economy of a man or a world politics.

For the province, Mr Douglas departure will not be a picture only happy developments. The loss cripples the government and spells the death sentence for the party are-election in 1964. This may keep joy in the non-socialist majority of Saskatchewan a population but a need not. A change of government can be beneficial if it is brought by a party strong enough to agoat a strong government, but seldom when control is lost by default.

Flags

EDITORIAL *February 25 1965*

Across our united last week, Canadians watched with mixed emotions as the familiar Red Ensign was lowered for the last time and raised in its stead, "a red flag of the proportions two by length and one by width containing in its centre a white square the width of the flag bearing a single red maple leaf" — the new Canadian flag.

We believe there were few Canad ians no anti-Union Jack ians that they experienced a sense of regret as the Ensign came down nor few as pro-Ensign but that they felt a g ow of pride when they saw Canad an Independence symbolized in the new official colors

In the case of our country the use of the Red Ensign may have exaggerated in the eyes of other nations our links with Britain. By the same token, the final divorcement from British influence may also be given a disproportionate significance.

Most of the world after all knows little about Canada, and when strangers use the new flag replacing the Union Jack they will mostly think about the need of the people to represent, their policies, way of governmental self way of life ethics, integrity and motives.

Thus what we Canadians do in the next few years to individuals and collectively to provinces and a nation, will decide what our flag stands for

What flag issue?

EDITORIAL *September 2 1965*

There is some complaint that the flag issue will be brushed about again in the federal election supposed fruitful

What flag issue?

A year ago, when the tempest was at be bought, the Review numbered itself among those who for various reasons favored retention of the Red Ensign

That is now history. Since then the Parliament of Canada has adopted a distinctive flag, which is now the official flag of our nation. It is a beautiful flag. It is a flag which warms the from ourselves the soul and quickens the pulse of every Canadian. It as a proud flag that looks to not the higher ideals.

It is our opinion that many Canadians who weren't particularly stuck on the idea of a new flag now feel that way about it. What was just a symbol a few months ago is our flag now and politicians had best watch what they say about it.

Sneak peak at Expo 67

A FEATURE *February2 1967*

The storm held back just long enough to allow 200 weekly newspaper men and women from throughout Canada at dawned on Montreal, then struck with a wrath that seemed almost a calculated attack on that part of the elements to thwart a costly and long-planned public relations scheme.

Did you ever try to get authoritative over a set of incomplete buildings, viewed through a snowstorm this reduced visibility to several hundred feet — and with the added impediment of slush-covered bus windows?

Believe me it isn't easy, but I managed beautifully.

I must confess that the joke's on me. For though I attended such identity on invitation to visit the site of Expo 67 in Montreal (now less than three months from opening day) I would not have believed that even the most favorable circumstances could change my preconceived opinion that the exhibition would be a great thing — for other people.

Yes I know? People who don't mind standing in lines who enjoy midways or who will gladly trudge weary miles on sub-torrefied pavement just to be able to say "I was at the World's Fair "

I came away awed by the scope of Canada a first World Exhibition; fine tuned by the wonders in store for everyone who visits Expo, proud of a Canadian identity which many people claim does not exist but which nevertheless characterizes the planning of the entire project convinced that valuable lessons learned at other fairs will eliminate at least some of the common frustrations and discomforts inflicted upon the enthusiasm of the people who have weighed imaginatively or urgurous and build in record time a show which will be something to boast.

And I might add that I have come than a little admiration for a group of men sufficiently confidenced of the merit of their product to risk the penalty of failing to sell it, to invest state and in case that day to the grassroots fourth name.

I shall not attempt to describe the pavilions, or to give you even a rough outline of Expo's six-month program. All this is available for the asking, and in greater detail than could be possible from a one-day visit.

I should like instead to confine to brief I can, one or two of the impressions I have mentioned, particularly the Canadian identity as I feel it manifests itself at Expo.

Canadians have long suffered an would "brainwash" be a better word?) from their country's historic relationship with the British part of the past few centuries and secondly from her present role as country cousin to the powerful United States

From the enthusiasm on the one hand that we are not destined in our time to become one of the great world powers and the awareness on the other hand, of the untold wealth and potential we possess, stems what I like to think of as the Canadian personality- a quality which a neither boastful nor too humble proud yet acknowledging the attitudes of our neighbors and the countries from which we came confident yet able to bend a bit, progressive but not keen on a course of rejection of the past and each heritage

This Canadian characteristic I believe, is what pervaded exhibiting nations at Expo 67 to fall in with the theme "Man and His World" instead of each going off merrily on a different tangent

As explained to us at the two-hour briefing we received in the Expo Administration Building Friday morning World Exhibitions have always had themes, but they did not exist beyond a gesture on the part of the host nations

I believe that it is the events of Canadian politics in world affairs that has enabled Expo 67 "to shift the focus from rivalries between nations to the

inter-dependence of men of all nations" and that in the achievement of this emphasis lies one of the main reasons for the continuance of the race behind Expo.

Whither Canada?

EDITORIAL, May 4, 1967

While Canada's 100th birthday is still two months away the fact that the Review's Centennial supplement is being published with this issue prompts us to take our ease for at the same time to...

Will Canada survive as a nation?

Ironically while ancient enemies of Europe spanking a dozen tongues are realizing that their hopes for the future lie in unity in Canada the matter of language alone threatens a split. We would be prepared to suggest greater compromise on the part of English-speaking Canada but resolves that that would serve chiefly as a stop-gap; an avoidance of good faith while French Canadians sorted out their thinking.

Can you honestly imagine a bilingual Canada bordering her 3 000 miles on the English-speaking United States? Frankly without broaching the idea we just can't imagine it as something that would come to pass. Nor can we see two Canadas, one French-speaking and the other English.

What we can see is a Canada along the lines of the national development with some adjustments (perhaps constitutional) to the French patriots so Confederation alternatively we can see a French Canada and a larger United States of America — larger by many provinces.

We vote for Canada.

It's a cause we are discussing Quebec a providence in all things manner that is not our intention. There are five major proposed providence or points of view which most receive serious consideration if Canada is to survive and thrive: those of the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairies and British Columbia.

Quiet a Canada

EDITORIAL, July 6, 1967

Canada's size means many things to various peoples but its biggest abuse is something wonderful. A Canadian may travel one-seventh of the distance around the world over every imaginable type of terrain, and not yet proudly. I am at home, in my native land among people with whom I share a past the present, and hopefully the future."

Our democratic government which we are among the easiest few to have enjoyed since our birth as a nation guarantees us freedoms as individuals and the right as a people to decide from time to time the path along which our nation is to travel.

Our bilingualism — while doomed in most parts of Canada — is nevertheless symbolic of a principle that the strivings of nations and peoples should be for peaceful tolerant co-existence rather than conquest and oppression.

As a former colony of Great Britain, we have fallen heir to political and legal systems which have taken centuries to evolve in other nations, and which many are still groping for. Because of the British North America Act, granting of our nationhood was more like the recognition of a mature offspring's responsibility than the freeing of a slave. Ties and relationships were thus maintained which otherwise might have been severed — to our detriment.

Our borders. To the south, the United States the richest and most industrialized nation that has ever existed on earth. Because of this proximity a common language, political system, racial ties and racial backgrounds we have prospered more than we might have without these circumstances. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the east and west make us neighbours of all the world at a time when international trade and relationships are the key to the future. The Arctic to the north is the world's last great frontier. Conquest of the north from just as we wouldn't and new neighbors.

Rich in natural resources, Minerals, fertile agricultural lands, mighty forests, power, beauty, fresh water streams and lakes and coastal waters filled with fish. You name it, Canada is blessed with it in its bounty on earth.

Twenty million people few indeed in an overcrowded world so enjoy such bounty but we have room for no home more to share with us what we have been given so generously.

People from all over the world, Canada has been a haven for the oppressed and damned of Europe. People who lived in poverty and with the threat of war constantly over them have built a nation in which people of every race may live together peacefully and that a nation dedicated to peace between all peoples and nations throughout the world.

Quite a Canada!

Around the world in seven days

A PICTURE, August 3 1967

A look at history a genuine exposition through a student's eyes. Photos and story, an originality published, by Eric Neufeld

July 10 former 20 Weyburn Collegiate students on their way to a tour of Mint and Flu World — Expo 67.

Accompanied by five chaperones, we left Regina at 6 p.m. the beginning of a two-day train trip to our stop in Mount St. Hilaire Que. On the train we amused ourselves with friendly games and singsongs. Very little done on the train was open sleeping. Our schedule we added all night games of cards and a sampling party with another group from Quebec until the early hours of the morning.

We arrived in the camp at about 2 a.m. very weary but anxious to go pressed to discover the most adequate

recommendation which had been prepared for us by our Montreal hosts. The next day we woke up at 7.30 to prepare for our first taste of a seven-day trip to Expo.

After seeing as much as we could in our first week at Expo, the decision was almost unanimous that the best pavilion was the British pavilion. It featured Britain's past, present and future. As we entered this pavilion we saw a new with motion pictures depicting various epochs of British history. British Today featured the modern British people as they are, leaving you to decide on their characters. This was done with sets showing statues of the people and a recording playing in the background. In another part of the pavilion "Britain and the World" was a machine where you could press a button and receive a blurb on some fourteen persons of Britain's history. Odd enough it was in French.

The reason this pavilion was enjoyed so well was that it gave an accurate presentation of the British people, plus a little humour to make it enjoyable as well as interesting.

The Canadian pavilion is dominated by a huge inverted pyramid called the Katimavik which centers from the Eskimo word meaning "gathering place" a reminder of Canada's role as host to the world. A carousel theatre revolves showing the audience five short movies about Canada.

The Western Provinces pavilion featured a short movie on the Western Provinces, then a simulated ride like a mine cart "500 feet below the surface of the earth" a short tour of the mines then a running factory with two gliding around tracks under an eerie violet light. The grand finale of the pavilion was a forest that as the trees sticking out of the top of the pavilion), where an artificial rain was sprinkling.

The two most enjoyed movies at the fair were those in the Ontario and Telephones pavilions. The former featured a film using a multi-screen technique vividly showing the resources and industries of Ontario. The latter featured a 360-degree screen which put the viewer right in the middle of a hockey game, on top of a train speeding across the prairies, or a helicopter dipping into Niagara Falls. Some of the scenes in these movies were so realistic that the audience actually felt themselves grabbing for the handrails (Sorry no seats in this theatre.)

Some of the national pavilions were only worth seeing for their architectures alone. The Thailand pavilion a beautiful replica of a temple was very interesting from the inside containing mainly of a collection of statues and burial tools. The French pavilion, also very impressive from the outside contained mainly of unrelated exhibits.

The Russian pavilion was a serious look at the great achievements in Russia in the fields of art, science and everything else. It became somewhat boring seeing satellite after satellite rocket after rocket and panning after painting. It was somewhat of a disappointment after having read several impressive reactions to this other magazines.

Probably the biggest disappointment of all was the United States pavilion. Very few felt that it was the best a country such as the United States could do. It was very light-hearted and dealt mainly with movies and space.

Of the several theme pavilions the one enjoyed by several of the students was the Producer which showed man achievements in science. The topmost part, Man in Control housed a computer where one could take a short course in a variety of subjects, featuring music mathematics and anagrams. One student took a course in mathematics and learned a formula for finding the square of a number ending in 5. The new day he returned and took the same test. When the computer asked him for the square of 85 he thought for a few seconds and typed down the answer. The computer somewhat "puzzled" asked him how he got the answer so quickly. The student then described the lesson of the day before. When the computer asked him if he wished to go on, he typed down an emphatic "Yes." The computer then typed back a similarly punctuated "Okay!" and proceeded with another lesson.

In Man and His Health a movie presentation of various forms of surgery including open-heart surgery took place in an auditorium called the Mediterranee.

Man the Explorer housed exhibits of man's evolution from cell to man and man's exploration to the Arctic the ocean, and in space.

Man the Provider showed the trying need for more food, in conservation of food for our rapidly growing planet. It had many buildings housing various forms of livestock which I'm sure would have delighted all the agriculture attending the exhibit. There was also an enclosure where one could watch chicken hatch.

The Kodak pavilion started off with an ordinary slide show stressing the usefulness and purposes of photography. Then the conventional screen shot up to be replaced by a sheet of water giving the slides a luminous effect. By controlling the height of the water the effect of a picture sweeping across the screen was given.

The Canadian pacific-Canso pavilion featured a movie "We Are Young" accenting youth with scenes of Canada's most beautiful scenery in the background. After this as a building to test your five senses, with such devices as a "taste-bud machine" that a fancy talk for lawbreaker), pools with receptacles for your face where you can touch your nose and get a good strong whiff of whatever is depicted on the pool.

The theme of the Canadian pavilion is Time and Movement. An interesting movie on movement is shown after which one leaves to go into a chamber of flickering lights and revolving mirrors to try and

figure out how they could possibly signify or even relate to them.

The Air Canada pavilion features gaily colored passageways with postures flickering off and on showing various methods of air transport from balloons to flying saucers. It also had several modern art exhibits relating to flight.

The Kaleidoscope sponsored by six chemical companies consists of sheer aquarium mirrors with mirrors reflecting the image back and forth across the room into infinity. In one chamber the reflections stretch horizontally and vertically to infinity—in another they form huge columns. In the last one there is created a huge sphere of moving images.

Our trip alone included a bus tour of Montreal where we saw many of the old and new buildings of the city. We also saw the residential area of the town with many mansions, and even one that the owner said to cost half-before he could sell it.

The next day of our trip was also spent in Montreal as our Expo passports had expired. Towards the end of the day four or five of us were returning to the train station discuss as normal as someone told us about drivers having the right-of-way in Montreal...when we were attempting to cross a street. There we became separated into two groups about eight feet apart. Just then a semi wheeled right between us. Sort of proved a point.

Within no time we had crossed the tracks and were on our way home. As we left Expo, most of us felt that we had about-fun — and also to this about.

The Canadian problem

EDITORIAL *August 19 1967*

About everything that needs to be said about President de Gaulle's unfortunate remarks in Montreal probably has been said both in Canada and abroad. In the United States the errors rated headlines as spots of the most flesh which dominated public attention. In France itself newspapers are punishing the man old man who sees it as his historic role to interfere in the internal affairs of a nation which has been France's friend for decades.

But when you get right down to it, what damage has been done?

The greatest damage we believe was done to the already tarnished image of a great man who didn't know when to quit, and who has topped many previous blunders. A first-rate diplomat by committing the double error of abusing our hospitality by meddling in our affairs and ridiculously extolling short-term in a nation whose people have twice fought for the liberation of France.

De Gaulle a breach of diplomatic propriety and ordinary good taste would be not shocking if it had not contributed to a wound and further festered.

If we fail to the years ahead to forge the true dominant unity which at the sincere wish of the majority of Canadians of all races, then it is not likely to be De Gaulle's fault but our own. And then is the Canadian problem!

Unity

EDITORIAL *October 9 1967*

It seems to us that the time has come for French and English-speaking Canadians alike to forget their prejudices and misconceptions and to face reality. This isn't exactly a novel suggestion but we seem to have arrived finally at a point where solutions can be found by reasonable people. Failure to find them now will divide Canada to never before since Confederation.

One of the realities is that, however the Battle of the Plains of Abraham may have influenced the history of Canada the fact that the British won is no argument against French-Canadians maintaining their identity. The Normans conquered and profoundly influence on the English tongue, but the language spoken in Great Britain could hardly be described as a French dialect. The fact is that more than 200 years after Wolfe a victory French-Canadians remain a people distinct from English-speaking Canadians.

It is difficult for western Canadians to visualize what it connotes a concentrated those differences demand. But we were transformed by ignoring a point of view which seems unanimous within a group with which we seek to establish a long.

Too often we use the argument that the French have no right to privileges not enjoyed by other groups. Again the fact is that other races came by their own choice to a country where English was the major language. On the other hand without consciousness granted the French-Canadians under the Peace of Paris and the British North America Act — whether right or wrong in principle at that time — it is most doubtful whether Confederation would ever have come to pass. All differences considered, however, French and English Canadians lived side by side pretty peacefully for 200 years?

French-Canadians, however must also face a few facts realistically and we believe they are and will be doing so in these times of decision. They must realize that perhaps even some of their wild complaints are paralleled by frustrations often felt by the people of the Maritimes, and Prairies or the Pacific coast. Many of them can be resolved only in an atmosphere of mutual understanding not through ultimatums.

As to the issue of the French language, they must realize that: 1. agreeable as opposition to learning a second language may be, there are at least as many English-speaking Canadians who will refuse to have French rammed down their throats as there are French who refuse to accept English and 2. that nothing would ensure the French identity so disappear more

rapidly than if everyone spoke French.

Then, Quebec must realize that much of her prosperity is enjoyed through partnership in Confederation that not many Canadian head offices would be found in a Republic of Quebec, nor American head offices in a few French-speaking state. This lesson seems to be sinking in and may be the most sobering one of all.

If nuclear war happens . . .

AFSATURN *April 28, 1960*

It is difficult to assess one's thoughts after a week of observations, demonstrations, briefings, interviews and being herded from building at Building back camp to camp.

This bothered me more than a little through most of the week I spent overseas last month with a dozen other directors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association visiting Canadian forces NATO installations. It's a sad demonstration on the comfortableness of Canadian NATO personnel that a rule in a member of a Centurion Main Battle tank had my picture taken by a jet plane whizzing by the tremendous altitude of miles per hour. So what?

This is not to say that I wasn't impressed by what I saw the first few days. The activity at each camp threw out the window any notion I might have had that a tour of overseas duty during peacetime is an extended holiday abroad, a sort of vacation duty.

But what remastered my impression of the whole week's experience was a statement by Maj.-Gen. John Lane, commander of the First Air Division, who briefed us at L'Ange Lake in southern Germany not far from the French and Swiss borders. "If nuclear war happens" declared Maj.-Gen. Lane "we will have failed in our job." He spoke with deep conviction and reminded us may be the thought of peace being preserved with jet fighter-bombers nuclear-armed and with crews continuously on the ready prepared to take off on a few minutes' notice at rain destruction on predesignated targets, one must give weight to Gen. eral Lane's arguments each word underscored with emphasis that "clean workers".

I thought of General Lane a words many times during the next few days, particularly when I saw the dead earnestness with which operations are started as at 4 Wing near Baden-Soellingen. There was no kidding here. Those boys were deadly serious.

To demonstrate the state of preparedness, Col. C. Allison commanding officer of 4 Wing (one of the two air-strike wings of the First Air Division) staged a "scramble" for us — a simulation of what would take place on a genuine alert.

We were taken to the runway where four deadly CF-104 Starfighters were parked. Seconds after the alert was given pilots came running across the lawn on foot at full flying gear pennies while ground crews swarmed about the aircraft like ants. Within minutes the planes were screaming down the runway and off to their destination — that from fortunately not an enemy target.

We asked how those planes could be recalled at the event that they had been dispatched through human error for a target beyond the Iron Curtain. The grave, sobering answer was that there is no recall. It's deadly radio detection that planes will fly at treetop level if they ever go on a real bombing mission. Within minutes they are beyond radio contact and only enemy defences can prevent them from carrying out their mission.

Shortly after the four jets had taken off at casual four Starfighters which had been on the air forward hours to demonstrate how quickly they could be refueled and rearmed if they managed to return from their mission. "Assisting" explained one officer "that the base is still here."

In a far-away land its surroundings and amidst activities as different from the familiar scene at home, it is difficult to relate the whole grim business at yourself and your community. Somehow it becomes more relevant when, as happened at this time one of the pilots taking part in the exercise happens to be a boy from home. One of the pilots who emerged from the four planes landing in the second part of the exercise was Lieut. Carl Sird '59 whose present Mailing Address is RCAF Stn. Grostenquin. Wayburn Lieut. Sird graduated from the Weyburn Collegiate in 1955, then joined the RCAF. He had 525 flying hours behind him when I talked with him but was very enthusiastic about his work. Like all the aircrew I met, however, he was very serious about the job they are there to do.

Most in the operations room, we were shown how aircraft movements, and the exact location on the floor of every unpainted piece of paper, are charted 24 hours a day. Thousands of items of information and data are recorded as they come in.

For obvious reasons a curtain was drawn over a board listing each of the targets assigned at the wing, with up-to-date information on weather conditions and other vital information. As I said, it was for real.

There seemed to be nothing haphazard about security at the base. Its restricted area on the finishing visitors, was protected without an identification card. When our bus went into a restricted area, the security checked us all even though we were accompanied by their officers. There were some areas of course where we were not allowed.

We were shown a flight of nuclear-armed aircraft, kept on the ready 24 hours a day, with crews standing by as well as the American and Canadian officers who do volunteer has to be done at near the Starfighters on their way with nuclear weapons. If this explanation sounds vague, it is because the answers to our questions were vague

All Wing Cdr. now the famous Black Forest, Col R. G. Christie and it's staff launched us to the work of the two reconnaissance squadrons attached to the First Air Division Seafighters equipped with camera- mined of bombs make a low pass over a target take dozens, perhaps hundreds, of pictures while the pilot takes in as much as he can in the five seconds he is over the area.

Before he lands back at the base, the film may be stripped in a canister so that it may be developed by the time the aircraft has even landed. After landing, the pilot is immediately debriefed while the people are studied later in detail. He asked how the pilot should see anything worth mentioning while whizzing over his target at low altitude, but were assured that there is a number of training.

By way of demonstrating the various routines, Col. Christie lined us up on the tarmac, and a plane flashed by taking our pictures. We reached the other side of the field in time to see a ground vehicle head for the photo vans with the canister which had been parachuted down. A few minutes later in the vans we were shown the completed prints. As it turned out, the exposure was wrong for the day's poor light, but the point and been made.

In keeping with the NATO concept the air division exercises two main purposes. The first is to deter aggression by making it a common show of strength and preparedness, and the second is to maintain itself at the maximum state of operational efficiency and readiness for an all-out effort if an aggressor should ever strike.

It is only a year modernally since headquarters for 1 Wing were moved into Lahr from Metz, France. The move was made largely after France asked all Canadian forces to leave on rather short notice had we learned quite a few matter about overcrowded at least all French forces withdrawn, and the subsequent problems in bringing the facilities up to Canadian standards. There were obvious perks how ever in the manner in which everything was finally accomplished

I did not get the impression that was the general view and the present strike-ready posture need be a perpetual thing, and rather that this role continues to preserve the uneasy pressure (until superconcrete political levels, such as at the Geneva disarmament talks, have created a climate in which a high degree of combat-readiness is no longer necessary

I was relieved to hear this, for whatever the past attorney of NATO can you visualize two powerful figures poised for attack with modern terrible weapons for 25, 50 75 or 100 years without ever taking leave? Frankly I can't

Canadian Brigade in Germany

LITERATURE *April 25 1966*

Perched on top of a Centurion Mark III tank with a chill Westphalian March wind stinging my cheeks and the fervor — a member of the Lord Strathcona Horse — apparently bent on dislodging me by taking the monster through the deepest bogs up and down hills at frightening angles and close enough to the forest edge to make me duck a few branches. I wondered whether this was what a "jamboree" was all about.

The tank ride was part of a demonstration at Fort Beauséjour of the capabilities of the brigade's heavy armour Earlier in Fort MacLeod, in the same general area, members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry gave us a demonstration of light weapons.

One of our guides on the brigade portion of the four was Capt. Bill Rae — a captain in RCAF blue. This brings us of course to the question of acceptance of the unified forces concept by armed forces personnel. We asked many of the people we met particularly air force personnel how they liked the new setup. Only one voiced unhappiness with it. For the most part air force officers like using the army ranks, which are more readily understood, by Americans and other NATO allies.

From what Brig.-Gen. James G. Gardner told us the combat-readiness, destination and pride of the ground forces matched that of the air division. Preparedness is the name of the game and one of the numerous unwritten goals is combat units out of camp on two hours' notice fully supplied in every way for a two-day mission.

The normal tour of duty for most in the European theatre is three years and many sign for a second one. A great deal of the training is on location and perfecting the skills of the individual soldier and as getting those skills into one during field exercises throughout the year

Some of the manoeuvres carried out, I attempted an Canada, would leave Canadians speechless. The brigade has the right for instance to make tanks through private yards and fields tearing down fences and destroying crops the only condition is that reasonable notice be given and restoration made. Army officers point out that they try not to override this sort of thing but the fact that they can do it at all seems unbelievable to a Canadian

I suppose however, that these persons are viewed differently by people with a 20-century history of armies advancing and retreating through their midst and who are keenly aware of a hostile army poised not many miles to the east

Nearly one-half of the 5,000-plus members of the brigade are married and most have their families with them in Germany There are some 3,000 wives and more than 5,000 Canadian children living on

Germany. The furniture has accommodation for 1,600 families in the permanent married quarters and nearly 2,000 families live in civilian accommodation in surrounding villages and towns.

Educating Canadians overseas

FEATURE *May 2, 1958*

There are over 5,000 children of Canadian ground forces personnel living in Germany. Of these, well over 3,000 are of school age, so making 5,000 children of our division personnel who are enrolled in schools you have a modest population which would probably be equivalent to (that is) if only the size of Brandon or larger

From discussions with Canadian teachers in Germany I gathered that they were happy in their work, and they felt they enjoyed greater freedom in individual teaching methods than their Canadian counterparts. Working directly under the department of taxation because of course persons of privilege which would be hard to gain from school boards responsible to local ratepayers. Close to 300 teachers, incidentally, are on loan from school boards in Canada. They serve two-year terms overseas, their return to their own school districts unless they never these connections or obtain extensions.

There are 15 departments of national defence schools in Germany and one each in Holland Italy and Belgium. One of the first people I met in Soest was Donald Vinge, area superintendent of schools Mr. Vinge, a Manitoba product of this area. The son of Mrs. Pete Vinge and the late Mr. Vinge, he grew up in Treasury and is a cousin of Glenn Vinge proprietor of McCoy's Garage in Weyburn

Don took a few of us on a brief tour of modern Soest during a free time on Sunday. A week a year it spends half historic points in Germany with him in a guide would be an education in itself. This is his ninth year overseas and upon completion of his present tour of duty he plans to return to university in England

More than one teacher remarked on the high performance of overseas students and all were agreed that the absence of television was largely accountable Germany has TV, of course, but in German, and are with the same type of programming. 'Can you imagine,' asked one teacher "a youngster who has never heard of Batman?" We were told that in Metz, in June, 1957 all members who wrote Grade 13 exams had passing marks.

Some of the school buildings, I might say were a far cry from the modern plants we have in Canada Some of them appeared to be made-over barracks; some shells of buildings lacking the built-on facilities found in modern schools. It must be borne in mind, of course, that it is only a year since the air force moved into Lahr from Metz and Marville, France and it just isn't possible to bring everything up to desirable standards overnight

I swung out a little side tour to the junior school in Soest where there are several teachers and librarians from the Weyburn area. I had been cautioned that the Canadian ambassador in NATO Ross Campbell was inspecting the school but that as long as I kept out of the way my visit was okay. With my luck naturally I was just taking pictures when the modest ambassador in with Don Vinge. However no crisis.

At the school I met Stella Kirr, who taught in Weyburn a few years ago and librarians Mrs. Patricia Laird (nee Sallows), formerly of Bromhead and Mrs Ruth Falconer (nee Irvine) of Estevan. W ith classes in progress my interviews were not as long as I might have wished them to be, but it was clear that all of them were enthusiastic about their work and enjoying their life in Germany

At Baden-Baden I telephoned Mary Aldred, formerly of Ceylon who's vice-principal in Baden-Soellingen. Miss Aldred has been overseas since 1960 and plans to return to Canada after one more year. She told me she had found the educational setup of the DND most interesting, and felt that one of the many benefits of her experience had been meeting teachers from all over Canada, and the resulting exposure to different theories and ideas

Students too, benefit from the international flavor of their environment. Beside the modest enrichment of their education many through living in a foreign country as an early age, they have daily classes in French conversation from kindergarten to Grade 8 German conversation is being introduced in many schools and occasionally there are sessions at "country-house-schools" where German and Canadian students live and study together for a week

Student field trips and cultural tour opportunities within Germany and other European countries are provided in order to enrich the curriculum

Canada is Centennial year was ushered out by three school choirs (some 150 voices in all) which gave 26 concerts in Germany and the Netherlands

If I have left the impression that life is a bed of roses for teachers and students overseas, this is are quite the case. There like at home, shortages of teachers and accommodation are continually felt. European customs can be as exasperating as they are interesting, and often students require much individual attention after being plucked from familiar surroundings and finding themselves suddenly in a world that is half Canadian half German.

But I believe that any Canadian teacher who meets the DND requirements could do a lot worse than apply for a tour of overseas duty and I am sure thousands of members of Canadian servicemen will find themselves when equipped for classroom a would as a result of their lives and education in Europe.

Visit to Canada's Maritime forces

A FEATURE *April 10, 1959*

"A nation within a nation" was how one officer described the armed forces in us, by way of underscoring a lack of understanding between the forces and the public at large.

This general weakness in Nissen Lanthorn, visitor from any particular standpoint being sought was the reason I found myself together with 30-odd other Saskatchewan newspaper radio and television representatives touring Canadian naval installations at Shigamish II. C., two weeks ago

Highlight of the tour for me, and I think I can say the same for most of not all of the drylanders in our group, was an all sea-level cruise in the comparatively new destroyer-escort, HMCS Mackenzie

Our original itinerary called for a full day's cruise on a ten ship the HMCS Columbia Conflicting schedules however washed out this event, but our disappointment was such that the two-hour trip on the Mackenzie was arranged.

For uninformed taxpayers, I should point out, the major operations are not staged especially for tours such as this Rather the tour is scheduled to fit into existing programs In this case the Mackenzie was headed out to sea for an navy pe which was to last several days We rendezvous'd board for two hours or so for a briefing by the supply in demonstrations of anti-submarine mortar fire high speed manoeuvres and the gunnery system in We were then picked up by a small personnel carrier which had lagged along, and taken back to base while the Mackenzie went about its business

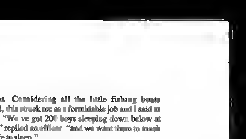
The anti-submarine mortars incidentally fire six rounds in an unusually high up over the ship with the charges dropping in an elliptical pattern around the target. For exercises such as this, Halsey charges are used and recovered by a boat crew

The destroyer a three-inch gun which double as anti-aircraft and surface weapons are electronically controlled and once locked on a target remain locked in spite of ship movement.

On the whole, electronics are "the name of the game" on a modern ten ni ist Electrical and electronic equipment on the Mackenzie it exists in numerous and complex than carried as World War 2 ships twice his size

Commander A Cavanagh, commanding officer of the Mackenzie, told us that a ship this size could be built and put into service as a ferry for about $3 million The balance of the $30 million price tag (replacement cost today would be higher than that) is accounted for by armaments and electronic equipment

I found the communications room of special interest. For here (among other things) the course and speed of every craft in the area was plotted from radar



contacts. Considering all the little fishing boats around, this must have as a formidable job and I said as much "We've got 200 boys sleeping down below at night" replied my officer "and we want them to remain at it only to sleep."

From the commanding officer down through the ranks everyone seemed proud of the ship of the high performance rating earned by the Mackenzie and her crew and the part they are playing in Canada's defence Perhaps I a cause for morale to run high on a destroyer and such in a ship, but the *esprit de corps* was certainly there.

In refer to material achievements in any circumstances, this worship has been designed to operate under the most adverse conditions She is insulated and air-conditioned for best the fighting efficiency and comfort of her personnel Her rounded lines will counteract formations and will facilitate the washing down of radioactive contamination The ship can be sealed against nuclear, biological or chemical attack, with provision for recirculation of air within the ship, through air-conditioning plants To reduce the danger of flooding and to prevent contamination of the air-conditioning system the hull has been built without portholes. Those on the superstructure are sealed and have lightweight aluminum sunlight for blackout purposes

These must be special cannon to reach personnel to scamper up and down the mast because normally they do For me each trip from our tank to another was major operation.

Another high to go on in our visit was the tour of the Royal Roads Military College where young men who aspire to academic as well as military achievement "are taught the skills and to develop the qualities of character loyalty and leadership essential to well educated and efficient officers in preparation for a lifetime of morals to Canada as officers of the armed forces "

At Royal Roads we were briefed on the material, history and problems of the college We toured the buildings and the beautiful grounds (former estate of a successful private entrepreneur) then had lunch with the 200 cadets who now board

The two-year course in Royal Roads leads to another two years in the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont Successful cadets graduate with degree in arts or engineering, as well as through ordinary training qualifying them for commissions in the armed forces

First-year cadets are not obligated to join the permanent but if they remain for the second year they must agree to enlist

Royal Roads was once strictly a naval institution but now while many naval traditions endure, officers are trained for the three branches of the armed forces

Perhaps I shouldn't run the word "branches," which seems to be borne in the services today These is still

the considered slip of the tongue, of course, when an officer will make reference to the navy as force or army. He then apologizes with an embarrassed cough and explains that, of course, he is referring to the sea (or on land) environment of the Canadian Armed Forces.

Mr. Saskatchewanese suffered a bit of a blow to our pride when we were bracketed at Royal Roads. We were shown charts showing that although a higher academic standing is required for candidates from Saskatchewan than those from other provinces, Saskatchewan's failure rate is still highest of all.

It was explained that while Saskatchewan students take second to none in arts, the high school mathematics curriculum here is so far behind that the candidates must be given special classes at Royal Roads. Even this isn't enough for some, and hence the high failure rate.

However, we were given the encouraging information that the situation had improved in the last year or so.

In spite of academic shortcomings Saskatchewan is well represented in the top echelons of the services.

The commander of Maritime Forces Pacific is Rear-Admiral John Alexander Charles, a native of Rosthern. He entered the Royal Canadian Navy when the Royal Military College in 1937 but seen service in World War 2 and the Korean war and has held his present post since 1966.

Rear-Admiral Charles' command includes responsibility for all allied operations within a clearly defined zone. If American ships, for instance follow a Russian sub into the Maritime Forces Pacific Zone they automatically fall under the command of Admiral Charles until they are relieved by Canadian craft.

Canada's close involvement with the U.S. in military matters — when main attack — makes a lot of sense when seen in the light of the highly specialized equipment and personnel which make up a modern defence system.

Whether enough effort is being devoted to redressing the need for those costly devices is another story. But given the premise that it a necessary for Canada to have armed forces, then the only thing that makes sense is to fashion into an overall pattern with allies such as the United States and Great Britain.

A two-day visit to a large military establishment does not permit one to speak authoritatively on any phase of it but I left with the feeling that the armed forces still offer interesting challenging and worthwhile careers for those cut out for the services.

Perhaps this was the whole point of the visit.

Heartbreak

EDITORIAL *April 3 1969*

The heart of the nation beat a little faster one year ago when Pierre Elliott Trudeau emerged from comparative political obscurity to become national leader of the Liberal party and odds-on favorite to favorite Canada as its prime minister.

How our excitement heightened when a few months later the Electorate's acceptance of Mr. Trudeau brought the nation out of the wilderness of minority government and into the promised land of a strong majority government guided by this personable young man whose leadership held our hope for a unified Canada and a new look at old problems.

Today there is a growing feeling, especially in the west (and even we respect among Liberal Members of Parliament) that Mr. Trudeau we have a flash in the pan in the Diefenbaker flash.

Perhaps Mr. Trudeau cannot be held fully responsible for a disheartening minister in Quebec But Canadians have known him but disappointment in terms of evenly federal jurisdictions: the handling of strikes affecting the public interest, the wishy-washy attitude toward NATO and the personal failure of the prime minister at the Commonwealth conference, to mention a few.

The heartbeat has certainly slowed down — almost to a stop.

A western Canadian nation?

EDITORIAL *April 2 1970*

About the years ago, the Review reported that a resolution had been passed by a meeting held of the Saskatchewan Farmers Union urging western Canada's secession

At the time, we dismist the matter as a bit of a joke and so did a lot of other people. Little did we dream that within a decade the proposition of western Canadian separatism would be advanced with more than the hope of drawing attention to the problems of the premiers.

The Review and we believe most western Canadians are still along way from considering secession as a desirable end, much as we may resent the indifference of the east to our problems, and the apparent lack of appreciation of industrial Canada for the importance of western agriculture to the nation's economic strength.

Without even taking one account any emotional reasons for wishing to preserve Canadian unity does separatism really make much economic sense?

Can you imagine a western Canadian nation of six million souls maintaining alone the expense of central government embassies and trade commissions around the world, armed forces and, heaven help us, a Western Canadian Broadcasting Corporation?

Can you imagine and heavy industry such as automobile and farm machinery manufacturing could be induced to establish here for so small a population base without tariff considerations which would make present price expectation seem modest?

How long would it be before a major clash occurred between all British Columbia on the other side of the mountains and the powers with a completely materialist monopoly?

The logical culmination of secession by any part of Canada can only be the absorption of our whole nation by the United States and whatever the forces may bring us, bright stand we don't believe a significant number of Canadians are yet prepared to accept annexation by the U S as unavoidable or desirable.

We have problems — no we have not before and will have again — and some of them may require unpopular solutions

But as things stand even to hint about secession invites the unscrupulous opportunist who always stands ready to lead people in any direction which offers personal power and prosperity at the expense of the common weal

Not breathing more easily

EDITORIAL *October 22 1970*

It was quite a week and at least as this is written there is nothing to indicate that Canadians particularly those in the province of Quebec will relish to breathe more easily

And one thing is for certain we are not going to wake up in the morning and say "Now and was a merry dream."

Whatever happens whatever a resolved the calamity will remain that through his week we held our breath assuming word of the fate of two premiers men, a minister of the crown in the province of Quebec and a British diplomat who had been kidnapped and were being held against a ransom which amounted to turning our nation over to anarchy And that the news early Sunday that one of these men the Hon. Pierre Laporte had been found dead, in a body riddled by bullets in the trunk of an abandoned automobile

You might suppose and I have a simple solution to the whole mess, if only the world would listen to me

I'm afraid not

But for a starter I think we might all be a bit more considerate and mature in our support for the democratic institutions and processes. We have a right to changes and if we do not find the we do tend toward too much violence in our language of dissent. It falls on the ears of the young the impressionable and the unstable and before you know it, you have potential murderers imagining themselves as potential national heroes.

I think we have to make it a bit more evident that law and order is every bit as much our natural goal as tendency to threatening upheaval. We have been permitting acts by politically oriented groups which would have been acknowledged and punished as pure hooliganism if committed by people without a letterhead or slogan.

Perhaps both French and English-speaking Canadians will have to think more in terms of accommodation than cold logic Nationalism, religion and politics often defy logic. The one basic logic we might remember on both sides of the fence, and what might be the startling point or all our negotiations is that there wouldn't be much of a Canada without Quebec, and on the other hand there isn't much future for a Quebec outside of Confederation, whether independent or joined with France or the United States.

We should not need a War Measures Act to remind us and Canadians in Quebec or elsewhere are linked together and that we must join as well as our goals and in finding solutions

'Hell' is a four-letter word

EDITORIAL *February 11 1971*

"Prime Minister Trudeau and a group of former Montreal truck drivers engaged in a sharp exchange of four-letter words outside Parliament Tuesday." Read a Canadian Press story in a daily newspaper last week.

The story went on to say and the prime minister and been quoted as using an obscenity with about the force of the English expression "Go to hell."

Technically of course the word "hell" has four letters, and thus qualifies for the label of a four-letter word — as do the words "love" "give" "save," "help " and many others in our language which are not profane or in any way

As most will be enlightened to our readers, however, the term "four-letter word" used in the above context, and particularly when linked with the word "obscenity " implies extremely vulgar and filthy language such as would be offensive to the ears of the average Canadian and certainly reasonably for public use by our prime ministers

But even those of us who are sometimes tempted to use four-letter words of varying strength as referring to Mr Trudeau can only feel pity for the Canadian Press reporter whose job it is, been so sheltered that he finds shocked at the use of the word "hell."

We at least and probably most Canadians would say "If they can't get their story across without swearing as you Pierre, well 'tain't go to hell "

Bill vingt-deux

EDITORIAL *August 22, 1974*

If Quebec's Bill 22 stands up in court tests, future historians may well point to it as the first step in destroying a distinct French-Canadian culture in Canada.

How can this be so when the legislation enshrines the French language as the official language of the province? Well let's just take a look at what has happened to English-speaking Canada.

While people of British origin still enjoy a majority position in the rest of Canada, it can hardly be said that much of a British culture has been maintained.

Now that the European settlements that are southwest throughout the land and particularly in the west, been prospered and encouraged to retract in their own languages, those the Europeans would have retained their cultures, and those of British origin today would be more British than Merry Olde England.

Instead through education and business life the Europeans have been assimilated into our English-speaking society. Just as this process they have not become Englishmen instead the society has changed. Although we speak English we have developed a distinct culture, a Canadian one, which has borrowed from the groups which make up our country.

In Quebec where children of persons who speak neither English nor French will now be required to attend French schools the same process will take place.

French-Canadian children will rub shoulders with, and eventually marry Ukrainians, Poles, Germans, Italians and Portuguese, who will all contribute to an entirely new culture has the French-Canadian culture as it exists today and which Bill 22 seeks to protect, will be gone.

Worthy opponents

EDITORIAL *October 17, 1974*

It is fortunate that the 1972 hockey series, in which Team Canada squeaked by with an eleventh hour victory against the Soviet squad prepared us for the decisive defeat in the 1974 series yesterday concluded. Can you imagine the national shame and anguish if the Canadians, after decades of bragging about what a National Hockey League team would do to the Russians, had retained two years ago neither or our own games?

Now that we have learned and hopefully are becoming used to the land that we can be beaten, let's see if it is all that illogical.

The Soviet Union has a population roughly III times that of Canada – with a good proportion living in a climate not dissimilar to that of Canada.

While hockey was popularized in Canada, starting was sold ion at Kanora when Canadians (the original ones, that is) were still stampeding buffalos (as a matter of fact many of our hockey stars bear names which suggest that their parents or at least their grand parents, were European immigrants who knew no more about hockey than the parents or grandparents of the Russian stars.)

Thus it was natural that the Russians should take to a sport which combines skating with other athletic skills and taking to it could quickly mold high-tee team from which to form a team equal to any in the world.

As we have shown the world in curling it is not where a game originates that counts, but what countries and races do in large-scale development.

We now know that it is unlikely that Canada will ever see a team which will walk over the Russians.

Good!

It might have bolstered the national ego if we had trounced the Russians 12-0 night times in succession.

But how many such games would we have retained?

Now we all look forward to viewing the next series when Canada's best men and maybe even defeat the worthy Russian opponents.

Against the constitution

EDITORIAL *April 22 1976*

It is widely recognized that Canada is one of the few nations in the world whose citizens live under conditions which under any reasonable criteria can be described as free.

Thus we find it disturbing that there is not some public concern over Prime Minister Trudeau's determination to patriate the Canadian constitution even if he cannot get the amending formula approved by all of Canada's provinces. Our constitution, after all is the cornerstone upon which our society is built and knocking it out without a acceptable replacement endangers the roots structure.

We are not opposed necessarily to the amending formula proposed by the prime minister and for which he has failed so far to win the approval of the provinces

If such agreement is not reached we would certainly approve for we agree to do all major Canadian political parties, that it is only just and logical that Canada control the Canadian constitution

One of the things that makes it learned the prime minister's intentions is the fact that he invokes national pride on every occasion when the matter of patriation is brought up. This would be understandable if one or more of the provinces were balking on constitutional colonialist grounds But that is not the case. It is simply that agreement has not been reached on the important technicality of the amending formula

Considering patriation to the adoption of a distinctive Canadian flag a few years ago, the prime

become said "A similar symbolic affirmation could occur if we were sent to assert our faith in our form of government by sending a delegation that has framed it for decades."

Are we not attesting our form in the form of government we have and for a country by refusing to alter it simply for the sake of national pride and without provincial consent? Are there not many distinctions for which we are envied by the people of many nations even though the despots who rule them make constitutions of their own manufacture more in their desire?

What Mr. Trudeau is proposing may seem reasonable enough simply asking the British parliament to "cease and desist from its present legal powers under the Statute of Westminster or legislate for Canada."

Since the British parliament has not in fact legislated for Canada except at Canada's request since the Statute of Westminster was enacted we are haunted by the fear that compliance with a unilateral request from Canada's parliament would be held later to be legal precedent for our national parliament to amend our constitution by a simple majority without provincial consensus of any kind.

And that friends would be the end of our form of government our which we cherish, however flawed it may be.

Confederation is a deal

EDITORIAL *August 24 1977*

While the constant debate related to Canadian unity centres around the aspirations of the province of Quebec weighed against the traditions, culture and social and economic patterns of what is perceived by some to be the rest of Canada there is also a body of opinion which holds that "the rest of Canada" includes the last of several colors.

Thus, while patriation and updating of the Canadian constitution is seen by many to be simply a question of satisfying Quebec a decision without infringing too greatly upon the status quo the latecomers to our constitutional farm y feel that their aspirations, problems and hindsight into many considerations is any updated constitution.

The crown colonies of eastern Canada, prior to 1867 — Upper Canada Lower Canada, and the Maritimes — enjoyed a strong degree of responsible government and although there were strong differences in economic racial linguistic cultural sociological and other areas there were strong enough importers for the formation of one large political unit, largely independent from Great Britain, to bring them to the bargaining table.

The concessions reached by these colonies resulted in the British North America Act, which created Canada and also led to sovereignty over the vast and largely uninhabited domain which was to become the prairie provinces and the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

Thus Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan became part of a ball game for which the rules had been made by the older team. If they wanted home government instead of Ottawa rule (or that of the Hudson's Bay Company) they had little choice but to accept the rules as they stood.

Immigration which discriminated against the prairie provinces (in the context of the BNA Act) have since been removed but the BNA Act itself was still a document accepting the principles that Canada as a federal Canada, with the west a reservoir of resources for the former.

It is a premise that does not sit well in the west today and that those western governments have jointly consolidated the Canada West Federation to research and ultimately western Canadian aspirations and guarantees in a new constitution.

The foundation sees Confederation "as a deal" and correctly takes the position that a new deal ought to be negotiated by all partners in the agreement. It goes itself not as a divisive force but one that seeks to unify Canada through a constitution fair to all.

The foundation objectives seem worthwhile, and its findings will be awaited with interest.

On Quebec and separation

EDITORIAL *November 23 1976*

Last week a provincial general election in Quebec in which for one Levesque's Parti Quebecois received a clear mandate, has been correctly labelled, before and after the fact as one of the most important elections in Canadian history.

However we who live elsewhere in Canada should do well to be very careful not to misinterpret the vote, for we would have to live in Quebec to appreciate the mood that prompted it.

If newspaper reports of the election campaign are correct it was Premier Bourassa rather than Mr. Levesque, who attempted to make separation the main focus apparent y using it as a red herring to convince the electorate that a vote for the P Q was a vote for secession and the destruction of Canada as we know it today Mr. Levesque on the other hand is said not to have made a push for separatism in his speeches, but simply promised to hold a plebiscite on the question of a mandate within the next two years a promise he repeated following his election. The voters obviously considered such a plebiscite more palatable than the prospect of another Bourassa administration.

We see nothing wrong with such a plebiscite regardless of the fact that its results would not supply a constitutional solution

But what is bothers us here the PLQ losing number

and terrorism in the name of separatism as happened a few years ago while the rest of Canada wondered to what extent such madness was happened and everywhere by the rest of Quebec or to permit a peaceful expression of opinion?

Nor do we see much wisdom in Prime Minister Trudeau s flat declaration a few days after the decision that Quebec would not be allowed to learn constitutional matters there is no provision for it in the constitution

For one thing, even moderate Quebeckers will first it difficult to swallow such an absolute prohibition Most Canadians indeed outside Quebec like to think that our constitution, on the long haul, is a reflection of our free will

What have any courts unusual answers for the establishment of Canada in the first instance? There was not. Canada came into being through a special act of the British parliament, one that not because our constitution, and has been amended from time to time to reflect changing times, issues and desires, not of the British parliament but of the Canadian people

Mr Trudeau himself has muttered darkly about Ottawa patriating the constitution unilaterally unless the provinces can soon come to an agreement on terms of patriation What constitutional provision is there for patriation?

And anyway of those quarters of the people of Quebec opted in a plebiscite, to separate, just what would we do about it? Split the blood of their people and guns to force them to continue an unsatisfactory relationship?

Not likely

Finally the Trudeau government has taken the lead in advertising the threat of separation as the possibilities for bilingualism and other concessions to Quebec Thus Mr Trudeau himself has helped sow the seeds of separatism by setting it as a distinct possibility without regard for the consequences And now he, and all of Canada are reaping the harvest

Force and Quebec

EDITORIAL *September 8 1977*

Some Canadians may have been taken aback last week by Premier Allan Blakeney s blunt warning, in an address to the Canadian Bar Association in Ottawa, that force might be required to keep Canada intact.

What talk of force and violence is a questionable strategy at a time when it appears necessary to assure our fellow Canadians in the provinces of Quebec that we are concerned about their welfare and goals within a united Canada Premier Blakeney s assessment of where it might all end is nevertheless more realistic than that of Prime Minister Trudeau who has flatly declared that if any decisions were made to put down separatism with arms he is not going to be the prime minister to do it

Let a just look at what is taking place in Quebec in the meantime and see where this could lead. The Quebec national assembly just over a week ago gave final reading to Bill 101 the law giving the French language primacy in the province, and one which many legal experts have already declared to be unconstitutional

That is a decision which ultimately will be made by the Supreme Court of Canada, and if that body decides the bill to be *intra vires*, then the next step will be for the government of Quebec to comply with that decision

Then let us suppose the government of Quebec presumably having been convinced in the first place that the legislation is in its constitutional and necessary decides to thumb its nose at the Supreme Court and the law of the land.

In such an event does Prime Minister Trudeau shoot rebels across the river does he bring his shoulders and tell us regretfully that Quebec doesn t want to play by the rules, does he take whatever steps are necessary to protect or restore the rights of Canadians in Quebec, or does he step down (which might not be the worst idea) and let someone else make the decisions?

Given Quebec s mood then must be only three options open to our country negotiation of a special status for Quebec that is acceptable both to Quebec and to the rest of Canada negotiation of terms for Quebec s complete separation from Canada or the present course which can only lead to greater resentment and eventual violence

The greatest stumbling block probably is that the French-Canadian establishment in Ottawa realizes that special status or separation for Quebec would also spell the end of special status for the French language in the rest of Canada and the end of its very powerful influence.

Quebec Hire?

EDITORIAL *November 17 1977*

Ten years ago, French Premier de Gaulle aroused Canadian indignation when he shouted his famous Vive in Quebec libre slogan in shattering crowds in Quebec

Premier de Gaulle, who was to have been an official guest at Expo 67, went sulking off three months when advised by the Canadian government that his conduct was unacceptable.

Now there is a new tempest in a teapot following Quebec Premier Rene Levesque s visit to France where he was accorded honors normally even for heads of state, including that of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor

The Canadian government is again going to pieces over what it considers breach of protocol on the part of the French, and that is how it drowning haughty reluctants from the latter

What is far more disturbing is that the premier of a Canadian province should be overseas trying to sell the idea of Quebec independence to a foreign country and that upon his return he is given a hero's welcome. If there was a booing and hissing contingent he gave him a bad summation in the daily press.

Perhaps the man is drinking near when the rest of Canada will demand that the referendum on independence be held in Quebec soon. If they want out all the bilingual signs in Jasper National Park or French-language TV stations in Vancouver and Regina must I guess be change time salads.

But if they want to stick with us as most Canadians would like them to do and clearly say so, we'll have something more important to discuss than who was given a ride.

Best foot forward

HISTORICAL. August 17 1977

When one reads some of Quebec Premier Rene Levesque's statements one wonders how the man can chew a single viola, let alone enough support to lead Canada, a second most populous province.

But when hearing and seeing him in action with all his charm turned on it's easy to see how he can have people eating out of his hand.

At a banquet last week at the Saskatchewan Council of the Arts in Regina, member of the nine visiting premiers here for the first ministers' conference Premier Levesque represented the guests in thanking Premier Blakeney for Saskatchewan's hospitality and some special gifts.

The champion of Quebec separatism schooled it gave him a "handy feeling to be spokesman for all of Canada on a matter to which there was clear unanimity.

Not only did he come on as gracious and humorous. There was about his remarks and attitude also a mood of conciliation which I would like to think goes at the beyond tea party etiquette.

On the other hand, if Premier Levesque has read in the press reports and public statements from English-speaking Canada a sense of a manufactured hostility, this constituent he once said in Regina from the Regina audience should also be reassuring.

He received a mighty round of applause when he entered the banquet room, and a healthy ovation after his brief remarks. That sort of thing finds politicians where they are and I should think Premier Levesque should get home glowing.

It wasn't a prank

HISTORICAL. December 7 1978

Do you remember the morning in 1970 when we awoke with horror that overnight our sometimes unsigly but respectable respected and beloved Canada had changed into a land where prominent people are kidnapped as leverage to win political concessions for a radical group?

Do you recall the weeks of sick suspense that followed, as Canadians hoped against hope that somehow we would come out of the whole shameful mess without flying colors at least with the dignity of the knowledge that in our land things didn't become as brutal as in the banana republics?

And will you ever forget our shame and revulsion when the body of a Quebec government minister, cruelly and needlessly shot was discovered in the trunk of an automobile our shock when it was deemed necessary to send troops into Quebec to maintain order the frustration we felt when the killers and their cohorts smugly bargained the life they held in their hands for safe passage to Cuba?

Now it seems, one of the couples involved in this degradation of our land, has after four years in Cuba and another four in France, become homesick for the scenery where loose they dragged through filth, for the nest which they befouled.

Failing on their bid for amnesty they are now so desperate in return that they are prepared to face charges for a number of crimes related to the Quebec crisis, hoping one must suppose, that the binding balm of time will have worked its magic and that Canadians by now will regard the whole incident as a prank carried to (slight) excess.

Time conviction still has not brought them to the stage where they are prepared to testify against others involved in the sordid affair and they also hope, according to press reports, that their eight years of exile will be taken into account if they are found guilty and when the judge goes around to deciding upon a sentence.

Exile?

Surely their years in Cuba, that rave utterances paradise cannot be considered exile.

Ask sensibly their time in gay Paree, where they enjoyed political refugee status and were able to serve their cultural heritage to the fullest, cannot be considered exile.

There is speculation that a guilty plea might reduce court testimony and thus eliminate possible testimony against suspects still at large in Canada.

They played a pretty rough game to get out of Canada and Canadian authorities ought to have played a rough game in laying down conditions for their repatriation, including full disclosure of all they knew about the 1970 affair.

Revolutionary violence just isn't a forgivable prank.

A national uproar

EDITORIAL *June 22 1978*

So we have mooted separatist uproar over what the prime minister said or did not say in Parliament

Worries from Mars might be forgiven for being baffled about why — even if the dread word was used — it wasn t followed straight by a gasp of horror and then swooned.

But no, papers across the country are not simply laughing that Mr Trudeau used nonparliamentary language. But are actually using the word — or great — so and there can be absolutely no doubting the vulgarity implied in Power.

Not only that, but former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker a product of a more restrained age rises in Parliament and all but spells out the word. There he moves backward in time to when PMT was accused of a greater indiscretion in his language in Parliament, and just so no one misses his point, spells the first and last letter of the four-letter word attributed to the P M at and time the explosion is customary usage to clearly that anyone ill-versed graffiti must grasp it.

Then he goes on to describe Trudeau s predicament by using a vulgarism himself laundered only by substituting an acceptable word for an unacceptable one.

Great consternation on Parliament Hill!

Having heard all the words and expressions in question, I m not particularly shocked.

It is saddening however when our parliamentary leaders become as insensitive with words that they use it to make headlines.

One is tempted to send them each a dictionary with the appropriate pages dogeared and all the words marked and to suggest that the whole Honorable House adjourn to the barn and read and cherish until they are well versed.

Sovereignty association

EDITORIAL *January 25 1979*

In the past few years, a new expression the creep into the Canadian vernacular: sovereignty association

Nobody meant to know exactly what it meant by sovereignty association but there appears to be a consensus in English-speaking Canada that it is something most undesirable.

Oddly enough those federalists most apologetic under past injustices to French Canada and pretending to the deepest understanding of the French-Canadian fact, are the most vociferous in their denunciation of sovereignty association and the most reluctant to cede greater autonomy to the component parts of our federation

Perhaps it is time to take a look at sovereignty association and determine exactly what the concept is,

and to see if it there not anybody a lesson that might be pounded to the alienation of other Canadian geographical provinces the Atlantic provinces British Columbia and the prairies

As our country is now structured, regional autonomy must be ceded not only on the basis of dollarable more of responsibility that and thereabouts to division, but on a realistic acknowledgment of the fact that most programs or responsibilities ceded to the larger political units must be workable and administrable also in the smaller.

Thus Quebec must see itself ceded our present constitution and traditional concepts of association can not only as the role of a cultural and linguistic minority but restrained by the fact that any right granted Quebec with roughly one-quarter of the nation s population must also be granted to Prince Edward Island, with a population of less than 200,000 (and perhaps to the foreseeable future, to the Yukon with less than 50 000 inhabitants).

Let us suppose that British Columbia a population doubled or tripled as does y whose comparable growth in the rest of Canada Separated from the rest of Canada by the mountains identifying strongly with the Pacific states of the U S and with the Pacific Rim, would not British Columbia without even the difference of language and culture be clamoring for sovereignty association under and as member nation?

Maybe we all want something like sovereignty association.

Our pound of flesh

EDITORIAL *February 22 1979*

Once upon a time in the city of Venice, a young man desperately needed a loan. He went to a wealthy and avaricious merchant who agreed to let him have the money on our condition: should the young man fail to repay the debt on the specified date the merchant would be entitled to cut one pound of flesh from any part of the body of the young man

The impetuous young man agreed to and hardy bargain.

The day of reckoning came and the young man was unable to meet his financial commitment and unwilling to submit to the knife.

The merchant took the matter to court and the learned judge decreed and the petitioner did, indeed, have the right to carve a pound of flesh from the debtor's body

He also ruled, however and he must take exactly one pound — no more and no less — and further that in taking the flesh in such a manner as to cause the young man's death he would be stepping beyond the terms of the agreement and be subject to trial for murder

Needless to say the young man kept his pound of flesh and his life.

DOCUMENTUM HAPPY YESTERDAYS

A case which might with a bit of imagination be considered analogous, can us today in the manner of the Crowsnest Rate agreement.

About 100 years ago, a group of people negotiated into it company to construct and operate rail way lines were given a large sum of money was issued gifts and other concessions in order to build a railway link between British Columbia and eastern Canada

In 1897 this same group of people (or their heirs and assigns) were paid what was then a substantial subsidy to construct a track from Lethbridge to Vancouver through the Crowsnest Pass A condition of that subsidy was that grain would be transported on the line forever no rates established that year — over 80 years ago

There is absolutely no reason these people should not broke that rate forever having received benefits enduring there to make an agreement.

There is just one little problem

Those people all are dead

Other people now operate the railway company and are legally bound by the same agreement, and are being held to it.

But you see, John people now running it did not receive the subsidies and the large tracts of land

When they bought their shares, the body corporate which is the railway company already owned the lands and other property pursuing from the Canadian government a generosity and what the process shareholders paid for the shares reflected the value of the company's holdings.

So somewhat profoundly they are living a to their agreement but there s nothing in the agreement to compel them to buy grain cars or take other costly steps to accommodate the movement of grain.

And that's much.

Personally, I don t give a hoot whether the CPR makes $400 million or goes broke tomorrow

But you will not get the wheat grain willingly and efficiently s nit you offer an incentive to do so We may have our pound of flesh — but no more.

John George Diefenbaker

HISTORICAL *August 23 1979*

When the death of Canada s 13th prime minister John George Diefenbaker was announced last week, and the expected regrets and tributes rolled in from the nation s leaders, one noticed in some of them — whether or usual foe or ally — a hint of the bafflement with which the more his principles, allegiances and antipathies sometimes regarded

It is understandable that they found him different for while his colorful person ality was enough to set him apart from most men, there were differences in his background which would have made s almost impossible for him to fit himself into the traditional mold no matter how hard he might have tried — and he didn't.

Until Mr. Diefenbaker's ascendancy to Canada s Orghese political office it was a foregone conclusion that the post would go to someone reared (if not born) in the midstone of Upper Canada or the long-settled Maritimes, with an occasional prairie substitution from the establishment of French Canada.

The history of Canada made it inevitable that the sway towers of Ottawa could not be altogether inhospitable to he realities of the frontier. The same territories could be counted upon to send east sunny statesmen who clashed with the rulers behind Rideau Hall however could also be counted upon to assimilate or quietly disappear

But John Diefenbaker was something else

While a native of Ontario he was a man which itself placed him on the fringes of political respectability There, his family took him west to a place that had not yet become the province of Saskatchewan son world of sod shacks and flimsy home shelters a world of European immigrants and settlers transplanted from old Ontario and using no such others ways a world of French-Canadian communities fighting to preserve their birthright s world of native people and Metis absorbing the shock of 20th century culture a world where the peasant of Indian British Irish justice might be served in a country general store with oiled floors and a pot-bellied stove.

While most businessmen and wives we call civilization pushed westward Mr. Diefenbaker s mass aistinctly remained on the frontier, facing the mysterious north and community as day-to-day grips with problems that we textbook riddles elsewhere.

Small wonder that he searched to a different a drama that he could charge into battle bearing the colors associated with high finance, privilege and entrenchment while hardly bothering the battle cries of the supervlleged and dispossessed

Small wonder that an opponent could say at his passing that he was an outstanding Canadian while a party-mate noted that he mal scomeliness bean a difficult man.

To be different is often to be difficult And John Diefenbaker was certainly self-reliant

Canada in peril

EDITORIAL *August 27 1980*

A few months ago, all of Canada including a majority of the people of Quebec, honored it deep sigh of relief

This was when the voters of Quebec through a strong "no" vote on the question of sovereignty association expressed their confidence in the ability of our confederation of provinces to work out differences and re-examine and revise our constitution in responsible equals

Now we learn that behind the scenes, the federal government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is still working toward unilateral patriation of the constitution and action by the House of Commons of a resolution to accomplish that objective some time next month.

Mr Trudeau's haste in the matter of constitutional patriation is justified by him on the grounds that it is what was promised to and supported by the people of Quebec in that province's referendum.

Even Quebec's premier however, she commented that the federal move won't help things.

Mr Trudeau seems intent on ignoring the fact that Canada was, initially and remains a union of provinces. If anyone the Ottawa regime patriates the constitution unilaterally it is that union of provinces acting in full accord.

The prime minister's brave and obstinacy imparils Canada as has nothing else in the 113 years since confederation

'No' to western separation

HERSTELF *November 26 1980*

Are you bothered by all that talk about western Canadian separation?

Frankly I am

In fact, I am frightened by it.

Having lived all my life in this country and having thought of it always as the best country in the world I find it difficult, to think of my country other than as it has been a country from sea to sea accommodating people of many backgrounds, a country of great geographical variety a country that must have surround responsible to be together a country ago the which has become a nation envied throughout the world

While I am not all that sympathetic with the Liberal government's insistance that our country ought to be totally bilingual I have always felt proud of the fact that the nation was founded on a no conciliatory a base that the people of Quebec might continue in a cultural and linguistic environment different from that of the rest of Canada.

I am not emotionally prepared I to afraid for a country that could to the Manitoba-Ontario border one a condition where Toronto Niagara Falls Montreal Quebec City and Halifax are cases of a foreign country

I could go on, the se raises for sentiment. There are also practical reasons for opposing talk of separation

Breaking away from eastern Canada carries with it two alternatives becoming part of the United States or becoming a separate country

The first alternative and the one supported by former P C. leader Dick Collver does not particularly appeal to me. I are not anti-American by any stretch of the imagination, the if western Canadians now feel alienated, just think of what the situation would likely be if we were trying to get Washington to lend a sympathetic ear to the needs of Saskatchewan

There are millions of Americans who couldn't pinpoint the Dakotas Montana Wyoming Nebraska or a dozen other states on an unmarked map of the U.S. It would probably take a decade even to have U S maps updated to include Manitoba, Saskatchewan A berta and British Columbia

As to an independent western Canada, that is the scenario that comes to my mind:

Assuming for a moment that this were achieved without bloodshed I see a great big celebration on the day of independence a holiday for all and fireworks at night The next morning the excesses would start leading from the hips of the brave leaders who had led us into our glorious adulthood

Half a century from now we would still be a banana republic A few oldtimers might remember how good we had it as Canadians in spite of a touch of western domination And perhaps a few agitators fought be talking about union with eastern Canada

Come on folks Perhaps the cards were stacked against us a bit because our provinces settled a what were then a Canadian backwater Could it have been otherwise?

As nonresident power moves westward, so will political power It may not come easily We may have to do some talking elbowing and dickering. But there's no need to talk about secession

A joke and a response

ERNESTLY *April 8 1981*

We had a lot of fun last week with our little April Fool a Day joke — the photo of zombie cars bringing water from Lake Erie to Nickle Lake — and judging from the many comments most of our readers also enjoyed it.

If you were taken in for a minute or even longer that's feel bad! Today a technology and ingenuities make many things possible that seemed out of sight a decade ago and bureaucratic dominoes somewhere result in things being done that until it have been foolish 10 years ago are foolish today and likely will still be foolish 10 years hence.

One reader admitted that the reaction, until she caught on to the joke was that the people out east were like us more than she had realized That I believe was good for a belly laugh in any town night

Which brings us back to the Canadian east-west confrontation and the constitutional crisis.

A Weyburnite returning from a short stay in eastern Canada came back with a better understanding of the eastern point of view Motoring through southern Ontario with it many cities and towns larger than Weyburn realizing that Toronto was the three times the pop union of Saskatchewan, and the different economy of that part of the country he found it easier

understandable that the people of Ontario might get their own sherry wet and make doe eyes without too much consideration of their effect on the sparse y settled west.

That, however is precisely why we must have recognition of regional differences enshrined in a constitution, and a strong degree of provincial autonomy

Canada did not seek self-revelation more than a century ago because the British were cruel to Canada It was simply that the Brits as were busy with the sworn problems and had little time — or understanding — for ours. And when their interests conflicted with ours, they were inclined to legislate or speculate for the "greater interest" than in between

This is precisely what is built into the Canadian situation Central Canada in looking after its own interests tends to overlook the interests of several real non Canadians who live in the west

This is called benign neglect. It is easy of which we in the west are also guilty

When for instance, we have just worried about the good farmers of Prince Edward Island the fishermen of Newfound land the miners of Cape Breton Island, the woodsmen of New Brunswick, or the railway riders of Toronto?

Regarding the east, while have you not thought seriously of the people of Yukon Territory and their aspiration ao become a province?

Even those cryers for a separated western Canada calmly include the northern territories and their nonexistent provinces into the western map to th ustle or so indication that the people of these fantastic wo ld be any happier with their status under a western federation.

Acinaces to be a hero

EDITOR A *April 8, 1981*

Unless Prime Ministre Pierre Trudeau feels comfortable in the mantle of vulnerability, one that he will have to his death and into history if he pursues his present course, he had best look closely at one has shinese to emerge as a hero.

Partly as doubt because of a French-Canadian background which may have given him no gins into constitutional negotiations as they appl ed to his home province of Quebec in part because of his solo antic background of constitutional law Mr Trudeau has held throughout it a political career a goal of bringing the Canadian constitution to Canada.

Like many leaders before him his passion for personal recognition in history has allowed a justifiable dream to become a personal obsession that brooks no opposition or hesitance

When Mr. Trudeau s government was defeated a 1979 after a dozen years as wh ch he pursued his goal unsuccessfully, he appeared to accept de facto formally the fact that he had not achieved his purpose, and submitted his resignation as leader of the Liberal party

Subsequent events however saw him re ckly reinstated in the office of prime minister with a substantial majority Wh le he would not have dared run an election campaign on a platform of unilateral patriation and in fact hardly mentioned the constitution during the campaign, he quickly turned his majority and his unseen mandate into a weapon to bludgeon the rest of Canada into accepting a constitution th t is his own image.

That, together w th his national savagery policy has divided Canada as nothing else since Confederation.

It has also been the catalyst which has caused eight Canadian premiers — including the premier of the key provinces of Quebec — to put their heads together and come up with an amend ng formula acceptable to all

If Mr Trudeau s headlong plunge toward repatriation has brought the provinces together he would be wise to take advantage of the situation and see what they propose

For big this he will surely get down to Canadian history as a whipp Sawing in the provinces may not win him much popularity but it may be his last chance to be recognized by future generations as a hero

Victory for Canada

EDITORIAL *May 6, 1981*

Isn t it strange?

In 1976, when Rene Levesques and the separatist Parti Quebecois were swept to power for the first time in the provinces of Quebec, it looked like the beginning of the unravel ing of Canada as we have known it for over a century

Yet on Monday when Levesque s party was returned to office with a greater majority than it previously had, t was seen (at least by some of us here in the great western hinterland) as another halfway in the battle for the preservation of Canada

Of course n lot of water has flowed under the bridge since Mr Levesque s first success

Dedicated at that time to a long-term goal of complete separation from Canada, and an immediate goal of assembling he called sovereignty association Premier Levesque prudently avoided pursuit of that objective

In returning Levesque (who has foreworn further separatist action at his next term and who for a separatist has gotten along better with western premiers than has the P M) the people of Quebec seem to have reaffirmed their referendum vote

Perhaps this is wishful thinking, but I seems that the voters of La Belle Province have reaffirmed the r belief in a Canada of national negotiation and con-

citizens rather than a solution dictated from the ivory towers of Ottawa

Perhaps the future will again see Lévesque cast in the role of a separatist villain. At the moment however and from that vantage point, his victory looks like a victory for assisted and democratic Ottawa

Salute to the RCMP

EDITORIAL *July 21 1982*

When one reads accounts — in novel or historical form — of life a the Canadian west and east of the U.S. in the last decades of the 19th century it is difficult to decide we that the two situations married is the same time frame the same conditions and were populated by people of similar backgrounds

In both places early settlers were mainly native mainmers, largely of British origin joined by mixed groups from Britain and Europe

Both groups contained a fair share of fugitives from justice and the type of tough customer attracted to frontier life

Yet while the American west developed — at least temporarily — a society of ex gun justice that even today is romanticised in every form of fiction the Canadian west shimsey was flame by comparisons and reference to lawless norm y wear than civil interest

Much of the difference probably is due to the early presence here of the Royal Canad an Mounted Police (then the North West Mounted Police), now celebrating the centennial of its Saskatchewan presence in force

Under the U.S political system the administration of justice was largely in local hands subject to heavy local pressures and to intimidation from gun-slinging badmen. Western Canadian settlers were immediately by underthe protection of the Mounties Mounties might be domiciled in his spost but when they came they were backed and known to be backed, by a whole national force

Even today in Canada's reserves provinces the RCMP makes it possible for small towns to be policed by thoroughly trained and valuab dawing on extra-ans resources, rather than on one or two-man forces with manual training

It is probably for these reasons that, while bus officers in many parts of the world are viewed with suspicion and hatred here in western Canada the Mounties are still an respected and trusted figure — and in most people a friend.

Hats off to the RCMP

The 175th a beginning

EDITORIAL *April 21 1982*

Saturday April 17 was a day of importance for Canada and for Canadians.

That was the day last week when Queen Elizabeth II proclaimed the Canadian constitution in Ottawa and while country s complete Independence probably forever from the United Kingdom. The U.K. s approval was required until only for any changes in the British North America Act which covered in our constitution.

There was joy a Ottawa on Saturday. Why shouldn t there be? The Queen was there pomp and ceremony are a ways fun and it is pretty hard to be gloomy when there is a good party going and the champagne is flowing.

But just as many a partygoer wakes up the next morning with a hangover many Canadians recovered from independence euphoria to the uncomfortable realization that patched constitution or not, all is not well in our country

In Quebec Premier Lavesque on whom a constitution not endorsed by his province and the same effect as a red flag on a bull the occasion was one for protest, not for rejoicing rhetoric on independence the Quebec

This may sound like a lot of bogwash from a distance but hearing a mood and the Parti Quebecois lost the referendum on separation by a healthy majority less than two years ago. Premier Lavesque must be gaining when that Ottawa is miles not feeling or misgauging

While all western premiers attended the gala and sidelined groups y with the patriated constitution, bask in their own contentmanner there is a separatist movement that would have been unbelievable a few short years ago

Native people flew the Canadian flag at half mast or upside down to protest the reasons a which they not been dea t with by our constitution.

The premier of Quebec may not have justice fully on his side nor the native people, nor the western separatists, on their sides But the fact remains said important segments of the Canadian population do not view our patriated independence document as one that represents a consensus of regional views and concerns.

The rights charter contains many noble words and spell out principles with all for the whole, would be shelamaged by few The spirit of this charter however seems at odds with the actions of its authors

But at least finally the constitution is home, and our efforts now must be bent toward shaping it into something acceptable to most and to all parts of Canada.

So let us hope that a decade hence we will recall April 17, 1982 as the beginning of a better Canada, and not the beginning of the end.

Singing the anthem

EDITORIAL *December 12 1984*

Patriotism I suppose is one the strongest Canadian characteristic

This is understandable

Most of us live within 100 miles or so of the United

States a kind a minority tested for maternal self congratulation

To wave the flag for our own country probably seems to many of us like being a disinfectant for the "C" team. We're not the "C" team in my opinion, but it's hard not to be humble when you're most keen to be winner and one what likes to tell the world about it

Then there is the ambiguity of our people

Many of the British immigrants who settled this country did not whole Chantel's was part of the "Empire" have to severe their old allegiances when they left, thus the not find it necessary to wave the Canadian flag (which did not exist in any case) They were an ante-Canadian pertain the thought. For us just that their loyalty to pride in, and love of Canada were a natural extension of feeling for a heritage to which they had been born

To the French-Canadians of Québec the Canadian partnership was the result of the fortunes of war There pride continued to be in turn own identity and living in a situation was not really conducive to becoming over-emotional about the great land of which they had become a part.

Many of our European immigrants come from lands where subservience to their rulers was more important than enthusiastic nationalism with the result that flag-waving was not the first thing they handed down to their children.

They too loved and appreciated Canada, but life a ethnic archipelagos was also not a above inward Canad an nationalism.

Two wars and the communist-fascism explosion broke down a lot of the barriers but about the time we and we might have become a bit exuberant about our country a long shadow was cast north of the border on the whole phenomenon of patriotism by such things as Hiroshima, Watergate the Vi et Nam war and collective guilt over the long denial of basic rights to the black community

Perhaps the world's experiences with Nazi Germany was, by itself, a lesson it extremely worth a degree of cautious to say the least the person who declares " but my country right is wrong "

Nevertheless, we all live together on a great country and the reason we not for it is part of our conscious destiny

Thus it becomes of not blind trust at least devotion and loyalty and respect for the symbols of our national identity such as the flag and the national anthem

I'll admit I wasn't all that crazy about the flag when it was proposed but when it was officially adopted it became my flag and I feel pride whenever and wherever I see it

The playing of the national anthem should instil a taste as flashing as in but it is shocking how often at public gatherings, people will act through as singing as though they are being forced at endure something distasteful or at least completely irrelevant.

Contributing to this disgrace unfortunately are those public heroes, the professional athletes — both in Canada and the United States — who still stand open-mouthed gaping at the crowd, exchanging gossip and spitting their tobacco cuds while the anthem is played or sung.

The are professional entertainers?

Mountebanks might be a more appropriate term

But their ignorance at still no excuse for the rest of us.

If we can't sing well let's sing as well as we can, and if we can't sing at all let's at least stand in attention with an attitude of respect for this symbol of our unity and national identity

What does it say and mean?

EDITORIAL *May 1, 1965*

Many Canadians are wondering about the long-term effect of the Supreme Court decision last week striking down 5-4 the Lord's Day Act as contravening the much-touted Article 15 of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which came into force a week earlier

It is probably true that in the four decades since the Lord's Day Act was passed it seldom used in more than Sunday activities even in those whose conclusions were not as rigid as those (of the people) who wrote the law.

Notwithstanding that, however the past two decades have seen the legalization of Sunday activities undreamed of in earlier times. As the moves of the Canadian people changed it did become possible to relieve the impact of the law personally regionally and locally

The court found that the law had Christian sectarian overtones and that a consequent tendency was to serve as a continuing reminder to those belonging to non-Christian groups of their inferior status.

Whatever happened to the concepts of respecting to do, when in Rome as the Romans do?

Wherever one may travel or choose to live one must quickly adjust to the simple fact that every country — and indeed its provinces and regions — has unusual custom characteristics that are a product of language, geography, culture, history and religion that unconsciously and inevitably make one feel as a member of a minority (which in itself is not belittling).

If one chooses to become a part of that society (and that society is tolerant and receptive) one adapts to these different circumstances to the extent consistent with conscience adaptability and even physical characteristics To the extent that is not possible, one remains forever a member of a minority

Many minority groups in fact, would not have it otherwise

They have developed because they believe their

religious or cultural preference are superior to those of the majority and their strength is in fostering a feeling of difference among their members

Maybe the notion seems wrong in most of us, but it exists, and no doubt will enjoy the full protection of our constitution and Charter of Rights.

In most democratic societies the constitution is the foundation upon which the nation was built and enduring clauses therein deemed to be fundamental and perceived by its citizenry to be fundamental

In Canada — from untold y ars — we let to wait with bated breath each ruling of the Supreme Court to learn what our constitution really says and really means

Our guests from Sri Lanka

EDITORIAL *September 10 1986*

One of the strangest non-martial moves in Canada a modern history has to be the case of the 155 Sri Lankan Tamil refugees seeking refuge in this country

In early August, the Tamils were found drifting in two lifeboats off the coast of Newfoundland by a fishing boat whose crew or may not have un nsulated them accidentally

The story In now accepted that they paid a West Germans con-ruptcan $3,300 each (a neat figure of half a million dollars has also been mentioned) to take them across the ocean and set them adrift near Canada

One cannot help but have sympathy for people who have fled from repressive regimes, and perhaps the Canadian government is too fast in throwing pooies for showing compassion for the plight.

There is something about the whole thing, however, that sticks in Canadian throats. Perhaps it is the fact that the Tamils come from one of the many lands where authority is viewed with cynicism and the greatest guile is the quickest solution to any problem

Their success in using no residency status through their play can learn many sad strengthens their faith in government integrity

Expo 86, Vancouver

EDITORIAL *September 24 1986*

Come upon a time
Isn't that how fairy tales begin?

So I assume like a sensible opening for a column on Expo 86 in Vancouver because every they when you enter the gates of the fairgrounds you have the sensation of entering a massive glistening fairyland that cannot be real

Oh the reality gets to you after a while, too

There is, for example, the reality of aching feet, a back that feels by mid-afternoon as though someone has used it from your tailbone into the asphalt, ankles about to collapse and a neck that somewhere during the day begins to register the jolt of every footstep.

Outside of that, everything was great

Most of the pavilions we visited were first class and reflected a lot of work cost, money and imagination and often times as well

Everyone a first question when they hear we have just returned from Expo is, naturally whether we visited the Saskatchewan pavilion

And naturally the answer to that is yes. After all we've heard about it I couldn't have faced my fellow-Saskatchewanians with any other answer To say it is the best yet not at Expo, as some provincial chauvinists insist, is carrying it about far. It is surely among the better ones and to via I makes a person proud to be counted among the citizens of Saskatchewan

You have a choice of three line-ups for the Saskatchewan complex. One takes you into a multimedia live-and-screen presentation of the great and exciting things in this province. Sounds corny perhaps but it is fine as we I think it gets to you, and I am sure visitors who start out with the stereotyped perception of our province as nothing but a vast flat untreed tract will come away with an altogether different opinion

How do you combine movies with a live performance?

The script was recorded in such a way that the charming real-life young matron of ceremonies was carrying on a conversation with the people on the screen This must have entailed some pretty fine timing, coordination and rehearsal and could only have been bungled When you left the movie — or perhaps before you entered (I forget) — you were also given ideas to look over rotarians displays of the province s transportation and communications systems and the like

The second lineup took you into the grain, elevator-eyes section where you were lifted to the top had the workings of elevators explained and then went down in a seeing simulating descent into a pseudo mine

It was probably fascinating for most visitors but we decided that having been underground in a real potash mine we didn't need a make-believe trip As for the workings of a grain elevator I've one wit actic for interview ng an elevator agent when the spirit moves me wuhoverstand ng m I as for one or two hours

We also kipped the Saskatchewan dining room. It got raves from everyone who v sited it but we felt we and wifie ed access to free suppers must beef and pecog es at home and when waiting Vancouver we would opt for seafood and Oriental foods — without the luxury of standing in line for an hour

But everyone knew about the Saskatchewan pavilion and I got the impress on that most people had visited it or intended to. There was none of that "What s Saskatchewan?" business.

Considering the millions of dollars spent by Saskat-

chevrea governments of every stripe to improve Saskatchewan's image. I can't remember seeing any so offensive.

A side-attraction at the pavilion was an old-fashioned tuney englea with the white anodized to permanance to be played on it. Admoni assume it was a modified on because I never heart of our pioneer settlers break up the fiesta to the accompaniemes of "On They of Old Smokey." In any event it offered a relief from monotony for the thousands of people standing in line.

Sidewalk entertainment did a lot to relieve theop boredom the Australian pavilion had a magazine putting on shows for the queue. several pavilions had singers and I think I saw a fiddler

For my own part I came armed with a good for novel and read some of it just standing in line

The Meech Lake Accord

EDITORIAL *June 10 1987*

In 1981 the patriation and rewriting of the constitution when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's government was surrounded by controversy in Parliament and by the various provincial fiefgs alarms and probably came to five lives only because there did exist a near-unanimous consensus that if the constitution was to be brought home from Britain, it was firm in nature

The province of Quebec however was far from satisfied with the constitution as rewritten and did not ratify it. Thus the province with the second-largest population one of the original partners in confederation and the nation whose social cultural and genius and linguistic distinctiveness contributed to making Confederation something of a modern miracle, now became an unwilling partner in the new Canada.

The important thing is that after the voters of Quebec by nation the Parti Quebecois government, expressed their resolve to remain a part of the Canadian family it became possible in a short why short time to draw up an agreement not only meeting the approval of the governments of Quebec and Canada but winning public endorsement from the federal leaders of the Liberal and New Democratic parties. It has also been approved by the premiers of the other nine provinces with Tory Liberal, NDP and Social Credit governments

Recognizing Quebec as a distinct society with Canada possesses no problem for most Canadians. Quebec always has been a distinct society within our national framework is now and presently will be for many years to come and there is nothing wrong with legitimizing this in our constitution

It is understandable that there are concerns — and they are almost universal — about a veto of sorts for every province in certain situations in order to make possible such a veto for Quebec This does seem extreme but if these party leaders and 10 premiers with independent expert advice, can live with it, it must have a lot going for it

Threat to Meech Lake

EDITOR AL *December 21 1988*

Last week's Supreme Court of Canada decision striking down Quebec's Bill 101 — legislation forbidding the use of languages other than French on commercial signs — took 10 years a-coming

Possibly there was more dragging at various levels in the hope that as alienation of the more fanatical Quebecois elements became more subdued wiser and calmer heads in the province might prevail automatically the offensive legislation

You see the whole thing didn't start with something as provocative as a banner reading "Rule Britannia down with French " No indeed A Montreal business owner displayed outside his establishment a sign of 35 years vintage which included the five words "Printers and Stationers — Office Supplies"

This was held to be contrary to Bill 101 passed in 1977 by the Parti Quebecois to preserve the use of French in the province

However much one may sympathize with the aspirations of Canada's French minority to preserve its identity as a distinct and separate society the province that has a francophone population of about 80 percent legislates restricting public use of a language goes well beyond protectionism to paranoia and denial of basic liberties

At least it can cut the right out of people of the other official Canadian language to communicate in their language public y The Bill also discriminates against the use of Chinese Hebrew Punjabi Spanish or any other language in which anyone might seek to promote any ethnic group through its own language

I am the case of the people of Quebec that a an opinion samp ing taken following the court decision 70 percent agreed with the right to have bilingual signs.

It is not reassuring and even a threat to the Meech Lake Accord that Premier Robert Bourassa and his government are now proposing to opt out of national and provincial bill s of rights to perpetuate language discrimination in the province

5. Scenes from our times

Players and spectators all

William Shakespeare saw the whole world as a stage, with all of us the players, all having exits and entrances. Some stage in our time! Players no doubt we have been — if only bit-actors — as the continuing drama of our planet's evolution, but breathless spectators as well to the twentieth-century scenes that have changed our world as no previous era in history.

We came to Weyburn less than a year after Russia's first Sputnik beeped triumphantly to all the world from its historic orbits around the planet, and we have since witnessed (if from afar) such events as the erection of the Berlin Wall, the Cuban missile crisis, the Kennedy assassinations, the moon walk, unmanned trips to the outer reaches of the solar system, embarrassing intervention by the superpowers in Viet Nam and Afghanistan, Israel's stubborn battle for survival in the hostile environment of the Middle East, and finally, as this is written, the sudden changes in the political climate of the Eastern bloc that offer hope for a brave new world of international co-operation and achievement — if they do not, instead, have consequences that annihilate us all.

While a community newspaper traditionally and by definition — particularly in the era of electronic communications — concerns itself primarily with the affairs of its own geographic area, it is impossible for an editorial writer to ignore the greater world which has become in so many senses a global village.

Our Saskatchewan sojourn began slightly more than a decade after the close of the greatest conflict of the human race, and virtually everyone still bore its scars and carried its memories. Some of the first features in this chapter portray a few of the people whose lives were inexorably changed by the events of World War 2, and are intended to serve as a setting for the world of the late 1950s and those who peopled it.

The editorial comments and articles do not qualify even as a synopsis of the world scene as observed in three decades, leaving it on the twenty-first century, but as in other chapters reflect one person's views and perceptions of selected events and their significance from this narrow field of view, but I hope they give the reader of the future, particularly a flavor of our times.

Asymbol of hope

EDITORIAL *October 23 1938*

On Friday Oct. 24, while fear of self-annihilation prevents the great nations of the world from setting their gruesome air fleets in the time honored manner a blue flag flying over the courthouse will signify the observance in Weyburn as in all of Canada, of United Nations Day — a day set aside to honor the international organization dedicated to the noble aims of possessing peace throughout the world.

That the peace in the 13 years of the United Nations existence has been an uneasy one is an unpleasant fact and it appears most doubtful whether the organization as presently constituted will be able to maintain that of the USSR and the USA ever decide to have trust.

But this does not mean that cynical rejection of the U N in a order or that it should be abandoned as a futile and impotent effort not last cause.

On the contrary while uncertain alertness of the International body may not be as impressive as its faithful champions want it to be it believe it stands nevertheless, as a symbol of man's growing desires and hopes for a world from which war has been banished

I will finish him off

EDITOR AT *February 9 1959*

"The target s a transport four-engined. I am attacking that target. I will finish him off boys. I will finish it soon the can.

In a democratic country policy is formulated by the great roots where the grass roots there enough interest to convince elected government of a strong preference. Say when we will about governments turn ng a deaf ear to protests plans and grumb ings by constituents it is grass-roots in side that fits Canadians for the role it international mediator and which will decide the future role of Canada in world affairs

This open ng sentence of that editorial, part of a numbered rad o conversation between five Russian pilots as they attacked and ltimately an unarmed American transport p ane carrying 14 airmen which had strayed into Russian border demonstrates, perhaps, what an unarmed nation may expect in an international society where the law of the jungle prevails

Unprovoked, cold-blooded murderous and murderous such as these Russian pilots must no about the same proportion a every country in the world including our own. The important d fference lies in whether such acts receive offic al protection or condemnation and th s in turn depends on the degree of responsibility of a government to the peace-loving decent people, who also ex st in under the same proportion a every country

When Russ a n No 2 man Anastas Mikoyan, chortles and hand-shakes his way across the United States his amiability does not reflect the feeling of the people of the USSR, but is simply the curious strategy of his government this "good business as a particular stage of the cold war

Disarmament, it has, it is unnerved, protected and enforced by an effective and powerful agency. It a suicide of it letters us open to attack by murderers who bear down on our unprotected cities, and while doing so commit cyclicide "I will finish them off boys, I will finish them off

East-West incident on the prairie farm

A FEATURE *April 23 1959*

Days as it was plant and replac. Booming to the frightening roar of boat-bombs, thunderous years to Christmas un-assimilated territory a struggle for survival on a prairie farm and the nerve-shattering though irresistible, pattern of life in a newspaper office

This may sound like the experience of an Inuit farmer and maybe four persons, but when you've seen the 4-footed fly of Jenny and Suzie that is Phyllis Kaisky it's it is easier to understand how all of this could be crowded into half a lifetime.

With it go, go gone personal by and an insatiable love for travel. Phyllis thinks it not the least bit strange that it her life she has done th ngs that most people un content to read or dream about. In fact, she's a long way from the end of the road and her husband, Bert, often feels she spends her coffee breaks plotting new travel plans to spring on him.

Born Phyl li Andrews in Plymouth, several years after the end of World War she grew up in the West Side of London where her father worked for years on the "underground" and lives before the war managed to get us one jaunt through Belgium and France, visiting the famed battlefie ds of the first world conflict.

When the war came along Phyllis took a job in a war factory in Hounslow and stuck to it for the duration as he y the war effort although she admits to finding the payroll stick job tiresome and boring

The wartime nights were tiresome too although as a differentway, and certainly far from boring, at night after nigh enemy planes dropped death and destruction on their city while Phyllis and her family like millions of others in London sat up and waited for distance or mod beyond endurance were so many and hoped for the best.

"We went to the shelters a few times," says Phyll s "but with the bombing starting right after dark as early as 6 o clock and things often to early morning it was just too long to sit in a shelter We just decided

to go to bed at night, and hope we'd wake up to the morning.

It was during the war that Phyl by met her Canadian husband Stapley Bert Kainby (R.C.E. of Manitoba. It wasn't until after the war and many no ns and adventures later in both of them that they were married. Bert went with his un it to Italy and Holland and was sent back to Canada, while Phyllis after the war accepted a job with the British foreign office which took her to the British sector of Berlin.

"It all started with a casual glance at a newspaper," recalls Phyl a. I saw no ad for foreign office clerks to serve in Austria and Germany. I applied and before I knew it and each accepted and was travelling across war-torn Europe through Essen. Do mund, Dusseldorf and Hanover to Berlin. Rubble was everywhere and the station at Berlin was a twisted mass of steel girders. We wondered what we had come to. The city itself was just a pile of bricks and even the trees were all dead.

The only bright sign that had been repaired were the ones the British Control Commission went to site. Her job was with the psyco l ogical division, which meant the sands would all the offices throughout the British sector of Berlin.

One of her wills one Spandau prison, which was being prepared to receive the war criminals after the conclusion of the Nuremberg trials. She was actually in the cell that was to confine the infamous Rudolf Hess.

The cell a were so arranged as to have an empty one between occupied cells, making it impossible for prisoners to communic ate with each other.

Since all of Berlin was divided into four sectors, with the British, French Americans and Russians each control ing the a rea s ectors, some places such as Spandau were guarded by four powers alternately each taking a one-month turn.

"Where the Russians had their turn, I can always tell of ways when I had to go there more so because the chauffeur was a German. We would go there in our harness and never wander on to our very come out of the fact that the guard on the lookout towers was armed.

Still, she says the situation had its lighter sides such as the conferences held to work things out, and there they all dined together.

For the first year the civilian occupants found worked under pretty strict regulations: they had to wear uniforms, carry passports and were not allowed to use the subway trains, but as time went on rules were relaxed and once Phyllis and a friend even ventured through the Brandenburg Gate to attend an opera in East Ber in.

"When we took our rounds off the wonderful performance of Tales of Hoffman and remember where we were we certainly felt funny," adds Phyllis. However they were able to return to each own sector without misadventure.

To Phyl is, the present-day happenings in Berlin and the are essential arrangements don't sound a bit strange, as the same thing was happening in 1947 and she considers it all part of a pattern of behavior designed for only one purpose — to drive the Western powers out of Berlin.

A personal experience with this sort of thing came once when Pyllis was on c had use through one of Berlin s famous beer gardens.

On the way back the driver accidentally made a wrong turn and before he was aware of c had crossed into the East sector. Before any with the Soviet officials of the box. Immediately c ruck with Russian soldiers pulled up, they were ordered out and had to sit under a tree waiting for an officer to come and decide whether they were to be permitted to return.

"Maybe they were soft-hearted because we were women," says Phyl a. At any rate, they were given back their wallets without any much difficulty.

By 1948 letters from Canada were coming Bert and and, and after a short visit with her four by la England, Phyllis came to Canada married her wartime sweetheart, and they settled down to farming in the Yellow Grass district.

Although she lived farm life — carpets ugly enough for a London girl — and says she was d he prepared to go back to it at any none things done c ierk out that way.

Several pleasu ve years of poor crops depleted their savings, and when the and lord sold out they had no choice but to return to the west. Bert got a job with the Weyburn public works department and Phyllis came to the Review where she still s very much in evidence.

A trip back to England five years ago convinced her that Canada is the best place to l ve, but every year comes around on time the road map is taken out of south hall and the Kainbys are off on California, Mexico, or other distant places.

The jump that ended in Swing Left [1]

AIRFARER *April 30 May 7 1953*

Several hours before sunrise the last of the marching British bombers downed off toward the English Channel and home, leaving both and and below them a young Canadian airman feeling for the first time utterly alone and forsaken as if home and safety and normal manner so long as friendly aircraft were overhead.

But he wasn't wasting any time worrying about it: he was too busy running as he had been since 2 a.m. running westward toward the French border and the chance of a return to England with the remainder of the French underground.

At 0200 hours on April 27 1944, Flight Lieutenant Albert Alexander (Bert) Saulet and six other members of the crew of a Lancaster bomber of the

RAF 207 Squadron flying out of Spilsby base in England had been well on their way in reaching their target — Sweinfurt Germany — and the important ball bearing works there. It was the fifth bombing raid in which Sedbel had taken part.

All seven of the crew — two Canadians, two Austral ans, a New Zealander and two Englishmen — were trained for "special duties" — the bombing of enemy targets within an area not more than 100 yards wide and 400 yards long.

But to bomb the target you have to get there first and that just wasn t on the cards that night. With the base four and a half hours behind them and Sweinfurt just 20 minutes away two German Junkers 88s dropped down on them and attacked.

The German fighters took turns at the target, one dropping flares and the other attacking, and on the first attack set fire to the starboard wing and inner engine. The hydraulic system and the fire extinguisher system leaving the Allied aircraft unable to fight the flames.

The second attack took out the wing tanks, and the pilot, Squadron Leader Arnold Jones of New Zealand, gave orders to bail out.

With a certainty Sedbel found himself on the ground below, surrounded by darkness and the Black Forest and doing his best to remember the survival and escape instructions that had been drilled into him in the months of training.

His first job was to bury the bell-side white parachute which had saved his life. This was done both because the large white silk object would be easy to spot giving search parties sure-fire evidence of the airman s starting point, and to make it difficult for the Germans to ascertain which aircraft he was from in the event of capture.

The Germans tried to account for every member of a plane's crew but since under the terms of the Geneva Convention a prisoner was required on y to give his name, rank and number it was impossible to know how long and how far they had travelled before being apprehended.

For very val uable airmen had it appeared, about possible the size of a Canadian cigarette package. The contained maps, compass, medication concentrated food, benzedrine to keep him awake needle and thread a chocolate bar s ha low candy with a hack saw blade inside about $100 worth of French currency and a supply of chlorine

With the chlorine the fugit ive was able to drink any water he could find half an hour after putting a tablet of chlorine into a container of water

So Sedbel ran hopping as it were the search party and reach the French border before his supplies ran out The first night he ran until 4 a the morning, managing to give his searchers the s ip.

Weary after the four-hour ejection through the rugged forest country (not far from the Swiss border) Sedbel slept for hours under the cover of brush, consumed hidden until dark then continued his weary way westward

After three days as a fugitive, and still miles from his destination Sedbel ran into another search party although he didn t know about until he was rudely awakened from h s s nep one morning, curled around a tree, by a shout and a thump consumed in German

He opened his eyes without, moving and saw a German civilian with the Swastika armband indicating he was a member of the forestry patrol (sort of a home guard) The man was pointing a rifle at him, motioning for him to get up and shouting for his companions to come

Like men around Sedbel was unarmed, having left his .38 s his kit bag at the base so they had been another so do.

He played "possum but when the Germans put back the bolt of the rifle and turned it no him, he jumped up smartly with his hands up. However he had the feeling that the civilian was more frightened than he.

Bert was marched to the nearest village with a rifle pointed menacingly at his back. When they arrived at the village he was taken to the mayor who made a futile attempt to interrogate him Not knowing English, he and he uses German-English dictionary

Failing in this he and Sedbe locked up in the town jail where they had the w indow opened to prevent everyone in town to walk by for a look at the "terror Flieger as they called the British airman For many of them it was the first look at an Allied airman, so it was well off the course of most Allied attacks

Utterly exhausted from h s three-day flight, Sedbel couldn't have cared if they had paraded the horrid German rumun past his cell His tiredness lay down on his cot rumed his back to the window and went to sleep

Next morning, s guard brought him his first meal, consisting of a piece of bread and jam and a cup of ersatz coffee made out of dried acorns and wheat, then took him to the train

This s where Bert saw the first familiar face on the compartment was shared with another guard escorting Bob Bailey the flight engineer from Bert s plane

Although they were not permitted to talk to each other then, Bert learned on f me that six of the seven members of his crew had survived the night One the mid-upper gunner Australian Ray Waite was severe lounded and prevented dead

According to the rear gunner Griffi ths, Waite had been alive and preparing to jump when he Griffin had left the plane .but was never seen again.

Sedbel thinks he may have been shot on the ground, as he heard four rifle shots just after he landed but he didn t stay to investigate

The pi ot and the navigator they learned later had almost made i to France, having loosed captors for

two weeks, only to be picked up by the Germans as they attempted to cross the Rhine River.

At their next brief stop Seibel and Ickley were finished over to the local police, and after having looked up with grins across one another, a roll, and a cup of ersatz tea, after which the chief, who spoke English, attempted to question them. When they returned to their cells, they began singing in the next cell, and recognized the voice as that of their wireless operator. They talked to each other through the walls until the German army men loaded them into a truck and drove them about 250 miles to the larger lock-up, where they were kept for three days in a dimly lit cell of a place of black bread, and a filthy can of black coffee.

The next stop was a fighter base, where they were joined by another member of their crew, new gunner Jack Griffin. There was no questioning here, and during the five-day stay they received fairly good food.

The prisoners met with the first signs of civilian life since leaving their air base. Only changed cars when they were in the town to the interrogation centre at Frankfurt. The city had been bombed several days before and angry civilians spat at them and tried to kick them, but were held off by the guards.

At Frankfurt they were taken to tiny individual cells which contained only a wooden bunk and a straw mattress and had heavy doors and barred windows. The cells were two paces wide by four paces long, recalls Burt Thomas, Liaison 4.

Here he was visited by a spy-like man supposedly from the German Red Cross. He had long flowers to complete which he claimed he had to have before the prisoner's fame could be ramified that he was alive.

When Burt refused to give it any information he was left in the cell for three days, while the food was alternately turned in an almost unbearably high temperature then turned off altogether leaving ears shivering with cold.

When he met the Interrogation officer he found a friendly individual who spoke English with a British accent and tried to pump him. When he was unsuccessful he was humane, and had Seibel taken back to the cell for another three-day stint and some more of the heat-and-cold treatment.

The second trip to the interrogation office was very much the same as the first and with similar results. On the first visit however the officer told him he was quite worried the Burt's family must be worrying, and that if he had to do was tell them where he was from and they would take him as a POW camp where food and conditions were better.

If he didn't tell them the officer threatened, they would have to consider him a spy and saboteur and have him shot. When Burt still refused to talk there was a loud shot outside and the office shook his head sadly.

"Too bad," he said. "There's one that wouldn't tell us where he was from.

His flow into camps where now that didn't survive in Burt, and he noticed the guard to take him back to the cell for another week. However after about half an hour, he was taken to a transfer camp, and a few days later rejoined by Sinclair Loft III, at Sagan. He never knew about a month after 31 officers had been shot for escaping from the camp through a tunnel.

Before taking him into the compound, he was given another thorough search and the Germans were quite surprised when they discovered a compass hidden in his uniform. They took all his clothes and were sure them, even taking off the heels of his shoes.

Burt had a shock when he entered the compound and instead of being greeted as a buddy, was avoided. No one would speak to a new prisoner, he found, until he first was cleared by the camp's own security committee. Once cleared, however, the atmosphere changed, everyone was friendly and within half an hour he was drinking tea with the "old-timers" and telling them the latest war news.

In the camp the POWs lived almost as an independent community doing all the room cooking, and living from Red Cross juice cans and from boxes and what they could grow in the vegetable gardens in the compound. They received some rations from the German such as bread, but ey potatoes and knäbrab

They lived 10 in a room and a spot double-decker bunks. For amusement, they read books sent by the Red Cross organized sports, or listened to the BBC news, secretly which often carried coded messages

Naturally, rations were not supplied by the Germans and their possession was forbidden but with limited-mute parts and some obtained from the guards by bribery or th acknowl they always managed to build more cars than the Germans were able to find and confiscate.

At 9:30 a.m. on Jan 26 1945 the whole camp was warned to be ready to leave — no time limit — half an hour for new quarters at Stalag IIIA near Berlin

Fortunately it wasn't until 5 a.m. of the next morning that they actually set out giving them time to make sleighs on which to carry the blankets furs and personal belongings which became more and more precious as the time to leave approached.

When the sleighs were filled their packers were loaded with possessions rations, spoons and everything else might

Seibel was one of the fortunate few who had a blanket to take but it was stolen the first night and he gave to the soldier the luxury

The prisoners were on the march for about a week walking from 8 in the morning to 5 at night when they would be (confined) in barns or whatever site he was even able. It being winter and not enough room to warm the Red Cross food they were given the rations

of stew and chew the frozen meat for nourishment.

Unaccustomed to marching after months and years in the prison compound, the prisoners were almost too tired to sleep when they stopped the first night.

A book extract after the war by one of the prisoners describes a near-riot during the march when the ragged band met a motorised section of a German Panzer division one night. The Germans were very friendly until their officers discovered that a goose had been stolen from his car.

"He complained to the group captain and threatened that strong measures would be taken if the bird were not returned," narrates the writer. "An appeal was made for its return, but it was not forthcoming — the truth of the matter was that it had already been cooked and eaten."

Bert Sebbel bailey proudly admits that he ate a wing of the stolen goose.

Sinking Left HIA when they arrived, proved worse if anything, than the old quarters for both the Allied forces sleeping on from mud and wet bags of sorry illustration and repatriation were high.

In April freedom seemed close when the Germans handed the camp over to the senior Allied officer and fled from advancing Russians who were far from having an any hurry to repatriate them no even make life any more pleasant for them.

Nevertheless, they may have been more fortunate than the Russian prisoners who were reinterned only given a gun and sent into action. With the condition they were in, most of them were dead within weeks.

Growing more and more impatient as rumor spread that the Russians were holding them as hostages, many grew desperate when Americans coming to pick them up after the armies met were chased back by the Russians. They began leaving the camp in large numbers making their way through no-mans-s-land to the American lines.

One day word was passed around that a number of American tanks would be waiting about 10 miles from the camp and that as many prisoners as possible were to sneak out and meet them.

Next was one of the men who succeeded although he said he was soon turned back by Russian sentries at the point of a gun. He finally made it when he decided to take the most obvious way out — through a hole in the fence. He wound until the guard who had seen him back was out of sight then slipped out again and on for all he was worth.

Sebbel spent about a week with the U.S. Ninth Army on the Elbe, then was flown to Brussels, Belgium, where he was billeted in a private home still in occupation but in England was available.

Before he returned to Canada Bert and a number of other former prisoners were treated to an afternoon tea at Buckingham Palace with Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth.

He followed the postmark

AFTERLIFE: *September 10 1959*

An envelope is slipped into the mail slot, and the young mail clerk gives it a small glance before tossing it into one of several bags before him. Although he doesn't pause for a second he is already on the letter's address; and the magic words written on it that will separate it from the others in the bag and carry it over the seas to an unreal person or a land far away from the reality of home.

The drone of an airplane overhead stirs the spirit of adventure and romantic lure of the presence of a link between his world and that of the Sph ere, the Alps, or else and letters

In far-away strife-torn Europe events drone relentlessly forward Munich the invasion of the Sudetenland and the war which generations to come will read about.

In preparation the Royal Air Force began to recruit men from all over the empire, the men who were later to defend Armageddy's the epic Battle of Britain and eventually to carry the war to the home of the enemy

In Lucky Lake, Sask the mail clerk saw his opportunity to learn to fly and to visit some of the far-away places that had previously crossed as names on the stars.

Learning that it was necessary to have a pilot's license to become an RAF pilot he wasted no time getting one and presented himself to the recruiting officer at Regina qualified and by late 1937 was taking intensified training in northern Scotland.

George Drake Hill was born in Weyburn although his parents moved to Ogema when he was still an infant, and later to Estevan and Casper before settling down in Lucky Lake. This is where he was in 1937 when he quit his post office job to join the Royal Air Force

After completing his RAF training George was posted in an instrument training camp at Peebels South Wales where much of his flying time was spent towing targets over Hill a Mouth for air-to-air firing practice

By autumn of 1939 international tensions had reached the point where it was obvious that nothing could prevent another world conflict and all leaves were cancelled on F O Hill's squadron and the other 11 at the station

Reserve officers called to duty arrived daily and on Sept 1 when the German armies crossed the border into Czechoslovakia George and his unit s were ordered to Bashendorf in France near the German border

All crews flew to France the same day with a limited number of essential ground crew men, more maintenance men followed the next day on commercial aircraft, while the main party arrived by sea and land about a week later

In the early days of the war they contented mainly of reconnaissance flights over the Siegfried Line and it was a long time before George an much as saw an enemy plane.

The natives of Hethersville, who had seen their town overrun by the Germans both in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the First World War were resigned to another invasion and left in large numbers for the south of France.

George's first close call came during the German invasion of France. Hand two other aircraft were on a bombing raid, and and just crossed the coast of France when his gunner reported a plane following them about 1,000 feet above and for a while behind them.

George ordered the gunner to fire a warning burst if the aircraft came any closer. Seconds later the plane a Messerschmitt 109 attacked, and one of the three bombers went down in flames. A few minutes later very accurate anti-aircraft fire from the woods below took out the control cables to the elevators on George's craft.

Any hope of reaching the target given George limped back to his home base but not before dumping his bomb load on the woods that had concealed the anti-aircraft gun position.

On another occasion, he piloted one of 12 Bristol bombers on a raid of an airdrome in France. They were escorted by two squadrons of Hurricanes, but when these came close to some German bombers the RAF bombers were attacked by six Messerschmidts. Although they spiralled down to ground level as quickly as possible to prevent the Germans from getting below them eight of the 12 bombers were shot out of the raid.

George's craft was hit by a volley which left 75 bullet holes in the frame beside sticking the gunner and George himself. He made a wide turn and the gunner who were disturbed because the gun had been jammed by a bullet that he was by the tailcone.

In fall of 1940 just before the Battle of Britain, George, now holding the rank of flight lieutenant was transferred to a squadron posted in Malta. By this time there were only two of the original members of the No. 90 squadron he and started with.

His departure for Malta in another day George remembers with amusement — seeing as it ended all right.

They were to take off from Southampton during the night, and had packed their planes in the afternoon, an that everything would be in readiness. This done, they were just have up lunch when the air raid sirens sounded for about the third time. The locals all raced to the shelter but George and his mates, believing it to be another fa se-alarm, remained where they were.

A little later H E looked out the window and saw 15 enemy planes being engaged by Spitfires. He called to the other fel ows to come out and watch the fight, and cl mbed out the window to get a better look.

As the first A A fire burst into the land ng Germans, the first one started to come down. When the second one fell crash ng George realized that they were five bombers and made for the air raid shelter.

Fortunately he made it and was able to leave for Malta that night.

After taking part in the North African campaign, and some duty in Jerusalem H ll returned to Port Sudan as an instructor. He became sick here and went back to England, and shortly afterward returned to Canada. By now he had reached the rank of squadron leader.

After instructing in New Brunswick he was commander at Yarmouth for 18 months then returned to England in 1944 where he was a liaison officer between headquarters and invasion groups during the Normandy invasion.

Shortly afterward, he was transferred to the RCAF and joined the No. 1 Fighter squadron as commander. After the fall of France the squadron was disbanded and George was transferred to the repatriation centre at Allhormanion, and later to Calis, Germany where he remained until June 1945. He returned to Canada shortly afterwards.

After H ll's discharge he returned to Lumby Lake and the post office job he had left a few years before. From here they moved to Swift Current, and after 10 years came to Penticton, the city of his birth. He has been prominent here since that time.

He still sees the letters with the strange addresses and postmarks but instead of yearn ngs for adventure they now bring only reminiscences — both happy and sad.

Dag Hammarskjold

EDITORIA *September 21 1961*

It is doubtful whether there has ever been a death in history to shock up to the world, and to discouraging to its man hopes as that of United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold of a week.

A few short days after setting a precedent by ...ding on his two anniversary for the first time, ... any nation a pride to preserve peace the man to whom the nation has looked for leadership is the fight for peace became a martyr for a cause which sometimes must have seemed hopeless even to him.

One ...ns only guess to the time when the by this great man a big ...n hours Condemnation from the ...ds and who were co-partners in guilt with the savages in the Congo can tragedy silence from the Russians who have been extreme y vocal whenever they disagreed but who had not the moral courage to offer encouragement when his ...e of action must have been accepted ... to them and most dis-

appointing, precious little support from the major western powers at a time when they had an unique opportunity to show the sincerity of their support for the United Nations

The new limbo

EDITORIAL *November 1, 1963*

Last week the free world hailed President John F Kennedy's quarantine of Cuba as the most positive assertion so far that the United States is prepared to show a firm against threats to the security of the west. We join with most persons in the western hemisphere in recognizing the necessity for the grave decision by the president.

Endorsation of this unprecedented move by the U.S., however, in unison with an admission that a new climate of unrest in international affairs, a relationship between sovereign states that is neither fresh, flow nor gold and barring when compared with traditional standards of conduct.

It is a limbo in which we are destined to live forever or and we mature beyond the present-day anarchy in international affairs. Failing some such hope in the future we can expect to see every type of act however reprehensible in its time, justified on the basis of U.S. action in retention to Cuba

It toils for thee — Donne

PAGE 1 STORY *November 28 1963*

This passage is common old but those was never a day in the history of the human race when that was so thoroughly and most as by deeply borne to so many people throughout the world as in the three days of incredible shock horror sadness if disbelief heartsickness and mourning which began with the fifthshots in Dal as at noon Friday which are shown President John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the United States and ended in the Arlington National Cemetery near Wash ington when his body was consigned to the grave in the presence of a hushed crowd and probably the largest number of world statesmen ever assembl ed in one place

In Washington as in Dallas, Washington Ottawa or London in Dublin Toronto baseless and new a funeral everywhere in the world personal interests and activ ities were suddenly secondary to the evil that had befallen the globe with the death of the 46-year-old 35th pres ident of the United States

Gettysburg

EDITORIAL *November 28 1963*

Tuesday of an week marked the 100th anniversary of the day when President Abraham Lincoln deli vered he Gettysburg Ea. an address which has since become fam ne to every literate person and which only three days after its centennial people great and small throughout the world had come to ponder

President John F Kennedy has been eulogized by the great of the world whose eloquence we cannot hope to match in complement; the words of the Gettysburg Address are simple and direct and do not require our interpretation

Most of us may never experience another day of unrelieved horror such as Friday November 22, 1963 but we will continue to see endless televisian, participate in abet and ignore the thousands of injustices which are the battlefie ld of men like Abraham Lincoln and John Fitzgerald Kenedy

Kitty and we

EDITORIAL *July 2 1964*

These has been editorial comment across the comment as reports murmur of people standing by while persons are beaten murdered or robbed

The case which probably triggered the outcry was that of Kitty Genovese murdred in New York while at least 38 people looked on from their windows, and he hid because no one cal ed the police and the murderer was able to come back and finish the job when no one fled

Why we ask do these things happen? One need not even mention duty compassion or loyalty to the principle of law and order it seems a matter of common decency

The law cannot be enforced or the peace maintained by a handful of policemen These men are only the working arm of community resolved to protect itself and to maintain the rule of law

Legislators and jurists may have to effect changes but public responsibility remains with or without these changes

White backlash

EDITORIAL *August 27 1964*

"White backlash" is a term which has found its way suddenly into the English language, and which may have more than passing significance in the history of the 1960s

If we understand it correctly it is the definition for outraged naiveté white America s two-word excuse for future repression of a race and for support of measures people and policies which will advance that end. i s a defeat of wishful thinking that does not augur well for the peaceful settlement of racial differences in the United States.

In the decade the American Negro is seeking to undo wrongs of the past century and politics,

prejudice ignorance and over-idealism are again marshaling to battle up.

If every constitutional right is accorded the Negro people it will still be decades before they achieve economic and social equality. All the wishful thinking in the world will not undo the violence will change that.

If the American nation, black and white, can recognize and accept the right of the Negro to every constitutional guarantee the considerable change which must accompany the altering of existing patterns, and the responsibility of the Negro to take from there without expecting miracles there is hope. If not there will be more black extremism more white backlash and the groundwork perhaps for another civil war.

Sir Winston Churchill

PAGE EDITORIAL *February 4 1965*

Once again last week, flags around the world flew at half-mast, the military show marched to the final resting place of fallen warrior people by the thousands old and young, filed by a flag-draped bier princes and prime ministers came from afar to pay their last respects.

How many men dying a quarter-century after the peak of their glory are accorded the deep respect the love and the loyalty shown Winston Churchill last week?

Or compare this with the death of another great wartime leader about a decade ago. An evil man died today a Toronto newspaper commented terse y and frank y on the day of the death of Joseph Stalin of Russia.

Stalin too had done a tremendous job of keeping the Russian people together at a time of great crisis but his omen I record left an image of cruelty ruthlessness and a complete lack of compassion

What then is the greatness in Sir Winston Churchill that so sets him apart from others in his time?

It is not power for others have had that greater power is true wealth for there are many rich richer It is not fame ty to influence people is the shaping of their own des ny against all obstacles, and to make the most ny brighter

An unquenchable spirit a remarkable spirit a really wi e and human wisdom, a fierce determination a heart that knew compassion and eyes unashamed to cry an undying bel f in the goodness and d gn ty of a people and the r right to freedom; these things were the greatness of Winston Church ll and will be engraved forever upon the hearts of the generation that knew him and owes so much to him.

14 KERNESTLY HAPPY YESTERDAYS

U-2, Pueblo"

EDITORIAL *February 15 1968*

About two weeks ago, the world held its breath once more as the prospect of a collision between East and West loomed large as a result of seizure by the North Koreans of the American reconnaissance ship Pueblo

These jarring confrontations, hard as they are on the constitutions nevertheless have the advantage of helping us assort our thoughts For instance the Reviewe has always leaned toward the nuclear deterrent ph losophy as opposed to the disarmament theory as the fellow over here on morning pages usually tends to be preserved By when a side engagement in Viet Nam prompts a world power like the United States to speak seriously of a nuclear offensive the mistake another crisis breaks out one cannot help but wonder whether we hadn In ll best quickly unload the rockets.

Another lesson learned was but one most never underestimate the part played by the stupidity factor in international affairs What bu the sheerest stupid ty could induce the United States to send a spy ship to c ose in a hostile country that we knew of territorial waters could even be charged without the capab lity of proving at any time to the entire world, the exact location of the vessel? If I t possible to pinpoint the source of radio signals why could not similar stations a Japan for example have been asked to remain in constant with the Pueblo in order to verify her position?

While on the subject of the position of the Pueblo" when she was seized, let s not forget (admittedly few are forgot ng) that the U-2 also was innocent until proven guilty

An innocent abroad

A FEATURE *May 29 1968*

I am aware of how presumptuous it would be for me to attempt an analys s of Germany today on the basis of a brief week over ew — a week spent mostly at army and air force installations More as considering that hundreds of our readers served overseas during two world wars and that scores of others have visited Germany s not under circumstances which gave them a much more intimate understanding than I must possibly have gained

But a newspaperman may s metimes bear so ng something that seems to him to shout s ting down and writing about it. Those then are s mply the impressions of a week-eyed innocent on h s first trip abroad, and I hope the reader will bear this qui fication in mind.

One of the things I wondered about before going overseas was just how the German people felt about the Allied presence s ften country Bearing in mind

that we entered as conquerors over 30 years ago and have had armed forces in Germany ever since. I can't put her a bet wonder whether the Germans did not tend to think of us troops as occupation forces, whatever other logical justification there might be at this particular time in history.

From what I could gather in putting the question to different German civilians however I came away satisfied that not only are Germans keenly sensitive to the need for NATO forces in their country as a defence against possible eastern aggression, but that they are most welcome Canadians in particular enjoy good relationships with the Germans.

The foregoing was borne out by a statement made by the local mayor of Lahr at a small reception for our group of Canadian weekly newspaper publishers on the morning of our departure for home.

Dr Bruckner explained that after 1945 the Canadian forces and the civilian population had enjoyed good relations from the day the Canadians top scaled the French last year. When the French he added had been excellent when they had left but in their case both sides had to work at it, said Dr Bruckner it was the French had first come as conquering forces after the war. Thus, he implied, there had been slower acceptance on the part of both of the new relationship of partnership.

In Germany so many questions of interpretation can sometimes cause misunderstandings between politicians and the press, according to an incident cited by Dr Bruckner. Shortly after the arrive of the families of Canadian servicemen and the first mayor he had mentioned in a speech that Canadian wives were careful shoppers and very bargain-conscious ("a virtue we should applaud in our own wives," he added). As his remarks had been quoted — or misquoted — in the German press said Dr Bruckner he had accused Canadian women of being penny-pinchers

Although the local mayor addressed our group through an interpreter we found that English could get us by very handsomely everywhere. Certainly almost everyone dealing with the public spoke fluent English. I had looked forward to practis ng my own badly tarnished German but found in most cases the person whom I addressed in it was being horribly with puzzled patience slipped tacitly by into English

Something no one seemed able to explain was just what makes Germany tick. Imagine a country with a total area half-the size of Saskatchewan inhabited by something like 50 mi lion people

Considering that large parts of Germany were levelled by Al ied bombers during World War 2, and had to pay vast sums as reparations to other countries the recovery has been simply miraculous. The German population does not live luxuriously by American and Canadian standards but the people were well dressed

cons stently looked well fed there a tes and towns looked clean in good repair and thriving; the only sign of the war's ravage which I saw was some bomb damage to the cathedral at Cologne which had not been completely repaired

Ancient Scene one of Germany s oldest cities, and 60 percent destroyed by air raids was restored building by building, brick by brick as nearly as possible as it had been On ten thing, from the point of preserving historic sites, but it was difficr with whom I chanced to ride through the narrow meandering streets during rush hour found little consolation in the accomplishment.

Other war-torn cities were rebuilt with more practical view wide streets and many modern apartments be ld ngs Very few s ngle-family dwellings are seen in the crowded land, but we were told that wherever a German has a few square feet of land, he starts a garden.

In a few places I saw large gardens with dozens of tiny sheds on them I learned that many families shared those gardens, and each had a toolshed on the premises

Germany's dense population makes for rural landscapes which are both beautiful and strange to someone accustomed to Saskatchewan's wide open spaces Driving along the Rh ne it s not uncommon to count 10 to 12 vil ages within plain sight at the same time This may seem unbe evable but on the rolling countryside you may see one vi lage in the va ley below a few miles on the far hillside the same neighborhood in the other side and several more behind and ahead of you.

There is an important difference in German towns, too. The town does not develop gradua ly from especially-housed to dense downtown The transition from farm to urban area is immediate Here the farm ends and there the vil age begins house against house and most dwel ings three stories high Towns guess that several thousand people live in a village covering no greater area than Md'Nuggett The city of Lahr with a population of 27,000 could not have been any larger than Weyburn

Crossing Germany on the Autobahn at an expensive one The Autobahn is not a single highway as I had believed, but a network of four-lane, controlled access and express arteries that intersect and bypass German cities There is no speed mit on the h ghways in Germany and it seemed that the thousands of trucks cars travelling at about 80 miles per hour almost bumper to bumper seemed best on self-interaction Transport trucks at times formed long tra ns on the autobahn lanes. The amount of goods hauled that way must be fantastic

As we had most of our meals at army and air force camps and spent a few nights on base, I got only the rarest taste of life in the German economy

Hotel accommodation is not quite what we are

accustomed to in Canada, if one head in Soest was likely representative of what is normal. Bathroom facilities with the rooms at the exception rather than the rule, and if you're ever overseas for heaven's sake take your own soap, as there won't be any in your room.

Each room had heavy double doors with effectively shut out hallway noises. This gives you greater privacy although I guess you might shock when you open the door in the morning and are faced with another barrier. Breakfast European style: coffee, buns and breads) comes with your room but you pay extra for bacon and eggs. There was not even room for hotel and I learned quick y to economize on trips up and down several flights of stairs. Room keys were attached to an large a device that there was little danger of forgetting to return them.

Restaurant meals were moderately priced in terms of American money. A steak was about 15 marks which is about $4 U.S. German dishes usually run from four to 10 marks and most menus included various. Not much was complete without wine; in meals served at the officer's mess we were served two wines in every sitting.

Canadian money, incidentally was not accepted even at armed services canteens and PX stores, where American and German money were standard currency.

We spent an evening at Strasbourg France and I was amazed at how casual the border crossing was. Going over the French immigration office didn't even open our passports (although he looked marked y unenthusiastic about a crew of Canadians entering the country). Returning at Germany in the wee hours of the morning the German Immigrations man simply waved our car force bus through without hearing the office 100 feet or more away.

Can't say much about France on the basis of two or three hours but there really is a woman under almost every lamplight.

It would t say it's quest onable frame of reference for analyzing a nation a few hours is so hur n at all. However...the few hours I spent near Gatwick en route to Germany convinced me that I must...some day spend some time in England. I don t think I ever saw so many shoppers as crowded the streets of Crawley village (pop: more 50 000) the Saturday morning, and there was a friendliness and cheerfulness about the throng that I had never seen before.

I stopped in a small shop for a postcard and with t kindly "Oh not ere luv" the proprietress directed me at a nearby stationer's. Here too they had no postcards but after asking for someone to look after the shop the clerk as sted on walk up four blocks with me to show me where I might purchase cards. A few minutes later cards purchased, I set out to look for the post office which I had been assured was nearby. Bone weary from the loss of most of a night on our non-stop flight I stopped and looked around me with some descouragement. Immediately a stranger stopped and asked if he might be of some help or had I been looked after.

Mid st the woes conspicuous by their near-absence (that is they were so short they almost weren't), and there were most curious guises. On the other hand "down to the pub" set an elderly lady having her morning ale probably on the same stool occupied by her mother 20 years before.

Grateful as I am to be a Canadian some day I must go back and see more of the fascinating old world where most of us and our origins

My Lai

EDITORIAL *December 18 1969*

The world...and particularly North America, is shocked

Let by an average young American, a platoon of average young Americans is alleged to have committed a mass murder of women, children and old men a t my hands of Vietnam.

While the whole world is murmuring upon this atrocity committed by the army of a nation which likes to think of itself as the unblemished defender of God and good against the hordes of evil, it is doubtful whether Europeans Asians Africans or South Americans are as shocked by the fact as they are by the revelation of the fact.

The fac is that at least at specific places and at specific times, such as at My Lai on a certain day at 1968, war has no rules and for the people at its mercy the horror is such that they might have been granted for the quick blast of a nuclear bomb. And what matter to them if the rest of the world ended too.

Americans are squabbling about whether My Lai symbo izes some sheer sadism in the American way of life, per se.

We may punish — and should — the perpetrators of the My Lai massacre. But we suggest that t symbolizes the fa l horror of war as it has been experienced by a t lions of people s nce began and for all our "humanizing" rules we l continue to be experienced by millions until we work seriously at devising and enforcing those ways of settling international differences.

Poetic Justice

EDITORIAL *January 9 1969*

Even as large ones was the deserved condemnation of sadism of the three killers in the outrageous act of reprisal against Lebanon, it is difficult to suppress a little snicker of appreciation

If an 11 b s big, big mugging a girl in a dark lane and sudden y getting a mouthful of brass knuckles and a rummy full of bullets. Not sure at all. She should have hollered for the police or something.

You listen with growing horror to destroying those Lebanese villages and the dolorous the censure of every person and every nation. But there was a degree of spectacularise in the whole episode: wasn't there?

20th century cavemen guard the continent

A FEATURE *April 2 1970*

"How far below ground level are we?" I asked, gazing around me at the gray walls and ceiling of the vast concrete blasted out of the hard rock of the Laurentian Shield.

The answer was as I remembered was for the floors that shuttle between the surface and the underground entrance to the NORAD underground defense installation near North Bay Ont.

The U S army engineers acting on time guide engines pleasantly but shakes his head. They don't mind telling you that the tunnel through which you have just have led is over a mile long, on a steep grade. You whether you are 300 or 600 feet below ground level at something left at your imagination

No point in an enemy knowing just how large a bomb he would require to wipe on one of the major defence installations on the North American continent he explains

Once again as in the destroyer-escort in Stepanuak harbor his eyes and watching Starfighter crews "scramble" a Mader-Soc regen. Germany two years ago, I was overwhelmed with the feel ng of being in another world; certainly in another dimension

Canadian as we may be of the delicate political situation throughout the world which could almost without notice, throw the entire planet into one angr last mself is we nevertheless live in a world where "peace" and "war" are fairly sharply defined and one person could not know when in "peace."

But in the men manning our defense ve and t fensive installations the war is always on, and the battle over imminent the reactions to situations controlled by a massive board reflecting seven or e ght levels between day-to-day normalcy and the ultimate slaughter of imminent attack wh ch could be brought down only by a formal declaration of war or on set of aggression wh ch would preclude all other possibilities

In the underground fortress electronic screens are watched around the clock, and such airborne aircraft n a vast area of Canada and the United States is represented by a b ip which traces the craft's travel for the past two minutes. Design each blip in the identification number which has been assigned to the plane and other information which only the trained eye can comb t see the maze flashes onto the screen only for a fraction of a second as a time.

If more information is needed about any given aircraft, a point-like device is pressed directly at the blip, triggered, and immediately up-to-date information on the aircraft it altitude, position, speed, direction and a lot more is flashed onto a side screen. This data is updated constantly by banks of computers which collect analyze and transmit desired information to the screens in one-se ni ll onth of a second

Any aircraft entering the zone man cored by the North Bay command must be immediately identified. If this cannot be done through normal channels such as filed flight plans Interceptors are sent out to make visual identification.

For firm considering those unidentified aircraft are unknown, the command welcomes them because they present natural unplanned tactical maneuvers and thus are more demanding and alertness-inspiring than the air battles that are constantly simulated

During the live exercises, actual bombers attempt to penetrate the region s two million square m e area. No holds are barred for these invaders ""Operating from bases in Canada or the United States they may come as any hour of the day or night, at any altitude or from any direction trying to catch the 22nd Region forces off guard

But from that first penetration of the Region s area the "enemies" are pursued up by radar and fighter-interceptors are scrambled to identify them.

The "enemy" seldom is able to get even close as warning range of targets which are shielded by complex electron c alt defence screens Rather they are electronically "shot down" hundreds of miles away by supersonic interceptors or ground-to-air missiles.

The SAGE (semi-automatic ground environment) control centre at North Bay is a $21 million complex and the only one of is kind at NORAD (North American Air Defence Command) From that centre deep in the Laurentian mountain range the commander of the 22nd NORAD Region directs air defence of the area for which he a esponsi ble

The 22nd Region is the largest in area, stretching from the North Pole to the Great Lakes, and from the Yukon to the Atlantic Ocean Within its boundaries are sections of all 10 Canadian provinces the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and part of the state of Maine

Sleeping In No Man's Land

A FEATURE *March 25 1971*

Can a person sleep soundly in no Man s Land?

I would have been inclined to answer in the negative and I confess that when I learned that the Ledra Palace, the hotel in which we were to be accommodated in Nicosia, was located smack on the Green Line which separates the Turk ish and Greek sectors of the capital city I had some misgivings.

My mind entertained visions of nighttime quiet shattered by mortar fire and the staccato of machine guns, with perhaps a vagrant hand grenade or two

shimmering through my window and exploding under my bed.

Common sense would suggest that the United Nations command and the Canadian Armed Forces would hardly set up a score of innocent newsmen as easy pigeons to be used for target practice by Greek and Turkish Cypriot soldiers. Common sense, however, isn't the strongest card of a person who has never heard a shot fired in anger and who is covering for the first time in his life an area where armed and fanatic enemy armies are narrow streets with violence still fresh in their memories.

There is with me a sense of relief that I woke to the peaceful scene surrounding the hotel: palm trees soaking up the sunlight, tourists wandering unconcernedly along the street and from one section to another. I have said it at occasions as though nothing in the world could have greater importance than caring for our needs. Indeed, this sense of normalcy implied throughout the city where one did not have the grim reminder of bombed-out or sandbagged buildings, in the security of the peninsula of the Turkish enclave.

Civilians bustled about their business of buying and selling, going to school and work, playing, and hurtling along narrow streets in their Volkswagens or bombastic speeds of the last can be shamed as a peaceful activity?

But there were reminders too, that the hostility was not make-believe. Whatever the civilian population's desire may be (and we had no opportunity to research this) the policeman are a dead earnest as are the armed forces of both sides. Although both Greece and Turkey have regular troops stationed on the island the Green Line is guarded by locals, as the name helps young citizen extremely conscious of the territory commanded by their tribe.

I should be pointed out — and both sides are acutely aware of this — that since 1964 education has been completely segregated. Thus a whole generation of Turks and Greeks is coming of age who have not rubbed shoulders a school and on the playing field and have been exposed only to the hatreds, prejudices and fears of their a dirs on whatever side they happen to be. Since most of the enemies are youngsters born years of school — perhaps 16 or 17 years old — and have known nothing but intercasual strife since they were nine or 10 years old you can stop me how receptive they are to the idea of violence. And this condition can only become worse with each passing year and constantly aggregation

Directly across the street from the Ledra Palace a Greek Cypriot sentry was posted, loaf almost our first act was to train our cameras on him. He made it quickly clear, however, that he didn t appreciate this attention and we weren't about to make our seats for a snapshot. I have a hunch every one of us got a photo anyway but as the sly

We had been warned that pieces of military installations were forbidden, but we had a rude shock when we learned what constituted an installation. We walked along the Green Line separating the two sectors, and seeing sandbagged buildings, thought nothing of stopping for a photo. We were stopped in time by the Canadian major accompanying us, who then had to assure the soldiers running toward us that it was a mistake and that no pictures had been taken.

The prohibition on pictures extends a fir flung behind some such rule knows exactly where fortifications are dug-in, but it was explained that maintenance of the mined gap, offensively and defensively, is a sensitive condition at all times. One sandbag moved or added to an installation brings a quick complaint to the United Nations which until then stops in and order the offender to desist or remove the sandbag. Each side would like to have, and probably has, photos of the other side's installations, but neither wants for the other side or the U N to have proof of the status quo.

If the moving of a sandbag seems to be a minor point to hassle over it is a meticulous issue compared with some that have emerged in fewer pitch An example was cited of a Greek mechanic taking a wrong turn and finding himself a few yards inside the Turkish sector. Before he could retreat he was surrounded by angry soldiers brandishing weapons. In stepped the Canadian sentry or patrol and convinced the soldiers that they were dealing with a man of peace who had made a mistake. was frightened to death and wanted only to return to Greek ground and safety

(Under its agreement controlling from the 1967 fighting at Kophinou Turkish Cypriots are granted freedom of movement on the island but all Greeks are denied entry into the Tu kish enclave. Our bus, because was operated by a Greek Cypriot could not enter the Turk ish sector; we had to get out and walk) Foreigners crossing the Lines with no more than a drivers permit cause the border guards no problems

(A fly automated, multi-millions-dollar floor mill owned by Greek Cypriot interests and located in the Turkish sector was just ready to go into production when the 1963 fighting broke out. It has yet to produce a pound of flour, sommers silly, having stood idle now for seven years, occupied only by United Nations guards charged with preventing further vandalism)

Another save for the U N: a group of young people are playing ball near the Green L ne, and as they usually happens the ball is k cked fou and into the Turkish enclave. A soldier recovers the ball refuses to return it and when Greek guards and threats use the stage for violence. A U N sentry saves the day by asking. It in sn t a bit hard to create an international situation over a ball. He returns the ball and calm is restored.

Children behave a double line when two factions designate nationality as a ma ker factor a incident leading up to tragedy and it is up to Canadian boys in

Nicosia to medium and upwards the hundreds of fractious, some petty and some not so petty, such of which has the potential of starting a fresh shooting war.

Interestingly negotiations are carried out so far as possible at the lowest level in order to prevent a tiny story from reaching into a top-level crisis. The Canadian private comes upon a Greek sold ier manhandling a Turkish civilian or a Turkish soldier molesting a Greek and it is his job to straighten the matter out with quiet, reasonable — and even benevolent — pressure. Only if he fails does he call in the sergeant and officers really become involved.

Major Barry Winfield, a westerner and C/O of the 5Ith company experienced quite an how well young Canadians had done in mediating the wide variety of incidents with which they had been confronted.

Much of the Canad ian success in dealing with these situations and not letting up new antagonisms towards themselves is attributed to the fact that except for the British they are the only career soldiers in the United Nations contingent. As the Canadian major sees it, a professional soldier simply has a different attitude toward an assignment than does an unwilling conscript sent off to keep the peace in a far-off land.

Certainly we sensed no antagonism toward Canadians if strolling the country was evidence, both from the manner of Greek and Turk ish families who exchanged friendly words with our guides, and from our conversations with Turkish and Greek leaders with whom we were granted interviews.

We asked Rauf R. Denktash president of the Turkish Communal Chamber (and vice-president of Cyprus under the old constitution) what I would be prise his for the Canadian boys to go home. He quickly replied that if the U.N. ever pulled out, he hoped the Canadian would be last to go.

Archbishop Makarios whom we met in the Presidential Palace, also expressed no desire for treaty removal of U. N forces. The archbishop incidentally proved himself no stick pot politician. His smile never left a face as hard as that on Cyprus the church and the state are completely separate (although he is the head of both) or when he expressed mild surprise at the suggestion that enosis was an absolute precondition to settlement of the Cyprus problem.

Mr Denktash showed equal skill in defending the Turkish pos tion. When the Greeks had given us facts which on face value appeared completely in vanfacts the Greek position, we found, these was usually a Turkish foge to place the facts on an altogether different gle.

Accepted though their presence in Cyprus may be however and dedicated though they may be toward their task a war curious that the Canadian boys think of the Cyprus tour as anything but a fun assignment.

It is interesting, they conclude to visit Cyprus and to see that part of the world but it involves a six-month separation from their families who cannot be brought to such a posting. The glamor of picturesque Mediterranean surroundings quickly wears off when standing sentry in hours under a summer sun, riding patrol (on a bicycle along narrow streets carrying molotovs seemingly driven by a death wish, to settling differences between trigger-happy Greek and Turkish Cypriots.

Even the single men are denied the social outlets traditional to soldiers in strange lands. Local courtship engagement and marriage customs are not to be trifled with and as a result Canadians are forbidden to go out with Cypriot girls. You may look askance to that one but we were assured that this a rule that is not broken. One Canadian bastard in a pub by the a avenging brothers relatives and friends of an aggrieved girl proved to better strength than military discipline.

On top of everything scarcity of accommodation and other factors make it necessary for officers and men to share the same buildings. While officers attempt to keep off-duty formality down to a minimum they outside that the arrangement leaves much to be desired from the men's point of view

Since the previous PPCLI (Princess Patricia's Canadian L ght Infantry) battalion will be pulling out of Cyprus to be replaced by another Canadian outfit and six months late another and that another and another — until Cyprus establish the peace, or Canadian politicians decide that we cannot afford to maintain a military presence in that far-off island country by i tself.

And can we afford to?

Already we we believe our commitment to the NATO Forces in Europe and if expenditures for our very expenditures continue, perhaps the next step would be to withdraw our 5000-man contingent from Cyprus and leave that chore to others too.

We can always hope that the nations which swore in to fill the breach will be reasonable enough to come to grand second Canadian activies to bow to do the job.

Israel, home of religions

A FEATURE *April 1 1971*

Viewing the nasty beauty of the Sea of Galilee, to the lush green countryside which has been created in a few decades by determined Israelis who would not be denied by barren fields or formidable natural obstacles, it is difficult to realize that here is a country at war

Perhaps the guns at the front are silent, and for that reason large-scale fighting has been confined to several relatively brief periods but there can be no denying the fact that since the state of Israel was created by the United Nations through partition of Palestine into independent Arab and Jewish states in 1948, this tiny nation has been surrounded by hostile

and belligerent measures dedicated to its very annihilation.

Had the peaceful scene in interwar Israel belied the tensions which must exist in a city land which has been on a wartime footing for over two decades out in full satisfaction to things Israeli and led me to expect far less trumpet accompaniment.

Before boarding the tiny El Al Convair aircraft at Nicosia International Airport, we were frisked by grim-faced security officers with a thoroughness that left no notion that sabotage and hijacking are everyday risks for the airline. Contents of hand baggage were carefully sorted out, and even our shoes were lifted from our heads. The plane was surrounded by guards both about on the ready prepared to do battle instantly.

Perhaps I want to explain how I happened to find myself in Israel and also the reason for the brevity of my stay.

Directors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association were invited by the Canadian Armed Forces to visit the Canadian battalion serving with United Nations peacekeeping forces in Cyprus in late February and early March. Since CAF flights out of Cyprus are on a once-weekly schedule, arrangements were made for a four-day trip to Israel as guests of the country's government. When our flight out of Ottawa was delayed for 24 hours, there was no way to continue our itinerary but by adding a day out of our Israeli visit. Thus we had three days — two and one-half days would really be more accurate — for a whirlwind tour of a nation which however small it may be has historical and modern significance which entitle it to longer and more thorough examination.

I would forewarn the reader also that since he who pays the piper calls the tune we heard only one side of the story of Arab-Israeli differences and at all stages of human confrontation I have been.

For example we were shown Mount Scopus Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the annual increase in Arab registration was pointed to with pride. On the other hand, leaving Israel I met a young Canadian doctor who had spent considerable time in the company of an Arab-Christian family in Nazareth and the picture he had been expected to was one of great reluctance to permit anything but a token admittance of Arabs to the university. According to this source Arabs are told that since they are not subject to military service, they should not expect to attend the Hebrew university. To us Arab exemption from military service was explained as stemming from Israeli reluctance to require Arabs to fight Arabs.

There was vagueness too when we asked our guide who was responsible for the refugee camps which we passed at top speed near Jericho as what was formerly Jordanian territory. Even the brief glimpses we had were staggering: families living in a few filthy squats feet under conditions which could only be described as subhuman horror any circumstances, and unimaginable to the serious heat of the torrid land.

On the other hand I would be most unfair to blame Israel for not correcting in three short years since the Six-Day War these festering conditions in which the Arabs have been content to permit Palestinian refugees displaced through creation of the state of Israel to languish for two decades.

Nevertheless I in the Israeli presentation was concealed, much of the evidence assessed beyond refutation.

An Arab village on the now-occupied West Bank, for example is a drab and dirty conglomerate compared with an Arab community like Nazareth in Jaffa in Israeli proper. While not in prosperous as their Israeli neighbors who set the pace the Arab communities look more prosperous and cleaner by far than the towns in former Arab lands.

The difference in the Israeli countryside and that of the West Bank also tells the story more effectively than a barrel of propaganda, of the miracle which has been achieved — both for themselves and for their Arab countrymen — through Israeli emigration and irrigation.

The lush green fields and forests of Israel bespeak a natural endowment but in reality all growth in this land with many wealth without precipitation is dependent upon irrigation. This fact is dramatically borne out the instant one crosses into former Arab lands and the eye is met on y with a barren desert. In fact, were it not for the beginnings of Israeli agriculture already beginning to show one would wonder why the Arab nations should ever want control over lands they appear to have neglected and perhaps allowed for centuries. Their chief value to the Arabs now if indeed seems to be as a base for the type of human resort which Israeli border communities have endured as it very way of life.

If sceptic doubts the very real dangers to which Israeli border communities are were exposed they need only visit the Golan Heights just east of the southern tip of the Sea of Galilee.

Subject to bombardment or attack by Arabs at any time, kibbutz residents were obliged to sleep with their children in underground shelters every night before the Six-Day War. Many younger matched the age of 12 before ever spending a night in the home of his parents.

The shelters are interconnected by tunnels and youngsters were segregated by age groups. Each home on the kibbutz also has access to a shelter.

With no small a population and an external threat communism Israel naturally has compulsory military service. Even for girls. After the army those who reach the age of 18 serve the required time (which on shorter for women than for men and varies in length with general security conditions). Then continue to take periodic training after discharge.

Whatever legal and historic rights the Arabs may have to the lands taken from them in the Six-Day War, it is difficult not to be sympathetic to Israel's determination to keep on to the captured lands (and a certain territory until the Israeli state is consigned by the Arabs.

As a matter of fact in the light of the Arab protests, past performance and their refusal to recognize the Israeli state, it is difficult to imagine a negotiated border more secure than the *de facto* security offered by the 1967 cease-fire lines.

In the north, Syrians used to the virtually impunity on Israeli habitations lying at the foot of the Golan Heights in high gleeful fashion shortly and repeatedly shown to Israeli territory below. Returning the fire from the lofty gun positions was impossible and the Heights were considered impregnable against assault, in the Six-Day War Israeli tanks threw themselves up against those forbidding banks gained control of the Heights and pushed the System well back from this devastating position. All the way back to the first Israeli wave were destroyed and the loss of life was considerable, as compared with Israel losses elsewhere. So it is not likely that Israel will soon bargain away this advantage.

The West Bank regions of Jerusalem and Samaria entailed many miles of unnatural frontier to meet to constant attacks by Arab raiders. The city of Jerusalem itself was divided with a considerable portion of it including the old city in Jordan as hands. Again, a city divided by barbed wire, bricks and mortar is an open invitation to aggression.

The Israelis pushed the Jordanians back to the Jordan River and the Dead Sea ensuring a much shorter and more easily defended border.

On the Egypt no front the Gaza Strip and a long border including down to the Gulf of Aqaba again created in lieu of unnatural frontier subject to constant assault. More Israeli occupation of the Strip and the Sinai Peninsula eliminated the Gaza headache and sited a strategically more favorable border in the form of the Suez Canal, with the added advantage of the vast Negev Desert serving as a buffer between Egypt and Israel.

Israeli settlement and agricultural development in the occupied areas, particularly the West Bank, seem to have one decisive cons that Israel had little attention of giving returning those lands to Arab control. It is pointed out that only about 1,000 Israelis have been settled on the West Bank and that the improvements will benefit the yet dest Arabs. For my own part however I won't not place my money on Israel's acquiescence of those lands in the foreseeable future. And somehow I find difficult to blame them.

I and and some reservations about how happily Arabs lived in Israel by judging by appearances they seem neither so for nor so not the Israelis giving credence to the theory that opposition to the state of Israel has a purely political origin and that there is no real groundswell of resentment against the Jews. Among the Israelis we met, too, I sensed no antagonism toward the Arab people themselves. I could have forgiven them a measure of antagonism in view of two decades of harassment by Arabs, but if it was there, it was well hidden.

Even in Jerusalem, a divided city until so recently, Jews, Moslems and Christians now move freely anywhere without fear of being molested. A government official who spoke to us at a luncheon in Jerusalem told us his last son-in-law when his eighth-marriage daughter is out on night anywhere in the city, alone or with a girl friend. In fact, he made a point of telling us with a gentle back of the hand to Constantine assignment, that for the last few years there had been less terrorist activity in Jerusalem than in Montreal.

Any speaking of Jerusalem, just seeing it has to be an experience for anyone of Christian, Jewish or Moslem faith. Perched on top of the Judean Hills, it is a mosaic of Arab, Turkish, Byzantine, Hebrew and Roman architecture (and it is probably all mixed up down cultures) such as defies description. In the new city, heavy automobile traffic and noise signs greeted one that he really hasn't dropped out of the 20th century.

But in the old walled city where you seem walk on the same through narrow alleys, the blended fragrance of hundreds of strange spices (and a few aromas not so fragrant) where Arab architects and sometimes their peasants run after you to sell their wares, where Orthodox and modern Jew meet to pray at the sacred Western Wall of Solomon's ancient temple (controlled by the Jews at last after centuries in foreign hands) where donkeys still carry the freight where hawkers offer the exquisite brass cobalts that often are little more than porcelain, here seems to have stepped into some mirage.

Paradoxically here in these few acres hallowed through their association with three of the world's greatest religions, you are warned to keep your wits about you

You are to Arab territory " warns the guide "You to witness not to buy anything" but if you do, pay no more than half the asking price. Above all don't buy or eat any of the foods it will probably make you sick. And watch your camera and valuables.

It is all most interesting but I confess to a sense of relief upon stepping through the Jaffa Gate into what by then seemed like almost modern by comparison

It may be sinful to admit it, but I felt strangely unmoved by the ocsane shrines which mark the traditional grounds of our ruling re—— such as Golgotha and Gethsemane. It may be logical for the adulation of millions over 20 centuries to manifest itself a splendid monument. But it just doesn't intensify one's prairie-boy idea of Jesus of Nazareth

Tel Aviv-Yafo Israel's largest city stands city of

contrasts harsh art all in the same area as Jerusalem. The Arab city Jaffa is one of the world's oldest seaports, while Tel Aviv built its beginning as a suburb of Jaffa in 1909 (six years after Weyburn was incorporated as a town).

You may dine at night in an eastern inn in Jaffa which seems almost to burst with secrets kept for centuries or in the morning you enjoy tea or coffee at an eastern cafe on Tel Aviv's wide tree-lined avenues while your eyes are taken in smartly dressed shoppers going in and out of gleamingly modern shops against a backdrop of some gleaming apartments.

The apartment buildings, mostly poured concrete and many under construction are usually cooperatively constructed, with the individual apartment privately owned.

No mention of co-operatives — or of Israel — would be complete without a word about the kibbutzim — co-operative settlements where groups live communally much like the Hutterites in western Canada.

We spent our first night in Israel on one of the older and more successful kibbutzim — Nova Yam — lying right on the Mediterranean south of Haifa. This kibbutz was primarily a training settlement processing fruits and fish provided by other farms and kibbutzim with a sideline of providing accommodation for the tourist industry.

Row on row of guest house blocks grouped near the newly Mediterranean beach, are filled most of the tourist season by workers from Tel Aviv escaping the summer heat of the city and by the many visitors from abroad attracted to Israel by curiosity as to interest.

We shared the evening meal with the kibbutz members in the communal dining room where all take their meals. (Some have cooking facilities in their own quarters, but only for snacks.) Although it was not a religious kibbutz, a brief religious ceremony preceded the meal.

All property is communally owned by the kibbutz members and until a few years ago no one was paid over to them at all their needs were provided. With prosperity however, they now receive $1,000 each to spend as they wish. Several items are provided for pleasure purposes and the treasury now sends a group on a holiday abroad every year.

Nova Yam was founded by Polish Jews in 1938, and it was explained that the kibbutz grew out one of ideology but through the sheer necessity of unemployment people trying to develop small holdings among hostile Arab neighbors.

A common misconception is that all or most Israelis live on kibbutzim. Nothing could be further from the truth. Something like three to four percent of the country's three million residents live on about 235 kibbutzim, the others are on co-operative farms, private farms (under long-term lease from the government) and employed in private and co-operative industry.

The kibbutz, one is beginning to find reason of the "pinch of prosperity" as young people are sent off to university many not for professions as trades that do not bring them back. Whatever the attraction of the sample, industrious, communal life for those who remember the day when they has nothing and were grateful for the opportunity they could scrape together through co-operative effort, is not nearly so alluring to young people who have grown up to comparative plenty.

We asked one of the elected officers about the prospects of the kibbutz in 10 to 20 years, but he shrugged eloquently and replied: If I knew the answer to that would I be sitting here? I'd be a prophet."

But then this question mark hangs not only over the Israeli kibbutz but over many institutions in our world, certainly a large heavy cow that whole nation where from the heights overlooking the Sea of Gal lee your eyes take in many of the places mentioned in the Old Testament and where the ancient race has again reasserted the flow of milk and honey of the Promised Land and are prepared to defend it to their death.

How they will fare only history will reveal but to see what they have accomplished is to wish them well.

The peace program

EDITOR'S *August 5 1971*

Although it seems like only yesterday when we all sat glued to our televisions sets to see the first astronauts set foot on the moon in some ways it seems like a lot more than the two years that have actually elapsed since that historic day.

So sophisticated have we become in these matters that beyond the line up the crucial manoeuvres such as the blast-off the moon orbit and the landing, the take-off from the moon and the splash-down most of us find other things to do than fol me every movement of the men on the moon.

It is hard to comprehend, considering how many unexpected scientists considered space travel impossible two decades ago, the strides that have been made since that getaway-first-sputnik Russian Sputnik bleeped to the world the that that the space age had indeed arrived.

Even then since it was such a feat to place to small an object into earth orbit it seemed like a long way from hurling to the moon and back a ship large enough to carry a crew all the supplies and equipment needed for an absence of two weeks or so, and now even a vehicle in which to travel over the moon a rugged terrain.

Yet we have seen it all happen — I like many them a decade and the most skeptical have had to concede that the "impossible" was possible.

Today opposing schools of thought do not divide on the question of 'Can it be done?' but rather 'How much is enough and what is too much?'

For my own part I am so fascinated with the space program that I would be happy to see it move along faster — except for one little thing, the price tag.

The individual seeming cannot pursue his goals without stopping to eat a few times a day and he cannot ignore the necessary. Society too must devote a substantial investment to the day-to-day necessities and solutions before it can invest in long-term soul-satisfying pursuits.

who knows but that if the governments of our world powers attacked the problems of ignorance, poverty, sickness and pollution with the same zeal and lavishness now channelled into the space program that too might lead to astounding and rewarding discoveries

Swords and plowshares

EDITORIAL *April 6, 1972*

And he shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor shall they learn war any more." — Isaiah 2:4

You must to a young man instead of to the bottom. You move around a continent instead of an office. And you contribute to peace instead of to guilt." — Canadian Armed Forces recruiting advertisement, March 1972.

Most of us have not yet learned to trust the world around us to the point where we are ready to give up our armed forces. And certainly anyone who is familiar with what the Canadian Armed Forces have contributed in Cyprus, the Congo and Suez will agree that the military can be a preserver the peace, and that military experience and ideas make excellent contributions

We hope the CAF are successful in attracting enough young men of the right calibre and intelligence to help our nation remain free and to enable our country to participate in peace keeping missions

But we hope our farmers don't all become indoctrinated with the profit they reap from their soils — meagre though it may be — that they beat their plowshares into swords and their pruninghooks into spears, and march off to war for peace instead. Because if they do, we'll have some mighty hungry soldier boys

No refund

EDITORIAL *August 17, 1972*

Our heart bleeds for the five American hijackers who collected $1 million ransom from an American airline were dropped off in Algeria, and had their loot impounded by the Algerian government.

According to a press report, they have asked the Algerian government to give us back our $1 million and we will get some where else "

The fact obviously has not occurred to them that criminal extortion gains liberty title or their view to the money the Algerians too have a right to use their own criteria for ownership such as "Aslalon on the $1 million per five hijackers.

Another lesson might be that if you play games with the Commies you are playing for keeps and is not easy to demand your money back. Nader's Raiders have no power to do so behind the Iron Curtain

The Arab atrocities

EDITORIAL *September 21 1972*

The grisly events of Munich, following the equally horrible tragedy in Tel Aviv a Lod International Airport, both inspired by the same Arab movement, claim world-wide wonder that human minds could commit, let alone carry out such atrocities.

But perhaps not enough of us pause to think about the environments which bear perpetrators of such crimes

When World War 2 ended and the full horror of the Nazi "Jewish solution" became known western nations only too aware of their share of guilt in setting the stage for the holocaust moved to fulfill at long last the ancient Jewish dream of a homeland of their own on the land where their history began

But when someone moves into a tiny over-populated area someone has to move out — first we sometimes forget or overlook as we look around our with open spaces and land there is room for all in this world

Palestine was not empty when it was handed over to the Jews. It was the home of many Arabs and the only native they had known for centuries.

Arab countries we among the poorest in the world and when you take from a mass of primitive unskilled and uneducated people the pitiful holdings from which they were able to eke a bare living and leave them into an equally impoverishing environments, but without even their plot of ground and their hovel what happens?

In the case of the Palestinians hundreds of thousands of them have since languished in refugee camps in the Arab lands under conditions so unwind and unsanitary that they would literally suffer by comparison with the conditions under which a western farmer houses his livestock. They are fed and clothed from a pittance doled out by the United Nations and perhaps some contributions from the Arab governments

These are the conditions which have bred the acrimony which we have viewed with horror squalor hopelessness poverty and above all the frustration

that is solving one problem, the world smugly and overbearingly closed its eyes to several problems it had thereby created.

In our zeal to purge ourselves of our own anti-Semitic past we applaud Israel but ignore the plight of those at whose expense Israel has flourished. The antics of Arab governments based on nationalism politics and religion tend to cloud the issues which play no little part in the Middle East's explosive conditions.

Nobody can condone the slaughter of innocent people but we are likely to see more horrors of the Munich-like Arab variety unless someone makes a genuine move toward resolving the problems of and restoring some hope to the Palestinian refugees.

Israeli goof

EDITOR A *March 1 1973*

The insanity of the Arab-Israeli western continued last week with the destruction by Israeli fighter planes of a Libyan 727 airliner carrying over 100 people, most of whom were killed in the senseless incident.

According to news reports, the airliner on a flight from Tripoli to Cairo overshot the airport in mid winders found itself over Israeli-held territory and instead of obeying Israel's signals to land, tried to make it back to Egypt — and was shot down.

To Israel a credit of government is ask nowledg ng a degree of error on the part of the an force and has offered to pay reparations to the families of those who died in the crash.

What is more urgently needed is an assurance that will prevent more needless bloodshed which could easily escalate into a full scale flare. But it takes two to make an agreement and so far Cairo hasn't shown much will ingness to talk about anything, except on Arabic terms.

Watergate

EDITORIAL *May 10 1973*

Our friends south of the border are having more problems. Brought to light by the Watergate investigations are charges of deceit, perjury to investigators and some so high up in the ofnia of command that the integrity of the president of the United States is being questioned.

The scandal as these know by now goes back to the burglary and "bugging" of the Democratic party headquarters at Wash ington during last fall's presidential election campaign compounded later by lies to cover up the fact and some of the chosen aides and confidantes of President Richard Nixon were either d uct y into ved in and prior knowledge of crimes which will long stain both the American political system and the nation's stan ustrumen of justice.

The lesson is learned once more that where power is at stake, there are men prepared to go to any length, to sacrifice every scruple, and to trample over every right of others in order to attain their goal

It is worthy of note that it was the digging and prodding of the free press, as much as anything, which helped expose the Watergate affair for the national scandal it is.

When a first name to right, restraint and free covered up Watergate as a political caper inflicted by minor figures — reprehensible but not all that unusual, and not enough to reflect on the integrity of a party and a nation's leadership.

Criticism is and investigation by the press, in the face of the White House s d spleasure, helped blow the lid It is small wonder real lawmakers had politicians find it hard to wipe out this criticism

Coughing

EDITORIAL *February21 1974*

When the energy crisis hit the United States a few months ago a commentator in an American news magazine blandly stated that world opinion probably would not mind for the U S simply walking out Arab countries and helping herself to whatever oil she needed. Moral objections to such a step were not even mentioned.

Last week we were warned by a Canadian Maurice Strong executive director of the United Nations environment program that Canada's sovereign right to do beautiful resources such as the Athabasca oil sands might soon be challenged internationally "even by the country s best friends.

"Canada " said Mr Strong "must regard itself not just as the sovereign owner and possessor of these advantages but in the larger sense as the s trustee. It does not mean that Canadians should be shy and the benefits of these resources but they must be prepared to share these benefits "Canada first cannot mean Canada only "

A few short years ago, with millions of the world s people starving the United States was watching natural resources by requiring wheatlands to be fallow Had India, China Russia, Africa and South America searched in to help themselves to America a bounty would appear as mockery in the United States have acted, "Yes this is just"?

When Germany shorn of her colonial empire by the Treaty of Versailles, reached out for "lebensraum" (room to l ve), was she upheld by anyone except her own bullies with similar aggressions?

When the Japanese lashed out their seeming ruthless strangling on islands with hardly any natural resources, did anyone say "These chaps did the sensible thing, they needed and they took"?

The Review holds and it would not be right for us to opt for Canada (or Saskatchewan) only and that a

would be commercially and politically foolhardy to miss a temporary advantage as a rule. But it goes against the grain to be told even by a Canadian that we had best cough up, or else others may consider it's moral right to walk in and help themselves.

A brave decision

EDITORIAL *September 12 1974*

U S President Gerald Ford who in the weeks following the resignation of President Richard Nixon has been the darling boy of all parties and factions plunged himself into deep controversy last weekend by issuing an absolute pardon for all wrongdoings the former president may have committed while in office.

Whether President Ford's decision is morally right or wrong — and this can and will be compellingly argued both ways in the weeks ahead — it was a brave thing to do at this point in time.

It would have been easy for Mr Ford to hold himself aloof from the president a predicament until the very last. That would have meant further months of investigations, a lengthy trial and finally in the event of conviction, appeals that could last years. Several years hence with the whole Watergate affair a matter of history it may be that whoever is president at that time — Ford a Democrat, or another Republican — would have strong pressure upon him to pardon a man who committed through naivete and misinterpretation of powers granted him in a position to which he had been elected by the people of the United States.

Long live Watergate

EDITORIAL *September 19 1974*

When Gerald Ford was being considered for the vice-presidency of the United States although his integrity was never under normal question doubt was expressed in some quarters as to whether he could measure up to the duties of president which might eventually be thrust upon him.

In the first few weeks of h s presidency and particularly as a result of the humble and conciliatory tone of his acceptance speech following his swearing in there was much a flood of relief throughout the United States and such unanimous acceptance of the new president, it seemed then that politics was entering a political era that was too good to be true.

It appears now that it may have been too good to be true. And that the original doubters had some justification.

In last week's "Ernestly column, written when the talk on Mr. Ford s absolute pardon of ex President Richard Nixon was hardly dry the word "bold" was used to describe Mr. Ford's action. A week later the word "foolhardy" seems more appropriate.

Had the pardon been named with full approval of Congressional leaders of both parties and perhaps that of the Senate judiciary committee impleachment-wise h still have required courage. Done without the advice of even his closest aides and counter to the wishes of Democrat leaders, the action reflected at best a naive notion that h s popularity would cushion his every action; at worst sabotage of the very system which appeared to have proved itself viable at the moment of his ascendancy.

But in hoisting a moral vacuum in the disposition of the many other Watergate-related charges against former Nixon subordinates it raises a constitutional question. Is the president empowered to pardon only specific and proven offences, or as a blanket whitewash (including possible crimes of w h nows magnitude also) ?

Watergate is dead — long live Watergate

America's 'best interests'

EDITORIAL *September 26 1974*

If you happen to be an American citizen it may be reassuring that your interests are being protected by your government in the course of interfering in the internal affairs of another nation

For anyone else it is slightly chilling to hear the president of the United States admit, as President Ford did in his press conference last week, that what h Allende s Marxist government was in power in Chile, the United States acted "to help and assist the preservation of opposition newspapers and electronic media and to preserve opposition political parties"

We share Mr Ford' sconcern for a free press but the press can be free only if it is true freedom reflecting a society s recognition of such a right and the need for t. When opposition newspapers and media are exposed by revelations here outside the nation they cannot be considered free but rather bound to such opposition through their indebtedness to those who make their existence possible

Perhaps illegal — but

EDITORIAL *July15 1976*

Most of the world reacted last week when Israeli commando units, in an act of unprecedented audacity and almost equally unprecedented valor and organization, stormed s building at Uganda s Entebbe airport to release over 100 peop e held hostage there for over a week by terrorists who had hijacked an Air France airliner

To accomplish such a feat is a mission part of the world as strange ground and with the l ves of so many hanging on the planning and the timing of the hare venture was just short of miraculous, and the outcome was one that would have been greeted with simplicities if found in a novel

It is unlikely that even Israel will attempt to deny that a violation of international law did indeed occur. But heaven knows that some solution is necessary when hijackers feel free to bomb all lines, and know that there are countries in which they can find sanctuary after committing their misdeeds.

The fable of fabulous New York

reprinted *October 30 1975*

Once upon a time there was a man who inherited a vast fortune started by his great-grandfather and added to by each generation.

He was a kind-hearted man this and decided he should share his wealth amassed by the family and whenever he saw poverty or need he gave generously. Naturally in word of his generosity got around more and more people made their needs known to him.

Never having learned anything himself and not wishing to offend anyone he found it difficult to tell the difference between needs and wants and so, when in doubt, handed over the coin of generosity.

Being a poor solemn creature he didn't worry about decided he was paying for prices for the gifts he was bestowing on everyone nor was he concerned with the fact that he was spending more money than his fortunes were earning and that his capital was dwindling.

Being a lazy man he still wanted to live luxuriously himself and do as little work as possible.

Being a carefree man he continued to write cheques on his account long after it was overdrawn, then mortgaged his assets so that he might continue his lifestyle and his generous programs.

Being a foolish man, he was surprised when no one would lend him any more money after he was unable to meet his mortgage payments.

"And I used the money to do all these wonderful things he cried in distress "Isn't anyone going to help me?"

This is the story of New York City which escaped bankruptcy by only a few hours the other day and which faces default again before many months are up.

It may be callous to say it served New York City right. But it seems and it takes something like this to prove to governments at all levels that you simply cannot forever spend more than you earn.

The yellow ribbon

originally January 28 1981

We saw the yellow ribbons

Not in abundance and not necessarily flittering from oak trees but they were there tied to the branches of the trees of car aerials and doorknobs.

We were motoring through the mountainous area out west of Yosemite National Park in California last Wednesday morning, and and not been listening to the radio, so when my wife opened the first yellow ribbon hanging from a branch we were mildly correctly that despite last-minute problems and the possibility of eleventh-hour hooks the 52 American hostages and finally reached freedom.

I can still help pondering on the fact that by coincidence we were in the U.S. on the day the hostages were first taken. We were attending a meeting in New Orleans in early November of 1979 when banner headlines in the newspapers heralded the first-dent which was to preoccupy governments people and the media for the next 444 months. Irrag about seven sanctions age and Iran contribute (probably) to the eruption of war between and country and neighboring Iraq, and call into question the nature and level of diplomatic relationships between western and emerging nations.

I confess I help thinking how different the 444 days had been for the 52 hostages than they had been for me.

Had it not been for the constant tallying of the months, I would have found difficult to believe that over a year had really passed since the U S embassy in Tehran was stormed and the U S diplomatic corps and their staff taken hostage by a gang of radical students henchmen of Ayatollah Khomeini.

For me and my family, the 444 days and hours filled with many exciting things, most of them good, and all of them in freedom.

For the hostages, confined against all international laws imprisoned threatened ridiculed interrogated humiliated and often physical y ill-treated, each day must have seemed like a year each week like an eternity

Not allowed to communicate in any accepted sense with their families, women prisoners in their government, they must have wondered often whether they would ever again see freedom. Under the present Iranian regime it would not have been surprising to see them summarily tried for espionage shot or incarcerated for so long that even families friends and the U S government would have to give up on bringing them home

Now it s all over and the world is learning that the treatment of the hostages was not nearly as "barbarous" as known authorities would have had us believe.

Reports of brutality denied perhaps, as seen in the perspective that that s culture has long been one of harshness, brutality and strict ty. It is possible there is a country where unwed pregnant girls are killed by their own families the captors may be astonished to find that in the view of westerners the occasional lash, threat, cruel be er solitary confinement is regarded as brutality

The fact that all 52 hostages freedom alive and in relatively good health says something

No courts in China?

EDITORIAL *January 21 1981*

Nothing ago a Canadian jurist returned from a visit to China with the remarkable news that that vast Communist country has no courts. He seemed to find such a situation wonderful, as though there finally a country had become so perfect as to have done away with the need for courts.

But Chairman have shown that when it is determinable to put on a show trial so in the present matter of the widow of former Chairman Mao Tse-tung there is no problem in finding the facilities and technical framework to conduct a court

Are there any grounds?

If there are indeed prisons and there are on courts, it seems obvious that people are arrested, convicted and sentenced without due process.

Surely only felons and simple-minded few regard courts as an agency of persecution. However inspection they may be they are all and sundry between us and a police state

It did the job

EDITORIAL *June 17 1981*

Most of the western world has, in the past, applauded the daring and courage of Israel in protecting her integrity as a nation.

There were shocked gasps however among her closest allies earlier this month when it was learned the Israeli aircraft had bombed and destroyed a nuclear reactor nearing completion in nearby Iraq, because, according to Israel, it was the intention of Iraq to build nuclear bombs with which to attack Israel

In a way the Israeli action might be compared to the eyeball-to-eyeball brinkmanship on the high seas by the Americans during the Cuban missile crisis under the Kennedy administration. It was unjustifiable under normal and law but it did the job.

Within the context of the need to survive it surely the Israelis the raid on Iraq also did the job

Nobody wants war

EDITORIAL *May 19 1982*

Our language, so probably are them language is replete with maxims and cover every type of human situation and from every conceivable point of view

I don t know what the opposite is for Nobody wants war but there ought to be, and probably is one. Certainly evidence exists to abundance that lot of people want war. If this were not so, it were it not be so easy to get wars started

The bloodletting in the Atlantic at present world between nations thousands of miles apart, has certainly attested to the fact that there are people on both sides of the dispute to whom bloodshed is most acceptable than many them alternatives.

Who wants wars?

Sometimes politicians do, if the country world a common enemy to divert public concern from internal social, economic or political problems. Many suggest this is why Argentina decided to embark upon a military solution to its claim of over a country to sovereignty over the Falkland Islands

There even lurks a suspicion to some minds that Her Majesty s government re Great Britain feeling domestic crises unfortunately unhappy about a run of events and has armed people hell of the government like wheeling rise since World War 2

There are also people who make fortunes out of wars. Wars require and consume instruments medical supplies, food and many other materials. Small wars allen serve on testing grounds for conventional weapons.

There have been mercenaries for centuries happy to enlist to kill and to risk their lives for any cause, so long as the price is right.

Who dies?

For my part, I'm always more than a bit suspicious of the ingoer solutions of the military — in any country

Does get me wrong I m not against the armed forces and count myself among those who believe the west needs a strong defence

But the fighting persons and whom you train people for a certain task there comes a time when at least some of them are itching to put their training and talent to the ultimate test

I've visited a number of Canadian armed forces bases, both in Canada and in Europe I met many fine officers, most of whom saw their role as defensive.

But for some of them, I sensed, the enemy had been identified and the war all but declared and if they need the say-so they would push the button on a tactical exercise rather than on political or defensive grounds

In the Falklands I spoke my sympathies he with the British.

But let it keep cool and remember and there are all sorts of people who would welcome a small war And small wars can escalate into world wars all too easily

Another aggressive act

EDITORIAL *September 7 1983*

Last week a Reverse warned against letting down our defences when dealing with a world power — the Soviet Union — so personal that it refused ten graven permissions to a woman on the grounds that she might have learned military secrets from her father — a father she had not seen since she was four months old

As the Review was coming off the press a South

Korean Boeing 747 civilian airliner carrying a reported 269 people was flying from Anchorage Alaska, to Tokyo on a course intended to bypass Soviet territory by air between Alaska and Japan.

Whatever the reason the aircraft deviated from the course was detected by Soviet radar followed by Soviet fighter aircraft and pursued up to the last report available destroyed by a missile.

All aboard perished.

To a shocked world Soviet authorities imply that "aircraft number nine crash without being shot down" that warning tracer shots were fired when the 747 pilot failed to accept interception instructions that the aircraft was a CIA spy in space.

That is the nature of the people of the Kremlin, who control the mighty USSR and whose aggressive urge now had permanently keen us constantly on the brink of a nuclear holocaust.

They can be ill apart over the loss of 269 lives. They can in the same breath, deny responsibility for the destruction of the aircraft and justify the destruction for security reasons.

For home consumption

EDITORIAL *September 14 1983*

Almost a week after the fact, the Soviet Union got around to admitting that its fighter planes had indeed destroyed the South Korean air liner which had wandered into Soviet air space on Sept 1 sending it and the 269 people aboard to their deaths.

The earliest response to the destruction was (at least to Canadian authorities) that airplanes can get shot down without having been shot down.

The second stage of the admissions had Soviet interceptors firing tracers as a warn ng to the airliner. It was left somewhat to the imagination whether the tracers had accidentally brought down the plane or if firing ceased conscientiously by accident.

Finally came the admission that the South Korean aircraft had been destroyed by Soviet fighters but on the spurious grounds that it was a spy plane examining Soviet military installations in the area posing Soviet missiles to the airspace and line of battle flown side by side with a United States spy plane for 140 minutes shortly before entering Soviet airspace.

The admission incidentally came only after the Russians were confronted with transcripts (tapes? by the Japanese) of radio conversation between a fighter aircraft and a base commander. Without that one wonders whether an admission of responsibility might ever have been made.

It is no secret that Soviet aircraft — not civilian liners but military planes — deeply penetrate Canadian air space dozens of times every year. They are intercepted by NATO planes and escorted back to international airspace, but not shot down.

The Soviets did so in the South Korean plane refused to comply with instructions to land in a Soviet field.

Difficult either to prove or disprove.

But it is obviously for home consumption. To the rest of the world, it is just so much spoiled borscht.

The Grenadian invasion

EDITORIA *November 3 1983*

It is not surprising that some of the closest at ies of the United States — including Canada and the United Kingdom — have been less than enthusiastic about the American invasion of the tiny island republic of Grenada in order to reverse a bloody coup d'etat by Red-led rebels.

Having outknowledged however this the United States had no c ear right in terms of international law to go into Grenada let's take a look at the situation from a practical point of view.

Tiny nations such as Grenada and a number of others in that part of the wor d exist at the sufferance of their more powerful neighbors. They obviously have not the manpower to protect themselves from any resolute foe of even modest s ze but if every man woman and child were trained and armed.

Thus they ex st in the hope that their neighbors will leave them in peace allow them to run their own affairs and if anyone should be tempted to molest them, that we even more powerful neighbor will come to their assistance.

In this instance that powerful neighbor is the United States which left it alone in spite of a type of government not exactly to American specifications preferences.

Then came the *coup d etat*

Was it a groundswell of revolt by the people of Grenada against the existing regime, or was it the work of an arch treas gang of thugs supported by an armed force of another group of ne ghbors — from Cuba — heavily armed well trained, and brought half the country as "workers"?

It will probably never be possible to justify the U S action in terms of international legalese but it made a lot of sense in terms of the future well being of the Grenadian people — and certainly in terms of the security of this cont nent.

40 years after D-Day

EDITORIAL *June 6 1984*

This week — today in fact — marks the 40th ann versary of D-Day when the vanguard of an estimated three mi lion Allied fighting troops assaulted the beaches of Normandy thus beginning the last chapter of the destruction of Nazi Germa n war machine.

The s gnificance of D-Day was probably overshadowed by the big blasts just over one year later at Hi roshima and Nagasaki which while they brought World War 2 to an abrupt end also ushered in

A new era of global nuclear madness security

Today as more and more media World War 2 is shown first most with the development of the weapons that have brought the planet to the brink of Armageddon than with a crusade to save a good part of the world from a maniac slambetons.

There as also a deep sense of guilt on the part of many residents of this country and the United States, as though nuclear armaments were totally the brainchild of the Allies.

Not so

The top se sneffic tes as a Germany were working feverishly at developing an atom bomb and the means to deliver it and had the European war lasted much longer would likely have been successful.

The big bangs would have come, and at about the same time

Except for D-Day however and the heroics who fought their way across Europe the bangs might have occurred at London, or Manchester or maybe even New York

A telling argument

EDITOR AL *July 24 1985*

Probably one of the most telling arguments against the Us led Stasis' proposed Star Wars system came recently from a Canadian who has been privy to planning and discuss on of the project

Davis Parnas a professor of computer sciences at the University of Victoria that y says it wi l not work.

In his view software engineering a too unreliable to be depended upon to operate a system that cannot be tested except under conditions of an actual attack upon the United States

To those who regard computers as infallible, is easy to see programs that the big brains of the weak could put together a software system that is close enough to perfect to do the job dependably. To any amateur computer tinkerer who has written even a few lines of code this Parnas position sounds too close in reality to be ignored.

A professional computer programmer has estimated that for every hour of programming spend in develop ng a computer package two hours are spend by experts trying to crash the program that is do ng everything they can th nk of to make the program fail

Even when those safeguards have been invoked most program packages require updating and correction s fte~they have been marketed and put into use under actual field conditions

The Star Wars software would is is believed require hundreds of millions of lines of computer code no doubt written by thousands of programmers using varying techniques and approaches

To expect all this programming to work the first time it is used, to the extent necessary to entrust the continent s total defense upon it does seem unrealistic

A few camouflaged lines of coding could probably create a m ssile to turn on itself and destroy the United States.

40 years after Hiroshima

EDITORIAL *August 7 1985*

Yesterday marked the 40th anniversary of the nuclear bombing of the city of Hiroshima and the beginning of the end of World War 2.

It is unsure that the anniversary triggers a flood of remembering conjecture and comment on every aspect of the nuclear age that began for the world at large on that fateful day

In is equally natural perhaps, that s also resurrects debate on the moral question ought the United States have employed so terrible a weapon?

Natural yes but who has the right to pass judgment?

Can those of us who have never even known the horrors of conventional warfare really blame those who made the decis on to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki at a cost of an estimated 200,000 ~ over — mainly civilian — s the expectation of ending a war that had already ta ked millions of civilians and would probably y ill another million or more?

What was the judgment s August of 1945 of the mill ons of parents who had sons and daughters as the Al ied armed forces and who were so bed every night praying that the fo lowing day might no bring the dreaded telegram of condolence from government?

What was the judgment of the r ll ons of Chinese, Koreans and other Asians living at that time under the harsh heel of Japanese occupation? Were they grateful to see it and or would they have preferred to suffer yet another year or two while the game was played out by conventional rules?

And how relevant is the debate?

In 1945 scientists on both sides were working as usual the child to perfect a nuclear device. Does anyone sincerely be leve that the Germans or the Japanese had they been f rst, wou d surely have put it on display and gone on fighting conventional y?

In any case Hiroshima and Nagasaki are t mely symbols of an age entered by the human race when nuclear flame was n bir ed

Human inventiveness and human aggressiveness have guaranteed from the day the first weapon was used a ban s (although hopefully obvious only this century) that the tools would come when weapons would be invented that were so terrib s as to render war unthinkable as a logical so ution to anything

So that s where we stand today

Nuclear weapons were invented as was inevitable

The bombs were dropped as was inevitable the times and places incidental except to those who were

think. We now find ourselves at the juncture where we must decide the future course of mankind or survive through new approaches

If we do do for destruction the survivors of a nuclear holocaust will ask themselves how it might have been prevented and how to prevent it in the future — not about the moral cowardice of the Munich appeasement

Desperation is the enemy

EDITORIAL July 3 1985

An Air India jetliner carrying over 300 people crashes off the Irish coast minutes before its schedule ed arrival at London. All aboard die Presumably a terrible work of Sikh terrorists

In Tokyo, a bomb explodes in luggage taken from a CP Air line and dies at least five leading to the murder An India flight Several baggage handlers are killed but the world is re assured that the premature explosion prevented hundreds more from dying Again, Sikh terrorists are suspected

In Bern a Irish extremists threaten to explode bombs at various locations through the country where they will cause innocent deaths and needless destruction

A TWA flight from Athens to Rome is hijacked by a Muslim Shia sect group. Thirty nine crew members and passengers are held hostage For almost three weeks in various Arab cities before their release is finally negotiated

We seem to be living in a world gone crazy a world in which handfuls of madmen can hold nations in ransom by bargaining with the lives of innocent people causing not one whit how much blood is spilled in the process

Most North Americans living today have grown up rather naive to the realities of the world in which we

Our forefathers grew up a towns and villages carved from the wilderness, largely isolated from the rest of the world While they were hardships they accepted as their due the rule of law due process, democracy and very real opportunities to improve their lot

This created a people largely trusting, and too reluctant that was well in the world.

But while we have a a consensus by that means to interpret, in our minds, and enjoy our freedom of choice our democratic traditions and our prosperity we do so only hours away from poverty repression dictatorship by individuals or the state religious persecution, rule by intimidation and torture and other injustices too numerous to mention inflicted on people who are not allowed a voice in world councils.

There is no reasonable, pure defence for terrorism But desperate people are not governed by sanity or reason Desperate people take desperate measures

Desperation is our real enemy

HEAVENSTLY HAPPY YESTERDAYS

Strike against Libya

EDITORIAL April 16 1986

It happened

Early Tuesday morning were of the United States air force attacked military installations in the vicinity of the Libyan cities of Tripoli and Benghazi

The installations have been listed Fed by U S spokesmen as bases for terrorist groups allegedly operating with the approval under threat on of Libya s Col Moammar Khadafy which have been escalating their campaign of violence aga nst American interests many targets in Europe

In h s address to the nation a few hours after the attack President Rona d Reagan stated that the U S. has conclusive evidence that the recent bombing of a West Berlin discotheque frequented by American servicemen had been ordered by L byan authorities

In view of everyth ng that has happened, and evi dence claimed by the U S po nting to many terrorist attacks planned by Libya in the future it is difficult to be altogether outraged by the air force action

But do we real y relish the idea of a bloodbath that thwarts the terrorist acts?

In the United States there are guarantees that people may not be punished by the state without legal persons of law

No such th ng exists, of course, in international relations. The next best thing to a however is negotiation backed up with economic and political persuasion

Recent attacks against USSR diplomats by Mid East terrorist groups seem to have changed Soviet attitudes toward terrorism. Perhaps they could be persuaded to join us Khadafy a in and arrange the small shoot attacking U S. targets in Europe and an this continent.

This may leave price attacks unavenged but then how many be more crimes a the United States go unpunished every day without d sagreement?

Where are the protests?

EDITORIAL May 7 1986

We know there was a nuclear accident at the Soviet Union early last week or thereabouts

Do we know about th s accident because the Soviet Union the lover of the human masses wherever they may be, was quick to alert the rest of the world to the dangers that might arise from the accident?

We do not.

As a matter of fact there is little reason to believe we were have been told anything about the even multidown (perhaps more than one) at a nuclear p ant n Chernobyl north of Kiev in the Ukraine had it not been for the fact that the fluorescens of the mishap were such that stone wall ng became impossible

What's surprising (but not entirely) is that there has been no great chorus of protest from anti-communist right-wing groups around the world.

Had the accident occurred in a U.S. nuclear plant, there would have been around-the-clock picketing at every U.S. embassy and consulate from Toronto to Tucson to Timbuktu.

Persian Gulf tragedy

EDITORIAL *July 13 1988*

It took the president of the United States only a few hours to declare that the downing of an Iranian airliner with a loss of 290 lives was justified because officers on a U.S. warship thought the jetliner was an attack warplane.

This downing by the way took place not on the approaches to San Francisco or New York City but over the Persian Gulf adjacent to Iran, where the presence of Iranian non-military aircraft must be commonplace.

Can you imagine the reaction if the jet liner had been anything but Iranian and the warship Iranian?

There's something drastically wrong somewhere when the president of a superpower can justify a mass killing of civilians in international areas because the captain of a warship felt threatened.

Will many people are paid to feel threatened? Civilians are not.

Last week a tragedy should initiate investigations and reviews of procedures to reduce the possibility of a recurrence of it a type of disaster.

Proof of the horseh

EDITORIAL *July 20 1988*

In January of this year Time Magazine named Mikhail Gorbachev general secretary of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as Man of the Year of 1987.

This honorific bestowed annually by the weekly news magazine on the entity (or group of individuals) deemed by it to have done the most in the previous year to change the world — for better or for worse.

Choice of the Russian leader came as a result of the policy of glasnost (openness) which he is not only pursuing but actively encouraging in a nation challenged for most of the 60-year history of it regime to being the most brutally repressive in modern history.

Whatever the Communists have done wrong they have achieved a pretty good record for educating a nation in wh ch it eracy was more the rule than the except on at the time of the revolution. You cannot educate people and make noises about peace democracy and freedom without to ks beginning to wonder when they will get some of that stuff.

This is not to say that freedom has arrived for the Soviet masses and s there to stay.

Freedom and freedom of speech are not cannabalistic attributes of a political system like the size of the ruling body or who is in charge of the pork barrel. No the presence or absence of basic freedoms is the very fabric of the system.

Freedoms bring a way of life and politics that is threatening to and bound to be resisted by many powerful people with a vested interest in the status quo in the USSR. A struggle is inevitable and may blanch in truly more enhanced and free systems or put it off indefinitely.

Time will tell. As the old Romanian saying has it, the proof of the banuller is in the eating.

6. Genesis and Exodus

Where and when it all began

It would be reasonable to suppose that in a town like Steinbach Manitoba with a Mennonite population of about ninety-five percent as my childhood there would have been a strong emphasis on teaching Mennonite history

In fact the opposite was the case While a Mennonite catechism was taught in the lower grades of public school as well as German the church language we never were taught much about the origins and movements of our group then were more than four centuries old

Some Mennonites claimed to be German some Dutch almost all spoke Low German (Plattdeutsch) at home as the workplace and marketplace and German at various levels of proficiency in church Most Steinbach families had emigrated from Russia as the 1870s and a minority had come as the 1920s after losing their lands and property in the Russian Revolution and its aftermath

Most of us knew that at some time in "prehistory" the Mennonites had migrated to Russia from somewhere — presumably Germany — but at least to my generation dates and particulars were as obscure as Topsy's proverbial origins What little I now know of Mennonite history has been gleaned from family and community histories and a few booklets on the Mennonites "

It seems to be generally agreed that the Mennonite Church is an outgrowth of the Anabaptist movement which had its beginnings in Switzerland and adjacent areas of Germany with non-violence adult baptism and separation of church and state as chief tenets differing from those of mainstream Protestant churches then developing

Menno Simons however was a Roman Catholic priest in Dutch Friesland who converted to the Anabaptist faith and who wrote and preached this new faith so persuasively and fervently that his followers — most Frisian Dutch Belgian Flemish Angles and Saxons and a few French and English — were named after him.

While I found their persecution of non-violence anomalous in the context of the imperatives of the war against Germany Italy and Japan raging in my youth I see it as a slightly more sympathetic light after reading of feudal wars in which young men were sent into battle in conflicts that often were no more than grudge fights between feuding noblemen or forays by barbaric hosts to replenish embezzled dramhot by absolute living.

The repugnance for arms-bearing becomes even more understandable when seen in the light of a practice then extant in Switzerland, where the Anabaptist movement was born. Evidently not many men were even then so finding ways to turn an honest dollar, the Swiss conscripted young men for military service then hired them out by the year to neighboring countries, where they had to offer their lives in foreign causes they neither cared about nor understood. When I view their desolateness in this light I am rather proud of forebears who then said "Hell no I won't go" regardless of my own view of service to one's country in a legitimate cause in the twentieth century.

Decried as heretics because of their belief in separation of church and state non-violence and adult baptism Mennonites were hailed into court and severely punished about two thousand martyrs evidently have been confirmed It is not surprising, then that they looked favorably upon an invitation to settle the swampy Vistula-Nogat delta area Bringing in what is now Poland As in w country people holding back the sea and reclaiming arable lands from swamplands was second nature to them They were successful and prospered

Like many people living in European backwaters in that period, the Mennonites had to be bilingual The low countries mixture of dialects known as Low German (Plattdeutsch) was for daily use, while the official language and that of their Bible was used in church and when dealing with officialdom

Dutch continued to be the language of the church until the mid 1700s, when one minister dared to mandate a services in the German language This evidently caused such an uproar that it was five years before anyone tried it again Suddenly it became the natural thing to do and German became the official language of the Mennonite Church in that part of the world.

Not having encountered any explanation for the dramatic of the change I have made my own deductions Being a mixture of Germanic people or tribes they probably had neither more nor less cyclity to use language than another Geographically however their West Prussian domicile was closer to Germany than to the Netherlands the privileges such as exemption from military service had to be negotiated at the highest level of authority and far much if the period in question that part of Germany was under German rule as German was the natural language in which to negotiate. During these periods too they likely would have been considered German nationals

There is a further possibility that the Mennonites found Martin Luther s German Bible more to their taste than the Dutch translations used by Dutch Protestants Just s guess

In that part of Europe too the popularity of the Mennonites never strong, became suffocating at best laws and regulations were changed to restrict and reduce the size of their holdings, and they were requested to pay tribute for the support of the state church and the military program.

About that time Catherine II (the Great), Czarina of All the Russias and harmlf of German heritage invited Germans of every ilk to settle the vast steppes of southern Russia (the Ukraine) acquired recently It was her hope that German agricultural skills would rub off on the local peasantry For the Mennonites her invitation included exemption from military service, full control of village life the right to use German in schools and churches and a ten-year tax break One restriction was that they were not permitted to proselytize on pain of banishment

The Mennonites knew a good deal when they saw one left their home of 250 years and trekked hundreds of miles to a new homeland, where once again they had to wrest a livelihood from and impose their own order on a hostile environment

Again they prospered, and as time went by their privileges were again challenged Sources differ on the question of the term of their special status. Some claim their exemption from military service was guaranteed in perpetuity others that it was a 100-year privilege Whichever it was by 1870 a Russian czar had announced a "russification" program for residents of foreign descent, as well appending suspension of Mennonite exemption from military service

At this time both the United States and Canada had strong immigration programs with incentives that included freedom of religion Thousands emigrated almost immediately, even though a compromise had been worked out by this time with the government whereby Mennonite

boys would be able to substitute forestry service for military service. Many settled in Kansas and other parts of the United States Midwest and Canada and it was thus wave that also settled Steinbach and other colonies in southern Manitoba Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Both Irene's family and I were adopted to remain in Russia possibly considering forestry service and Russian language education a small price to pay for the retention of the modest affluence they had attained and were enjoying. My grandfather was of a long succession of Klassen bearing the name Johan Siemens had been one of a group that travelled to Manitoba to check out the potential of settling in the New World. He is said to have reported back that people had to work too hard in Canada. Even for some Mennonites I suppose the work ethic was strongest when it was necessary for sheer survival, and lost its attraction when the good life became a viable alternative.

They had four decades to enjoy what became — as we heard it years later — a genteel life by Mennonite standards and certainly privileged when compared to the lifestyles of the Russian (then termed to refer to all Slavs as Russians but these were more probably Ukrainian) peasants who lived all around them and who served them at field hands and domestics.

Their lifestyles were probably simple when compared with the Russian aristocracy but in the penniless state of our childhood in mid-depression Manitoba, when we heard our mother describing the harvests of watermelons stored for the winter trees in their orchards groaning under the weight of fruit, printed rolling cards presented by young ladies when calling at the homes of friends, going off to boarding schools and girls learning household arts chiefly to prepare themselves for overseeing the servants in their own future homes, our minds boggled at such affluence.

Any envy we might have felt for the Epsenean life was offset by the knowledge that it hadn't lasted. While our parents still were young adults World War I was the prelude to the end of all this. Free of all exemption from military service ended to the extent that young Mennonite men were required, at least, to serve in medical units both home s father and mine served at or near the front as stretcher-bearers or ambulance drivers and if they were not combatants they were exposed to risks from which many generations of their forebears had been spared.

Surrender by Russia to the Germans before the latter were themselves defeated triggered the Bolshevik revolution and our parents became intimate with warfare at its cruellest. Their homes were ransacked or at best looted by Whites and Red seeing troops alternately rape of young girls grandmothers and anything in between was commonplace (females sometimes spent weeks hidden in haystacks) men were summarily shot food clothing money and valuables were confiscated life became hell. Those who had served as officers in the Czarist army — even as medical units — seem to have been singled out and arrested.

Early in the civil war young Mennonite men formed defensive units to guard their settlements against roving bandits their wives and families threatened they managed to make that much of a compromise between their non-violent religion and reality. Somewhere, the distinction became hypothetical and at least some of these units fought on the field as loyalists or at least as anti-Bolshevik.

Communist victory brought confiscation of property famine and as all "enemies of the state" to Siberia. Commonplace became public executions by self appointed tribunals midnight searches of homes and arrests of men who often were never heard from again or were rumored years later to be in forced labor camps in Siberia.

Mennonites were targeted firstly as former landowners and as ethnic Germans were identified both with the wartime enemy and with the occupation forces that were as much an evidence after the Russian surrender. (Although I have established that the Mennonites probably were of Frisian Dutch and Belgian Flemish stock originally they had spent many decades in Poland which is now governed by Germany, had come to Russia as German nationals and may even have gloried in this identification with Germany arising late in contrast with the receding glory of the Dutch empire.)

At any rate, with little hope for a future tolerant of their beliefs and lifestyles and with their wealth confiscated the surviving Mennonites recalled their missed opportunity to migrate to

North America. While Canadian Mennonites worked through the Canadian government to open the doors of this country to their kinsmen trapped in Russia, a committee of Russian Mennonites negotiated with Lazarmanov, Communist government for permission to leave the USSR.

Irene's father was a member of the negotiating team, and thus position was dangerous in itself since it probably seemed to them with whom they negotiated that here was something burdening on the treasonous to want to desert the millennium with which the latter had blessed the land. Every meeting, I understand, was attended with the fear that it might well culminate in arrest a speedy secret trial, and execution or exile.

Leave to emigrate eventually was granted and another great exodus began.

The Canadian Mennonites who had worked toward bringing them to Canada had guarantees to settle them on agricultural lands. Land was plentiful but it had a price and the immigrants were penniless. It turned out that there were a number of large farms in the prairie provinces that might be available on reasonable terms. Established in the late 1800s often by absentee owners, they had reached a peak of profitability during World War I and the years immediately preceding it, but had lost economic viability with the end of the war as the owners were not averse to selling them. Those holdings were deemed particularly suitable for communal farming and while the Mennonite tradition was one of individual ownership and operation many of the immigrants during several generations of affluence probably had lost their hands-on familiarity with agriculture and were amenable to the idea of temporarily pooling knowledge, labor and ownership.

The matter of payment was still a problem but the Mennonite Land Settlement Board devised a contract permitting Mennonite immigrants to purchase land on terms that included the following: no cash payment at time of purchase; payments spread over a period of up to fifteen years and based on a half-crop payment plan; no obligations to pay anything but tax and insurance in years when crop revenue fell below $6 per acre; and interest rates of six percent.

The contract became known in the Canadian west as the Mennonite Contract, and its terms as Mennonite Terms. It is indicative of the Mennonite reputation for reliability and industriousness that these terms were generally available only to Mennonites.

The Derksens together with a dozen other families, settled much farm in the Rush Lake district near Swift Current. The group farmed communally only briefly, then divided up the land and equipment and established individual homes. However humble, and I understand some were pretty humble.

The Neufelds and some forty other families acquired the vast holdings of Sheldon Farms, near Hanley and not far from Saskatoon. The land was held and farmed communally for a number of years although separate home places were established.

My father's duties at Sheldon Farms as he settlement continued to be called included serving as secretary-treasurer since he had been an accountant in a small farm equipment factory in Russia. The term "accountant" admittedly is used loosely here, since his training in accountancy probably was limited to a commerce-oriented secondary education.

In 1927 only four years after immigrating, my father died, and my mother had no alternative but to cash in her modest equity, which was probably no more than benefits from a Mennonite Insurance plan which providentially had been established. Her sister Mary and husband Isaak Klassen had moved to Winnipeg not long after immigrating and with bleak alternatives wherever she might choose to go, it seemed like a good idea to be close to what few footholds she had in this country. It didn't take her long to realize her meagre holdings and the pittance she could hope to earn in Winnipeg would require living in the poorest accommodation and in neighborhoods not suitable for raising a young family. Shortly after I was born, she acquired a home in Steinbach where she and her family would, at least, be in a community of people with a similar ethnic and religious background.

Meanwhile back in Rush Lake the Derksens were just getting a handle on dryland farming (Mr. Derksen had been a teacher in Russia after studying at universities in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, and Jena, Germany) when the Dirty Thirties came along and treated them no better

than thousands of other Saskatchewan farmers. What might have happened in the long run is anyone's guess but just when things looked blackest they were visited by old friend Abram Dyck who was horrified by their humble estate and offered Derksens a job at his German-language weekly newspaper the Steinbach Post in Manitoba. Although not trained in printing or newspaper work, Derksen was at least as qualified for it as for agriculture; he accepted left the farm to creditors, and moved his family to Steinbach. Not many years later the Derksen family took over the Post.

This album is not intended as a genealogy any more than as a detailed history, but since this chapter purports to give an insight into our family as persons and ethnic background was clue to our own biases, attitudes and predispositions it seems appropriate to introduce the immediate members of our family, who more have had some influence on us whether they gladly admit it or not.

Gerhard Salomon Derksen of Grunenfeld Russia a young school teacher married Maria Unger of Novo-Fedolok Russia daughter of an apothecary-cum-agronomist placed on a Jewish agricultural commune to give some guidance to the commune members.

The Derksen children Anna married Peter Rosenfeld of Herbert Saskatchewan Eugene married Helene Friesen of Steinbach, Manitoba Bruno married Elizabeth Brunet of Steinbach (then living in Hamilton Ontario) and he died in 1967 George married Mary Sundaes of Swanlake Manitoba and died in 1976, Irene Maria married Ernest Neufeld of Winnipeg formerly of Steinbach

Gerhard Derksen died in 1957 and his widow in 1977 after being predeceased by a second husband Abram Vogt of Steinbach

Abram Neufeld of Alexanderwal Russia married Anna Siemens of Alexanderwalk Russia daughter of a petty bourgeois and village mayor as seems (rebuke)

The Neufeld children Anna married Raymund Hildebrandt of Winnipeg Herman married Elfreda Vogt of Steinbach Victor married Anne Matheson of Winnipeg, who died in 1945 Gladys Grey of Worcester who died in 1962 Margaret Klassen of Winnipeg Victor died in 1980; Helen married Harry Rosenby of Winnipeg Ernest as mentioned above married Irene Derksen

Abram Neufeld died in 1927 and Nowitow Anna Neufeld in 1960

The children of Ernest and Irene Neufeld

Eric Michael born in Toronto married Charlotte Warkentin they have two sons Abraham Michael and David Eric

Donna Irene born in Weston Ontario married Kevin Bakken of Weyburn they have one daughter Brooke Jodaine and one son Jacobson Ernest

Patricia Anne born in Weyburn married Darcyl Ward of Weyburn they have one daughter Ambe Dale

Mary Ellen born in Weyburn is unmarried

Carrie born in Weyburn married Scott Herriot of Saskatoon.

*"The story and Genealogy of the Jacob Loewen Family" published in 1963 by Dr. Salomon L. Loewen of Hillsboro, Kansas. "Reflections on Our Heritage" first published by Derksen Printing Ltd. of Steinbach in 1971 "The Mennonites of Western Canada" written by Gerhard Lohrenz of Winnipeg and also published by Derksens. "Mennonite Exodus" by Frank H. Epp a partial copy of which was first shed by the public relations department of the Canadian National Railways; Encyclopaedia Britannica

Introducing Grandma

BY VSEV *November 11 1971*

In twenty-odd years of wedded bliss our household has constantly vied in a mixture of hopeful and fearful anticipation of an unheralded visit from "Grandma."

From the moment she descends upon us with a vigor which belies her three-score-and-ten-plus natural routines become suspended and life takes on the aspect of a reindeer-in-rut period. It has resembles one a idea of a manufactured visit, than a takeover by a general who has rig-hand rumors of sloppy court some at a distant outpost decides to take a personal hand in setting matters right.

During these sojourns which only last anywhere from three days to three weeks, and wh ich tend to end as abruptly as they began we are alternately regaled by a we that is as sharp as it might have had a century ago (and perhaps marginal ly) scolded, criticized and corrected, reproved in morals and mores as they ought to be or encouraged in the unorthodox and unexpected we are pampered with old country dishes

fit for a cure, or forced to its followers usual after usual until the last scrap is eaten, we are here up 11 2 c the morning, being educated to finally lose, or to naturally enforced to be let go 3 30

Many members came into play when Grandpa Ie morning, but the one I find most enduring in an awesome respect for what I must concede to be one of the cleverest most determined and overpowering personalities I have ever encountered

Inexile

ERNESTEK *June 15 1969*

So here I am languishing in the beauty of the area c Qu Appelle Valley ensconced at 3 30 every morning by the song of the meadowlark the returning dove the robin and the omnipresent sparrow and more particularly by the morning mouse who comes to take my temperature (which stoutly refuses to budge from its embarrassing ninety normal 98.2)

Here there s time time time to reflect upon my misty and few of which I happily regret daydream joyful y about future late with cit I hope I may be spared to continue, much I ve s coming out I my ears and come to a closer understanding and better appreciation of our new ve people

I speaks well the Weyburn microbes that I alone was c nglected for betterment of the Rosedale.

Joking ide is In most fortunate that out of thousands surveyed on y one person was found to be infected with what was once c denied disease and one which can still take c lamity s toll if one slacked and not enough area early enough stage

People s are forever ti ing me how fortunate I am to be c nevspaperman and able to go on all those trips I write about (There have really been so many bu ons) Folks don t write about theirs) But just look what happened to me I just knew I shouldn t let those beautiful Hawaiian girls come so close to me but when you re fuzzy eh and your beauty s beginning to fade it s so hard to turn them away

A young nurse c aide who helped me unpack told me she was a new navy student here for the summer only

"You are t brave young girl I declared, "to come here and work among all these germs

She looked s trifle embarrassed, then confessed that until she had arrived at Fort Sas, she hadn t realized TB was contagious

Our coat of arms

ERNESTEK *April 17 1975*

Dear Mr Neufe d wrote my Ottawa firm "Did you know that the Neufe d family name was recorded with a coat c f arms c heraldic archives? And while there are over seven mil ion households in Canada fewer than 2,715 of them are Neufel herselve do.

Now beside the surprise of learning of the coat of arms, there s some fund for thought for everyone who expects me to be related to the one other Neufeld they know. Know now that there are something in the order of 2 715 families of ni ortners in this country, and if like myself they have all heeded the scriptural injunction to "go forth and multiply that would start to 9 005 Neufelds. (Per elso Neufeld Neufe t Neufeld Newfeld) floating around

You can understand my feelings therefore when I checked into c Calgary hose last weekend and the new pursuant finding two reservations under the name of Neufeld I immediately assumed one was a dough carton of the other

"It s not as though your name is Smith or Jones, said she

I drew myself to my full height and said, "Young lady do you realize that there are 2 715 households in Canada by the name of Neufeld?

"Oh, she exclaimed, "did you get one of those crazy letters too?"

We I admit that took me down a peg because I had just begun to think of myself as something approach ng royalty with registered coat-of-arms and all that

Needless to say I had already sent my three bucks for the papers which tell c the unique story of the Neufeld name. It tells what the name means its origin and other family names associated with it. The left hand is a large beautiful reproduction of the artist s drawing of the Neufeld coat-of-arms. The entire report is documented and printed on parchment paper suitable for framing

If I bet you anything that when my coat-of-arm arrives I ll find it was registered by some Dennis Menfeld in 1972 and designed by the very folks who are now selling me a copy of it for $3

As for the origin of the name, I just learned that a few months ago (no of change Evidently was spelled Neufeldt or something close to that which is the Dutch for "new field, and was c name hung onto some of the people who lived on the new land recc named from the sea Probably that s where the Dutch sent the conv cts and other undesirables. If they didn t sink someone else moved in and the Neufeldt was given a coat-of-arms in exchange

Coat of arms received

ERNESTEK *May 1, 1975*

Well I guess not to name clans about that coat of arms and how it s said to heraldic glory

The accompanying historiography extracts that documentation of the coat of arms can be found in Siebmacher's Wuchenbuch Vol 6F p 29 "under the variant Neufeld," so any of my readers who happen to be Siebmacher nuts can find it up for themselves

If the little trees in pastel plastic in the upper right and lower left quadrants are intended to signify a green thumb, then I humbly concede and that little gift has long been lost. The bird perched on top of the shield is described as "the dove of peace ready for flight." It is probably an accessory of the pigeons nesting in the Reverse a neon sign and I sure wonder what it would take to put them on permanent flight.

Just what a dove of peace might be doing on a coat of arms is not explained, but maybe it takes more savvy viewers of the bearer's good intentions. Then, when he sees most and has the guard down, zonk.

In individual surnames explains the history engagement for the purpose of more specific ideas Certain The first primary sources for ancient names were occupational locat on father t name and personal characteristics. The surname Neufeld appears to be occupational in origin, and is believed to be associated with the Germans meaning, time who farmed newly cleared land.

Although this interpretation of correct knocks out the theory I mentioned a few weeks ago (that the Neufelds were Dutchmen living in newly reclaimed land) it will be some comfort to the gentleman farmer of Shady Acres to know that I come by my agricultural inclinations honestly.

As if scarcely that I might feel slightly let down by the Neufeld coat of arms the report reassures me by referring to the 2,715 heads of households in Canada "with the old and distinguished Neufeld name. Statistics Canada can assure that there are approximately 3 5 persons per household in Canada which yields an approximate total of 9 505 people in Canada carrying the Neufeld name. Although the figure seems relatively low it does not signify the many important contributions and individuals bearing the Neufeld name have made to society.

These Statistics Canada people had better watch out or they'll find themselves in the same predicament as the statistician who drowned trying to wade across a stream with an average depth of four feet.

By coincidence the same day and the same of arms arrived, a fellow paid shee sent me a clipping from his paper with the below found "Tiniest Neufeld honored." Paragraph 8 advised that my namesake was presented with a gold watch in recognition of 25 years of service in the co-operative system.

I started him the coat of arms and maybe he'll have it engraved on the watch

By the way of $3 seems cheap to get a reprint of the coat of arms and autoenography there a a gimmick I can get a full-color mounted coat of arms plaque to the special price of $19 95 p ns $1 to cover shipping and postage.

Am I tempted? I thank about that one.

Becoming a grandfather

BRIEFLY *November 17 1977*

How does it feel to be a grandfather for the first time?

For those of you who have not already experienced it it feels great. Why? Because t s isn't a vast improvement over becoming a father for the first time.

No worried trip to the hospital no anxious pacing in a hosp tal waiting room no stew up about how to cope with a delicate newborn infant around the house Just a telephone call informing you of your new status a brief visit with the new member and a quick look at the new arrival who somehow manages to resemble nobody and everybody at four times

Then home to a hot cooked meal and speculation about which of a number of outrageous names which have been bandied about will will finally be selected

With your own children the circumstances are usually somewhat different In our case, we were living in a new housing development in Toronto. Few of the homes were even occupied as yet in the feeling of living in a ghost town We had no car and the nearest telephone was about three-quarters of a mile down the road Under certain weather conditions no one could be expected to venture into the gumbo of our streets.

As the labor shortly offered to take us to the hospital of the emergency occurred with the bus at home but how often do things like that work out? But that can be strange than I crown and is happened early on a Saturday night, so the trip to the hospital was no problem.

Once there I sent off myself into the routine of floor-pacing time convention demands, until a nurse sent me home with the assurance the nothing was going to happen for at least 24 hours. So homeward bound on two or three street cars and the once-in-hour-barring-breakdown Bluewhich dropped Downsviewers within walking distance of home.

Morning came and I made the trip to the t phone hot only to learn that condi tions were unchanged, that the joy of fatherhood was still in the future and not to bother coming down to the hosp tal and hanging around. Several more trips, phone calls and many of

cold beans later with no change a results and I finally gave up for the day

I went until Monday morning... at work that I learned it and all happened Sunday morning after all

The other years of fatherhood began and I am pleased to say that they have continued unabated to say the least for a number of a century

National presidency

ERNESTLY *July 28 1977*

Eleven years ago almost to the day to Saint John, New Brunswick far from home. I now told that I had been elected to the board of directors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association now

It was I proud day for me and as I well remember I wondered what if could possibly contribute to this honored association. It a fine mg which is shared by almost everyone who has ever been elected to a position of responsibility of any degree, be it the Minute of Committee of the home and school association

As the years rolled by re additionally I found myself moving from a junior director to one of whom very little was expected to one of the old guys to vice-president and finally two years ago in Saskatoon, to president

The last mile mentioned involved visiting a very prov nces convention n l Canadian weekly newspapers associations several conventions in the United States and a number of special functions in eastern Canada

Last week in Winnipeg not many blocks from where I drew my first breath itself a century ago I performed by last official ac en declaring my successor elected as chairman of the board (a euphemism for past president)

Over the span of 11 years, as my column has well and truly witnessed I have met with colleagues in Victoria ch Vancouver in Calgary Edmonton, Reg on Saskatoon Winnipeg, Toronto Ottawa Beachridge Montreal Moncton and Hal fax and informally at such places as North Bay Ont. Lake Sonoi and Baden Baden in Germany Nicosia Cyprus, and Jerusalem Te Avvv and Jaffa Israe

It would be a transparent untruth to say that the experiences were not been thrilling and rewarding I have met people I could not have met otherwise and visited places wh ich except for this role would n't only be names to me as as untried of actual communication of events houses and people which are permanently etched i my memory

Grandma laid to rest

SERENITY *December 8 1977*

We and Grandma to rest last week

As the congregation sang some of her favourite hymns and I looked around me to the clan whose growth and prosperity she had helped to shape I was started to ponder on how much can be rewarded into a single lifetime

Who could have foreseen when a little girl was born to a self-styled pharmacist-cum-farmer and his wife to an almost t npronounceable village in northern Russian almost a century ago, the many changes of fortune she would experience and the transformations that would take place both in her personal world and the world in general?

The best guess probably would have been that she would grow up helping her mother raise a large family marry the son of a neighboring farmer raise her own brood, and if fate was kind live her three-score-and-ten in a world not very different from the one into which she herself had been born and probably without ever travelling more than 50 miles from home.

As it happened she married a young railroad worker but they had barely started their family when World War I came along and changed forever the comfortable if mundane expectation she might have held

A born fighter, she scrapped for him by survival through wartime separation from her husband occupation by German troops the b oody revolution that changed the course of history and the terrible famine during which survival was a mod-to-me af ai

Finally came the g reious day when after months and years of negotiation w th a wily government, immigration visas were issued and they were able to take their in-t-mate family and a few meagre possessions and set out to build a new li fe in a strange land (Saskatchewan)

What was to li up for, grabs in that province by 1923 was also not exactly a and of roses for an unsentimental immigrant urban l ar with the language and the ways of this country and many were the tales we were to hear later of those early years of eking an existence out of our treeless prairies and enduring our severe winters in a virtual shack, until year when modest success seemed just around the corner drought and dispossess came along to destroy even this dream

About th n time an old school chum who was publishing a German-language weekly in Manitoba offered a job one for which the ex-teacher was not trained but eminently suited Eventually they took the big plunge and bought the paper with a borrowed down payment and with Grandma seeing to it that even the youngest leaves in the family were never idle while there was folding and address ng to do presses to feed or wash type to be set or distributed floors to sweep in windows to wash Due to a large extent to this type of influence a business that might have floundered survived and as the fam l y grew up and

took over because one of the grooms I mean pale-looking human although not before another war had tossed the emergence it ability in servant while two soon moved their country

As the family grew up prospered and multiplied, Grandma matured into the role of matriarch as a growing clan and managed somehow to identify with the fortunes and misfortunes of each member. however distantly connected Son or daughter great grandchild or distant cousin each and every one at some time felt her wrath or received her largess, dispensed as long as she had something to give even as the price of personal deprivation.

Through any table family deaths ill health and the frailty of old age there was never an occasion joyful or sorrowful when her determination did not influence the course the outcome or the trend

She died a legend but as legends do will live on as influence the hundreds whose lives she touched

Family reunion—circa 1930

KENNETH *August 30 1979*

Never having attended a *bona fide* family reunion before, I've never had cause to ponder about the matter before.

Last weekend we betook ourselves to a gathering of the clan at Wainuiomata Beach and the experience turned many trains of thought One was about the very need for such a thing as a reunion Time was (or am I imagine) when most of a family even in this country lived a fairly close proximity and several times a year would be brought together by a wedding funeral christening or under one Christmas shower

Naturally there was always the unsung member who had run off to sea or a far-away big city or perhaps became a missionary or the heathen in a far-off land This one would be toasted in absentia and rousing as many accounts of the gathering that he or she after his letters and accompanying snapshots knew as much about the affair as those attending it.

Today most families are so scattered within our nation's vast reaches and even beyond that it is unlikely that any of the circumstances mentioned earlier will bring together anything resembling a total assembly of the fam ily We are mobile enough to get together more often but this very mobility combined with affluence and business usually works out to a situation where people who might be there are not there when you are where they ought to be If you get things I mean

Then today the planning of a family reunion must require very special talents and traits such as patience imagination swiftness, a sense of timing and a combination of logistics

Furthermore in our agrarian past most families and if not their parents then their long-suffering grandparents family farm on which any gathering might be held With a bit of crowding and perhaps a dozen

youngsters tucked into the hayloft and perhaps shortfall sustain on the bunkhouse there was room for everyone

As for food just as a grandpa a pantry room cellar and mushouse could be counted on to feed a regiment Now we have become city dwellers in bungalows or apartments and buying food from work to work so selecting the site and sacking to the feasting of the multitudes is no minor problem decision

I and wondered about the reason for Wainuiomata Beach as the site for the gathering No one in our family lives there or has ever lived there Turned out my uncle and aunt have a cottage there and being close friends if the must-have campers were able to borrow their facility thus providing two cottages and enough yard to accommodate a house trailer and the necessary tables.

Not long ago a high priority consideration for such a gathering would have been a special area for the feasting changing and napping of infants and small children

No such thing here The five siblings of our family have produced a modest 12 offspring and though all but two of these are now married or of marriageable age, only three have become the biblical *multiplieth* or replenish the earth. These three tactfully stayed away saving their childless peers the shock of contact with the very young.

The make-up of the group was another source of wonderment Two grandmothers ago, and perhaps even one one-back always might be counted upon to usurp outside the religion or ethnic background Today grace must be worded so as not to be offensive to Protestants Roman Catholics Jews across the table from me sits the French-Canad an adherent to the family and next to me the halo-Yugoslav

That s Canada for you and a strange reunion seem 1979 and it was you wondering

Seeing the light at last

KENNETH *February 9 1980*

It s taken me almost half a century but s has finally penetrated my brain that I was bamboozled by my own birth and kin It s not easy to admit and certainly disillusioning, but somewhere in my youth must be told. Perhaps it stood not be it s go to go to be

The mistake in our childhood home was this. I and two sisters are the oldest of the family and away working in the city the other a few years older than myself and two brothers in between the two sisters

Ours was the second big house at the northwest end of town It s a little subdivision carved out of the northeast corner of section 34 while the rest of the village sprawled through section 35 The last house next door to us was occupied by a age family the s four adult being a boy a year younger than myse I followed by another boy and then several girls. The remaining two homes in what I have euphemistically

called a subdivision were owned by retired farmers.

As the following indicates, my sister had no girls her own age for playmates, and had to play alone a lot. For me the situation was slightly better because there was always the boy next door.

Human nature being what it is however my playmates and I were known the seasonal fads in game, to be might be astray v aring one of his many cousins, or have one of his cousins over leaving me the odd boy-out. Whatever the reasons there were times when I was left to my own devices, and it was a long before bore mans set in. That is when my mother would wrangle me into playing with her and her sil y ideas.

Now if you think that I was an easy mark, you have another guess coming. I always a hard bargain. For one hour ... was agreed I was t play her dolls-and-clothes games with her and then for another hour she would play the mutual invisible cars-and-trucks games with me.

What should have tipped me off was the fact she always insisted on the doll session coming first. I believed she did it that because she didn't trust me to keep my bi f of the bargain so to show my good faith I always gave in. The end result was always the same. I would faithfully spend my hour not only playing w th her and her crummy doll s but I would have to do it enthusiastically as though I enjoyed it.

Any patronization on my part may rough treatment of the dolls or even failure to treat them as a loving father might treat a loving child and I was threatened. "If you don't play properly I won play cars with you." Thus I was cornered.

So with all the false enthusiasm I could muster I would play my part except for a few minutes every five minutes or so to check on the time. (Don't think that wasn't held against me.) Anyhow time was always well eventually passed and the hour would be over.

My turn

And do you know that otherwise sensible girl who received high grades in school and could be l me fascinating stories on long winter evenings and beat me at cricket to would not like a perfect chance playing with cars and trucks Carefully placed road markers would be knocked over ramp signs ignored, tight turns made where the road swung to the left, and absolutely no imagination used until finally I a rage I would tell her to beat i and come me to play by my rules!

Over the years I always wondered at her stupidity Thinking about it again the other night, it came to me like a flash that she hadn't really been trying. She had provoked my rage simply to get out of her part i f the bargain

And all the while, I had thought she was dumb.

Amazing Newfields

ERNESTLY *September 26 1984*

A few weeks an months ago we received a poles circular offering a book "The Amazing story I the Newfields n Canada. Since I ve never seen a Newfo d friend an any "Who s Who?" I have an convinced I naturally wondered what exploits of my friends ors and others bearing the same name might be disclosed in the story of the amazing Newfields What else stands o f the past had been exposed? What she ems might come tumbling out of the closet!

Well the book arrived last week and while it disappoints inasmuch as does not bring forth to the name mother does it shake any bone thieves or book robbers out of the family tree

To call i t story at all is a bit of an overstatement. Actually I ve read more interes ting stories on cereal flakes boxes

The "Foreword" probably is dunged slightly for each ethnic group, and the family name is then thrown in at strategic intervals to give a i t tailored effect. In the opening paragraph for example I can remember the "at i beaver i the immigrants Canadian name. Newfield you are an essential component in the rich h storical development of this great North American nation

In the next paragraph it is noted that the Canadian Newfields helped guard the unguarded and co tural preeminence that makes the people of Canada differ ent, and later on it gives the Newfields credit for respecting the rev olution by American colonists Thus a good to bear although you might have to look pretty hard for t Newfield whose family was in that century that he took Without being spec fic the Newfields are also credited w th a significant ro e in the developmen t of the Canadian resource and in the open ng sentence of this section's ast paragraph it is con cluded that when Sir Wilfrid Laurier said "I am a Canadian first, last and for all t mes ha was "clearly at one with the Newfields "

The chapter on "How the Newfield Family Got Its Name and What the Name Means" is composed of a generic story on how surnames came to be i n Europe and the British Isles and how they evolved The Newfields are singled out in a brief paragraph noting that according to the publishers research the name was probably applied to "one who farmed new y cleared land."

Several pie tings of the name are also noted but if they opened my mail for a few weeks, they might find quite a few more

A chapter on the family coat of arms (I got a copy of that several weeks ago) merely explains the use of these devices in European medieval culture bt includes a reproduction of the Newfield one with the description

"Quartered: 1 and 4) a left-glanced hound, 2 and 3) a flower pot with a little green tree. Above the shield is

the cave which is described as "The dove of peace ready for flight" is a reminder that the early Neufields displayed their coat of arms with great pride.

Research of the family name led the publishers to the 1881 Canadian Neufe il household s, which are listed and make up the bulk of the book.

The real Neufields

ERNESTY October 3 1984

Considering my lengthy request last week on the Amazing Neufields and what I am about to write you may get the idea that I m on a genealogy kick. Not so. It's purely a co incidence that about the same time we got the book in the Amazing Neufields, a relative forwarded us a copy of the Neufelt genealogy going back about eight generations to a grandfather born in the middle of the 18th century.

It came as something of a surprise to me that the family history in my father s h ds was recorded that far back. My misconception on this score was largely due to the fact that my father died as a fairly young man and none of his kin lived anywhere near us so there was never anyone to hand down family lore on this side of the clan.

What struck me as parties ar ly interesting in reading the old entries in the genealogy is a comment to the recent once. Is the change in movement and marrying patterns.

For about a century the males were always born in the same vi lage and invariably married girls from the same village. That s just the way I was.

Today the s progeny are scattered all over North America, with a few still left in Europe. They are married to people from just about every province, a number of states and several different countries. The names and spellings like in about 10 d fferent nationalities, and a variety of re ligions.

All this probably holds much for most families on this continent but it is fascinating all the same. I m beginning to see how people became gamey ogy buffs, and could easily imagine myself getting involved in this hobby.

What's in a name?

ERNESTLY November 21 1984

This birthday brought, as always a card from my eldest s ter who in this occasion voiced nostalg e on the circumstances of my arrival on this planet.

Being as I was the fifth child in a newly unorganized fam ly which had just lost its father my arrival on if not have been anything to cheer about. But as the saying goes if you get a lemon make some lemonade. Thus the kids were allowed to make the most of the cir cums ta nc by drawing lots on picking a name for me.

My sister the one who wrote me about it, was the

drawn She chose "Walter" That s right, "Walter."

That s really got you thinking Jean s n? What s this "Walter" bu? Since when is Ernest short for "Walter"?

Jean is fun but human nature is human nature Since my sister was the driver and "Walter" it should have been but she was the eldest and when a younger brother who had chosen Ernest went hilariously her heart melted and she exercised her prerogative by using his cho ice

Now that was a close one "Walter" is a fine name I'm sure it sounds real elegant when you have been an addressed as! your f ri ends And have had some dear bad housmak e friends so named

But somehow I would find it hard to think of myse l as a Walter Anyway wouldn't it sound dumb if this column were called "Wa lterly ?

A first and a last

ERNESTLY May 23 1984

In a by no means a first in the annals of post secondary education but it a first and probably a last in our family as forgive me for crowing. Last week we travelled to Saskatoon to attend Un vers ty of Saskatchewan convocation ceremonies where two of our k ds received degrees on the same day. Not to brag, but read that as B A degrees with distinction, and a master's degree a computer science.

Well yes to brag if I m go ng to be honest about it but after all, what has to be a parental prerogative under the circums tances

To those who have never attended a convocation a rough a summary may sound like a hectic day

It really is a As a matter of fact considering that it usually constitutes the bull between two storms it is a phrase or to put it another way, the interval separating two late nights it is rather relax ng to sit back with eyes half closed wh le several hundred grads walk along the ramp to be offic ally presented and to receive handshakes and their degrees.

All that for the brief period moment when your own family member is announced.

In the row ahead of us a youngster of about three years broke tradition protocol and boredom by shouting "Hi Dad" when papa walked up to the platform In with over so big a set of the auditorium that he felt ob iged to g ve a repea performance before being shushed by embarrassed h r folk But then if parents are permitted pride surely the same may be ceded to youngsters seeing a parent graduate

Of course, he could not have understood what I was all about but she can imagine that he had been put off many times with prom ses that this or that beyond family means would be affordable once sadly received his d plom a and with fingers crossed a job

Attending to this possibility I met a young couple at

A post-grad party who, shedding three years in a commercial school has had jets moved into their own home and were all glowing with the luxury of it all

We talk about the good old days and the deprivation of our own youth but young people starting families while one or both are attending university have their own stories to tell

What conversations may lack in excitement it makes up however in clarity and certainty First the pronunciation is the accompaniment of traditional music and ending with the academic representative filing onto the platform in the colorful robes of the colleges where they received their degrees the solemn invocation the change to the graduands that has been spoken thousands of times a different words but in itself valid every time it is the event the essential yet accomplishment of degrees which never the less allows your imagination to flow I see the many hours of study work worry and accomplishment heart-deepest that went into the earning of each parchment

I don't envy the academics to whom it has all become boring routine for proud parents it is to all rare experience

The tooth fairy cometh

ED TORIAL *February 20 1945*

Several weeks ago I read via the world-shattering information that one of my granddaughters had two loose teeth That I gather is news that stirs a warm the heart of a typical grandfather Being atypical or perhaps a the wrong frame of m nd at the time I countered with That s nothing I ve got seven

Upon reflection this turned out to be an exaggeration on two scores First of all I only had six teeth left and recently only one of them was all that loose The others have at least a good six months left

Several weeks passed and nature and technology took the courses One of my granddaughter's loose teeth fe past one fine day and my loose one came out with just a bit of coaxing from he dentist

The tooth fairy left my granddaughter a cool buck The tooth fairy left me noexa e pperi and it pair of pickling shears with the suggestion that I become more e ve ured about my nonard and if this were impossible, at least to be decent ve ly barbaric

The toenail clippers fell apart on the very first pass, leaving me to contemplate life with pinkie toes

A bundle nt Christmas

EDITORIAL *December 23 1987*

I guess the most unforgettable Christmas of all was the year the stork got himself confused with Santa and decided to bring us a bundle n meet on the eve of the big day

We started off feeling glum the whole lot of us but I got sort of excit ng when we decided to go out for supper at Malley's Gold Tone Room on Christmas Eve

The older children got the younger two girls all perked up and things were not too whatever we had for supper — probably hamburgers and fries. A Twinkle tour probably followed and then off to bed in anticipation of an early rising to open the gifts under the tree

Naturally there was some gloom on Christmas Day without mother to get the right touch on everything including the meals but we had a pretty good time for us it seems now) and everybody enjoyed the "sham steak" supper (chunks of round steak ranged with bacon strips and held together with toothpicks) With baked potatoes probably on the raw side, lettuce out not too bad, considering who was in charge

Boxing Day was the big day because that was when Moses was coming home with the new baseball Lou se Murray then our next-door ne ighbor came over to put the turkey in the oven for me and popped over a few times during the day to see that the proper person father wasn't making a mess of things.

By the time mother was home with yet another addie and she was hard put to give enough attention to everyone from that through children to the newborn

Through happenstance it turned from a Christmas all - Fus that dreaded into one that was something of a fun th ng for everyone an occasion we so l talk about and probably will be our dying days

Baby got sloughed by the two-year-old when affection gave way to a wave of jealousy because someone new had taken a ve ange centre I suppose it small ex famil ies that we got have been a major catastrophe but after enough in nov ace dents bouts of measles broken ar ar bones and furious burns, one up n it not early in life doesn't seem like the most world-shaking event especially when all once again is well with the world.

7. Steinbach, Manitoba

A Canadian Mennonite village

"Welcome to Steinbach Pop 1,052"

That's what the sign said. It was not approximately 1,052. It was 1,052. It remained 1,052 from the day it was erected until the day it was taken down many years later, probably after I had left for distant parts.

I know because I was mildly excited when the white wooden sign, about three feet by two feet, was installed a few hundred feet southeast of our home. I was fascinated that someone had gone to all the trouble of counting all the people in Steinbach, although I wasn't sure any stranger entering our village would care all that much.

Even while I checked the sign regularly, in case the population had changed, and was puzzled that there were an updates for I had heard of people dying and families having babies, and even the occasional family moving in or away. It seemed a bit misleading to see a figure purporting to be exact and then leaving it unchanged for years.

It really didn't matter all that much, because looking back, I doubt very much whether there was much fluctuation. The Steinbach of my childhood was not the competitive business community that grew out of the boom that followed World War 2, and catapaulted until the bustling town became the shopping centre for southeastern Manitoba, the acknowledged automobile capital of the province and home (circa 1989) to about ten thousand people.

Although Steinbach was unique — and I mean unique not simply unusual — there is from what I have learned from the nostalgic reminiscences of people who have grown up in other Canadian villages something common to the lifestyle of all of them, what particular period of time.

So why was Steinbach unique?

For one thing, ninety to ninety-five percent of the residents were ethnic Mennonites. They had a common background as descendants of the Mennonites who immigrated from Russia in the 1870s, established the village and took up homesteads in the adjacent rural area, particularly to the north and west of the village. (There followed another influx of Mennonites after the Russian Revolution, but the bulk stock descended from the 1870s contingent.)

Even this ethnic dominance was not unique, because in western Canada there were scores of small communities established and populated almost entirely by one or another ethnic group —

Ukrainian, German, Icelandic, French-Canadian, Norwegian, Hungarian, Rumanian, and others — but Steinbach had the further distinction of not being on a railway line, this at the time when a railway station and grain elevator was the unquestioned *raison d'etre* for any aspiring prairie community.

We were told in school that railroads had bypassed Steinbach because church elders had petitioned the railways or the authorities for this. They were anxious, it was said, for young people to be spared the evil inherent in constant contact with the outside world. Invasion of harmful ideas and the temptation to leave the moral security of home.

In a recent history of Steinbach, however, I read that, while this explanation has not been disproven, it is more likely that Steinbach was simply missed by a railway line that took the most direct route from the southeast of Manitoba to Winnipeg. Indeed, if you take a map of Manitoba and draw a straight line between Winnipeg and South Junction, where the Canadian National Railway line angles northwesterly after following the United States border for some distance, the location of stations at Lallemagne, Giroux and Ste. Anne makes sense. Bearing in mind that Steinbach did not then have the earmarks of an emerging metropolis, there is little reason to believe that the railway planners would have had any compelling reason to angle the railroad toward Steinbach — not even with an engraved invitation.

Having grown up in Steinbach however, the old explanation still makes a lot of sense.

The nearest villages served by the railway were the French-Canadian communities of Letellier and Crystal, eight miles east and northeast respectively from Steinbach by road, and Ste. Anne-des-Chenes, about twelve miles to the north. Farmers delivered their grain to elevators at these points.

So if I say that Steinbach was a village of about one thousand, not serviced by railways and peopled almost totally by people who used German in church and Low German (Plattdeutsch) at home, on the streets, in the workplace and the marketplace, I am confident that I do not offend purist English usage by calling it unique.

The use of the dialect *lingua franca* of these Mennonites since they left the Netherlands, Belgium and German territory almost five hundred years ago was a prevalent fact in Steinbach until World War 2 that most local adults would have been offended if addressed in any other language on the street or when entering a place of business. In school use of Low German during recess was forbidden and this interdict was officially applied to the streets when coming to or going home from school but was observed largely by the breach.

As children grew older and began to feel more at home with English strange speech patterns developed. In school and elsewhere away from the home they learned words and technical terms which had no familiar counterparts in Low German, while the language as spoken at home or socially had terms words and idioms for which the school offered an satisfactory English substitutes. As a result young adults, whether purporting to speak English or Low German quite unconsciously slipped in words and phrases of the other language. Depending on the topic the individual's familiarity with either language and other factors, a conversation among a group of young adults might range from almost-pure English to almost-pure Low German and anywhere in between. It was not unusual for a person to switch languages several times while speaking, even within sentences, and not be aware of it.

All put together, a spelled isolation, geographic, cultural, religious and ethnic. In an age when radio was just coming into its own (forbidden by some Mennonite sects) televisions in the drawing boards, daily newspapers taken only by the elite, and social intercourse with neighboring villages within the limit most almost unheard of, ours was a world of its own.

Roads radiating out from Steinbach were dirt-surfaced and poorly graded and snake-work programs inspired by the depression brought some gravel surfacing. The local weekly was printed in German, and concerned itself less with ethnic-national or local news than with serving as a unifying organ for Mennonites throughout the Canadian west.

Steinbach perceived as an ethnic island in an alien world and made up of people with a seemingly common background, a common religion and a common language, must sound like one big happy family.

It wasn't like that at all when I was growing up, any more than it is nowadays: when the town economic order has attracted hundreds of non-Mennonites, and beside eight or ten Mennonite congregations, domiciles a number of non-Mennonite churches including — hold your breath — a Roman Catholic church.

Let's look first at the componentry of the religion. Yes, upwards of ninety percent of the residents of the village in the 1930s were billed as "Mennonite." However, there is no real organic architecture that binds them together. In each of Steinbach's four churches of that time, as I understand it, authority or the congregation and/or its elected board was final. There was no hierarchy of regional, provincial and national authority or court of appeal.

Since two of the congregations had separated at some time from the Kleine Gemeinde (Little Congregation) which had settled Steinbach, you can imagine that bad blood was created by this schism and stayed around for a long time. The fourth church was built in the 1920s after the new wave of Mennonite immigration that followed the Russian Revolution. Since these newcomers probably represented the denomination, or one of several, from which the Kleine Gemeinde had splintered before leaving Russia in the 1870s, they did not exactly embrace each other as long-lost brothers. (In fairness to the Canadian-domiciled Mennonites, they had launched, financed and supported impressive programs to assist their kinsmen in resettling in this country. But this didn't mean they had to bring them home for supper.)

The [illegible] was a mixture of the consistory of the Mennonite religion and spirit: there was seldom overt unpleasantness. People simply did not fraternize with members of other Mennonite sects any more than necessary. A family having friends of another affiliation over for Sunday "supper" for example would have it tacitly understood by both congregations.

What bound them together at all was that for all the underlying bad feelings or hurt they still thought of them "separated brethren" (my expression) not theirs) as head and shoulders above the Roman Catholic Lutheran and Greek Orthodox people that surrounded them.

Privileges granted them when they immigrated — such as exemption from military service might also have been endangered if they had not been able to maintain an appearance to the outside world of a relatively unified unity. They had learned in over four centuries that in their negotiations with the highest level of government upon which their privileges depended the appearance of unity could never be underplayed.

Thus let almost all cultural change.

The Mennonites who left Russia in the 1870s and settled in Steinbach tried other little Christian communities had given up improving economic conditions to start from new began young in the pioneer world of still-raw country.

These lives were hard, and it was brutally by the sweat of their brow that they raised their large families. Since the realities of their early decades didn't allow other options anyway they tended to cling to traditional rejection of higher education, cultural improvement and other liberations.

Those who remained behind in Russia, on the other hand, probably did so because they were becoming wealthy and enjoying it: they had private schools for their children and sent their brighter students on to their own colleges and even occasionally to universities in Russia and in Germany. Their servants did the menial work, while their own men became schoolmasters, girls tasted and embroidered, learned music, read poetry and played the piano.

When all that blew up in their faces in the wake of the Communist revolution, and they finally were able to pack what little they had left and migrate to North America to join their kinfolk who had left a full half-century earlier, they found themselves separated also by half a century of diverse social paths.

On the one hand the Canadian Mennonites, on top of whom had become moderately prosperous, were seen by the new immigrants as hell-bent on the point of being undeserving of their wealth, while the latter were the newcomers to toil with heavy amusement and to talk with nothing to show for it especially not proficiency in the good honest work that marks honorable people.

The mutual dislike was not unlike that common between Canadians of British extraction who came from Ontario to pioneer much of the west and the "greenhorns" — old-country English — who came here to buy on homesteads and resumed (to the locals) long on culture and short on practicality and common sense

The new Mennonites were referred to with contempt as Russländers "interpreted as people from Russia but not Russian. A favorite insult that never failed to produce a laugh was to ask someone (and the less color is translation from the Low German) "Are you a Russländer or are you just naturally ugly?"

In fifty years and with different educational and cultural patterns it was inevitable too that the brand of Low German each group spoke differed considerably As Europeans who learn English as their own schools tend to speak with an English accent rather than with the flatter, harsher American sounds, so the Russländers spoke Low German in accents that reeked of Europe and relished many Russian words that had become an accepted part of their speech The locals on the other hand had adopted English words and a Canadian inflection in their German Naturally, this was another basis for mutual contempt.

For children like myself brought up in a Russländer home it was a challenge to flatten or modify my speech at least to the degree that a stranger could not instantly identify me as a Russländer

Separated from Steinbach a mere seven miles not only through economics and Mother's widowhood — if the two are separable — there was the difference of adherence to a denomination not represented by a local church, and one which permitted views tending toward the heretical as downright pagan compounding the natural barrier that stood between recent immigrants and the old families So with no close relations locally our family lived in somewhat of a vacuum

Association as in many small towns also fed on family bloodlines Most Steinbach residents were descendants of least in part of the original families that had settled the village so most were related to one another perhaps in several lineages Almost everyone who mattered in anything, and more than a few who did not, bore one of the following surnames. Wiebe Penner Reimer Toews, Friesen Barkman Loewen Koecher Klassen Peters and perhaps a few others If you could not claim blood relationship with any of these families, you were almost a non-person

The closest to relatives we could boast in Steinbach and permanents were two children born to an aunt of Mother's who had married a widowed farmer with a large family Since their father's name gained them entry to the mainstream of Steinbach society we weren't even short-listed on their social calendar but did enjoy an casual visit at most to their farm A young bachelor son of a half-brother of my father's lived in Greenthal about eighteen miles away, but not surprisingly we saw very little of him He did come with a truck and pick us all up on the morning of his wedding day Weather and road conditions determined that we would share his first apartment on his wedding night

Ind vidually our family had little trouble making friends and our home was always a place where they were made welcome but as a family we were not initially part of any clan or social group

If anything rated lower on the social scale than the Russländer (at least as we consoled ourselves as children) it was the Yanturoder an idiom peculiar to southern Manitoba Men nnonites this appl cation "Yant Zie-ja" is the Low German s quivalent of "you side" and since there were large Mennonite settlements on either side of the Red River with few crossings to connect them and therefore in solation from each other the res dents of the opposite settlements were referred to as "Yantsieders " Times being difficult often those who moved hopefully to the other short were economically disadvantaged families seeking greener pastures Inevitably the term developed a pejorative banquet In names a shock when we learned as we grew older that Mennonites west of the Red also called us Yantsieders and with equally unflattering connotations

Notwithstanding anything written herein about religious and cultural differences between the

groups it is fair to repeat that the Canadian Mennonites gave generously to help bring over and resettle the Emmen who lost everything in the Russian Revolution And little more than twenty years later both groups would unite in helping and housing over the Mennonite D P s (Displaced Persons) who had failed to emigrate even after the revolution and who had found themselves in European detention camps at the end of World War 2

A word about religion and other recreational activities in the Steinbach of my childhood

If this sounds tongue-in-cheek it probably is It may seem particularly inappropriate to mention at the same breath the recreational life and religious activities in a community as deeply religious as Steinbach The fact of the matter is however that non-religious activities as early Steinbach right to the end of World War 2 were more few and enjoyed so little support from the power bases of the community that recreation was a semi-vacuum within the historic church oriented social structure of the community

While historians of most small North American communities are hard pressed to find enough space to tell of the sports and social activities that knit the community gave it common cause offered outlets for personal and group achievement in good times and bad in the Mennonite world sports and other recreational activities were remembered basically suspect They were seen to reduce the moral energy of the young From the realities of hard work and personal subordination and dedication to religion Organized sports in particular not only offered the opportunity but almost demanded that participants come into contact with members of other communities in general and with those from other faiths a particular

Assembling my thoughts before writing these paragraphs I decided that perhaps my memories reflected my own biases rather than the facts However referring to a chapter on sports and recreation in "Redbenkina on Our Heritage a history of Steinbach published by Derksen Printers Ltd in 1973 I find my memory confirmed In an introductory paragraph explaining or rationalizing the de-emphasis I find the following statement

"Life for the Mennonites has always meant work hard work with the only time for rest coming on Sundays which s are dedicated to worship Frivolity of any kind was generally frowned upon and the only social activities permissible for years involved church functions "

Sports frowned upon

Closely following this is mention of a resolution passed by one of the leading churches in 1937 advising "believers" not to take part in sporting activities Thus, as I read it was not a decision of an authoritarian and unduly pious little group of church elders but the verdict of the general membership

Borrowing from the same chapter only ten years later based on the heels of World War 2 a sports-minded bank manager (non-Mennonite) wrote a Letter to the Editor in the newly established Carillon News urging citizens of the town to unite and provide the young people of the time with proper supervised recreational facilities The answer next week was a letter from a resident assuring the original writer that there were enough outlets for young people in the form of prayer meetings church services and other church-related activities.

Having said all this to explain the public stance on non-religious activities, I emphasize that my purpose is neither to deride nor defend the prevailing position of the time but to outline how it was since failing this a recapitulation of recreation would be simply puzzling

Yes there were Sunday morning church services and Sunday School Young People's Meetings on Sunday nights choir practice for those who sang and had the evenings available to attend and prayer meetings to stimulate piety On Friday evenings during most of the school season Children s Meetings were held at the Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church These were fairly well attended by children from most churches as they usually featured film slides sing-alongs or occasionally an interesting speaker (perhaps a returned African missionary)

In truth the Sunday morning service was something of a social event, as it traditionally has been in many congregations of various denominations in communities large and small. In Steinbach during this period many of the members were farmers coming to town for worship in horse-drawn conveyances and they had to come early. When there were enough people in the sanctuary there would be informal singing of hymns led by a songleader until the formal service began. In churches where musical instruments were unacceptable the songleader had to have a strong voice and if there was also a shortage of hymnaries the lines would be called out by another man just before the congregation reached them.

In addition to the several Mennonite churches and the various fellowships they offered through the week an evangelistic surge possibly brought about by World War 2 resulted in the construction of an interdenominational (within the Mennonite framework) "tabernacle" — it never enjoyed any other name — in a large quonset building, used for nightly revival meetings sometimes lasting for several weeks, or for whose festivals and other church-oriented events attracting large attendance.

So how would there have been any outside and alternative recreation in this environment?

It wasn't easy. But there were always a few non-Mennonite professional people in town, a few Mennonites with softer attitudes toward sports, some sports enthusiasts who simply could not subordinate their basic instincts and who, without an absolute prohibition of participation in sports, became involved in varying degrees.

Although recruitment of players for athletic teams was also affected by the official posture of most churches toward frivolous pursuits, I had the feeling that many devout Mennonites did not try overly hard to discourage younger boys from taking part in sports. Most churches expected young people to be "converted" — "born again" — upon baptism as young adults, and with this conversion reveal a marked change in lifestyle. Sometimes even individuals for whom little hope had been held by the religious establishment surprised everyone by declaring their faith publicly and even accepting a vocation (again my definition).

A life of atonement

EXPOSITOR February 20 1985

We all learn of incidents involving people in desperate situations pledging a life of servitude if only their lives were spared.

Usually after danger passes, the near-victims regress and continue their blissfully in decadence for the rest of his or her days. This is least is what one has come to expect in this type of situation. Then I was surprised to learn of a schoolmate of mine who made such a vow and stuck to it.

Two years ago, attending my class reunion I was surprised to hear that the particular person (not in attendance) perfaced his name with the title "Rev

From what I remember of h in as a youngster he was hardly the type to have been judged most likely to enter the ministry. He wasn't a bully, but you didn't fool with him because he was tough, and I mean tough. And if he ever attended Sunday School or church I wasn't aware of it.

Anyway, the explanation came about a month ago when he passed away. His obituary included the following

"In August of 1946 he came face to face with death while riding a freight train. His foot became caught in the couplings between freight cars. While hanging on with his last strength he promised his entire life to the service of the Lord if he/she would be spared.

So God cleared up that mystery — and proved that it does happen

How do you convert from a lifestyle that entails only church activities in the first place? And if you are going to aim a bit before conversion, what less damaging aim than be thus athletic? So some fairly good hockey players played for the Steinbach Hawks until accepted into one of several churches, after which they would round the rink and turn their thoughts and energy to more sedate and acceptable pursuits.

The Steinbach Hawkes vied with teams in a largely French-Canadian sports environment for the Provincanne Cup donated by the member of the provincial legislature for competition in the old Carillon constituency and make occasional quests for the Molloy Cup a challenge trophy designated for sudden death competition in the larger federal Provencher constituency

The rink out of which the Huskies played was another story. I have never been sure whether the rink was operated privately by the school or by a marriage of the two. I suspect the school board contributed some funds but in a way that put distance between itself and activities at the rink. I recall that skating and hockey fees were always collected through the schools, and there was some supervision on student skating nights. Repairs to the rickety wooden fence at the rink, maintenance of the shack where we put on and took off our skates and flooding seemed to be carried out by volunteers recruited from the high school and under the supervision of a caretaker paid something by someone.

Hockey greatness

MONDAY, *January 3, 1974*

Sports writer Bill Rudnichyk wrote patronizingly a few weeks ago about starting a campaign to get young girls to play in a press-radio-hockey game.

Well, pardon us you too. Wasyl. You may not get me to play, but you sure stirred me down memory trail back to the days of my own hockey greatness.

Ah, those were the days of Charlie Conacher, Red Horner, Busher Jackson, Eddie Shore, Lorne Chabot and other greats who have all but passed from memory. I didn't play with them but I sure collected their pictures. The O-Pee-Chee Chewing Gum Co. didn't get many persons from me but I certainly got a lot of their cards by trading pencil stubs and other treasures.

Except in moments when I assumed to be a cowboy my greatest ambition was to be a professional hockey player. I talked about it constantly until my mother would wonder out loud how I would ever realize my ground hanging around the house all day when other kids were playing outside.

That never failed to bring out the old determination or at least silence me into putting on my jacket and finding out of the house for fear that her impatience might reach the point of finding some chores for me to do.

Now I hope I don't have the suppression that I did as I play hockey. It just took a bit to get me in gear.

The first fever was the "organized" and "supervised" hockey at the school rink. It was organized to the extent that teams were chosen in class and represented to the extent that a teacher would sometimes act as referee. Usually a defenseman would come and drop the puck for the face-off and the team captains would call the offsides.

I played on skates two sizes too small with a hockey stick made out of two broken sticks spliced together and with magazines under my pants as shinpads. I was lavamah y seventh man on the team and got to play on y when the forwards needed a rest which wasn't often. I once scored a goal. I was trying to obey the captain's command to pass the puck to him and I was five yards wide. The poor goalie never expecting a shot from my end was caught on the wrong side of the net.

The second level of hockey was street hockey. They call it shinny nowadays but it was serious business to us.

Every year I organized the North End St. Pats to play a double home-and-away schedule against the Hanover We ves our perpetual foes. I organized the team then the team would elect as captain another kid who was a good player but a poor organizer. Then he would apologetically inform me that I wasn't good enough for the team yet.

I overcame that when I realized there was always a problem filling the goalie position. My brother made me a goal stick by nailing a hockey stick handle diagonally across the end of a wooden apple box (unmodified). The kids hardly even laughed at it after the first time.

The third level of hockey was played by rough-hockey kids on a large stream of ice formed from it running well on the vacant lot across the street from our house. We played two-on-two or three-to-a side depending on how many showed up (sometimes even one to a side). I learned a lot of hockey from one "no body" and if you don't believe me just you try skating with 8 some time on cold skates against a 20-mile-an-hour nor'wester.

On the "bump," we always assumed the names of our hockey favorites. If you were lucky there was an NHL player with the same first name and he was automatically your favorite. Marvin became Marvin Wentworth and Art was Art Jackson and so on. The NHL didn't have any Ernies so I picked Red Horner although there was some question of the legality of this. But then the kid next door's name was Arden and there weren't any Ardens in the NHL or otherwise either so he became Eddie Shore.

Once when he was playing goal, somebody got a weak trickling shot past him and when everybody laughed he protested that he hadn't been ready. Thereafter attacking players would always bear down on him with the ball cry "Eddie are you ready?"

The name "Ready Eddie" stuck for years which is probably a blessing anyway w ard your name is Arden.

What a all adds up to. Bill. I have a notion for that if I agree to play for you I won't be allowed on the ice anyway and I don't have to put on a hockey uniform to sit on the bench.

There were one or two years during World War 2 when the rink just died; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it simply did not have life breathed into it at the appropriate time.

Because ice could not be counted upon until late December that is when scheduled hockey began. Playoffs had to be completed by early March and even then might be played in slush.

The school put on a winter carnival also usually on a March Saturday, and also almost guaranteed to be spoiled by either a thaw or a late blizzard. There carrots consisted of races in the afternoon a costume competition with very limited participation in the early evening and an exhibition hockey game at night. There was always a refreshment stand where the lucky few with coins in their pockets might buy themselves treats.

The same athletes who made up the hockey team in winter tended to fill the roster of the baseball team in summer. Organized baseball seemed to fare even worse than hockey because the burghers were never enthusiastic about any non-church activity scheduled for Sunday afternoon and it was chiefly such for farm boys and workers to get to the ball field, and particularly to another community in town for even an officially non-plete game before sunset. Games usually had to be called because of darkness after five or seven innings.

The annual sports day put on by the Steinbach Board of Trade according to "Reflections," grew out of an "air tour" — a visit by some twenty-five light planes on a specified day — which had been brought to Steinbach several times in the early 1930s under the auspices of the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce.

The main feature was a baseball tournament that brought in a number of teams from neighboring towns, but there were also girls and boys' softball competitions, horseshoe contests and other sports events. There were also "Jungle Boards," "Jump Scambs" and other gambling and thrill traps and local artisans might offer rides at modest rates which were nevertheless beyond the means of most of us. Not once was an airplane seen carrying passengers for a parachutist.

On the first of July the sports grounds would be filled mostly by local children and adult strangers because the whole enterprise did not find favor with the churches that had to be tolerated as it was a creature of business leaders who were also church leaders.

Baseball fever

ESSENTIALLY *October 19, 1978*

the baseball fever pitch and the World Series completed earlier than week seemed a train of thought which took me back to those year-know-what days in southeastern Manitoba.

Our home was the second from the last on the northeast corner of the town, where the hiatus of wilderness bluestem grass emerged but which also had a close view of the sports grounds half a mile down the highway.

Baseball fever in those days was the stirring in the blood when, at about 6.30 on a late spring evening, you noticed innings at the ball diamond a few cars bearing out that way, and perhaps even got a glimpse of a baseball uniform in a passing automobile.

That really started the boom thumping because by I might was my fifth lonely damned in days when a full complement of uniforms consisted of about 10, had to see five years and were dry cleaned once a year.

Nowadays teams are sponsored by business firms or service clubs, in those days individual uniforms were sponsored. Our team wore a dark gray uniform which stood up well to slides on Manitoba s black loam, and on the back of each top a large white patch bore, in red letters, the name of the sponsor. Silver Arrow Tea Lines, Kraemer s Blacksmith Shop Coal-tar Store and so forth usually the establishments with family members in the lineup. The Tourist Hotel sponsored one or three for the good reason that there were several ball players in the family plus the additional reason that the hotel was where the players boarded after the game had been called "on account of darkness."

Anyway it was exciting to get to the grounds and find that I couldn't had actually been scheduled against the ugly vicious unsportsmanlike and physically ancient ruffians from one of the neighboring villages. There were usually anxious moments between the arrival of the first carload of visiting players (usual y s x or more per car) and the arrival of the ump. A flat tire which had to be patched on the road could hold up the game long enough to reduce the game from an expected seven innings to five or less.

Admittedly the kids was a rickle which I never had but I usually managed to get in with the promise of shagging foul ball popped up behind the bleachers — a promise promptly forgotten with the first cry of "Play ball!"

I mentioned uniforms but it was a rare day when more than five of the team wore a full uniform. Work clothes with bicycle clips, scouting paraphernalia at the ankle were acceptable

It was a rare game that wasn't surprised by the manager of one team or the other — usually the visiting team — and you can imagine the outcry when the local hero was called out on strikes, or the leading base-stealer was nailed sliding into second, or even into home. What permanent bloodstains on those occasions I never knew.

And when the pitcher was yanked, he didn't head for the showers. No way. He moved in the right field, the right fielder moved in short field, and the shortstop came in and off the mound.

A home run of course wasn't over the fence because there wasn't any. It was simply a ball that got past the outfielder and kept on going until the runner was home.

Baseball Xerox? Yep. I've got it. Just against the notion for me, being me a stranger in such a cozy of coffee in lunch time and coffee interruptions to the between-innings commercials, and it's "One two three "

Actual y I hadn t planned to go on any sports day anyway so you may wonder what I'm griping about

My bitterness goes back to my old kibbock, when the July 1 sports day (with pyrotechnics display in night) was by a country mile the social event of the year. Ball games from as far as 50 miles away came in numbers and no such an important occasion were even complete y unattended — not even the bench-warmers were overalls or work clothes. Natural y the teams from farthest away had the best chance because the locals didn't know their personne and they easily could spot and stop an unsportsl pitcher

Living at the edge of town gave the sports 'fe it I was up bright and early every July 1. How anxiously I scanned the skies, how hopeful I w ypes of it cards of spitting rain there was some activity at the refreshment booth. In my pocket burned the 10-cent allowance which would afford one ac ace cream cone and a bottle of pop (both usually before the first "Play ball!" leaving me so d ford for the rest of the day as I watched the b g spenders who could indulge the r gluttonous appetites late in the afternoon)

And how depressed and frustrated I felt when July 1 morning came on with pouring rain, or when the sunshine gave way to rain just as they were manning the gates. The show had to be returned, because I could not be trusted with it for a week; the fear persisted that rain might so easily come on the postponed date, and of course, some events won t be considered out completely

Yes a rainy July 1 in those who care, could conjure only to a cancelled Christmas Day. So to those who read their day cannot go, please know that you have the heartfelt sympathy of one who understands

Small town sports day
ERNESTLY *July 5 1973*

There is nothing like a rainy July 1 to unite one feel ings Canadian. You have the distinct feeling that someone up there is truly acknowledging our birthday and national importance

As I sit in my canopy watching the rain pelting down — half grateful because I don't have to make even a half hearted attempt at screaming, a lawn mower and maybe even succeeding — and half annoyed because the kids have to play one-two-three-O Leary indoors — I wonder how many community sports days have been rained out, and whether the chief weatherman gets any satisfaction out of it

For the evening, after the ball final there might be a variety show at the Collegiate auditorium or perhaps a rerun of the Board of Trade s spring play The night was topped off with fireworks, billed as the greatest postwar sin a "pyrotechnics display " It was not earth-shattering, but our appetites were not really jaded

The Board of Trade play for a number of years the local Board of Trade recruited a cast for a play to be presented at the school auditorium on two consecutive nights in late spring. The actors were drawn from the same "crowd" from one year to the next, for the usual reasons that a relatively small section of Stembarb society would identify itself with anything so frivolous and unfruitful as trans-weekly rehearsals for a play Once an the early war years, when I was in Grade 9 and young adults were becoming scarce in the community several schoolmates and myself were chosen for the play It was one of the highlights of our lives to have a purpose in life several nights weekly rather than "hanging around" downtown It was also something to rub shoulders so to speak with what was considered (at least by its components) as the smart set. They saw themselves as sophisticated, in the view of the local body politic they were seen as attempting to "pass" as "English "

The practice session also presented an opportunity to scrounge smokes from one of the older and "monied" actors He learned early in the season to thrust his "making" in one of our hands upon arriving at rehearsal, on the condition that we didn't beg him for "tailor-mades " In the vernacular of the 1980s it was a win-win situation

Surprisingly the plays' performances were fairly well attended. What little profanity was written into the scripts in these days prudently had been written out by directors sensitive to the need for maintaining long-range respectability with all but the most orthodox.

Aside from a few standard school activities such as a usual class winner roasts or ice cream parties school parades, "literary" programs and the like and the "outlets" offered by the churches as mentioned earlier that was about it for social activities.

The community play

ERNESTUS *February 18, 1971*

If you have ever read the heavens you will know whereof I speak when I mention the nostalgia which steals over you when the lights are dimmed in your school auditorium and today's aspiring thespians pause while on-stage to air out make-believe which in weeks of rehearsal has become to them almost as ever-recurring reality.

You sit back in the darkness unplung with the waves of suppressed excitement which emanate from the actors as they finally deliver the product they have been perfecting for so long you can hear in your mind's eye — if I may coin the phrase — the happy babble of the cast between acts as they generously dole out congratulations that bask in the warm reciprocation. You can free the happiness that threatens to burst young hearts — hearts which for the moment love everyone fellow actors stage crew the supervising teachers the directors parents and that wonderful audience which is responding so variously

Then there comes the time when you see the stems of a play hallowed in your memory through your participation surpassed as the presentation of another younger group and after the first twinge of possessive resentment wears off you experience a hunger to be there and live again an hour or two of your youth played out in front of your eyes by much-as-young and eager group of people.

Thus I felt last week — and slightly chastened because I had noticed it too late — when I read in the Fillmore news column that the play "Nuts a Sellin" had been performed by a community group in a number of the towns along Highway 33.

That took me back a span of 30 years than I like to admit to when I played the part of Wilbur in the same play in my home town in Manitoba.

The play in most people along Highway 33 now know as about a pervasive rest home and the assortment of nuts that arrive there as a particular issue.

Wilbur was the badly spoiled and maladjusted son of one of the guests and with his cut "Harvey" terrorized the institution and particularly one of the chores suffering from atherosclerosis

My fondest memories are of the cue for us two conspirators and a very future response evenly we two several stage appearances in front of a noisy audience We were fortunate in getting one of the gems we can ever conjure and even at that the get nervous after one stage appearance and I had to share her all over the school building, catching her just in time for the next appearance

In one of the final scenes Wilbur announces that Harvey has become a mother and we were fortunate in finding a litter of kittens all enough to take notice of the world around them but not advanced enough to be difficult Naturally everyone in the audience took it for granted that these was really nothing in the fruit basket I was carrying — or at best some bundles of rags The kittens however learning the audience laugh became curious and all peeked out the edge of the basket as if they had been trained for the part

I dub it by appearance my good fortune and we decided to do another performance show six weeks later and of course we had to use the same batch of kittens I was a pretty busy boy trying to keep a grown-old kittens in that basket As a matter of fact, I dish succeed and there were kittens all over the stage But it was fun, and I hope the Fillmore group got as big a charge out of the play as we did in springer 1942

In summer one of several Vogt brothers might load a bunch of kids on a half-ton truck at a nickel a head to defray the cost of gasoline, and there as no one of two swimming holes near Sto Amm twelve miles distant

The old swimming hole

ERNESTUS *July 16 1985*

River Bend Park near the village of Sto. Amm 12 miles away was fairly popular It contained of a large wooded area in what was the Seine River a secondary channel The river was dammed below this point, and the flooded area had been sanded, counting a fairly good swimming pool The park boasted a bandstand and outdoor dance floor changing rooms a ball diamond and even a diving board

I think the entrance fee was five cents per person 25 cents for a car load and half a buck for a truckload A friend a father took his truck every clime in Sunday afternoon loaded his family of six and as many of their friends as could scrape up a nickel, and headed for River Bend

Then park and its difficulties and was not open

every summer. One problem was that it was downstream from a number of dairy farms, and had to be closed for health reasons every time there was an epidemic.

Finances, I'm sure, also played their part. In the 30s, few could afford even the modest admission prices. By the time the war came along, rationing gas and tires also cut down traffic.

When the park was operating, the only reasonable alternative was an abandoned sand pit also near Ste Anne and about 12 miles, mostly on gravel country trails, from our town.

By design or accident the sand pit had a sloping shallow part ideal for small kids and non-swimmers and there was a natural sandy beach. Fed by underground springs the pit which fell to a depth of about 40 feet was warm in the shallow parts and near the surface and was cold below.

Every year at least one young person would drown usually suffering cramps when diving into the icy depths, or straying too far from the shallow area.

Naturally since no one operated the place, there were no life guards, and not very many swimmers capable of saving anyone who got into trouble so at least on the part of the owner the casualty risk simply went with the territory.

After every drowning, the police would close up the entrances and post signs forbidding trespassing and swimming, but the barricades and the signs both soon took off disappearance.

We would think nothing of cycling the 12 miles to the pit and back on a Sunday afternoon. That is we thought nothing of it the first time we did it, but didn't work up the energy very often after that.

Anyway that was I swimming as it was in the good old days, in our own town and probably in countless other Canadian communities. We accepted the uncertainties the hazards and the health risk and built many fond memories

I checked "Reflections" for any activities which I might have missed but found none. There were no organized summer sports no outing no dances no bingos so what draws me to the library no swimming bowling or movies

The nearest thing to a library was the Scout Library in the home of John Ruschel a zealously dedicated Boy Scout until he joined the army. It consisted of a few shelves of boys books which we were allowed to take out at no charge. I read many of the books and was always impressed by how courteously we were received by John, his sister, or his elderly mother but nevertheless felt ill at ease in the presence of Catholic crosses figurines and the like deemed by us to be idolatrous

During the war which drew heavily from the age group that offered some leadership in organizing recreational activity it sometimes seemed that life itself had come to a stop

You may wonder about what happened in wartime to young men of military age in a pacifist community. A guarantee of exemption from military service, extended in the original Mennonites when they immigrated had been modified during World War 2 to the extent that an individual seeking exemption from military service had to satisfy a judge as to the sincerity of his beliefs. By this time many young people were questioning the validity of non-violence in the light of what was happening in Europe so the law became pretty evenly drawn as the war progressed between those who claimed conscientious objector (C O) status and those who became members of the armed forces. In a 1944 collegiate year book we have roll of ex-students of Steinbach schools in the armed forces had exactly one hundred names. This would include some non-Mennonite boys from rural schools who had come to Steinbach to attend high school but for a village of only one thousand people the record probably compared favorably with most communities of comparable size and the year book had gone to press about sixteen months or more before the war ended. In any event whether boys of military age went off to "C O" camps or into the military the village was almost entirely bereft of young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five.

Wartime "bootlegging"

KENSTEVE *February 5 1970*

Remember rationing?

I had almost forgotten that my such thing that ever existed in Canada until the other evening when Wally Safiuk ironed out this old rusty knife for inspection

For the information of the younger generation — and they need not be many years my junior — rationing of a number of commodities such as gasoline sugar butter beer liquor and perhaps a few other necessities was a measure introduced during World War 2. For poor fami es such as ours, it was more of a nuisance than a deprivation since we didn't own a car or drink alcoholic beverages, and the sugar and butter coupons were quite ample for the quantities we consumed

Canning seasons presented the only real problems, for a good part of our diet in winter consisted of pickles jellies and "preserves" which tend bean put up in the

fall. In recognition of this, however, special amounts of sugar were issued during summer months.

Small items merchants, if I correctly recall the period, also had a habit of making sure no one's ration book held any outdated coupons (each coupon was good for a certain time period only). If some old fishy was not a heavy butter eater, for instance, her butter coupons would be removed and saved for a growing family which needed more than the permissible ration.

Actually, I believe Canadians indeed must better than regret per capita than in pre-war years, but rationing helped give us all a sense of contribution in the war effort. Also it afforded the bureaucracy in Ottawa the opportunity to multiply manifold, proving the way for the post-war growth of big government.

Gasoline rationing, on the other hand, imposed considerable inconvenience on motorists.

While shipping shortages and funerals (mainly in food shortages from our abundance, the machinery of war did create the most vivid overseas or persistent problems in large quantities at any cost.

Naturally, there were people who came out fortunate on Model T. just for the gasoline ration which could be used for normal and was also a model at bootleg prices. Most motorists however were obliged to go easy on the use. And of course as always in Canada, goods were judged in terms of the gasoline cost. Thus a person in Toronto who could get to business via public transportation and use his gas ration for pleasure, had a distinct advantage over the westerner who might find it necessary to make frequent trips to a town some miles distant.

Being a youngster at the time, my chief concern with gas rationing was trying to find an adult with enough coupons to spare that he might look kindly upon the suggestion of taking a carload or truckload of kids to the 12-mile-distant swimming hole on a summer afternoon.

Tires were rationed, and accidentally, and the 25-mile return trip was never made, as I recall, without at least one stop to repair a tire.

Doesn't sound all that bad, perhaps, but one flat almost inevitably meant two, because the spare was usually a 95-patch job that lasted only a mile or two. If that didn't take you where you were going, you were stranded for about an hour as a mosquito and deer country road while all the able-bodied hands labored at removing the flat, patching the tube, getting fire and tube back on the wheel and inflating with a fully functioning

Oh the scars I bear!

If Steinbach had little to offer in the way of recreation before World War 2 it also had neither a police station nor a lockup. Had demand for the latter arisen I don't know what might have been used. Perhaps a church furnace room?

The village did have a policeman by the way. Henry Sobering was a tall, shambling, easy-going non-Mennonite, who wore his uniform chiefly on sports days or other rare occasions that attracted a lot of out-of-town people. He wasn't more familiar sight on overalls, pounding nails that had worked up back into the wooden sidewalks and carrying out other village work.

Whatever was missing by way of community-based activities, the centre of his was in my case in the home for most people and certainly for young children.

A favorite catchword of the 1980s and probably beyond is "the poverty level" — the income level below which life presumably is hardly worthwhile.

The years of my childhood in the depression of the 1930s might be described with little danger of contradiction as a period when poverty was the rule rather than the exception. Add to that a few special circumstances and our family could probably offer some insights into economic limitation that do not even entertain debate on whether color televisions and annual vacations are basic rights to which the poor ought to be entitled.

Consider the lot of a newly widowed woman with five children in a strange country, at a time when jobs even for men were scarce and low-paying, and as a period in history when mandatory assistance for the poor was not usual — certainly not in small towns such as Steinbach.

Before I continue I stress strongly that what follows is not a bid for sympathy. There was a time when I could squeeze out a tear at self-pity at the memory of childhood deprivation. What I have since seen and heard of poverty at second and third hand has quashed completely any presumptions of first-hand authority on the subject. Any child raised in a Christian home where there is loving encouragement attention motivation shelter and protection with enough to eat (however unplain) and clothes to wear, doesn't even begin to understand the term.

But knowing how hard it must have been for her I am now better able to appreciate and remember with pride and gratitude the home my mother managed to carve for us by dint of sheer but dignified determination love gentility absolute honesty hope for the future un-

compromising belief in God and His plan, and even humor although this wasn't her strongest trait.

My father's sudden and untimely death in Saskatchewan had left my mother with a few dollars with which to buy an unpretentious house in Steinbach. The Mennonites had instituted an insurance plan of their own, and I believe market-renewed modest benefits from this source upon my father's death.

Our first house in Steinbach was the original home place of one of the eighteen families who first settled the village. On a lot about one hundred feet wide and set back about fifty feet from the property line, the structure contained a two-storey residence, a shed, a barn and a hay mow under one roof, a traditional Mennonite plan probably dating back to times when easy access and security were important, taking into account weather and other hazards of environments that were generally hostile.

New home, new world

The front yard was well treed, and the back yard encompassed what I remember as a huge vegetable garden, and small fruit patch of raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. Beside the barn portion of the structure was a generous yard on which chickens scratched and cats slept lazily or prowled around inspecting their domain. There was always at least one cow.

The house was large enough to permit subletting part of it, but it seemed the tenants were ever unable to pay the modest rental. But they usually had children, so there was company for me.

Across the street was one of the village's four Mennonite churches. Automobiles were just coming into general use, and I was so fascinated with the long row of apple-painted cars on Sundays. I would refuse to consume for lunch until every car had left. To me any large collection of cars was firmly associated with church, and I remember mentioning on my first visit to Winnipeg how godly the folks were: cars were parked the length of Main Street and Portage Avenue, even on weekdays.

Long before kindergarten was a part of the public school curriculum in that country, the German version from which the name derives was privately operated in Steinbach by a middle-aged spinster recruited to love children but whose affection never seemed quite to extend to my ilk. It was really more of a day-care centre for children older than three but below school age. They would be sent to Tante Anna's with a packed lunch every morning to enjoy a few hours of games, singing and learning German nursery rhymes and listening to stories. As soon they would troop through town shrilly led by Tante Anna, and barely ranging German children a songs Tante Anna was probably paid mostly in kind, which in my mother's case would be sew ing her clothes for her.

To me that first home near the heart of the community was heaven, but heaven came to an end one day.

The problem was that mother's income was almost nil, and taxes went unpaid year after year. When it reached the point where a tax sale was almost inevitable, someone took pity and helped arrange a swap of our house for a much smaller house and paid up tax arrears.

The took place a few months before I was to start school, and I was devastated when I saw what was to be our new home. I prayed and begged and cried, and refused to believe until we actually moved that we were really to be banished to such a shabby dwelling place. The house we left was anything but gracious, but to me the move was not just a step down. I was a whole flight.

The house had been unoccupied for some time. It was on a bare and barren half-acre at so of clay enclosed by a page-wire fence. The house, a storey and a half, had wooden siding that had never been painted, the exterior had been neglected and every room featured dirty, crumbling plaster. Plank flooring also had not been touched by a paint brush.

The yard was bare of trees, and had only patches of grass. Clay from the basement had been dumped in the garden area, seeming to forever to near-zero productivity. At a corner near the

back of the lot stood a small barn also unpainted. The bottom was divided into two parts: a stall suitable for one cow and the other part serving as woodshed except for the part occupied by the "two-seater." There was a hayloft above the barn. Access to the loft was by wooden rungs nailed to the wall below a square hole with a wooden cover. This became a favorite headquarters for cowboy and outlaw games and robbers and other games especially after the cow was sold.

For several weeks prior to moving into our new home during summer vacation Mother and my two older brothers, Herman and Victor (then aged about fourteen and eleven) would work at making it livable. They patched the walls with home-made plaster consisting of heaven knows what. After the plaster dried the walls were whitewashed; the floors were painted; and windows cleaned and hices then they even planted saplings raspberry canes and gooseberry and currant bushes.

Another little structure I haven't mentioned was the summer kitchen another unpainted shack set on blocks and separated from the house by a roofed verandah about six feet wide. The verandah had a wall across the northwestern end to protect the area from rain snow and the thirtydegrees wind. The kitchen stove and table and a wash basin and water container — a huge earthenware jar — were moved into the summer kitchen and it was to all intents our living area during the summer months. The house was out of bounds except for sleeping.

Winter within our economic framework was the big enemy.

A poorly insulated and unshelterred house at the very northwest edge of town with substandard heating, ill-fit ing storm windows and home made storm doors and all of us having to face the elements inadequately dressed and shod, and with a deficient diet winter's assault was a grim experience. Complete dependency on shanks's mare for transportation didn't make the winter any easier. Herein however most townfolk were in the same boat because even most of those who had automobiles in the 1930s drained them and put them on blocks for the winter.

Preparing for winter

ERNESTY *November 5 1986*

My dilemma against winter's onslaught associated to considerably more than burning up a thermostat.

Our old frame house was poorly insulated, and wood stoves provided the heating.

Wood was purchased by the cord from farmers in the bush country to the southeast who would bring their wagons into town and peddle the wood from door to door. I seem to recall that the going price of 30 cents per cord but don't know. Of course that was out of my way.

On the sunny Saturdays (and some not so sunny) of September and early October it was my chore to pile the wood in neat rows in one room of the outbuilding in the back yard. Read "outbuilding" as being because in those days most families in our town had a horse a cow and many owned chickens and pigs as well. Read "neat" as a reasonable improvement over having the wood in a pile as it had been dumped.

It seemed that it always took a cold snap to get us at the final delivery.

We couldn't afford two sets of stove pipes — one for the house and one for the adjacent "summer kitchen — so every spring and fall the pipes had to be taken down in one area, cleaned both ends, the barn and set up again in the appropriate area of the house.

The stuff in the soot and the all soot when it ended up all over your hands was often supplemented with a wet finger or two from the sharp edges and the challenge of getting everything to fit once more in the new location.

The reward in all of course was that once everything was in place another could build a fire and the house would begin to get toasty.

That was only the beginning.

Next came the storm windows.

It seemed that every window frame was a slightly different size, and somehow over the years storm windows had been acquired to fit each window after a fashion. I remember having to number the windows and number with Roman numerals I don't know if that was required by law or religion but that was how it was done.

Mother would wash the storm windows, while my sister and I would rub up a rotten borrowed ladder remove the screens, wash the outside of the windows and go back up with the storm windows — most of which had at least one crack — and fit them into place, final y we got the lens units into them to secure them. They didn't perfectly so the final step was filling the cracks with miles of rags cut into strips.

Miraculously there was always a wad of putty about the place and in addition enough mixed in (I think) and kneaded long enough it again became pliable and could be used to replace the chunks of putty that had broken from the windows over the past season or during breaking.

Then came the removal of the screen doors to be replaced by heavy wooden wonderful storm doors to

ellin nate ore mare sea of dirt, or at least to reduce it to a bearable degree.

Before we had a full basement we won d buy several loads of old manure in fall and bank it up against the house high enough to cover the crack between the foundation and the soil a. In spring it would be my job to scatter the manure over the garden area which st l didn t grow anything worth a darn because I was mostly Manitoba basement clay.

In any case that, more or less was Fortress Nordvik against the siege of winter.

On very cold days, the entire house was frigid except for areas within a few feet of the stoves on stormy days the fine snow drifted in through cracks between doors and frames and between window sash and frames. Water in the water jar often froze over by morning.

Mother s dedication to education was such that only minus-40 degrees Fahrenheit — and not a degree less — exempted the younger family members from going to school. How happy we were when the mercury sank to that threshhold instead of stopping at 38 or 39. The first hour or so in a day was sheer delight, getting way then to wondering out loud about what they were studying in school that day and what story she teacher was reading to the class and descending finally to total boredom and a fervent hope that next day would be a few degrees warmer.

So how did a widow with no dependable income raise, shelter feed and clothe a family in a harsh climate and she ever harsher economic environment of the 1930s?

With great difficulty, naturally, but even this near-miracle must be seen in the context of a limited-cash society. People even people of better means did not expect everything they needed to come out of "take-home pay." Much was wrought out of whatever was at hand and often turned into other uses than originally intended. Many of the economies and frugalities described herein were not exclusively ours, but were shared to varying degrees by many Steinbach families few of whom were really affluent.

Anne our oldest sister was an early casualty in the family s fight for survival having to leave home while still a teenager for the small but vital income she could contribute by offering her services as a housemaid in Winnipeg. A special agency had been established by the Mennonites to bring together prospective employers and Mennonite girls seeking this sort of work. (Most immigrants owed all or most of their passage to Canada to the railways and needed every cent they could pay back as soon)

Anne had left school after completing Grade 8 in order to work mornings as a Lunatype operator at Steinbach s German-language weekly newspaper. In the afternoons she helped with housework and would let me fold handkerchiefs when she did the ironing. Anne always sang while she worked, and I loved to hear her, except for one of her favorites a sad song in which a young fisherwoman is warned not to go out in her boat because of an approaching storm. Naturally the dumb little boys insisted on ignoring all advice and dire warnings, inevitably she "brought the farm" to use a terms that didn t enjoy currency until a decade later. It was just too sad for my taste.

One day Anne walked into the house at noon hour, in tears and announced that she had been fired.

Her employer had visited an old comrade in Saskatchewan and had found him fighting a losing battle against drought and depression. He had offered him a job at the Post, and with the new salary to be met by the modest balance something had to go. Anne was just something.

A decision was reached that Anne must go to Winnipeg and find work as a live-in domestic. Unable to visualize our home without her, I begged her to stay. I told her she could even sing "Hecherin du kleine."

During those early years with the rest of us still in school and no money coming in except what Uncle Mother could earn with her sewing, and the $5 to $10 monthly Anne was able to send us (wages were only $6 to $15 monthly) it wasn t every year we were able to visit Winnipeg, and Anne couldn t come home even that often. Besides all leaving the money home was an equally big problem. Maude were permitted by custom or law Thursday afternoons off and every second Sunday. It took something much more serious than visiting their families to get additional time

off. Sometimes a few years went by with no contact between Anne and the rest of us, except through the mail.

Think of this. It was a number of years later in the early evening of a winter or early spring day and Helen and I were the only ones at home for some unusual reason. There was a knock at the back door. Also a rarity after supper. We went in the door together, and opened it to a young woman who greeted us with a pleasant "Good evening." We gasped at this "English lady" and wondered what this might want as our humble home. (An "English lady" I should explain was one who spoke accentless English, opened her speech an that language, wore makeup and a clothed herself and clothing. There was no doubt about that one.)

A few moments passed with nothing more said, we staring at her and she smiling pleasantly at us until she asked "May I come in please?" We backed awkwardly into the kitchen to permit her entry into the area under the stairway that served as an entrance hall. Suddenly the beautiful young woman burst into tears and cried "Helen! Ernie! Don't you know me? I'm your sister!"

It was the only time I remember her catching a ride home for one evening in her dozen or more years as a maid in Winnipeg — thirty-seven miles away. Sunday visits happened occasionally but not even once a year.

Years later, after the oldest two members of the family were married, Helen would also find it necessary to interrupt her schooling and offer her services in Winnipeg as a domestic. But by this time the economy and opportunities had changed and she was able to find alternate employment in Steinbach. She completed high school while working and after the war went on to university to earn a degree in pharmacy.

But back to how mother fed us.

We kept a cow, and this provided us with milk for a good portion of the year. Once in a while the cream shunned from the milk would be churned into butter. Mother patiently rocking a honey pail containing cream until the cream turned into butter and her upper leg turned blue. When the cow was dry, milk was scarce and often non-existent commodity.

The garden, although the soil was poor and part of it refused to grow almost anything, nevertheless produced enough potatoes to see us through most of the winters in which the was the main staple on our table next to bread.

Mother was a seamstress although she brought in painfully little when most women were capable of sewing their own clothes, as I even the wives of the "well to-do" had to sneak the wherewithal for material out of household money. Upon delivery of the finished dress when full payment was expected, they often pleaded shortage of funds. The shortage sometimes lasted for months and Mother would send Helen and/or myself to collect. How we hated that! The women were seldom grannies, and husbands when approached as a last resort more often than not were surly. We were treated as beggars rather than as people collecting money legitimately earned.

In early summer Mother and Helen would spend several weeks picking strawberries and raspberries for local small fruit farmers. If memory serves the rate was just under two cents per pint basket for raspberries, and a fast picker might turn an upwards of twenty-five baskets per day. This translated into forty or fifty cents for a ten-hour day at pretty steady work in the hot summer sun, fighting off mosquitoes in the morning until the dew evaporated. (I won't stand at all by the figures, but I'm certain they are not very far out.) I was also pressed into service, but I was a slow picker, and missed too many berries and was quickly declared *persona non grata* by the berry farmer.

Another source of (very limited annual) income was the cow-herding contract my brothers had for a number of years. Slow to surrender their agrarian backgrounds, many Steinbach residents kept one or two cows. The village, or a special authority set up for this purpose owned a quarter-section of land a mile from town and this was the cow pasture.

The cow pasture

ERNESTLY *May 16 1974*

When people who grew up during the thirties talk about their youth, it is seldom without a wistful comparison of those poorness days with the affluence of today's young.

I plead guilty to the same sin, and to amusement will confess to an almost unimaginable luxury I enjoyed was a tackel was something you seldom possessed unless you found one on the roadside a dime was in your last hands for a brief moment at the annual sports day and $100 was the most you would expect to find even in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I had a no private playground a quarter-section of parkland

We didn't own this vast paradise; it was the community pasture land my brothers had the contract for driving the villagers cattle to it every morning and back home at night.

My home town was a village in those days and just about everybody and a cow so it was an important municipal responsibility to provide herding grounds. The pasture was exactly one mile from the village limits and the cows and to be picked up each morning — seven days a week, start on those from June 1 to Sept 30 — from the far end of Main St. which slanted diagonally across the section. I believe the salary for this was $20 or $30 for the season

For the most part my tender age exempted me from bearing a full share of the responsibility. But for five cents a month I was my job to take the cattle down town every evening from our house, which was right at the edge of the village

During summer holidays, by which time the cattle were accustomed to the routine and the dog knew which cows to keep an eye on and now with its eyebrows to dispatch them at a gist, I was often "allowed" — emphasized by a boot in the rear if I did not sufficiently appreciate the honor — to bring the herd all the way from the pasture. This didn't happen as regularly as it might have for I had a knack for doing something wrong like leaving the pasture gate ajar and letting the community by I get away or taking the cattle only three-quarters of the way (and strolling them) along to their final destination with a punctuated "oh em"

To my brothers, no doubt the memory of those cowherding days may not be so nostalgic for the beauty of the arrangement for me was that by the seventies I was understood by children and dogs, the pasture was "mine" as surely as though we held title to it.

The pasture was about equal in poplar woods and grassy land land I knew every cowpath. Sometimes it deeper of us would hike to the pasture to play Indians and he as ambush for each other in hailing distance half a mile part. Final y we would leave to go seeking out our opponents, have a brief skirmish with a team of dry reeds then settle down to a fraternal hour of smoking and discuss ng the problems of our world. We smoked Liberica to point out not tobacco but the soft brown underside of the bark on certain toliphous poles. Rolled between your palms for a few minutes with a few stubborn spikes or it were removed it softens more y and features will turn a fine of frenzach cigarette about half an inch thick. You have to be careful to use enough newspaper to keep it from falling apart, but not so much as to affect the taste too much

There hasn't been such recommended. I've tried it but it's certainly nothing a connoisseur would bother with unless he had no other options

A few times a year a select group would take a stab at completing a cabin begun by an earlier generation. We would come armed with hammers a handful each of purloined nails and for an hour or two would address ourselves vigorously to the task of nailing dead branches to the wall frames. Then upon we would sit around savoring the wonderful hints we planned to have in the cabin once it was completed

Last June and July would bring generous crops of anticipation, pin cherries and choke cherries. Berry picking expeditions could be a drag because they seemed suspiciously the work but with good companions a lunch or bread and jam along for a snack and the odd confrontation with the hallow an aggressive cow were these developed into long remembered adventures. Only trouble was I would never convince my mother that it was only through bad luck that I returned home with a third of a pail of berries while my stomach a third and two heaping pails.

Well that s a capsule was the cow pasture. I should write today's kids with all their tracks?

A word here about Tibby a friendly part-collie acquired by neighbors for their family but who adopted us instead (We gained "title" by hosing the neighbors pastures for a year) This happened shortly after we moved to the second house, and he was still around and an accepted member of the family when I left home twelve years later although he was getting a bit cranery and subby. Whether dads believe in reincarnation or not, I'm sure that my brother and anyway he was company on the long lonely days while she worked at her sewing machine. The cow herding job appealed to the cat like in him and these were his happiest years

As custodians of the pasture as we saw ourselves we had the privilege read or inferred, of

harvesting the berries. We weren't the only ones the pasture being communal property numerous families on our side of town went berry-picking there as well. Harvesting the saskatoons choke cherries pin cherries and wild cranberries was vital to our winter diet in terms of both nourishment and variety. The choke cherries and cranberries mixed in the right proportions made a tasty jam, the tartness of the cherries and the sourness of the cranberries laced with sugar, supplemented our mother. Throughout the summer and fall as the woods and the gardens surrendered their bounty, preserving for winter went on constantly for those canned vegetables and fruits offered the only variety to a diet otherwise based largely on potatoes and bread.

Rhubarb, easy to grow and a prodigious producer, was combined with almost any fruit to add bulk while borrowing flavor from the additives.

I remember several winters when the main meal (noon dinner) consisted only of boiled potatoes (without gravy) dry bread and water. Suppers in those periods might consist of a small helping of fried potatoes (left over from dinner) dry bread and very weak coffee. There was usually porridge for breakfast, with bread and coffee but if the cow was dry she porridge was eaten with a moderate sprinkling of sugar applied on the Mother's watchful supervision.

Meat was a rare treat on our table at any time in the worst years. The most common meat dish was hamburgers made from ground beef mixed generously with bread and grated onions. They were delicious and were made in batches large enough for two meals that is one hot meal with two or three hamgers for each and perhaps one cold hamburger each at supper on the following day. Never more than on the same day of course.

Roast chicken was a rare treat and it was an unquestioned rule that even a moderate sized bird was served twice not hot noon dinner and one cold supper — and not on the same day. In a family of five this made for small helpings of the "special" dishes but we never went hungry. we were always sufficiently to fill up on potatoes and bread so long as we weren't wasteful.

I marvel now at Mother's talent for spreading the good things in such a way that they took the monotony out of two and sometimes three months. In this never tired of quoting me of her favorite sayings which translated from the Low German goes something like this "If you eat and leave something you can have two meals."

In fall Mother was always thrilled to be asked to a slaughtering bee. Many families would slaughter a number of hogs and it took a fair sized crew of women to clean and boil the intestines for sausage making cook the sausage meat and fill the sausages, smoke the hams and do all the other mysterious things associated with the ritual. This may not sound thrilling and it was, instead hard work but all the helpers went home with several sausage rings a generous cut of cured ham, some spare-rib beef cheese and perhaps a small roast.

It was also a companionable day. Mother enjoyed company but had a very limited social life. Beside the fact that she worked six very long days every week, leaving little time for socializing demand as few as already mentioned, for the friendship of a widow with a large family at the best of times. In hard times, the social standing in the neighborhood of the mercury at minus-75

Lifesavers in the dietary scheme were soups and the weekend baking. Most soups relied on soup bones for a base and were local variety through the vegetables that gave them bulk.

A universal Mennonite favorite was borscht the idea borrowed from the Russians but altered substantially in the Mennonite version. The Russian borscht is beet based and meatless, and probably like so many dishes of the poor dreamed up to give some variety during meatless lent. I like to think that some Mennonite woman among the first to settle in Russia tasted a soup made by one of the murdy smashed her face in a tentative way and pronounced that it was almost acceptable and only needed some meat and dill to make it edible. provided cabbage and tomatoes were substituted for the beets. Mother always put one large beet into a large pot of borscht. Whether that was to add a delicate beet flavor on cooking or a polite nod to Russian tradition I don't know.

Soup: serves six

ERNESTLY *December 27 1973*

When I use a can of soup I often enjoy a silent chuckle at the memory of my mother's invariable reaction to the latter's promise that the contents would serve six

Ours was a European household in which — at least at the memorable level — soup was, of course, a meal

Cabbage borscht, sauerkraut borscht, butter soup, bean soup, green bean soup, chicken noodle soup and a few other varieties were cooked in huge pots, and contained so many solids that they could almost pass for stew

If you smelled borscht cooking, you didn't have to ask "What are we having for dinner, Mother?"

Borscht was what you were having, period. Not only that day, but the next day as well

But emergencies did arise when it was necessary to heat a can of canned soup, and on such occasions my mother would never fail to quote in a voice dripping with sarcasm, "Serves six" as she poured the pitiful contents of a can into the pot

She believed and acted the soup companies were habit-forced liars or that the poor "English" must surely be facing extinction from malnutrition

It was just as well that we didn't rely on canned soups, or use a lot of other canned goods, for that matter. Aside from the cost there was the problem of garbage in cumulation. Steadfast had no municipal garbage pick-up so almost all homes had their individual garbage pails somewhere not too far from the house. In spring most of it was plowed into the garden while substances like tin cans accumulated indefinitely — were picked up once annually during spring clean-up drives

Friday or Saturday was baking day when bread for the following week was baked, as well as several pans of bun — Mennonite Zwiebach ("two cheeks" or perhaps "two bakes"). These were made from a dough slightly richer than bread. Balls of dough were fashioned by holding a large piece of dough and squeezing the hand in a way that forced the dough out between thumb and index finger. A slightly smaller ball was placed on top of the ball that formed the base and pushed gently downward to achieve adhesion. I think they were allowed to rise after shaping. When the buns had been baked to a golden brown the two cheeks pulled apart easily and neatly exposing two soft white surfaces on which it apply spread

When fresh it was no hardship to eat them without a spread, and in any case in our home we were not permitted to spread butter on them since they "already had butter in them." Sundays were not complete without a batch of freshly baked Zwiebach. If budget permitted there might also be a cake baked for the weekend, and if the economy was really good, the cakes were even iced

Given Mother's limited social life and her natural fondness for young people, our young friends were always welcome for Sunday "vesper." a meal served at about five o'clock, consisting mainly of a dish of preserved fruit, some bread and buns — with cheese in good times — and finished off with cake or cookies or both. The number of cookies or cake pieces set on the table were strictly accepted as the ration for the meal and it was considered poor form to take more than dictated by a quick mental calculation

After eating, at least once we had reached young adulthood, it was customary to sit at the table for an hour or more drinking coffee and chatting. Our friends, most of them third or fourth generation Canadians, loved to draw out Mother's recollections of her youth in Russia and particularly stories of World War I and the Russian Revolution

One of my friends and an almost weekly vesper guest when we were teenagers couldn't hear enough about the subject. Many years later, in the 1960s when a professor of English at the University of Winnipeg, Al Reimer wrote a novel "My Harp Is Turned to Mourning," about the Russian Mennonites concentrating on the years from the turn of the century to the revolution. My mother returned, he told me later, had planted the seed for this novel

One only fuel for heating and cooking in the early years was wood. We couldn't afford electricity nor was it always available at our location on the fringe of the village. The main floor of our house was divided into two large rooms, one serving as the kitchen and dining room, and the other as the living room and Mother's sewing room. The kitchen stove heated that room as well as the main bedroom that occupied the corresponding space upstairs. The heater in the living room supplied heat for the other upstairs rooms

Having experienced several house fires in her youth in Russia Mother's feeling for fire was closer to dread than to respect. Given the condition of our stoves, stovepipes and chimney I'll concede now that her fear was well-founded. As a result the would never go to bed, even in coldest winter, until the fire was completely out with not so much left at a glowing ember. On rooms-30 to rooms-40 nights this meant she had to sit up until about three in the morning, then catch a few hours' sleep before rising at five to start the fires once more. Exposed to the biting northwest winds and uninsulated our rooms would reach freezing temperatures within those few hours.

Mother and I when I was a youngster shared the huge bedroom — which was also my winter playroom — and Helen had the smaller of the two other bedrooms. The larger one was shared by Herman and Vic, and believe it or not, for several years they had to share the room with outof-town students. For what he'd to be a small amount of money or kind (one two students) — brothers — shared a bed in my brothers' bedroom where they also did their studies and homework.

Mother served those meals made from foods provided by their parents who farmed near a village about eighteen miles away. We all ate at the same table. It was an experience in character-building to eat our dry bread and greyish potatoes while absorbing the aroma of those fried cured ham fried eggs chops or sausages and listening to their comments on the quality of the canned corn or peas compared to the previous can. And they spread both butter and jam on their bread a practice held in our house to be not only reckless but verging on the obscene.

Beside their "high living," they further aggravated us by bragging about their dog that said "Anne" — the name of their sister. Once their visiting parents brought the dog along and it was a bitter pill to swallow when the most an instruction actually produced a combination between a whine and a growl which might by a reasonable person be construed as the Low German version of "Anne" — and in what other language would a dog be likely to communicate?

Neither was high on cleanliness which is the area of personal hygiene run to washing out of the kitchen sink in the morning and washing our hands at meals. Saturday was bath night on a round tub near the living room stove. Each user had a few extra degrees of hot water added. The water got pretty gray by the time we had all taken our baths. I was required to change short socks and underwear weekly. But in winter the long johns had to last two weeks because they were difficult to wash and dry.

If this doesn't sound all that sanitary to you I invite you to live for a few winter months in a home where almost every drop of water has to be carried by hand from a well about one long city block away. You might just find your standards compromised after a while. In winter the rain barrel was moved into the kitchen and set beside the kitchen stove filled daily with snow to provide soft water for laundering. In summer it was outside, naturally gathering rainwater to reduce the amount of water to be carried and to provide soft water.

One of my jobs from a fairly early age was to make about four trips after school carrying two honey pails to be filled with water. In winter I had a home-made sled on which to convey a cream can replacing the water detail to one trip daily.

Another daily chore, winter and summer, was filling the woodbox with chopped wood and kindling. Wagon- or sledloads of unchopped firewood in one-foot lengths were brought in full, and these were stacked in rows along the fence. The pieces had to be split into halves or quarters before bringing them in so that the less-than-dry wood would catch more easily.

One fall I was fussy about stacking the woodpile, and I was relieved to see a snowstorm hide the reminder of an unfinished job. Mother said nothing until midwinter when we ran out of stacked wood. Then reminded me how much easier it would have been to take the day's wood from a neat stack instead of digging each piece out of frozen snow before chopping it.

Mother was rather good at teaching through experience.

One mild stormy day I took off my outer clothes after coming home from school to warm myself before getting at my woodbox chore. Then I conveniently managed to forget to go out for wood. Mother said nothing. That is, she read nothing until I was ready to go to bed when she

greatly resented me that she had just put the last piece of wood into her stove and that it was likely going to be very cold when the fire went out. I might have taken my chances but when I saw the baleful glares of my neighbours I knew I was dead meat if the woodbox wasn't filled very promptly. So I donned my outer garments and went out to split wood and bring it in. Naturally we had no yard light although a bit of light from the window gently bathed the chopping block area. I learned that evening that not only was it harder and more dangerous to chop wood in the dark than in the late afternoon it was also colder.

Clothing is another category that suffered. Mother's dressmaking skills enabled her to sew shirts and dresses and blouses. Because of this Helen was always acceptably dressed. Having two older brothers however I fell heir to a lot of hand-me-downs. Their trousers with worn-out knees because my short pants several years later with the pantlegs had aside to provide patches inevitably needed hard to source by and by.

One cold leather helmet was first bought, probably second-hand, for Herman subsequently was worn by Vic and finally by myself. When the chin strap was secured the ear flap on one side rested not forwarding on the cold. I often had a frozen ear. The kids in school teased me quite a bit about my hand-me-downs but I was the youngest and smallest boy in my class hence low man on the totem pole and more importantly was easily offended. On the whole mine was a good class, and I remember most of the members fondly but kids are not always kind. I now realize some of their barbs served to divert attention from the provenance — or pedigree — of their own garments.

Mother was very self-necked about anything that had the odor of charity about it. Whenever I let myself think that folks might have done a bit more to help her I have to remind myself that you had to come up with a pretty plausible story to get her to accept something or a thing.

I don't remember what if anything we had by way of a kitchen sink in the first house. Maybe it had something built in or perhaps we had no sink. I know we had none at the second house until one day a man came (the farmer married to an aunt of Mother's) and brought us a commode with a sink. His story was I recall that he had bought it at an auction sale and it hadn't fit into the space he wanted it for. So mother accepted it reluctantly but I'm sure with unmerciful

The orange cardigan

On another occasion a church group got her to accept a box of used clothing sent by some relief organization. I think the story given was that it had been sent in error and it would be less costly to give it to us than to ship it back. If only Mother would see it to take it.

Mother accepted after being convinced it was not charity, but the contents were entirely useless or so foreign to local styles — I use the word loosely — of the times that given a wouldn't as far those I was channeled however a hen she found a cardigan sweater of unusual design that fit me perfectly. It was bright orange with a black strip aligned with the buttonholes and a black band around the base of either sleeve. Nothing would do but I had to wear it. The first day of school wearing this frightful garment has fortunately been blanked from my memory. It didn't help when an older boy a few doors from us took one look and dubbed me "Kleefeld." Kleefeld was a small Mennonite village about ten miles to the west, of Pembina's team. Our Orioles were simple orange jerseys about the same shade as mine. He greeted me as "Kleefeld" every time he saw me.

Then to rub salt in the wound I discovered that they I disliked, about a year younger than myself and from a family I despised had received an identical sweater. I felt only slightly better when I realized he had to wear it for Sundays, a rule I didn't. I didn't stop hating the sweater and finally Mother dyed it brown. I still didn't like it but it allowed me to fade into the background rather than putting me centre-stage in a garment that shrieked charity.

One of the things that simplified the problem of clothing was a much more relaxed dress code than is acceptable in good times. Even about June I an young boys from most families except perhaps the affluent ones wears nothing but overalls and denim or wool shirts over undershirts

The undershorts often were hypothermal. We even went to school barefoot in late summer and early fall except on cadder days, and wore socks and shoes only for Sunday School in summer.

Earlier I mentioned them garnet in what could be canned or eaten straight out of the garden. Obviously this can go only so far and such staples as flour, sugar, meat (what little we ate) and other foods had to be purchased. There were times when demand simply exceeded the modest funds coming into the household. Then it became necessary to ask for credit at the Vogt Bros. store where it was extended without as much as a raised eyebrow - a sight, not a question about payment. In their minds it was unquestionably a write-off. Although clothes a pride suffered from resorting to credit buying, her dignity was sustained by the knowledge that she would surely repay the debt some day, somehow.

Eventually Herman went to work for the Vogts as a clerk and truck driver - and his earnings were applied to the debt at month-end — less his small allowance and offset by additional credit buying that had been necessary during the month.

For several years, circumstances were such that the debt just hung there, we had enough income to avoid charging, but not enough to reduce the debt. Then came the time during the war years when Vic a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force received his commission and signed over part of his pay to Mother. This was matched by the government and the resulting cash flow was beyond anything we had experienced before. A top priority was the Vogt Bros. debt. It was something to see the astonished look on Mr. Abe Vogt's face the day I walked into the store and asked how much was owing, and upon being told returned the same day with the money to repay it fully.

Having described material want, I should say something in defense of our lifestyle.

Like thousands of others who grew up in deprived homes in the depression of the 1930s I can honestly say that I wouldn't trade my childhood for anyone else's, as my family for any other family I've ever known.

How can one describe how encouragement of older siblings and an understanding and sympathetic parent enable one to enjoy truly what happiness could be wrested from humble circumstances?

In summer we would play softball on the pasture directly across the street about a city block deep and the equivalent of two blocks wide. When we were younger, the boys of the neighborhood would build "ranches" in corners of this pasture, with little pieces of wood, left over from heaven knows what, representing cattle. We were so busy organizing and planning how much fun we would have playing with those ranches that summer days passed quickly as the organization alone. My next-door buddy, Arden Reimer (one year my junior and I invented and played those games constantly when we weren't planning what we might do if we ever had one hundred dollars.

Softball was organized by the older kids and involved all — boys and girls — in the district from Grade 1 through high school. There would be upwards of five players to a side and the pitcher was also the umpire.

My affair with baseball

RECENTLY *October 15 1989*

For some years now I've had a love affair with relay and baseball. This infatuation crept up on me as a result of watching the World Series. Certainly my early association with the sport was not such as to form a lasting attachment.

Back when I was a kid when names like Dizzy Dean and Babe Ruth were being bandied about, baseball for youngsters was not the organized pursuit it has become.

I wasn't baseball of course; it was softball. We were required to play the game every recess from the day in spring that the school grounds dried up until the late-June school picnic when the Grade 5 "Saints" played the Grade 6 "Sinns" and so on up and down the line.

A 15-minute recess of unsupervised softball, sloppily played seldom gave the kids at the bottom of the totem pole a chance at bat and because each team had about 12 players the outer were altered slightly to permit another set of fielders well behind the orthodox configuration.

My position was third. Spider which might be identified as a place about 20 feet behind the right fielder.

Perhaps once a week a hard-hitting batter might hit

the ball late enough to send it close through the right doorstop (another position added to accommodate numbers) and even dribble through the hands or legs of the third (right) fielder. The wicket-keeper use starting approximately at the approaching ball once. I remember that I was part of the game and not just a captive audience. Then I would hold my hands out almost as if I were the ground (legs well apart) and try to field the ball while the inner rounded third base and ran happily home.

My awkward throw to the outfield man (a novice field) was usually off-target and I would stumble back to my position cheeks burning with shame, while bannisters shrewdest blame on me for persuading the batter to score.

Fortunately there was also a certain amount of vacant lot ball where anywhere between 12 and 30 kids found themselves on the same side with a ball and bat on a Saturday afternoon. Also, 'home ball' in which anywhere from three to five fielders played two or three batters who took to the field individually after being retired. In this game everyone moved up a notch as a batter was retired so that even the crummiest player got to play the infield, catch and even take a swing at the ball.

Scooters and hoopsticks

BRIDESTYLE *January 27, 1988*

During the Christmas holidays, I commentated on that started or ended. I don't know where conveyed to me the fact that scooters are on their way back as an a form of transportation and/or recreation for the young. I say it about how something as sensible as that was brought back.

I suspect that there are a few people around by now who have never seen, let alone used a scooter. Let me describe it.

Think of a light board, five or six inches wide and three to four feet long. There six wheels at the back and another one capable of turning in the front. (Normally both wheels turn round and round in wheels are mounted so and for which purpose they were invented but the front scooter wheel also is capable of turning left or right.) A short rises from the front wheel and has a short handle bar from which the conveyance is controlled.

The rider propels himself or herself along with one foot resting on the rear of the body a rail.

Back in the days when few youngsters and bicycles this was a mode of transportation most children could afford. If your parents couldn't afford to buy you a new one, you could probably pick up a second-hand one on the nearest grounds and older brothers were known to fashion the occasional one.

In the Maritimes, I'm told bicycle riding was referred to as "running the hill to give your backsides a ride." I'm not sure what scooter-riding would be called out there but it was fun from "in the olden days." Riding one along wooden sidewalks (with boards in fact or so apart) or along gravel walks, in dirt or gravel roads, sometimes left both enjoyment and efficiency to the imagination. Right now however I can see myself whizzing along our paved streets on a scooter, myself.

Naturally the ones coming on-stream are bound to be far removed from the ones I knew. They will be made of plastic or rubber, a metal for great deal of sadness is and come equipped with directional signals, tail lights, pop-bottle holder, radio, snooze control rear view mirror and a five-year guarantee covering everything but the board, wheels, steering column and the cotter pin I mentioned.

Parents will be expected to supply gas for each member of the household long the list knew as it is likely to be has of a new values for family fun.

Talking, and thinking about the scooter took me back to another device once even more numerous than the scooter.

The hoopstick

It was ideal because you didn't even have to have a level path to operate efficiently. With expertise, you could drive through a barnyard.

Everyone could afford it because you didn't buy it; even an unenchanted little person like myself was capable of fashioning one, although I might toss my tongue in the process.

A hoopstick was a wood hub of the secretary hoop from the end of a little boy's head to four or five inches from the ground when held at a comfortable angle.

The hub was crossed to the end by a T-bar — another hub a foot to 5 inches long. Most children knew without being told that two nails were required to keep the T-bar true to shifting, but I used to learn the hard way with only one nail.

The hoopstick was used to propel a metal hoop (as in barrel hoop) anywhere from one to two feet in diameter. I have even seen old bicycle or tricycle wheels used but this was not only considered quixotic on the form but left a lot to be desired from the standpoint of maneuverability. A beginner you see, starts the hoop moving by allowing it to run down the stick for this purpose held at an easy angle with the T-bar resting on the ground. The child then follows the moving hoop and uses the T-bar to steer, propel and otherwise control the hoop.

A hoopstick aficionado would raise a hoop lying on the ground with the T-bar being the T-bar down hard on earth a way as to force the hoop forward, then vary on on the normal balance, but using the stick also to cause the hoop to oscillate and weave in the most cunning ways.

What a perfect device athletic?

It kept a little boy's mind, hands and eyes occupied while on an errand to borrow a cluve of garlic from Aunt Gertrude in the other end of the village.

While on sports and juvenile escapades of yesteryear I recall one time since I've seen a youngster rolling an old automobile tire along the street particularly one with a smaller child rolled up in the inside surface of the tire

The gopher harvest

ERNESTY, *May 23, 1933*

Our minister a person on Sunday included an anecdote about boyhood days when he owned would back gophers on the hill and roll down old car tires in to recapture the load

He recalled that the load was poured into rattle to ensure very big gophers and I did not

The mist sire a anecdote was intended only as a light aside to an otherwise serious sermon but also he lost me for a few minutes as my mine went off into the beautiful spring morning and betook itself to the field a here my cohorts and I also sought adventure and fortune if the quest of gophers

Gophers for those too young to remember used to attract a bounty — one cent per tail delivered to the local S M office. That at least, was the going rate in Manitoba. If Saskatchewan paid more, our surveyor and his friends got richer than I did for I not shameful yso.

I was always given to spending my fortunes (at least mentally and verbally) before they were realized. Thus in early spring I would burble incessantly about the gopher hunts which would enrich me and glowingly speculate on how I would squander the proceeds

And you think of the fun!

Then spring would roll around, and time to make things happen

We lived at the very edge of town, right across the street (or road) from a farm pasture, well populated with gopher holes. Also on the pasture was an open as well — an important asset when hunting gophers without weapons

Our tool for destroying gophers you see, consisted of water and willing dog

Water was poured into the gopher hole until all the tunnels were flooded. Eventually the new animal would have to come up for air. The dog, sensed to some the purpose of the exercise and would wait tense y at the edge of the hole careful not to allow his shadow to fall onto the opening. The moment the tip of the gopher's nose emerged the dog would jump him up

As I remind, the dog would be permitted to worry the body for a decent period, after which the tail was removed and put into the bounty bag

If it sounds like a rather one-sided contest I beg you to remember that it takes a lot of water to fill a gopher hole, and when the water is carried in leaky buckets by little boys from a distance of several hundred feet extinction of the species was never anxious y threatened

We also discovered one colony of gophers when a back door leading into us abandoned well I don t know how many gallons of water we poured into several holes and the ultimate sound of water trickling into the well a few yards away tipped us off that here was one family of gophers we couldn t get without channeling it the Red River

The most we ever honestly reaped from an afternoon s work and that used to wind it up for the summer was five or six coins, to be shared between them or four of us

The only time I heard of any town boy coming near doubling a killing on gophers was when the son of the R M secretary discovered that, contrary to the by-laws, the gopher tails were not sent to Winnipeg to be stored in the provincial archives but were burned in the backyard of the R M office

He did quite nicely when he found in the smouldering refuse pile, 20 or 30 gopher tails that were hardly singed at all

The secretary must have looked pretty suspicious when his son, never known for dedication to conservative pursuits came in with a sack of more than two tails A bit like Tom Sawyer memorizing 1,000 Bible verses

Either the secretary found a new appreciation for the gophers, or he just ran out of gasoline over those before lighting them Certainly nobody else ever cashed in on recycled gopher tails

That kid was something else. I remember years later when I helped him thread up his birth certificate to join the navy when he was 15 It didn't work and we were never reunited for that particular course but that s another story

The lead soldier trade was also a brisk one for a time Those rush enough to own mobile would cash soldiers for so for a percentage of the lead provided or for so much per soldier

Naturally I dreamed of owning an entire regiment, but the gopher trade being what it was and car batteries averaging short one per summer I don't believe I ever got beyond one soldier and one Indian

Now I don't mean you to think this was all I got out of the season The rest of it was pretty good too, I think. About six and all rain stuff

We always managed to have a pair of hand-me-down skates a piece, and Mother always found, with difficulty, the few cents charged monthly for using the school-operated rink This took care of several nights weekly On weekends we were able to skate all day if an unclosed on a natural rink formed by a flowing artesian well in the same pasture we used for ball in summer

On fall we set and spring nights after supper we would wait for mother to polish the chimney of the kerosene lamp from the wick and light it. Then we would all sit around the kitchen table to do our homework or read and reread the books in our limited library. No book was ever thrown away in our home and even to diagram a page was considered sacrilege. To this day I suffer a pang of conscience whenever I digest even a paperback book.

For variety there were board games such as Parcheesi and Snakes and Ladders, once in a while Mother could be prevailed upon to read us Grimm's and Andersen's fairy tales and for one person at a time — before we had a loudspeaker — there were comedy programs and dramas to be listened to on the crystal radio set.

The crystal radio set

ERNESTLY *April 13 1988*

For years, perhaps even decades, it has been my much-vaunted claim that my early childhood took place in a home in which there existed no spy sense nor set device which might not have been found in similar form in the homes of my grandparents.

What this proved was that I could be constructed like missing link between modern (spoiled) man and of not. Neanderthal man at least with a generation far removed from most of the wonders of modern invention.

Our home, you see had no electricity until the late 1930s we had outdoor plumbing and did not own an automobile. We bought our first radio shortly after the Second World War broke out so that a where I have dated our family's entry into the world of modern technology.

Then, also while editing copy for the Review a 75th anniversary edition, I came across something that triggered memory and shattered assumptions and delusions.

started we bought our first radio in 1939 and this was our first loudspeaker but I had forgotten all about the home-made crystal sets for 15 years earlier by my brothers. Certainly them — in reasonable facsimile — could not have passed the brains of my grandparents because there a reply would have been nothing to listen to.

Those crystal sets were quite simple to make and required only a few parts — a coil a tuning condenser the crystal on which the stinger was located by fiddling around on it with a fine stiff pointed wire called (I am told) a cat a whisker earphones an aerial and that is about it.

I don't know if it was not possible to plug two and of earphones into one crystal set or whether we just never were able to afford two working sets of earphones by I remember then evenings particularly hockey nights, possession of the phones was an unconscious in possession of the modern bathroom is in the morning.

I seem to recall a fair friction becoming so irritating to the whole household that my mother had to step in and decree that my brothers take turns, period by period.

You might suppose that so the dated raconteur I would fly into the alarming but I was too young to count, and anyway they needed no interesting assistance to keep informed on the game's progress.

"Another goal for Charlie Conacher. Red Horner's got another penalty! Sometimes when Foster Hewitt got into a real frenzy of excitement you could hear his "the shoots he SCORES!" six feet away from the earphones.

All the kids of high school age in the district had home-made crystal sets and there was one chap who made a specialty of selling coils, a time-consuming and exacting task that tried the patience of most.

Since the nearest radio transmitters were located in Winnipeg — CKY and CJRC (now CKRC) — the receivers required rather variable spots a often strung from the house to the little building in the back yard

There were worried moments when the radio license inspector was in town since operation of receivers was licensed in those days and no one was crazy about paying the fee of a few dollars. Every my mother in law shouting a scream as you might wish for did not consider it a sin to avoid that law

Anyway the long and short of it all is that my "amazing link" mania must be confined to the years when I was about eight to younger

Ghost from the past

ERNESTLY *February 7 1980*

On a long evening drive home has full and getting bored with the radio's choice between contemporary music (hay-huh hay-huh) and salvation-peddling revivalism ("Are ask for pamphlet No 1305 and if you are upon a gift this program really needs it") we started searching the dial for something at least mildly interesting.

It wasn't easy but after trying a classical music program that was not too heavy and enduring 15 minutes of a talk show continuing about an international trade fair upcoming to Oklahoma City we finally tuned in to, and settled for a CBC radio program.

It was an old English mystery production about a well respected rascal who couldn't wait for his old aunt at long — but perpetually enduring — aunt to die and leave that has considerable estate.

What fascinated me was the ease, lesure of the production. At no time did I have the feeling that I was missing anything because the story wasn't on screen in living color.

It was like a jaunt from the past, taking us back to the days before television when listening to the Lux Radio Theatre and the Cecil B. DeMille dramas was a weekly must for anyone who didn't want to be classified as a cultural dropout.

That, of course, was in the days when most homes had not yet the luxury of a "loudspeaker."

During the '30s at least in our town, only the well-to-do had conventional radios. The average household set-up for a home-made crystal set consisted simply of two lanyards fashioned by the teen-age intrepid worker.

If you think the fights much channel selection in today's house are heavy, you should have heard the battles for the earphones on Saturday night when Foster Hewitt came on with the distinctive "Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland!"

For the really big events such as the Max Schmeling-Joe Louis match the local hardware store-world have the loudspeaker going as if by remote, and half the town would be packed into the display area, and not a part of it sorry.

Well so much for memories. Would you mind turning down that "Boy-huh Boy-huh!" past a few decibels?

Preparations and plans for Christmas began on fall, with lists made from the cut-away pages of the Eaton's catalogue. I was given an allowance of five cents weekly for certain chores but only on condition that this was put in my little bank for Christmas gift-buying. If you have never experienced the intrigue and expectation and the logistical nightmare of an entire family doing its total Christmas shopping by way of a single mail order, consider yourself deprived.

The Eaton's catalogue

IRNETTE *January 22 1976*

Beside Prime Min ster Trudeau a second-best guy about the free market system the most humanistic thing a bus ness Canadian public has been, is a week s announcement by the T Eaton Co that is mail order service and of course the catalogue are to be discontinued.

Even today with advertising beamed in from every d rection and well display windows tempting shoppers wherever they go the coming of the catalogu is still an important and much-awaited event in any household that has women and children.

But those of us who grew up in the 40s or earlier on the farms and in the small towns of Canada would hardly be more shocked by an announcement that printing of the Bible was to be discontinued.

"Why" exclaimed one frequenter of coffee row "the catalogue was an Playboy magazine

In our home serious Christmas shopping could not even be considered until the catalogue arrived, with its rebel lovable offering of goodies.

First there was the Christmas list to prepare for "Santa."

I always managed my brothers and sisters by starting off with hopeless requests like electric trains (we didn't even have electricity) cowboy outfits and pedal cars before settling down to more realistic demands such as the 29-cent hard cover cowboy books, crayons and inexpensive toy cars that lost their wheels before the Twelfth Day of Christmas.

Then everyone s wishes having been finally made known came the task of a hunting n 01.25 Christmas shopping budge toward six or seven gifts fitting gift selections to the amount allocated for each person and to the items on everyone s list checking with each other to avoid "A" and "B" ordering the same g ft for "C" searching out the selections n the catalogue for the correct catalogue numbers and then fina ly the complicated matter of entering all the items on an order form without one peeking what the others had ordered

Combine this with two months of Sunday afternoon practice sessions at church for the Christmas Eve Sunday School program, the anticipations of a huge bag of treats and peanuts handed out at evening s mid-weeks of Christmas baking at home and the Santa menace run to a tantalizing two-month period of expectation and wonderment that was enough to make your heart burst.

'Tis the season

HUMBLY *December 19 1984*

One of the highlights of Christmas in my childhood was always the Christmas eve Sunday School program for which we practised at least two months. Every class sang at least one carol and every child either recited a poem, sang a solo or took part in playlets in which we carried on heavy theological discussions something like this "Tell me Frank and what do you think s meant by the Holy Trinity?"

Frank would then take s deep breath and give s

detailed analysis that would confuse or inspire a statesman.

After all had later heard from plus a full five volunteer renditions, the candles on the Christmas tree were lit, and Christmas gifts were distributed. Since every shoe dress names for gift exchanges, and each teacher is told ahead to buy little gifts for everyone in the class, that meant every child was called twice to receive a gift. Some parents even used the occasion to distribute their own gifts to their children. How we hated them (and the volunteer performers) because it put off the main event while was the distribution of huge bags of peanuts and candies fruit and chocolate bars to each child.

For some children, those were the only goodies they received and for most of us, they were to later one going on the cake in to speak.

Finally it would be all over — usually the Christmas tree caught fire at least once to and a touch of excitement — and we were finally home in a family groups through the snow and cold to whichever each household did to top off the evening.

You would think the kids would be tired enough for bed after so long a night but the Sunday School young simply had to be sampled and our individual bowels (our version of stockings) put a later the Christmas tree for Santa to bring his offerings so our own candies too were lit briefly

In later years after we acquired a radio we would be allowed to stay up for the annual presentation of "A Christmas Carol."

I remember being sick one Christmas — sick enough to call the doctor which was a rarity in those days. We didn't have a telephone in a car so one of the elders had to march off to the doctor's house at the far side of town, and bring back the message that the doctor would be there in a certain time.

The appointed time came and passed with no sign of the medicine man and my mother muttered to herself, "What's keeping that donkey?"

Naturally when the good man arrived half an hour later I had to point out that the donkey had arrived. Sweet old! Always a joy to my family and everyone else.

There was a pure woods about a mile and a half from town where folks would go and cut their own tree and carry it home.

It was private property, but the owner never seemed to object, even though the tree-cutting was carried out in broad daylight. I guess he figured anyone prepared to walk several miles in winter to cut his own tree deserved to have it.

One year a brother of mine returned with his axe and his face covered with blood. He had been dared by one of the boys in the group to touch the axe blade with his tongue and although he probably should have known better he did it.

Naturally his tongue stuck to the axe and he had to carry the axe held to his face for half a mile or more to the nearest farmhouse.

I don't think he ate anything but that Christmas.

A few dollars had to go along way re: gifts go back in those days

One of the first Christmases I can recall, a talented uncle of mine made a set of animals for me out of apple box wood. Another year he found a cast-iron toy truck and engine, a lightly rusted and walk items wheels at the entrance grounds. He was able to tighten the wheels rims and the toys and they became my gifts long cherished. As a matter of fact, they were handed down to a nephew of mine years later and I believe he has them to this day

Christmas tree hunting

KENNETTY *December 3 1986*

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Christmas tree hunting

KENNETTY *December 3 1986*

thinking back I am more than a bit perplexed that my brothers were permitted to make their annual forage into the pine woods to cut us our grand Christmas tree

If ever there existed a person who was capable of starving to death rather than stealing unguarded food in front of her nose it was my mother. Yet every year my brothers set out muddy of a frosty December Saturday axe in hand, to harvest our true — accompanied of course by their peers in the neighborhood

In those days I didn't even think of it as stealing because the pine woods, a tight private non-forested evergreens a the middle of semi poplar country was considered semi-public domain.

Although it was private property owned, successive generations of teenagers exercised control of a partially completed log cabin a six depth whereas to much as a by-your-leave. We went there without thought of trespassing when we played hookey, or simply felt like roaming around looking for lady slippers columbines, and other strange flora that thrived in the area

But having in later years conceded to myself that removing trees without permission was indeed, theft I can only conclude that permission may have been asked and received without my knowing about it.

The owner often all was the owner of the property next door to my house.

Nevertheless, I am virtually certain that none of the others who joined a the tree expedition had permission — actual or implied.

You may consider how such a forest was not quickly depleted if people were helping themselves to trees every year

It wasn t really a problem. The pine woods were about a mile and a half west of the western edge of the

town so that a was at least a three mile return trip on foot

Most of the people who owned cars and them dreaded and put on blocks for the winter and townsfolk did not as a general rule, own horses and sleighs.

The few car-owners who used their cars in winter could afford the few prices charged for Christmas trees at the local stores and in any case would prefer that to driving out on poorly maintained roads and then dragging half a mile in knee-deep snow to drop down a tree.

Bicycles too were stored away for the winter with tires deflated so that roads of transportation was out. Anyway if you ever rode a bike on snow-covered rutted roads with the hope of doing anything but surviving you will know the answer to that one. If you haven't, try it and enjoy new thrills.

Food Christmas memories

KIRKFIELD *December 24 1986*

Many of us hardly got as tasse a candy or as orange from one Christmas to the next as the very thought of the sort of abundance had us salivating specials ag and savoring for weeks a advance.

Making cookies for Christmas feasting and entertaining was a gender; so mother would begin baking weeks before the holiday. Most of the baked goods were stored a our "summer kitchen" the cool bench of cookies demanded a sampling at the nearest meal

Our Christmas dinner was very traditions (with us) but neither spectacular nor the highlight of the day

Your may find it strange but in our home it consisted of cold hamburger, fried potatoes and "cushna — this is a cold fruit soup (raisins, prunes dried apples and apricots) thickened with starch or whatever. It will be familiar to many people of Germanic or Nordic desc a. I have heard it referred to by Scandinavians as sweet soup

If the seems like a spartan holiday steal don't bother feeling sorry for us because we loved it

There were a number of valid reasons for that type of meal on Christmas Day

Firstly like many rural families, we always had our main meal at noon and Christmas was not about to change this. We can do a afford a bird and after stuffing ourselves with pecans and ounces of morning who could have room for a meal we couldn afford anyway?

Final y it gave another a once-a-year holiday from cooking a noon meal. She went to church for Christmas morn ng services — the kids were excused for reasons I have never understood but quietly appreciated — and when she returned home a was just a matter of frying the spuds and sitting down to a peace ful a and. fil ng wholesome space remained a our stomachs.

One of the great delights of Christmas Day afternoon was reading while nibbling on pecans and sweets.

Ours was a reading family and books were hard to come by but every Christmas each of us received at least one and perhaps two books. The catalogue — you know the one I mean — offered a good hard-cover western now for 98 cents

Books were never thrown away and we accumulated a neat little library over the years but after reading "Tom Sawyer" several times a year a brand new book at Christmas was really a treat

Of course we always had natural Christmas trees with candles. We all stoutly maintained that a Christmas tree would not seem genuine if it had electric lights.

I noticed however that we were an y permitted to light the candles for one or four times during the season, and then only with mother watching over it like a hawk. Even then there was always a branch catching fire or "angel hair" melting from the heat

Can d ill Christmas trees I am not a verly sentiments about but most of the rest of it was pretty good

Sometimes on really cold nights Helen and I would be permitted to bring down our blankets and sleep a ear the stove on the living room floor. I remember one such night a few weeks before Christmas when we had succeeded in co vincing ourselves that the eaghboard s block down the street was really Santa s sleigh. it would need to be thawed after all to take care of a little kids in the world. Next morning, lo and behold, we found two candy bones on the floor near our bedding.

What better proof could you ask for? Mother had this gimmick for ensuring happiness out of a

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For instance, when the school a winter carnival was held a refreshment stand would be set up in the rink shack. Not really we didn't have spending money and would watch with watering mou ths a wealthier children ate their hot dogs and drank their pops. But we might come home tha t night and find that mother had made cocoa — a rare treat — and home-made hot dogs for our lunch wieners wrapped in bread places and secured with cotton thread. Many children also lacking money did not, I m certain come home to such beneficence

The annual school picnic was held at the Board of Trade sports ground about half a mile from

town, a treat about two-thirds picnic and one-third shady groves of poplar. While many parents settled for giving their children a strict diet or quarter-an-hour standing money and packing a lunch for them, for Mother being there was almost an article of faith. She would watch whatever races we were competing in and at lunchtime would have a blanket laid out with lunch in a greasy, shady spot. To compensate for the lack of extra money she would offer us such rare treats as cheese sandwiches (grated to make the cheese go further), bologna sandwiches, egg sandwiches, home-made lemonade (perhaps made from tartaric acid, but pleasantly sour-sweet) and a dessert such as rhubarb pie. On those occasions we would feel we were living in one another favourite expression of Mother's the life of a demi-God in France. Those of our friends whose parents chose to achieve the picnic were always welcome, either to join us for the company or to share our food.

Then there were once-in-a-lifetime adventures such as the royal visit to Winnipeg which we attended as a school for a small fee, and in which I was allowed to participate despite a poor conduct record in the preceding weeks in the end Mother's sense of occasion won out over what might have been simple justice.

That royal visit

BIRNEYtuk July 12 1973

Queen Elizabeth's visit to Canada and the accompanying fanfare will have brought back memories to thousands of Canadians of the Royal Visit of 1939 when King George V (sic) and Queen Elizabeth parents of Her Majesty became if I'm not mistaken the first reigning royal couple to visit our country.

For the days in Winnipeg our whole school was trucked to the rye to and were assigned to Polo Park for what was to have been a "drive-past" on the race track. Fate treated us kindly that day. A heavy overnight and morning rainfall rendered the track unpassable and after several hours of worrying over whether the Polo Park stop would be cut, we were released and up to form a long, 10-foot wide corridor on the grass. The king and queen to encourage them walked the length of the corridor and back.

One enterprising young man took a photo of the royal couple with us as unrecognizable schoolmates in the background, peering there later for 15 consecutive years or something, a that neighborhood I think I still have one of those prints in an a barn.

I also remember the day for my disappointment in the concert.

For so it storic an event I was granted 15 cents spending money so that I might buy a bottle of pop and perhaps an apple or a banana to dress up my bone-packed lunch, keep in a cache for a treat.

What did I do?

I marched straight to the Free Store, which had for the past week, displayed several coconuts in its display window at 15 cents apiece. Mother was furious and the rest of the family howled with laughter, but I knew better. Hadn't I read all about the coconut with its sweet milk to shake the thirst of South Sea islanders and winning sailors...and its sweet, oily meat?

I even enjoyed a measure of prestige on the trip to Winnipeg, because you can bet there wasn't another kid on the truck (probably not in all of Polo Park) with a coconut in there's.

But my shot coconut milk scare didn't measure up to a cold bottle of pop, and the meat I didn't taste a bit like the shredded stuff I smelled out of the pantry at home. In fact beside not cutting all that hot I was hard as a rock and except for a few fragments I was able to bite loose. I had to take the rest home with me where I prised off the meat with knife and a hammer (we didn't own a chisel which would have been ideal).

Correction

BIRNEYtuk July 26 1973

A Middle reader dropped me a line to point out that King George V did not visit Canada in 1939, nor was he married to Elizabeth.

I wonder how many caught that one. Probably quite a few in spite of a growing number of subscribers who don't remember 1939. It was George VI of course, who visited Canada in that year.

Occasionally though not inclined to sports physically as by disposition Mother would even play long-ball with us on the front lawn although you had to catch her in a pretty good mood for that.

Our school report cards were studied critically, and the teachers judgments were never questioned. Any deficiencies were considered accurate reflections of our own shortcomings or lack of effort (particularly in my case because my cards were worst), and excuses for poor showings were not tolerated.

Despite demands upon her that required her to work from early until late Mother's pace was never frenzied. she worked slowly and steadily with an economy of motion She usually sang whenever she was engaged in simple chores such as ironing, darning or making noodles and her great rhyme of the pewee out home an aura of tranquility

Admittedly, she got cross when I used beside her sewing machine reading the vital statistics and amateur backgrounds off the backs of hockey cards and she hated bickering among the brood though any was the ultimate sin with dirty language falsehood and cheating not far behind

Pride and faith in our own religion did not translate into license to sneer at or belittle other religions We were not permitted to go to churches other than our own except for weddings or funerals, because church was not a place for curiosity-seekers When visiting evangelists held independent revival meetings, even children from some of the town's most religious families would scrape and disparage and set up This was not permitted by Mother and whenever these meetings were on she kept a close eye on us probably sensing our urge to be just fat some part of the mainstream

The church or sect to which Mother belonged was not represented in Steinbach in our early years there It was more liberal than the local churches allowing was permitted alcohol was not absolutely forbidden (although anything beyond a glass of wine on a special occasion was suspect) Dancing was not outlawed (except public dancing, so what remained, I am not sure) Attending movies unanimously condemned by the local churches was permitted if the movies were in good taste

Until our own church opened in an old building which had once housed the Lichtenfelser was attended the Mennonite Brethren Church probably because there were more immigrants among its members So Mother had to walk a right rope imbuing in us her own values without permitting overwhelming acts to alienate them with other children after Sunday School

As already suggested the independent religious revival meetings passed along to us by Mother branded as as different to locals and immigrants alike except for a handful of families with whom had background

It would be less than candid to say that I never envied my friends some of the advantages offered by a father already income but I can honestly say I never wished to trade places

We even enjoyed an advantage envied by other kids in our crowd I have in Winnipeg flour which we were able, however rarely to explore and savor the greatest would beyond Steinbach The local folks traditional avoidance of contact with non-Mennonites resulted in few of them having relatives in "the city " and trips to Winnipeg were one-day stands of shopping or Eaton's the Boy and the five-and-dime stores and perhaps a show festive visit to the movies Our family was fortunate in that Mothers sister one Tante "Minna " and her husband Isaak Klassen, were childless through our younger years loved kids and always opened their home to us whenever we were able to arrange a free ride to Winnipeg and a few could spending money So once or twice a year we would be off on the enviable excursion of two or three days and some home bursting with stories of wonders witnessed

Centre of the universe

BRANDON *March 29 1973*

About 70 miles east of Winnipeg, on the Trans-Canada Highway a marker identifies that point as the longitud nal (I bel ieve that's the word used) centre of Canada.

I find that very appropriate because for me, for many years, that general area was the centre not only of Canada, but of the universe

Actually the day-to-day and month-to-month centre was about 25 miles southeast and in the days before we owned a radio or subscribed to a daily newspaper, weeks and months might pass without any real awareness of life beyond the visible horizon.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer brought news of the outside world, but by that time it was all past tense and told mainly of people and places that seemed as remote as the events of the history books on the sh elf

Jim because I and an aunt and uncle living on W m peg, as well as sister I managed to get to that wonderful city about once a year to flagge as the markets of Samarkand or the jungles of Africa — and more real outside they had been experienced

A small town will always have a different flavor

then a large city had scenes of the differences have disappeared or taken on new dimensions. If nothing else, our experience city seems on the television tube gave us a familiarity with the urban world that takes away some of the unreality and glitter when we find ourselves in the midst of the real thing.

Those once-a-year trips used to take us from a community of large yards with vegetable gardens, shade trees and outdoor privies, houses set well back from the streets that had more mud than gravel on the surface and turned into quagmires in spring or after even moderate rains. There were wooden sidewalks separated from the roadway by wide green ditches speckled with dandelions. Horse-drawn wagons and buggies outnumbered cars and every store provided hitching rails for country clientele. The incidence of two vehicles meeting at an intersection was so small that common courtesy was often overlooked.

The two-hour trip to Winnipeg often punctuated by a stop to repair a flat, took us along 12 miles of most country road then 25 miles of the Dawson Road a gravelled stretch of washboard that jarred your bones while you ingested the powdery dust that trailed traffic for about a mile.

The first sight of the city was the narrow paved strip of Main Street. It had and the strange street car bustling along in grassy bedelveted with its characteristic high-pitched moan. Soon the spires of St. Boniface Cathedral and majestic Fort Garry Hotel would come into view.

Suddenly you were in the middle of it all: the streets paved from curb to curb; concrete sidewalks packed with people unmindful, as their sophistication of the grandeur of eight-storey skyscrapers many more traffic; stop lights long queues of street cars. Stores and the five-and-dime displaying items merchandise than the catalogue. Flashing neon signs and theatre marquees with lights racing around the message to countless passers.

Enthusiasm in bobby-style behind a department store with elevators and escalators, newsies shouting out the headlines of the day and more cars and buildings and people and noise.

In the residential districts — to those the ones I saw in those days — houses hugged each other and the streets, while on the sidewalks girls played hopscotch and skipped to "One-Two-Three O'Leary" and bowled their hoops over when boys charged through on their ice-skates and bikes.

Cobblestone streets rang with the clip-clop, clip-clop of horses drawing bread milk and coal delivery vans the sheery call of the fishmonger and the music of the organist and the monkey.

And if in the midst of all this heart-bursting glory you could wangle a nickel for a matinee western and another nickel for whatever then you knew you were really there — smack in the centre of the universe.

Where I came in

ERNESTLY *February 10 1952*

A trip to Winnipeg invariably had a most pressing purpose than gaining a glimpse of whatever the arrival of the trip, we used to walk in the necessary two to three hours to view a double feature

The bus left our home at 8 a.m. (or thereabouts) stopped in every village along the way and probably never exceeded 40 miles per hour (that's about 64 kilos, kids) on the rutted washboard road surfaces

That meant arrival in Winnipeg somewhere between 10 and 10 30 allowing about seven hours for business, shopping, lunch and those en-chanting twi lo three whos it the make-believe world of the theatre

Shopping consisted mainly of scooting back and forth between Eaton's the Bay and Woolworth's to compare prices and values and with intervening back and forth along Portage Ave you noted what was showing at the Capitol Met, Uptown Gaiety or Garrick theatres. Nobody bothered looking at the starting times because they usually had an evening to your own schedules

Over lunch you argued over the merits of the various pictures to choose from and in anywhere a mid-afternoon the shopping seasons would end and you would head for the movie of your choice

Usually the show would be half through one of the main features with the characters saying and doing all manner of things that made little or no sense and finally settling and someone in girl confess to a murder you didn't even know had happened

Then came the second feature, unavoidable, preview, newsreel cartoon and finally the beginning of the first feature of which you are already soon the ending. As you caught the drift some of the final scenes in your memory began to make sense in a jigsaw-puzzle kind of way

Somewhere along the line the suspenses on the screen would drew up a strange familiarity and someone own it whisper "I think this is where we came in."

Then staggering into the blinding daylight of the city street walking to the meeting place and through the long ride home you would compare what you remembered from the opening ending with the first ending opening and have a glorious time reconstructing the story in its intended sequence

It was crazy but some time just for old sweet sake

Cause to think of it, that's where I came in

Perhaps it would be useful to take a stroll through the village of Steinbach as I remember it from the mid-1930s. This is entirely from memory so the occasional shop may be missed or misplaced by one or two locations.

The village format

What little research I have undertaken for this book helped clear up in my mind the basic layout of the village something I had never really understood. It was evidently Mennonite custom when new settlements were established to consolidate and redistribute property so which twenty to thirty families were enticed in that each had an equal amount of woodland pasture, grainland and so forth.

Narrow residential lots would be laid out along one side of the main street long enough to accommodate buildings consisting of residence shed barn and more plus a substantial garden. The other side of the street would accommodate schools, churches and workers homes.

Water was important, needless to say so when possible the village location would be planned in juxtaposition to whatever creek or other body of water was available rather than in relation to legal surveys. The Smutbach Creek flowed (in season) diagonally across Section 35 Township 6 Range 6, east of the First Principal Meridian. As a consequence the main street also ran diagonally across the section in such a way as to give the southeast or so original families allotment land for most of their needs between the creek and the road...plus several acres on the northeast bank of the creek.

The period of my own childhood which I describe is sixty years after Steinbach's settlement so many of the characteristics had given way to Canadian influences. For the most part the long narrow lots on the northeast side of Main Street remained...as did a few of the original pioneer buildings.

So let's take a walk along one side of Main Street and back along the other...until after a brief look at what was then Steinbach's business district. Some places will be typical of the Canadian small town of the period some will have a Mennonite image to them and others may be odd simply because they reflected the entrepreneurial whim who built or occupied them.

The street itself was a wide avenue its dimensions probably determined by the space needed for a horse-drawn wagon to turn around without a lot of backing. The crown was gravelled and the shallow ditch between the driving surface and the sidewalk (cement in the downtown blocks but wooden elsewhere) was a sea of grass weeds and plain mud. Hitching rails lined Main Street through the 1930s and possibly a bit beyond.

Just two doors down from our first house itself typical of the Mennonite format mentioned, was the first barnyard bordering on fields still used to grain and where I probably first saw a threshing machine at harvest time. The creek at about this point as I remember it flowed through a few acres of uneven topography...save on the flat tableland of this part of Manitoba. A golf course of about three holes had been established here but early residents with a weirdly leaning but it did not survive.

The doors northwest of us stood a long white shingled building the machine shop of Isaak Plett local mechanical genius. A short, graying introvert Isaak was credited with inventing and building the machinery used for C.T. Loewen's beekeeping supply factory billed then as the largest in western Canada.

Isaak's place mate

MINISTRY *March 25 1976*

Coming across some Saskatchewan Hymnsounding [*?*] place mats the other day set my mind wandering back to the first time I ever saw the placemat principle applied.

At the time memory begins for me, we lived next door to a built bungalow, occupied by an elderly couple and their bachelor son brother or nephew (I never sorted which).

The couple liked kids and we neighborhood brats quickly learned that a knock at their door had a fifty-fifty chance of generating a mid-afternoon

would and a glass of milk, so we soon became steady customers. Impeded only by older brothers and sisters who might intervene, before we got to the door.

They also had a pet raccoon in a back yard cage an added attraction in its own right, beside being a good excuse for a visit, offering at least the occasional opportunity for petting in a food fight about rumbling stomachs.

Isaak the tool/mechanic/genius or whatever was a quiet man always dressed in grimy clothes who ignored all his time in a white-shingled machine shop on the couple's large yard. If he ever held a job, I never heard of it but he was something of a mechanical genius, and earned enough for his modest needs repairing machinery and solving mechanical problems for local businessmen and farmers.

But his real love was inventing and although it's extent may never have made him rich, it went beyond creating Rube Goldberg like devices for his own amusement. Many of the bookkeeping supplies used in the western provinces through the 30s and 40s were manufactured on machines designed and built by him.

The old couple moved away soon but Isaak stayed on, setting up housekeeping in a tiny room in the machine shop and becoming the recluse he more and for the rest of his life.

Until the old couple Isaak didn't care much for children (he didn't much with people of any age) but those of us who had enjoyed coming-and-going friendliness of the house didn't immediately adapt to the altered circumstances and sorrily assumed that our visiting privileges were transferred to the machine shop.

Isaak was not shy nor was he alone in every way but he was always vis ibly nervous in our presence stopped us short when we attempted to handle the cool an variety of widgets which littered the place and which we could see, in our mind's eyes as valuable additions to our sandboxes, and never offered us cookies or any other interesting food.

Thus the relationship with Isaak in his machine quarters was a brief one but long enough to observe his evening habits.

The little room in which he lived contained a grimy looking cot a chair and an old wooden tub a which Isaak soon wiping in a long time. Most of the table was littered with mechanical magazines correspondence dirty clothes, nuts bolts and other appropriate items.

Next to his eating place lay an Eaton a catalogue most before each meal he would tear off a minus page and lay it on the table to serve as a place mat for his cup of tea and mug of sausage. And used coffee mug.

No doubt place mats were in general use in certain quarters before that but to me Isaak is still the inventor

Next door was the C F. Toews (pronounced Taves) shoe repair shop and under the same roof the bakery operated by his handsome and cheerful wife Mr Toews had letterheads imprinted "S R and S Home." Not explained anywhere was the fact that the stood for Shoe Repair and Baking House At a time when most people used dry cakes of yeast sold the grocery store shelves Mrs Toews bought Fleischmann's yeast in bulk For years a member of our family was sent regularly to buy a nickel s worth of the soft crumbly stuff for Mother s baking. Sometimes to shave the cost, we were sent for three cents worth I don t think we ever received any less than when we asked for a nickel s worth

A few residences and then a general store I can t think of anything remarkable about it in my earliest years except that the store sold flavored popcorn balls a small trucker s e long paper envelope for a penny I did not often have a penny so I saw little of the store s interior

A few years later the store was taken over by Peter Vogt a friend of our family during bank ta Russia and the father of one of my closest friends in school Mr Vogt got much of his business by speaking not only fluent, If accented, English but also good Low German German and Ukrainian and passable French

A group of loafers on hard chairs near the soft drink coolers such time one of them took a bottle out of the cooler Mr Vogt added a rubber band to a number already cinging his wrist to be removed only when the drink was paid for

The Vogts made sure their family of six boys had all the toys and sports equipment that would keep them at home and to this end made all the boys friends welcome every Sunday afternoon They succeeded in making their huge yard and house Steinbach s leading recreational facility for about two decades.

Christmas card memories

ERNESTLY *December 17 1980*

Every year we receive a card from and send one to an elderly couple whom I think of considerably affluent in fact, whenever my mind wanders back to my childhood — from ten earliest days to the time I left my home town — for this couple was very much a part of my life

The family in my earliest memories lived fifty

younger from six and three oldest son Wheeler name was Elmer, was about my age. We went to kindergarten together and through most of school. At the fourteen home there was about 5 players in their house with two boys one of whom is today one of Canada's top amateur physicians.

As the years rolled along three more sons were born to the family and with a total of six, the parents might have been forgiven if they had discouraged their youngsters from dragging friends into the house.

The opposite was true however. The parents were determined to keep their kids at home and out of trouble and to ensure this they used a large yard and a large house. The upstairs was particularly large as it extended over the little general store that preceded the family living.

The kids had every game you could imagine and all the essentials for outdoor games and since kids were always welcome the house was the gathering place for the whole crowd every Sunday afternoon.

In the spring, summer and fall we were expected to play out de. As I remember, the yard was huge, measuring at least 300 feet to a wooded area and a little creek.

We played soccer, tag, ball and stick touch football, cops and robbers, softball, cowboys and Indians parades, war and whatever else came to mind.

Whenever the scene got out of hand, or we picked on the younger brothers and they ran it for support either Mrs. Vogt would come out and admonish us gently — which I feel as with shame — or Mr. Vogt would thunder at us in his powerful bass voice — which I felt as with fear.

Winter or summer, the wine gang was late and for supper. Invariably after the parents had fin shed there meal, whatever piece was possible with up to 20 kids on the premises.

Then we descended on a table laden with bread and buns and cheese and fruit preserves, and even an enormous cake and several varieties of cookies.

On hot summer Sundays, the family pack up truck, filled with a high box would be headed up with it do for an afternoon at Riverbend Park or the near-by two-swimming holes about 12 miles distant.

At home we played Monopoly, checkers, chess, Parcheesi and read comic books. A love that's how it started out. But because the Vogt kids had about five zillion wooden blocks and an infinite tool source of soft drinks, now we always ended up playing with. Soft drink caps were flicked from books or boards at one my fons built out of blocks.

That exercise too, (deduced) several trips upstairs to lower the noise by a decibel or two.

As we grew older we played cards for matches, played records on the phonograph discussed girls and our unusually hell time futures — and stayed for supper.

I particularly remember one of the luncheons before I left home. One of the gang, slightly older than the rest of us was already in the army and home on leave and proudly wearing corporal's chevrons on his sleeves.

The parents were out for a drive, and the "brats" were out of the way so we had the home to ourselves. We started to talk about the war games we used to play and before we knew it we were be lling forts and peppering them with bottle caps.

Suddenly the Vogts' water back and I'll never forget the immediate weary look on Mrs. Vogt's face as she surveyed the scene of an army corporal and half a dozen no-footers playing a lacking game on a front lawn with blocks and bottle caps.

We stayed for supper.

And we all still get upset at Christmas

Next came the "presbery" as we called it where the Steinbach Post, our German language weekly was produced. The Linotype operator could be watched through a window facing and not more than a foot from the street. I was always fascinated by this machine. A fascination I have never lost. A few doors past this was Regehr & Plymouth-Chrysler dealership. I don't think it ever fared well. Perhaps there were just too many family members trying to live off a business with a limited potential.

It deserves special mention as the springboard for one of Steinbach a most dynamic businessmen. Abe Penner, an ambitious and persuasive young man — said to have talked his way into a sales job with the Regehrs in whites, while most people forgot about cars until spring was at least within sight legend has it that Abe would hitch up a cutter and go out into the country selling cars and trucks to wealthy-of-in farmers who had all the time in the world to hear his sirens song. Before long he opened his own Dodge-De Soto dealership, took in his brother John and they sold as many cars that they found it feasible to split with John opening a Mercury dealership. It was probably these business acumen and drive that inspired Steinbach dealers to establish the town as the "automobile capital" of Manitoba, reputedly selling more cars into the Winnipeg marked than any locality. The brothers also established a tire company that became family well known (Penner Tires) until bought out by a larger company and a road construction company. Abe married a Steinbach manager for a number of terms.

Still a few years on the future was two-headed, three-sided Pete's Inn opened in the early war years by a truck driver Pete Kohler and his wife. This became the hangout for our crowd before it was replaced by a new larger building which we all be the town a top restaurant for many years, offering Mennonite dishes as well as Canadian fare. Next door to "future Pete's" was a John Deere dealership operated by two partners who were inseparable and who seemed always to sit quietly together on the small sales office couch summer and winter, in the front of the office, saying little or nothing and just waiting for business to come around. Next was a small "creamery" office one of several local cartage businesses so vital to a community not located on the railway. The next building in my earliest memory housed a second hand store but this was soon taken over by Vogt Bros. Abram and John, who also operated the transfer next door. Herman my brother worked for them for a number of years driving a truck almost daily into the country to pick up cans of cream from the small mixed farms in the south and east rural areas, and it the same time taking orders for goods to be delivered on the next trip and to be paid for from the expected cream cheques. He would also take orders to be forwarded to Eaton's mail order house in Winnipeg again to be picked up by the transfer.

A huge livery stable behind the store became a battleground on Sunday afternoons for hordes of young boys friends of twins John and Ewald Vogt armed with repeat-action rifles (loaded with rubber bands cut from inner tubes).

Once a week on an average Herman would take me with him on his routes. My job was to hop out to open gates consisting of three strands of barbed wire and several light poles then close them after the truck had passed through. The *quid pro quo* — unstated — was that some time during the morning there would be a lukewarm bottle of pop purchased at a convenient little village store. A bonus was riding in a motor vehicle a rare privilege for me. As I say I got to do this about once a year hence I had difficulty securing the gates which had to be quite taut when closed and Herman would end up having to come out and help me. It would take him about a year to forgive me.

Vogt Bros had a special counter where rural customers — German and Ukrainian farmers — might eat and eat their lunches usually consisting of a length of bologna purchased for the purpose with chunks of "boughten" bread and washed down with a bottle of the largest cheapest pop available. Like in most country grocery stores of the period commodities such as salt sugar and rice were stored in large bins from which they were scooped into brown paper bags. Stores that sold tobacco products — most Steinbach stores did not — ordinarily had one open package of cigarettes for smokers inclined to indulge themselves to the extent of one or two "tailor-mades."

Next door was the creamery where dairy farmers delivered their cans of cream and where the transfer delivered cream picked up by their trucks. The creamery pasteurized cream for resale and made butter.

Conical Stern was next, a large general store that was operated by partners who also operated the funeral end. The manager was a burly friendly man with the shape of a barrel. He was also the minister in one of the leading churches. (Meanwhile ministers of that period were ordained and received some training within the church, but did not receive much of a salary so they had to earn a living in some way.) His was said to love children and kids were always assured at how many mixed candies they got for a penny if they managed to get him rather than one of several aunt to want to time. This business was an early depression victim, for reasons unknown to me.

I am not sure just when the J H R Lunch was opened next door but it must have been fairly early in the 1930s. It was customary, in Low German, to refer to a Mrs Dyck as the Dyckesche Mrs Koop as the Koopsche and so forth. The operator of J H R Lunch Mrs J H Reimer was invariably referred to as the J H R sche. As teenagers with nothing to do and no money to spend we would hang out in J H R Lunch until Mrs Reimer tired of us and sent us packing, after which we would walk the streets for a while, at long out at me then only for half an hour or so, then return.

Although most of the members of my teen crowd during the war years were chronically broke

we spent most evenings and Sunday afternoons walking from one hangout to the next

In the whole stretch so far described there was no intersecting street, although several avenues led southwest from Main Next to J B K Lunch was Reimer s Garage s repair and machine shop rather than a dealership as I recall it although it may have been an agency for a line of farm equipment It burned down when I was in one of the lower grades in the old school directly across the street

The house that was the pioneer home of the branch of the Reimer clan was on a treed lot just past the garage and flanked by Reimer Avenue which dissected the section, also diagonally from corner to corner more or less It was fitting that this keystone family occupied the keystone location Several Reimer brothers were among the district s earliest settlers, and reproduced copiously In about 1945 65 Reimers were listed in the village and rural telephone directory heads many Reimers listed on the exchanges of nearby villages This was at a time when it was not unusual for a family not to have a telephone

Past Reimer Avenue came F T Loewen s Garage the first General Motors dealership in the area where Vic worked as a bookkeeper for several years This was followed by C T Loewen s Lumber Yard incorporating a hardware store, millwork house and the beekeeping supply factory already mentioned It was a forerunner to the plant that now supplies Loewen-built windows throughout western Canada There was also a pond behind the millwork factory Ice harvested from the pool in winter was stored in sawdust and sold to homeowners in summer for icebOxes and other cooling needs We sometimes swam in the mud-bottomed pond in summer and ceremoniously ate the ice It was probably high on protein

Two residences and then Goossen s pool room and barber shop The billiard parlor was one of the village s few concessions to human frailty but it was not a place for respectable persons to patronize Sometimes I was sent to Mr Goossen s for a haircut because he "charged " and those men seemed cooled in sweet-scent My scarcely crop of hair was known to tipple and knowing that this was to be charged service probably did not help so he tended to be rough

Sauer hair styles

MARGETTE *August 3 1972*

While I shall probably be a hopeless reactionary I must admit the younger generation for having influenced a saner attitude toward male hair styles

It s not that I don t like the look of a closely trimmed head of hair — on someone else. My problem is that I have always had a thing about haircuts and barbers

My earliest memories of the penniless thirties include the constantly haunting fear of the day when my mother, after much procrastination on her own part and much artful dodging on mine would finally shake her head upon seeing me peering through a jungle of matted hair torn bitterly and put aside whatever she was doing in order to do her duty by myself and society

A freehand was placed on a chair I was enveloped in a sheet mother was all given her sometimes unsure, as experimental snip or two as the case and we were away on the operation both of us hated and dreaded

Those sheets may have been shiny enough on cut nights, they had to be because that is how mother earned the daily bread for a family Hatchmy sure weren t tenants for cutting hair

Part of the problem to be sure, was the fact that I also had an aversion for combing and did so only under duress, and as superficially as possib a Titus when cutting day came and it became awake to mother that it had been some time since a comb had penetrated beneath the top layer of hair she attitude downright supports as correcting the matter

As time went on and I grew no old for home-style haircuts (or perhaps too big to manage on the footstool—that arrangement) money was still too scarce to permit haircuts as often as mother s nature might have dictated The one barber who would give you a haircut on credit (was) a gruff man who I in told had a heart of gold underneath, but I can t prove it.

He had a porch in front of his shop and when business was slow he would sit there s his easy chair with his yippy little spaniel "Pinto and watch the world go by Whenever I went by Pinto would yip and the old man would glance at me knowing that the day was approaching when he would once again have an inside my taught. I always looked the other way with tears of terror dimming my eyes ill the very thought of the ordeal

Old George was noted for saying he was much fonder of his dog than of other folks but I never doubted that statement for one second especially when influenced on his chair and listening to him swear about folks who didn't have enough brains to comb their hair

Anyway you will understand how I have a thing about haircuts. Even when short-short cuts were in vogue, I didn't manage to climb into a barber shop until I had accumulated at least a three-week crop, and then a waiting list of one was enough to make me put it off for another week.

I suppose the more active men at least have their hair trimmed every week or so but count me out I m glorying in a situation where I can wait at least four or five weeks without even for my gritty cheek my hair

Another grocery store Modern Grocery was erected next door in the early 1930s There was nothing particularly outstanding about it to my memory although I have this feeling that it was the forerunner of a fairly successful grocery chain

Next northwest was a structure of some size that had housed another grocery store one that went broke or out of business in the early 1930s and which was subdivided into a hatchery Brandt s sheet metal works and Brandt s Cafe and bus depot Beside bus travellers the cafe catered to a better class of people and I was never comfortable there I confess to some confusion here but all the businesses mentioned here were clustered fairly close together

The final *honafide* business building on that side of the street was Hiebert s second hand store with used furniture a specialty This presented a slight identification problem because there was another second hand store in town owned by another Mr Hiebert Over ninety percent of western Canadian Mennonites share I have read less than one hundred surnames and because given names until recent years tended to be limited to the traditional biblical names nicknaming was common and often borrowed from the individual s occupation So this dealer was referred to as Second Hand Hiebert while the other who also operated the livery stable as the day was labelled Stable Hiebert Any small misfortune habit characteristic or incident could attract a nickname that might last for life There was a man by the name of Wiebe who bought five cents worth of peppermint candies whenever he was in town The nicknames "Five-cent Wiebe" or "Nickel Wiebe" stuck for life

Between Hiebert s and Brandt s was the Book and Variety Store, which also served as the post office Late in the 1930s Steinbach s first federal building, a small but handsome brick structure was built at Reimer and Main to house the first "dedicated" post office

There were two more enterprises on the northeast side of Main that might be included as businesses

An unemployed or underemployed laborer excavated a square hole about one hundred feet behind his house on the sloping floodbank of the creek, braced the sides with wooden shoring piped in water from an artesian well next door, and declared his swimming pool open for business

We worked there one summer or perhaps two, as pool attendant and lifeguard I doubt he could earn more than ten cents in fees of wages he was paid at least in part with swimming privileges for himself and his siblings So for this glorious period I was able to don my swim suit several afternoons a week and join the "wealthy" at poolside Once I was standing on the edge of the pool at about the four-foot level and the neighborhood retarded boy pushed me in I choked and sputtered in water just over my mouth while the boy jumped up and down beside the pool laughing with delight Someone fished me out (not my lifeguard brother) and after regaining my breath I repaired to the shelterwood and taught myself to swim

Also in the neighborhood was G G Kornelsen a pioneer teacher (back in the days when village classes were conducted in German) and at that time the Watkin a dealer Despite a stammer that would have deterred most people he was very sociable and could talk endlessly even to children He once told me of taking a trip by oxcart to Winnipeg, about forty miles distant The round trip took at least a week His daughter Mary was my Grade 1 teacher (also, briefly, my only e more

than two decades later) The younger of two sons, a latter-life offspring, visited us once every year to dye Easter eggs on the Saturday of the holiday weekend. An intellectual, he did not gladly participate in neighborhood sports but could be original in the greatness he devised for himself.

A dream come true

ERNESTLY May 22 1973

A lifelong dream came true recently but somehow I haven't gotten around to appreciating it.

Well, it didn't come true quite in the way that I dreamed it in my younger days.

We were a modest family and to make up for the lack I looked to the automobile as the source in life more or less into a book where the house and our front verandah came together.

The car had a seat, a steering wheel (a bunny pail cover nailed to the end of a broomstick), another shaft for the gear shift which I would juggle importantly to signify the vehicle's going into motion, and five foot pedals: starter, gear speeder, slower, stopper.

Naturally there was fun in driving unless you to young somewhere and I had to pretend that distance was being covered. Every time I counted to 100 one mile was deemed to have been travelled. Armed with a road map and an ice cut road guide (stirred with 2% miles into north acted born for one mile turn west at Bagnet church), I permitted myself to make the usual signals and turn the wheel in the appropriate corners.

But long winters were demanding. A gale, pretty tedious coming to 730 several hours on a hot morning just to make one hand signal and turn the wheel once.

I happened upon a map of Nova Scotia, stopped out travel routes and was all in to reduce the indecisions by being able to drive from up to 50 before making a turn. But even these excursions ended my mom fun on the planning than in the actions.

Then one day I spied Ernie K. a few doors down eating on the front lawn pumping away on an ancient sewing machine while intently watching an equally ancient odometer hookup and watching the miles go by.

I flirted with but quickly dismissed the thought of asking mother for the sew ng machine with which she earned our bread and butter. In my case whence the odometer?

Desperate, prepared to offer a fortune although I hadn't a dime to my name I asked how much he wanted for the setup.

He shrugged and said, "You can have it then at my heart was about to burst with joy he added "maybe after I get to 100,000 miles.

The recorded mileage at this moment was 91 279 5

I stayed breathy but watching those units of a mile slipping by so slowly was more than I could bear. I left however with a measure of hope for Ernie K. was a diligent, persevering person and I had no doubt that if he and made his mind up to much the 100 000 mark reach if he would. The "maybe" part of the promise I pu out of my mind. Why cross bridges before you get to them?

Months went by and years, and every now and then I would see Ernie working away at the machine. The inevitable surge of hope would be short-lived, just long enough to check the mileage.

Ernie K. never did reach 100,000, as if he did, he never told me.

But a few weeks ago our bonanza I unveiled an exercise bicycle, and I am free to spend as many hours as I care to pedalling away and watching the m les stack up on the odometer.

As I mentioned the dream didn't come true just as in the way I dreamed. Not by a country mile.

As a matter of fact I th nk I'll get to it off until the kids get the machine broken in. Say somewhere around 100,000 mi s.

Behind Kawasaseu...about one block off Main, was C.K. Friesen a well-driller who operated throughout southeastern Manitoba.

Crossing the street, Peter S. Kempel ran a trucking business out of his home with the oldest of his nine sons and next to the southeast was Harder's Blacksmith shop. This enterprise was either already on its way to extinction or ever staffed as possibly both. I remember the father and two sons spending quite a lot of time just standing outside the front door. There was also a barber's chair right in the blacksmith shop, on which the oldest of the sons exercised his tonsorial talents for the few who came. I was sent there once on more because he was the cheapest in town.

Past the small Huldenauna church complete with a little graveyard dating back to earlier times (which I passed at full gallop as dark never mosquito evenings) and beyond a few more residences was the Steinbach Telephone Exchange a private company in those days.

In the 1930s almost everyone listened to a popular weekly radio comedy entitled "Fibber

Magee and Molly ? One of the regular routines had Edsher a glib scatter-brained Irishman making a telephone call through a manual exchange. He would say "Operator, give me Davenport seven-eight six thhhhhhhhhh is that you Myrt? What cap Myrt?" This would be followed by a series of silences and questions or prompts with grave or outrageous overtones that set minute Molly gasping and halfway into shock before being given the details that brought the news flash or gossip tidbit down to a humorously manageable and certainly innocent level

The Stumbach exchange had an operator by the name of Myrtle and naturally she got the "Oh-is-that-you-Myrt?" routine both on the job and on the street

A small and unremarkable mansarde and real estate office was followed by Friesen s Garage the pioneer Ford dealership It burned to the ground one winter night and was replaced by what was considered a modern building for the times Ed the second-generation owner was a quiet man whose bobbins included building orphanages with a mechanic by the name of Frank Hamaty and refereeing local hockey games In fall we would all troop to Friesen s for brochures on the new Fords. The salesmen looked doubtful when I came in because the likelihood of me ever buying even a used car seemed pretty dim in those years

Across Friesen Avenue was the village s only financial institution the brick branch of the Royal Bank of Canada To me it held an air of sanctity and mystery either because of the sombre demeanour of the manager and the male tellers or because the barred wicket bespoke untold wealth hoarded in some inner sanctum

Behind the bank was the Friesen Machine Shop on Friesen Avenue and next to Mano was Friesen s Jewellery and Watch Repair In front of the jewellery store stood a penny weigh scale Sometimes when one of the gang had a penny to spare the heaviest in the crowd would step on the penny would be deposited after which the next heaviest would get on before the first got off and so on until we had all been weighed for a cent Heaven forbid that we spend a penny each so anything as useless as learning our weight A used office next door was occupied by Penner s Transfer another trucking business whose trucks fifty years later were familiar travellers on highways throughout western Canada and beyond The office of the Rural Municipality of Hanover was followed by several more residences and then Kreutzer s Black-smith Shop Kreutzers were of German rather than Mennonite origin and I was never clear on whether they were converted to the faith I know the boys were all counted on for the baseball team

Herbert s Second Hand Store — the one associated with the livery stable — occupied the space between Kreutzer s and the hotel Several farm kids came to school on cutters and buggies every day and put up their horses at the stable Even in the early 1930s it was not a rousing business This second hand store was known for its automatic bargains If you asked the price of any item — few items were tagged — the owner or clerk would ritually shout "Let me see that 35 cents oh maybe 32 cents you can have it for 28."

The Tourist Hotel was an amalgamation of two hotels that had been built side by side One section housed the beer parlor which had been licensed after a spirited campaign and controversy that probably would make a book in itself The long verandah in front of the one section accommodated the loiterers found on those days near every small town hotel They dangled back on the bench with their feet on the porch rail and passed caustic comment on the passing citizenry They were "the boys from the Skonk Works" of the L'il Abner comic strip personified

Most of them could be rallied to life by the prospect of a baseball game Once another youngster told me there was going to be a baseball game that evening. I asked him who was playing and he said it was LaBrequerie against the Hotels "The Hotels?" I asked and he said "Yes the guys who work at the hotel "Naturally he meant the row that decorated the hotel porch

The hotel was operated by the Peters family whose oldest son Jake also ran a barber shop in what had been the office for one of the hotels

Nestled into a corner lot southeast of the hotel was the Fruit Store which had I seem to remember a bunch of bananas and other fruits in its display window but served chiefly as a cafe It was a favorite hangout for the high school crowd While it changed hands a number of times over the years it was still operating in 1990 as the Pioneer Cafe its exterior unchanged

Just preceding the Reimer Avenue intersection was the Schwartz Bros store selling I believe dry goods and what have you. It burned down one winter night in the early 1930s and was replaced by a full two-storey office and apartment building with metallion brick siding. I think it was one of the first Steinbach commercial buildings that did not have a pitched roof and a false front. It held a doctor's office, RCMP office, drug store and residential suites.

The "old" school occupied a large piece of land on the other side of Reimer Avenue. By the time I entered Gr. 8, the school was bursting at the seams and did not offer classes beyond Grade 11. Grades 5 and 6 were accommodated in a Main Street commercial building that had gone under and Grades 7 and 8 were taught in the Mennonite Brethren Church. A few years later a "new" school was opened two blocks southwest of the "old" school (there was nothing impressionous as hanging names on buildings) and handled Grades 5 to 12, plus such fancy options as Home Economics and Typing.

As for most people, school memories alone would fill volumes but I'll settle for a few reminiscent columns written over the years.

The old class

—RNSF V September 25, 1975

A mosaic of so age, B.B. Smiley held forth in his cohorts about an hilary morning (and almost gave me nightmares about my then upcoming class reunion to which I had been looking forward for months.

As it happened, 23 of our original happymen class of about 45 turned out — as many cases holding mostly given to notable age spread, but on the whole reasonably prosperous and healthy looking.

All of course had reached the age where time could be expected to show its ravages. But there are always a few who manage to have that schoolboy look that takes 10 to 15 years off their age. While another handful looks not a day under 50.

Close on hall of the total class showed up, many with husbands or wives, a nice as many came those had been members of the classes immediately back and or ahead of us.

A special guest was our Grade 1 another Mary Kornelsen who names has since become synonymous with primary education in the province of Manitoba. Ours was her first Grade 1 class (she had taught in a multi-class country school for several years) so the occasion had some significance for her as well.

Our Grade 8 teacher, now a theologian had author of several books, joined us all the way from St. Louis, Mo. The way he seemed across the floor to the restroom looked pretty spry to me so I refrained from making a direct reference to the time he took a swing at me and hit the ceiling, and instead Dennis say much for my conduct on the occasion but those were the days of double jeopardy if you provoked the teacher into clobbering you you stood an excellent chance of getting another dose of the same next time at home.

A.P. was always a character and still is. He loved to call upon a youngster who hadn't been paying attention to answer a question. Naturally the kid would stand there mumbling, biting his lips and shuffling his feet, while A.P. would ad-lib with him "Please say something." No. 32 would you please say something." Say anything, say [illegible] but don't just stand here."

The scene would usually end with the mailmgower being allowed to sit up. no he was completely humiliated but on one outstanding until ever remembered day a boy screwed up courage to answer "[illegible]. He got away with it, too — that time. Of course his day of reckoning came too.

The spin days

—RNSF V November 3 1982

Perhaps it a the time of year — approaching Christmas — but I thought of the time I starred in A Christmas Carol.

Well I didn't exactly star. I was Second Cratchit Boy who appears briefly in a pantomime scene so there were no lines to memorize and precious little action.

This took place when I was in Grade 8. The play was put on by the high school but of course no self respecting college man would consider the part of a parson under 15 so a number of our class were selected to play the parts of the youngsters.

The five-minute scene in which I made my stage debut featured Ebenezer Scrooge be ng shown by the Ghost of the Christmas Present the inhome of the impoverished Cratchet family eating the t humble Christmas meal.

And believe me, humble it was, and at that we weren't allowed a table.

A pile of pancakes — not really Dickensian fare but our audience hadn't been spoiled by television and prosperity — had to do for both nights. The dinner group, you will understand, was at least as poor as the Cratchits.

We almost lost our hands grabbing for the pancakes on the first night, as Mrs. Cratchit soddenly

told us the sandwiches had to do for the second performance

As we could see, there was no such omission in the second as just one or two of the sandwiches were missing when Tony Tin Second Crotchs Boy and the Boy Scrooge (he of the Christmas Past) were stuffing themselves with sandwiches. We ate the whole pie, before it horrified and angry Mrs Crotchit could say, almost tearfully that the sandwiches had been earmarked for the cast party to follow

We felt properly chastened and even guilty until it occurred to us and we have had it been invited to any cast party

A tribute... sort of

ERNESTIT *February 22 1984*

Every small town probably had or used to have a teacher who became a legend in his own, or her own time. Usually they were disciplinarians dedicated to pounding knowledge request for mother-ly and a degree of classroom terror into a herd of clods

In our town it was A P

Since the final Grade 8 exams were high school entrance exams, with at least some input from the department of education it fell to A P to try us best he could to make up for several years of less-than-adequate (in his view) teaching and discipline

When the day finally came when we mustered into the Grade 8 classroom for the first time, we chose our seats and sat down decorously the moment the school bell rang

We had known that in A P's classroom students were known by number rather than name, but we had expected some little ceremony such as "You, Sussm wil the No 25 and you, George will be No 35 "

No way

A P marched down each aisle, jamming in each student in turn, and bellowed out numbers from one to 40 or whatever

These numbers quickly became imprinted on our minds never to be erased. You could ask me to this day even if I was unconscious what my Grade 8 number had been and I would answer "Thirty-two" without hesitation.

If any teacher tried to do this today the human rights mental health and cruelty to animals people would hang him

What is the purpose of this numbering may have been psychological — lumping us in as one undifferentiated worthlessness — there was also a practical purpose. A P loved written tests but we had short ones every day of the week in most subjects. We exchanged for correction and unless your answers were all correct, your number went on the board for that subject I took less time and space to write a number instead of a name

Infraction of other numberless rules in and anything else has scarred A P a displeasure resulted in him bellowing "Number 29 number on the board "

When the 4 o clock bell rang, this was not the end of the school day for the Grade 8 class. No. Since none of us were perfect, everyone almost invariably and his or her number on the board under at least a few subjects, if not five general misdemeanors.

At 4 o c ock we would begin cleaning the slate of our numbers — through unrecking our errors. For numbers posted on general principles, we would be detained in A P a pleasure usually until everyone else had left

But back to the first day

To make clear that he would brook no nonsense A P told us he had once thrown four husky boys out of the classroom window and he wasn't afra d to tackle the biggest of us. (This story was true, too.)

He warned us and he was going to hammer the lessons into us but if we didn t absorb them this was our rough luck because we would not fail our grade

"You will cry," he intoned in a deep voice, "and I will sit and laugh "

It wasn t a good year for A P

He had a s ick and a sick wife and he himself had a bout of rheumatic fever In spite of this he would come in regularly (except for a few weeks when he was bedridden), a three all day wearing a heavy fur coat and still try to maintain the rigorous pace he was known for

A P also loved music, and he was determined to make some of this rub off on us Out of his meagre means (he had bought an old gramophone and a small collection of classical music and several times weekly we would have what was a space opera climax during with as we would be exposed to arias from "Aida" "The Mikado" and other operas like William Ta l Overture and other favorites of his.

We wrote essays on this too.

If we could be fairly a peace after half a dozen bars on numbers went on the board.

A P was tough but there were tears in his eyes the day some of us snuffled at the classroom dainty music had broke several records. Nobody dared to admit to and no, because that would have meant instant death

I was happy when that year was over.

I have often wished I had had him for seven more years

A long, wide two-storey building next to the old school housed F W Reimer s Ltd a grocery and department store with a tinsmithing department on the second floor It was established by a pioneer businessman who was a man of vision installing large show windows when such were unheard of in small villages It was a successful enterprise that survived just about every type of

merchandise but began to cease upset in the 1930s when the family patriarch fell victim to the ravages of age. Reading here I believe contributed to the general store's demise over a period of several decades. About thirty years later its bankruptcy was deferred when a Winnipeg newspaper feature story a radio program or both disclosed that high-button shoes and alcohol based patent medicines — just to mention a few of many anachronisms — could still be found on the shelves of H W s. Antique dealers stampeded the store and defeated its end for another year or two. I seem to remember a farm dealership next door that once was a part of the H W empire (it was the garage or machine shop across the street and inextricably earlier)

Carved into the frontage of the next few residences were several small businesses that likely occupied little more than cubbies a shoe repair shop and a lawyer s office were among them. Law was not a prosperous profession in the Steinbach of those days as Mennonites by and large respected litigation did not often commit criminal offenses and had legal transactions executed through handshakes or notaries public whichever was deemed most binding. Since the indigenous Mennonites of the period tended to eschew higher education resident lawyers were necessarily non-Mennonites

For some years the sole representative of the legal calling was a Scotsman who was promptly but with little malice labelled a Jew partly because of his prominent nose and secondly because he was clever enough to learn to speak low-German Low German

Penner s Lumber Yard and Hardware enterprise was across Lumber Avenue with the Penner-owned grocery generating plant behind it Next door to Penner s was the Red and White Store owned by F B Reimer and Sons The business acumen of this family made it the busiest place in that corner of the province The oldest son was nicknamed Carload Frank because he bought things by the railway carload to get the best prices He was reputed to have had a whole railboat of pork and beans delivered to Gretna eight miles distant He had sold the beans at fantastic but profitable prices in the Red and White It was said and still had been able to sell surplus stock to stores in neighboring villages for less than wholesale prices Even after Reimer s was a prosperous enterprise employing a considerable number of clerks it was not unusual to see Frank himself walking out of the store with a 100-pound sack of flour slung over his shoulder and loading it into a customer s vehicle

With prosperity and improved highways at the end of World War 2, he would send a refrigerated truck to Florida, fill it with watermelons, return to Steinbach and sell the melons on the street for one dollar apiece

Sounds like easy money to me

He was so crazy he started Reimer Express Lines still operated by his family and now doing business across Canada and, I believe, into the United States as well

The Steinbach Flour Mill several doors down milled Prairie Rose and Prairie Girl flours as well as livestock feed and was the only local point of sale for grain A fire which destroyed one of the mill buildings is just about my earliest memory Many curtains, slab towels pillow cases, and perhaps undergarments in 1950s Steinbach showed hints of the Prairie Rose imprint Ten years, the mill s steam whistle blew at seven, at twelve noon, at one and on o clock and to summon volunteer firefighters when fire struck but eventually this function was relegated to a special town-owned siren erected in front of the "old" school and next to the town pump.

Across the next intersection beyond his residence was John Krueger's machine and welding shop A bachelor, John lived with three spinster sisters who were dressmakers and the nearest thing Mother had to close friends She worked for them for several years, and after our cow was sold, I went to their house daily for a quart of milk

Next was the Kleine Gemeinde (Evangelical Mennonite) church, and that was about it for non residential Main Street There were only a few off-Main enterprises — a privately run hospital an undertaking parlor (also the forerunner to what is now a major western Canadian chain) and a cheese factory — and there were doubtlessly a few enterprises operated out of residences

Having already mentioned what normally standard facilities the community lacked in keeping with its religious traditions I only beare adding that there was certainly no movie theatre

generally considered an instrument of the devil. When a daring entrepreneur (non-local now Mennonite) broke the embargo to build and open a theatre early during World War I or perhaps a year earlier over whatever legal obstacles and public objections had to be overcome he lured very poorly. Even the respect for local sensibilities — such as advertising the movie "Hell Below" as "Submarine Drama" — did not legitimate his business. When he constructed stucco a few years later it was generally held that this was his punishment for his pact with the devil to bring movies to Steinbach.

The theatre remained closed for some time and for several years underwent sporadic closings and changes in ownership with business and building finally being moved to another town.

One of my last memories of life in Steinbach before leaving to seek fame and fortune in Toronto is that of a farmer standing at the door of the creamery reading ramp, full sheets can be one hand and reading — mouth agape — the hand printed sign on the door

It was Tuesday May 8 1945

On Monday we had received the news of the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany, and while prospects for an early end in the war seemed bleak it was something to cheer about that the evil empire of Adolf Hitler, which had ploughed much of the world into war almost six years earlier had finally been defeated. V-E Day (Victory in Europe) had come.

Accordingly the federal government had declared Tuesday and Wednesday national holidays, with businesses banks and schools closed to permit celebration by Canadians everywhere of this long-awaited victory.

Tuesday was publishing day at the Steinbach Post, so we had to defer our holiday a just wasn't practical to get off for two days the printing and mailing of the paper.

So I was on my way to work on Tuesday morning when I spotted the farmer reading the incredible advice that he could not deliver his cream because of a cessation of hostilities in far-off Europe.

For some years I used to regale other Steinbach "importees" I met in Toronto and elsewhere with my account of the ignorant Mennonite farmer who didn't even know the war had ended.

My drew my laughter. I realize now it was probably directed at me rather than an appreciation of my anecdote. First of all he was not necessarily Mennonite. Ukrainian German and French farmers probably also delivered cream to our creamery. Secondly by the mid-1940s almost everyone owned a radio, most farm families had telephones, and while Mennonites remained fundamentally parochial large churches and the growing influence of the news media almost guaranteed that many families had one or more sons in the armed forces. Thus they had an interest in the prosecution of the war and a stake in its ending so very few were unaware of the surrender even on farms and in hamlets.

I mention the incident because while my interpretation at the time was probably flawed it serves to demonstrate the village's isolation and detachment from the world at large. The farmer almost surely knew that the European war was over and also that a national holiday had been declared. What probably took him by surprise was that celebration should be carried to the extreme of closing down the creamery and making it impossible for him to market his fresh cream.

Mennonites and other Europeans were attracted to Canada not only because they were offered free land but because they were assured freedom of religion and the right to carve their own little worlds on the western Canadian wilderness, unmindful of and unaffected by what was happening in distant capitals and lands across the sea.

They had escaped a Europe where for centuries petty noblemen and kings had the unchallenged authority to conscript peasants into armies to fight battles and wars that had no sense except the satisfaction or enrichment of the instigators. The peasant-warrior's main incentive was to survive. Failure to do so might have the further consequences of the peasant's survivors being unable to continue holding their tenant lands.

In Russia, where Mennonites had been exempt from military service for a century or so and

had been insulated against most national turbulence: they had perhaps even profited from increased demands for the products of their labor during period of war

World War I was probably fought with little involvement by the Steinbach community and little effect on the population, except possibly higher prices for wheat and weekly prayers in church for peace. Exemptions from military service for Mennonite boys had been unquestioned even after the military draft was introduced toward the end of the war. And enlistment was simply out of the question.

So here on 1945 an essential service was closed down on a day other than the Sabbath simply to observe the end of one phase of a war!

Perhaps my latter-day interpretation is as faulty as my original hasty judgment. I'll never know.

Steinbach's wide Main Street facing northwest from in front of Derksen Printers circa 1949. Photo courtesy Derksen Printers Ltd

8. Introduction to printing

Birth of a printer's devil

Having spent close to half a century as newspapers and in the graphic arts it seems fitting to write a few paragraphs about my introduction to an industry I have loved since my first days, even when doing the horrible tasks of a printer's devil.

I was always fascinated by the printing presses and was inordinately proud that Steinbach had a newspaper probably because an older village had one in the southeastern section of Manitoba that is bounded by the Ontario and United States borders, the Red River and what is now the Trans-Canada Highway. Never mind that it was printed in German a language not among the most popular when I went to work as the "penetery," as it was called locally.

The Steinbach Post's two Linotype typesetting machines were so situated that the operators sat with their backs to large windows facing Main Street. I loved to stop and watch the fingers of the operators dance over the large 90-key keyboards causing the shiny copper matrices and steel spacebands to fall into the assembling elevators and to see the finished "slugs" (a lead alloy really) slugs each one line of type popping into place on the "stick" to the left of the operator.

I would gladly have watched the process for hours, but Pete, one of the operators did not take kindly to being watched so after a few minutes he would turn around and cast inward me a scowl that would bear patenting. When could child do but think away?

In late 1942 my academic career came to an abrupt and ignominious end. Applying for jobs at all the local business places was another time-consuming and unproductive and as I was too young to leave home I had little to do but hang around downtown. At about this time the war was depleting the staff at the newspapers. One result was that George Buchan, the owner a youngest son and briefly a classmate of mine left school to help keep the business going. The printing office then became a daily or twice-daily stop on my day killing rounds and I would hang around watching the printing process with fascination until disapproving looks of senior employees — or hints that couldn't be misunderstood — sent me on my way.

George was nothing if not explosive and it is probably to this that I owe the beginning of my career in printing. If there was any unpleasant task that was his by virtue of juniority it might be entrusted to me. I gladly accepted this condition of auffarmen and as weeks wore on my status around the shop became fuzzy. Except for the fact that I wasn't paid, no one was quite sure whether I was a part-time employee or a contributing fosterer.

Winter was settling in and with it the tame electricity problem familiar to all who work with machinery and paper

Newspaper presses in those days were flatbed presses into which large sheets of newsprint were fed manually. Form pages were printed on one side and then the pile was turned over and printed with another form page. After this the sheets had to be fed again manually into a folder with what seemed like thousands of conveyor tapes and pulleys.

Each pass through the press would send a charge of electricity into a sheet, especially in dry cold weather. By the third pass the sheets would seem to have perverse wills of their own getting caught in the ink rollers or jamming the folder.

Pulling much strips of ink-covered paper from half a dozen ink rollers takes time a jammed folder might run on more conveyor tapes, making it necessary to sew the ends together or even thread in (and sew) a new one. Each of these steps affected not only the operation at hand but caused a bottleneck in the whole production chain. A bad run could also result in considerable waste, sometimes beyond what had been allowed for the entire run.

The Post was a German language weekly newspapers serving the Mennonites of the western provinces in each press run was over 6,000 — on a press with a maximum speed of one thousand impressions per hour. Printing then was a significant part of the production process.

Several fairly large bundles of the Post were mailed to ex-Canadian Mennonite colonies in Paraguay. On one or two occasions when spoilage caused by static electricity reduced supply below demand, we had to come to the regretful conclusion that another Paraguay bound ship had been sunk by the Germans and that the Paraguay readers as a consequence must do without those copies of the Post for that week.

Dozens of remedies for static problems were devised most of them as effective as cures for the common cold. At the Post we used strands of tinsel into which the sheets were to release their charges when passing over them. The second was a manually operated fly-sprayer.

So this was my first job. I would be bored on printing days for a stated an hour — or perhaps a flat rate of two-bits a day — to stand behind the press with a fly sprayer filled with water and give each sheet what as it was delivered from the press cylinder by a jerk.

Except for a small office lot Mr Derksen the publisher the entire Post plant was housed in one large room (it seemed large anyway) Farmers coming in to pay their subscriptions or to place want ads were naturally drawn to the strange machines — the fabulous Linotype the large (by our standards) cylinder press on which the pages were printed and two small hand-fed platen presses for commercial printing So it was not unusual for a customer to stake his way past the counter and drift closer to the machines and try to figure them out On one occasion a machinery-wise farmer watched the press intently for a while then announced to Herman — the owner's number two son and on this occasion the press leader — that he thought he had it figured out except he couldn't understand what the kid with the fly-sprayer was accomplishing behind the press Always quick witted Herman told him that this was a special service provided for Post readers the papers were being sprayed with a solution guaranteed to be hemorrhoid

It wasn't long after my acceptance as a part-time employee that Mr Derksen looked at the handwriting on the wall Both Herman and a young line operator were taking steps to join the Royal Canadian Air Force and George himself was only about a year from military age The labor situation was also moving rapidly away from being a buyer's market so I had myself a job

The printing trade in operation at the Post had developed in its own unique and unorthodox way As far as I know none of the owners or employers since the paper's inception had ever been printers in a had my journeyman printers ever been employed Somehow the typesetting machines had been mastered through advice from salesmen and from operating manuals. The original owners had learned after a fash on the rudiments of operating the machines assembling type and locking up forms and operating presses and this very elementary knowledge was passed along to successive owners

As I discovered often taking my "skulls" abroad some of our practices flew in the face of everything accepted as conventional and traditional in the trade The newspaper press for

example, instead of being washed up daily as elsewhere, was cleaned only weekly, when the ink fountain was cleaned only twice a year—once to switch to green ink for the Christmas issue and again after Christmas to go back to black. I went on staff the Monday before Christmas and it was part of my initiation first to wash down the rubber ink rollers and the inking plate—and then the fountain with its accumulations of a year's hardened ink.

Any printer visiting the shop in the 1920s and early 1940s simply would have refused to believe that by the early 1960s it would be considered one of the most advanced small town printing offices in western Canada. A pioneer in photo journalism, and later a offset printing. Immediately after World War 2 the Derksens established an English-language weekly serving all of southeastern Manitoba. From there there was no looking back and before long, the German-language Post became a tolerated poor-relation in the enterprise. Eventually it was sold or bequeathed to a Winnipeg printing house.

But back in the yarn of my own training. Working Tuesday evenings until the paper was printed, folded, stamped and bundled for delivery to the post office was an aura of death and taxes. Overtime pay was unheard of, but it was customary for Mrs. Derksen to come into the shop from the adjoining living quarters with a large plate of home-fried hamburgers (the best I have ever tasted and my own mother cooked a mean hamburger), freshly baked bread and a steaming pot of fresh coffee. For one of those evening snacks we would have given up our birthrights, let alone overtime pay.

Wednesday morning my first duty was to take the bags of newspapers to the post office several blocks away in a cart we amateur geeks called a hand-drawn sled (sp?).

Another daily job was to fetch enough water for drinking, washing and to fill the humidifier in the wood furnace downstairs. The tank I remember as a foot installation that drained into a large slop pail which I also had to empty as required.

Brune could always be counted on to make life interesting as his desk day he filled the soap dispenser with powdered paste. We had an elderly absent-minded proofreader we called the Professor and I am still not the least sure his name was not so-called. Brune's hands held about a foot apart and with thumbs of paste stretching between them.

Earlier I referred to the living quarters behind the printing office. One morning Mrs. Derksen came into the shop and appealed to me to go and rouse George, who was always difficult to get out of bed, and on this occasion couldn't be budged.

She asked me if I knew which was George a room and I said "Of course." Brune and George had shared a room for years and I had been to their house often enough to know that I didn't know things had been switched around after Brune left for the air force.

I strode into the room, pounced on the sleeping figure and was only a few inches away when I realized it was not George but his fourteen-year-old sister. As I stopped in horror, paralyzed with shock, my short life did not run through my mind. What did was certain knowledge of discharge, criminal charges and public disgrace.

I fled from the room only to meet Mrs. Derksen eyes streaming and shaking with laughter. I don't even remember sticking around long enough to get George out of bed. Perhaps the sound of his mother's laughter brought him around.

Anyway I all worked out. It came back to Steinbeck about eight years later and made an honest woman out of Irene.

Pete, the linotype operator mentioned earlier, is the man whose scowls had discouraged sidewalk superintendency. He was married to the elder Derksen daughter Anne. Working with him, I found him much more agreeable than I had imagined but also learned to my sorrow that he could be pushed only so far.

I was, I self-starter in the early months of my employment, and tended upon completing one task to stand there and wait for my next assignment. Pete couldn't abide such sloth and once exasperated his attitude up in me and said "Neufeld, anytime you have nothing to do you'll find several galleys of type on that table waiting to be distributed."

He was referring to forms of bonded ad and job forms already run and placed in galleys (type

trays) on a table or stone to be distributed back into California typesetters and racks of spacing material

Several weeks went by with myself heeding his advice. Then one Tuesday afternoon Pete who operated the mailing machine, was ready to do his job when some small holdup prevented the papers from coming off the press. He took advantage of the short respite to chat with another employee

So big-mouth me strode up to him and said with a smirk "If you've nothing to do, Mr Rosenfeld there is a few galleys of type over there to distribute."

I walked away unseemly proud of my humorous sally. A few seconds later I found myself being whirled around and with Pete's finger shaking millimeters from my nose his face flushed, and fire flashing from his eyes, I was instructed thus

"Neufeld, never again dare under any circumstances whatever to tell me what to do." I trembled for a day. Forever after I treated him with respect. We fought about it lashy but it was years before I thought of the incident with anything resembling mirth

Censorship of international mail was normal during wartime and many of the envelopes received at the Post from readers in Paraguay and Mexico — envelopes containing subscription renewals or news letters — arrived resealed and stamped "Examined by Censor." It seems unusual for a small town weekly newspaper to have readers in those countries at heart repeating that the Post was a German-language paper serving the Mennonites of western Canada and was the chief source of news from home for hundreds of Manitoba Mennonites of orthodox sects who had migrated to Paraguay and Mexico in the years immediately following World War I because they objected to being drawn into the mainstream of Canadian life through compulsory education

The censorship condition was an open invitation for Bruno a fertile mind and mischievous heart. He was at his most imaginative when playing a practical joke on someone. I don't think he was cruel so much as proud of his inventiveness.

Bruno and I shared a love opinion of the love-smitten young Winnipeg man who was mooning over Helen my sister, and who wrote him three times weekly with unfailing regularity. (His name is, I am sure, was living in Winnipeg.)

"I wonder what the censor would say if he read one of Schultz's letters." Bruno mused one day. A moment later the lightning bolt connected with his mind and the idea was born with myself a willing accomplice

Now there was nothing simple about Bruno and he knew that no one would easily accept the possibility of local mail being censored. So we took advantage of several train derailments that had occurred in an otherwise Manitoba on a short period — days probably to increased traffic on inadequately serviced lines. We casually suggested separately, and only to a few gullible individuals that since age was suspected and that local censorship of mail was being considered

Then we sat back and waited for human nature to follow its natural course. It wasn't long before we started hearing the rumor from widely separated sources and by the time it hit one own homes we were ready to strike

I knew where Helen stored her letters from Jake so in her absence I removed an envelope with a blurred postmark. At the shop we printed a sticker "Examined by Censor" and used the sticker to reseal the envelope, but only after inserting a note

The next step and a tricky one was getting the letter to my sister without arousing to have anything to do with it. There was only one key in our family for the post office box shared with another family and Helen was at this particular time the custodian of the key. She regularly packed up the mail at noon before walking home for lunch. Our postmaster was bureaucracy personified and asking him to open the box was about as audacious as asking for stamps on credit. To his clerks too, the rule was cast in stone and in any case following it saved a lot of footsteps

However there was no other way to do it and being on reasonably good terms with the clerks I went in the post office at noon of a Monday a day on which a letter from Jake was sure to be in the

box, and at a time when the postmaster would surely be out for lunch. Then I concocted some outrageous but believable lie that was grudgingly accepted by the clerk on duty, a lie which would make him appear almost inhuman if he failed to oblige. Even then I was taking a chance that he might simply take the mail out of my box and hand it to me. This luck was on my side and he simply opened the box for me. I retrieved the letter from Jake already lying there and substituted the "innocent" envelope and went home.

Shortly after half past twelve, when Helen's lunch hour started, she arrived at home and announced with a gale of laughter that a letter from Jake had been censored. She opened it, read the note and again broke out into laughter. Handing over to Mother and myself the note which read "Your hurry kissed hers, you but unlike too much — Cousin Censor."

It would have been wonderful to have left it at that but it was still necessary to give her the real letter and when I did so with a smug grin Helen figured it out in a second, including Bruno's probable complicity, and disavowed me with abuse for daring to separate one of her old letters from its envelope.

She even threatened to report the matter to the postmaster who would not have been amused and who would have laid every possible charge on the book against me. I hope now (and probably sensed then) that Helen would never have turned me in, but at the time given but outrage I couldn't be absolutely sure. My guilt gave her considerable leverage for several weeks after which a tacit statute of limitations came into force.

In the safety of the print shop, however, Bruno and I enjoyed a few laughs about the trick during the short period before he was off for training in the RCAF.

Time passed quickly and suddenly V.E. Day was upon us and for me the realization that I could not count on the armed forces to take me into the world and unless I expected to spend the rest of my life in Steinbach — anathema to me at the time — I would probably have to get myself out of town on my own.

So off I went to Toronto in July of 1945.

My two and one-half years in the country print shop of the Derksens in the 1940s represents only about five percent of my time in printing but they are years with many memories.

From and I were to return to Steinbach just over a decade later to become part of the business which had since become a leader in the weekly newspaper and printing field in Manitoba. Indeed the Carillon News had won impressive awards in national competition and since then has continued to excel.

Before long we realized that there was only so much room for family in a business so we used the two years we stayed in Steinbach as a second apprenticeship as weekly newspapering while waiting for one more opportunity in the field.

Beside affording us the opportunity to learn what the weekly newspaper had become in the postwar era both from mechanical and content considerations, I was also given the opportunity to take charge of the sports page. I attended baseball games, hockey games, boxing, football games and whatever else was going on in the sports world of southeastern Manitoba; covered organizational meetings, compiled statistics, wrote a weekly column, turning all these items into type on the typesetter and I wrote them. It was really my only grounding in writing and had to serve as my "burner" for taking a seat at publisher and editor.

Our chance came in 1955 when, as a result of an advertisement in a trade publication, we went to Weyburn, Saskatchewan, to take over the Review.

Printing butterwrappers

SUNDAY, December 3 1980

My list of column suggestions has for at least me months included the single word "Butterwrappers."

This purports to suggest to me that I might some time write about the butterwrappers we used to print in small country newspaper shops.

Butterwrappers, generally processed for their end use (presumably) were bought in printings of 500, and imprinted for the local dairy at the weekly newspaper plant.

To accomplish this a form was locked into a platen press and dirty little boys like me would hand-feed the butterwrappers into the machine, one by one and extract them (reasonably).

If you think individual handling was bad enough,

just hang on. Butterwrappers, being thin, were difficult to handle, and the pile of spoils below the press and the boss scowling and waving on his bar

So if a wrapper landed on the floor looked reasonably unsoiled and the boss wasn't looking, it was quickly snatched up and placed in the "good" stack

Perhaps someone at the dairy had the job of further screening the wrappers for fingerprints or oil smudges, but I suspect that as those supplier names, both impediments simply became part of the marketed product.

If you ever find a used butterwrapper almost 40 years old and bearing a southeastern Manitoba dairy imprint close inspection may even disclose to the studious eye the fossilized prints of my middle finger index finger and thumb A treasure to be saved for posterity!

We all groan about government regulations and inspections, but when I recall the butterwrapper experience I have to agree some controls are necessary

'They dsnaly blame me'

THE NEXT September 14 1978

Some 40 years ago, about the time I was mastering the two-wheeler (cold turkey because back in those days you didn t necessarily have a tricycle to start your life with and it wasn't fashionable to get a bicycle upon graduation from kindergarten) a spry gentleman in the early years of his seventh decade opened a bike repair shop a few doors down our house.

It was a fun place to hang around until I discovered that hangers-on were tolerated only as long as they made themselves useful, and that a sharp tongue sent you packing when you became a nuisance which in my case was rather quickly

Twenty years later I got to know "CCF" (a reshuffling of his actual name) He had since retired and come out of retirement, and was my fellow employee at the home town newspaper office Due to his advanced age he was limited to many work such as trimming sorting and lugging around lead "pigs" and plates

There was one memorable occasion when the shop went modern and installed an automatic system. Without CCF s knowledge an activated set was present him and suddenly a voice boomed out in him to get it He had had go to work

There was not a moment s hesitation a confused CCF shot back a reply that would do justice to Pierre telling off the Loyal Opposition on the fourth estate.

Anyway the home town paper carried a picture and a story on CCF last week "C F Friesen of Steinbach celebrated his birthday Friday He is 102 although he claims he is only two because I m just like a car The odometer turns over at 100 and you start all over again

"What advice would he give to anyone who wants to live to the ripe old age of 102? I wouldn t give anyone advice Anyone who lives to 102 would never like to be blaming me for it than asking me advice about it

Can I say I d be crazy about living to 102 but given health and my bike Pair, it could be interesting.

9. Toronto, Ontario

Introduction to the world

"How come you always wear the same shirt, Ernie?"

The child's expression conveyed wide-eyed innocence, perhaps slightly overdone, his mother gasped with mortification and the supper table plunged into silence. I humiliated almost beyond endurance wished myself instantly dead and the child also dead but slowly and painfully.

"Alastair, what a thing to say!" scolded Mrs. Muir when she had recovered from the initial surprise of her child's impertinent and embarrassing question. "I'm sure Ernie has a number of shirts like that."

Red-faced, I unconvincingly and indignantly assured him that this was the case, aware that everyone knew, and knew that I knew they knew, that the truth lay somewhat closer to Alastair's question than to Mrs. Muir's charitable explanation.

In fact, I had two identical buttercup-coloured shirts. I wore each on alternate weeks while the other was being laundered.

I won't say I was rich in shirts when I left Stambuch for Toronto and fortune in early July of 1945. But I had four or five work shirts and perhaps three white shirts for "Sunday" wear. Mother thanked I had been in the two more durable shirts and ordered them out of my money through the Eaton mail order.

This was well before laundrettes, or clothes that can be washed in the sink and hung up to dry. For a young man living in a boarding house there was no alternative (that I was aware of) to the Chinese laundries that abounded. So I hadn't been in Toronto long before I discovered what Mother had suspected: that the gently-laundered shirts I had worn at home daily, stand many laundry washings. They simply fell apart: one after another.

Mother knew materials, and had chosen well when she ordered those buttercup shirts. At the time of Alastair's devastating question I had already been in Toronto well over one year, all other shirts except one white one had long been trashed, and the buttercup shirts were still rendering yeoman service on a weekly turnaround basis — and holding up well. Chinese laundering notwithstanding. And I still couldn't afford to buy any additional shirts.

Thank you, Timothy Eaton!

I mention this incident first not so much because it is deeply and painfully etched into my memory — which it is — but because it seems to me to punctuate the realities of life on my own as I discovered it. I never suffered. But if I had expected instant success (and unaccountably I think I was quickly disabused.

Toward the end of World War 2 young people from Steinbach who went to Winnipeg to work returned on weekends flashing spare clothes smoking tailor mades and with bulging billfolds. And from the east came thereat of people working in war factories at fabulous rates of pay and with overtime galore at time-and-one-half and double-time

A one-month correspondence course in advertising from the International Correspondence School armed me I firmly believed with sufficient training to assure me of instant success in some lucky Toronto advertising agency Having read several Thorne Smith books in which the protagonist usually an advertising executive went everywhere by taxi it was my naive belief that I would live in similar style and my success hope that I would retain some humility when spoiled by this sort of living

It didn't take me long to discover that I would retain a lot more humility than I had started out with

But I guess I'm getting just a few steps ahead of myself

Until D-Day in late spring of 1944 it appeared to people of my age and probably many others that the war would last forever So it didn't seem necessary for me to think beyond enlistment when I turned eighteen in late 1945 and perhaps earlier with parents consent I could even summon near-tears of self-pity as to my imagination I died a glorious death in defence of freedom

D-Day changed the perspective of my future, and I began to lay plans alternate to a more glorious death When V E Day and American victories in the Pacific theatre made the prospect of an early peace a reality I had to look to new scopes from Steinbach which to me represented a future of unthinkable monotony

Several of "my crowd" began to make plans to "go East " and by the end of June it boiled down to Ike Giesbrecht and myself getting on a train for the first time in our lives in Winnipeg, bound for Toronto. If seventeen years seems like a tender age to leave the family hearth I now agree Mother too was opposed but I argued that with servicemen returning from the war all the desirable jobs would be taken if I let another year slip by I also used the argument that both of my sisters had gone to Winnipeg to work at maids at earlier ages The unanimous vote not really unanimous but I won the day and reserved reluctant consent

So off we went to Toronto in a crowded dirty smelly and hot day coach, with soldiers sleeping on the overhead baggage racks Ike s expectations of the Golden East toward which we were hurtling suffered the moment we crossed into Ontario He never fully recovered

Employment counselors tones quickly separated us Ike was able to get employment on a Hamilton construction job and made it his goal to return to Steinbach as soon as he had earned enough money for the ticket I quickly settled for a job as press feeder in a printing plant in Toronto. I applied at several advertising agencies but was dismissed with a shake of the head and an adult smile each time One manager kindly suggested that with my printing background I might do worse than get a job as "advertising production " as he phrased it until I got the feel of Toronto

I quickly saw the wisdom of this suggestion It shocked me to see how swiftly my financial reserves melted away While our home had had a thrifty lifestyle such allowance as I retained from my job at the Post had been totally mine. I had been required to turn over most of my pay but all my needs had been provided — even the clothes I wore.

Needless to my the switch to a cash economy where nothing happened without laying out money could fairly be described as culture shock in the extreme Somewhere in the back of my mind there may even have flickered a faint realization that our mother s responsibilities had been awesome and her handling of them remarkable

My first thing I did was open a bank account depositing sufficient funds to buy a ticket back to Manitoba and its relative security I vowed never to touch it until I either felt secure in Toronto or was ready to throw in the towel.

Finding a place to stay was another poser My family had had no experience in this and so had been unable to advise me I summoned pan out on foot from the railway station and checked out

the places displaying "Room for Rent" signs in the window. That's what I did, and it worked too. Rooming houses within walking distance of Union Station were not luxurious, but the prices were affordable. The room I took was an untidy but not filthy, little cubicle on the second floor of a smug-blackened old house on Spadina Avenue, near Queen Street, next door to the old Pickford Theatre. Even years later I could not pass the building without a shudder of revulsion.

My first job was at a modern used printing shop on Adelaide Street just west of Bathurst Street. The owner, after considering my credentials, reactivated a sheet-fed cylinder press and for eight months I stood at that press five and a half days a week, feeding about 1 500 sheets an hour into the press until it was time to wash up the machine, near quitting time.

No. I didn't ride taxis to and from work. I was grateful to be within reasonable walking distance of my rooming house. It saved me street car fare. My pay was twenty-five dollars weekly and the government took over those dollars as that for unemployment insurance, income tax and compulsory savings (a temporary measure to raise money for the war effort).

While the chaps at Arthur-Jones were decent enough, I was shocked to the core when a printer old enough to be my father bragged to me about a marital infidelity. Such delinquencies rarely occurred in Steinbach, too, but the miscreants did not brag about them as the job and certainly not to teen-agers. I was equally shaken when a pressman who had worked an unsupervised night shift boasted about the cardboard boxes and friendly lad stolen at night. On one occasion they had been stealing the wood onto a truck when a policeman demanded to know from the head of the alley what they were doing. "Loading wood," they shouted back. "Oh!" replied the cop and left. He wasn't my co-worker explained with a chuckle, about to get into an argument with a group of men armed with crowbars in dark alleys in the middle of the night.

While returning servicemen did not bring about a revival of dangerous conditions as many had predicted, they brought a quick end to the seller's market in employment and the days of unlimited overtime beer were also written into history. It seemed almost everyone under thirty came to work wearing the uniform of one of the branches of the services and certainly on the streets military garments (when winter came) and military bearings were the rule.

At night I would eat supper — the cheapest on the menu — at one of two little "greasy spoons" on Queen Street, then lacked myself into my room and read or just sat there until I was ready to sleep. Once or twice I ventured into the street in the evening, but the kind of people who hung around Spadina and Queen were not the kind I had been accustomed to seeing in downtown Steinbach, Manitoba. I was thoroughly frightened by the sights and sounds.

In the morning I went to the same restaurants for breakfast consisting of two sandwiches. I saw things like cereals in the menus, but I didn't think my people ate anything as pedestrian as cereal and heaven forbid that I be in my route argume

It was at one of these restaurants that I learned to use a dial telephone. I had no choice. A drunk was trying to phone for a taxi and not making out very well. Demanding assistance. The waitresses were busy as they naked me to help the man. I obeyed, passed out. But I learned. That's how I learned a lot of things. I guess I wasn't the only one. A year or two later one of the old Steinbach crowd visited Toronto and looked me up. He had a room at a cheap hotel several miles from my boarding house. He walked both ways because he didn't know which street car to take and what the fare was. And of course asking would brand him as a dumpkin!

One day an older employee at Arthur-Jones Ltd. (we called it Arthure-Hyphen-Obscurity Jones Ltd.) asked a few rubble questions about my lifestyle, and suggested I find a boarding house through the want ads. He kept at it until I took the step and looked out on my first try. At Mother Baxter's I paid $7.50 weekly for a clean room (shared) with maid service, a hearty breakfast and a tasty (if not varying) supper every night.

The Baxter house was on Indian Trail, a quiet clean treed street, and the other five boarders were normal decent people. I felt as though I had been scooped out of hell and dropped into paradise. (By the way, please don't tell me I must mean Indian Road or Indian Grove. Indian Trail existed, and still exists. It is only two blocks long, has one block south of Bloor Street and

runs east from Indian Grove through Indian Road to Alhambra Ave., which is the first street west of Dundas Street where the latter intersects Bloor Street.)

Our boarding house

KENNETH *January 12 1983*

If you've never lived in a boarding house the very thought of it may make you shudder. If you have you'll probably agree — depending on your luck — that it can be one of life's more interesting casual essays.

Throw in with strangers whom you have as little in like as at least tolerate (I usually manage to like them) you learn to appreciate people from many different backgrounds and in diverse personal circumstances.

"Tramp" coming from city to city as I did in my younger days I moved in a number of boarding houses, ranging from terrible to excellent, but the ones that stand out most in my mind are the first.

Maybe awareness better than senses of the subsequent things last it was my refuge from rather grim circumstances in which through ignorance, I found myself when I went to Toronto in mid-1945.

A few months short of 18 a small town boy who had never stayed overnight anywhere except in a relative's home I knew only that I couldn't afford to stay in a hotel.

I took a room in a tourist home until I landed a job then looked for a permanent room by the only method I knew. I walked the streets in the area until I found a "Roomate Let" sign in a residential window.

Although I had the presence of mind not to accept a room where the lunch had been torn out of the door by the previous tenant, I nevertheless landed in an ugly grey brick house on Spadina Ave. near Queen St. and in two doors from the Pickford Theatre. It wasn't exactly the most savory part of Toronto.

Most of the rooms were auto transients so the only familiar faces I ever saw after working hours were that of the family's old Italian widow who owned or ran the house.

After several months of this someone in the shop took pity and suggested I might be house-off and financially ahead if I found a boarding house through the want-ads.

At luck would have it the first ad I answered and that still had the room available was a charming three-storey brick house on a quiet residential street called Indian Trail a few blocks from High Park.

It was run by a widow and her live-in daughter and son-in-law. Breakfast every morning consisted of fruit or juice, cereal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. And I ate it all. We were on our own for lunch but supper was invariably roast beef and vegetables with dessert the major change from day to day.

The boarders included two radio call age students about my own age a steel-and-die maker freshly discharged from the RCAF a just-laid-off war industry worker and some army men trying to start his own trucking business.

They were a fun bunch. We played bridge at night, walked through High Park to Sunnyside Beach on Sundays, went for evening coffee at a nearby diner or sat around talking about our pasts or now. The younger ones even tried a prank or two, but were caught by Mother Rankin who let us know in no uncertain terms that we were exceeding acceptable limits.

It was wonderful to be back in a clean home on a street where I felt safe going out at night, to have neat-door neighbors who might at least nod in greeting and to smell the wonderful aroma of cooking food when I got up in the morning and come home at night.

It was like heaven to me.

And at forty-50 per week.

Things changed, of course. The radio college boys graduated and moved on, the unemployed war worker left town to find another job, and eventually I too moved on over some real or imagined grievance. Perhaps it didn't seem quite so homey with a change of rooms at twenty-five months.

There were few boarding houses after the first one that I became sentimental about. But there were opportunities, good ones, and some more people in them.

... and the boarders

KENNETH *January 19 1983*

Last week I wrote about my first boarding house. It was pretty my impression to find over a succession of rooms of the people with whom I shared that and other boarding houses. Space gave out however and I passed them over with but a few personal notes.

As I left the first home on Indian Trail in Toronto one room was shared by two radio college students. Because their age was about the same as mine I fell in with them immediately.

Orson Gi and Gerry T were as different as day and night, yet perfectly compatible. Orson was a painfully shy farm boy from Quebec's eastern townships, intelligent and very studious. Gerry who had joined the RCAF just in time to be discharged was a livewire full of fun and always on the move. He was at the top of his class without seeming to try. Yet while Orson never doubted his ability to get a job even in a market full of ex-servicemen and trained a radio, Gerry was so lacking in confidence that he never even applied for a radio job but went back to the factory job he had held in Niagara Falls before joining up.

I exchanged a few letters with Orson, then lost touch. He was working at an isolated outpost in

northern Quebec That ended it until a few years ago when I found myself in his home town, Bridgetop. It's aging parents and got his address. By this time he was in research in with Bell in Ottawa.

We met for a beer on my next visit to Ottawa but after tskskskly recap of our lives and learning that he had eventually married and that Gerry (still in Niagara Falls) had been his best man we found ourselves with little to talk about

After we Ma B's was Jack B the quintessential up-and-comer When I married in, he was about to be laid off at a war plant With a a week or two the axe fell He got a few days work here and there — a long winter storeroom or w/house set — and finally had to leave the boarding house because he couldn t afford it

When he had money he spent it; what he didn t have he was without. One of my lingering memories of Jack had him a ring around the chair facing the frayed cushion of his few shirts

Jack would turn up every few months He might be wearing hand-outs and come to borrow enough for his next meal The next time he would show up in new duds, repay his small loan and insist on going out to celebrate his new well-paying job

The last time I saw him was in Vancouver My work station was beside a plate glass window facing Pender St and one day my inner ears was caught by a tapping at the glass. There was Jack in a flashy new suit, new hat and shoes and even new sunglasses

We were not that night and celebrated whatever good fortune had landed on him I never saw him again nor heard from him

Taking Jack s place at the Toronto boarding house was Murray H I asked him the first day at supper where he might be from His reply "I m from where it ayout own bus ness where you re from

We were because I sat friends

A survey on snacking

ERNESTLY April 2 1986

A survey form I received recently from the Snacking Institute of Canada based in good old Toronto (purports) to establish a game and effect relationship between snacking and being hospitalized

They are all about to get much out of me soon I like to brag that I'm snackly three squares a day, attributing this virtue I hadn t to my proverbial late-teethood

When I ventured into the wide wide world (Toronto) several months short of my 19th birthday I started off at the princely wage of $22 weekly Since the sun was still in the government tack about $4 an income tax into employment Insurance and compulsory savings leaving me $18 for room and board lunches (not included with board laundry luxuries at least once every two months) entertainment and clothing. And of course snacking the vice that really deserves to be at the top of the list since after eating it was a top priority

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My memories of 40 Indian Trail are good but there comes a time when familiarity breeds at least a need for change and after one year I moved half a dozen blocks to a boarding house a few doors north of Shaw Street opposite High Park I stayed there until leaving Toronto some eighteen months later

On the work side I wrestled from the monotony of press-feeding to a composing room apprenticeship at Moore Business Forms in Mount Dennis a suburb of Toronto Moore s was a company that seemed dedicated to expansion on principles of high efficiency that scrapped a lot of printing trade traditions and taboos and policies that sought good employee relations. Activities such as staff bowling leagues corn roasts and dances were encouraged rewards were offered for suggestions by employees and working conditions were generally speaking, good for

that period. In the booming postwar market the company was growing by leaps and bounds and with a company policy that favored in-house training to bring in journeymen, the composing room was made up of a young crowd. Under an easygoing foreman, Ed Reese, we had a lot of fun and got a lot of work done.

The traditional trade unions did not or were not encouraged to become entrenched at Moore and a so-called "company union" negotiated on behalf of all or most "in house" employees.

Given my background, I tended to be suspicious of unions and felt uncomfortable at the thought of having to join one. I remember betraying something of my ignorance and suspicion when one of the compositors asked me to attend a chapel meeting. I didn't know what a chapel meeting was, and was of the composing room jokers obviously having some misunderstanding about my background said it was sort of a religious gathering for the believers. We'd get in and and soon the whole department was singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with several of the compositors beating their aluminum line gauges (printing rulers) on metal lamp shades. They were a bit too obvious so I wasn't quite taken in. I attended the chapel meeting and discovered the union was not composed of fiery anarchists. In fact I became quite interested in the union and joined the rest of the compositors in their awe of the International Typographical Union (ITU), one of the oldest and at the time one of the most powerful and democratic trade unions in North America.

By spring of 1948 I had reached the journeyman level on the pay scale and life however pleasant began to be altogether too routine. Bowling once a week roller skating symphony concerts at Massey Hall plus movies and the occasional dance ice skating at Varsity Stadium in winter and hikes through High Park on Sunday afternoons and occasional hitch-hiking excursions sound like reasonable variety to me today but I suppose for a young and single person that is never quite enough.

Other factors described at greater length in the next chapter, also had their effects with the result that one brisk April morning in 1948 I found myself with four strangers in an automobile headed, via the United States for Vancouver and a new life and new adventures.

Back, wed and almost domesticated

It was two and one-half years later that I returned, properly married and ready to settle down to Toronto, if not resolved to spend the rest of my life in that city at least convinced it was as good a place as anyone which to live until life brought us to a new turn of the road.

As happened when I first descended upon Toronto five years earlier when I expected to ride to and from work in a bus, I found it necessary to discard a few misconceptions.

Postwar prosperity had injected mega dollars into the advertising business; television was not yet enormously in the marketplace and daily newspapers were enjoying one of the greatest booms of their history. Journeymen printers, especially in the U. S. commanded rates that were enviable and in an unattached young man enjoying these rates I fell into the trap of thinking my talents really were worth what I was being paid.

So returning to Canada and Toronto where trade conditions had not yet caught up with the United States either in employment opportunities in pay scales it was a sobering experience to return to earth and live under more realistic conditions beside learning the hard way about two living as cheaply as one.

As long as I had been "tramping" I had never had to or chosen to look beyond the inevitable day when I would settle down somewhere and what opportunities if any I might then seek.

But very quickly after our marriage living as we did in a city where we had few acquaintances we started wondering out loud whether working day after day in a journeyman printer was the

ultimate expectation. Irene had taken a position—but in those days a woman's talents—except in rare situations, did not command much more than minimum wage

It is not surprising that our thoughts quickly turned to the weekly newspaper industry and particularly the lifestyle it offered: hard work, a modest but sure return, and a fascinating involvement in a small community

We took stock of our assets: meagre but probably more substantial than those of most newlyweds of that period, and subsequently looked into the market. We quickly learned that our finances amply wouldn't equal the down payment required for any newspaper on the market

At the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association office then in Brampton the manager gave us a brief but considered appropriate for our circumstances. The Gananoque Reporter on the St Lawrence River just below Lake Ontario was offering for sale the Athens Reporter as is, where—I seem to remember—of $3,000. Although $3 000 in 1950 was a lot more than it is today, it still wasn't an impossible investment. We agreed that we might even be able to swing it without much of a loan

I wrote the Gananoque publisher—I still wasn't thinking long-distance telephone at those days—and anxiously awaited the reply. Already I was seeing fulfillment, if not prosperity around the corner. The answer came eventually in the form of a galley proof prepared to eliminate any unnecessary letter-writing over this issue

The opening line went like this: "The Reporter, like Athens itself, will never be big business." It then went on to describe a dying community and a collection of obsolete newspaper equipment: hand-set type (even line text), an ancient cylinder press, and other equipment common to a turn-of-the-century, small town printing office. It hadn't even been considered worth moving to the Gananoque plant where the Reporter was printed every week. The annual revenue about equalled the asking price, but the optimistic assessment of the vendor was that the figure could be increased by a couple prepared to work devotedly to improve the pages and champion the community

Even my rose-colored glasses lost their tint at the thought of paying for the privilege of the gale of an working untold hours on an outdated equipment for a gross return of less than I was earning for a forty-hour week. We reluctantly abandoned our quest for independence "for a few years" while we worked at doubling up our assets

Frustrated in my aspirations I channelled my energies into my International Typographical Union membership acquired in my "tramping" days and a clavish devotion to the union's laws governing many aspects of work and having practices in any printing office holding a contract with the union. In the long run this was no popularity with neither management nor the union

In the meantime hopes of having a weekly died below the horizon when the inevitable pregnancy ensued. Suddenly it became a choice of finding an apartment or a flat which would accept children, or finding the wherewithal to buy a home

The National Housing Act (NHA) came to the rescue with 4½ percent mortgages for those able to come up with a one-third down payment. We barely qualified, though selling my car and some comparable assets Irene had acquired, and taking on a mixed mortgage at a higher (ten percent) interest rate

I still did not have a steady position at the Toronto Star, but was catching on reasonably well as a substitute at extra-line operator. We moved into our Downsview bungalow in fall and lasted into a bleak winter where I manned more days than I worked as the supply of subs was greater than the demand

Every morning we would "show" at about seven, when the earliest shift went to work, and sit around playing bridge until shortly after noon, when the last morning shift went to work. One operator would stay until quarter after the starting time for an absolute operator who could be counted upon to name at least one day a week the rest would bend for coffee at Woolworth's and then home to kill time until next morning's show-up

In addition to two mortgages and approaching parenthood we were faced with the improvements necessary even to a new home. New houses as our price range were unpainted on the interior and lacked light fixtures, heating elements for the water tank, storm windows or anything else that conceivably could be classified as an extra. Landscaping consisted of field sod thrown into a rectangle of baked North York clay and allowed to fend for itself after perhaps one pre-sale soaking.

Blessed automatic heat

ERNESTLY *November 12 1960*

An acquaintance who has managed to raise together some wealth than most of us would see in several lifetimes once told me that if he lost everything, the consequence he would most mourn is automatic heat.

"Just not having to carry out the ashes every day is worth all sorts of goodies," he said.

I'll buy that. Ruth's, I'll agree that automatic heating from a lot of other frills we shall call an advantage of life in the late 20th century but I'll place the freedom from carrying out ashes just a notch below the wonder of heat when you want it. Above all between spare me from ever fighting with obstinate furnaces again.

I'm not even going to try a comparison with the heating system I grew up with because that was a disaster measured against even the standards of those times. Those however we made do with what we could afford, and that wasn't much.

Before getting married I had lived for some years in boarding and rooming houses, and after marriage we lived for a year in a rented flat in a private house. In these circumstances there might be cause occasionally in late spring and early fall to grumble about ever or under-heating, but at least I had no involvement with furnace-fighting or ash-toting.

Then came the glorious day we moved into our own new bungalow in suburban Toronto — ah! — sweet independence.

I might add that I was so unprepared for sweet independence that I thought hot water was piped in by the city. A furnace. I truly believed was something like a legal home. You fed it faithfully a performed faithfully and you received the blessings faithfully when you got around to it.

The house we moved into had to be the last home built in greater Toronto with a plain old-fashioned hand-stoked furnace. I never believed in stokers the least and I don't believe I ever could have.

No matter how we battled the fire we woke up to a cold house in the morning. When you went down to check in the morning you found that either the fire had died without the coals ever having been tinged or the fire and gobbled up all the coals in the bins and there was nothing left but cold ashes.

The battle against poor banter of course became to heat you could shovel all the ashes and clinkers into the ash bucket, and start from scratch. The other way it was necessary or at least prudent to separate ashes and clinkers from unused coal, leaving a mass to clean up once the fire was started again.

The normal condition of the house was cold and clammy however even if the fire was burning merrily away how are nonetheless functioning according to all the rules. Then occasionally and usually on a midday the furnace would decide to live up to its full potential her heat up the place to the point where you expected the whole house to burst into flame.

As I recall if you brought it under control by sprinkling some final tech onto the embers to inhibit the fire. This worked, of course, but produced a mass of clinkers that could only be removed (at least not in our furnace) without killing the fire. Then you were back to square one.

Yes there is nothing so beautiful as automatic heat, even allowing for some differences of opinion on what is room temperature.

Especially satisfying is the luxury of saying, on the first cool fall evening "I think we could stand a touch of heat." So you flick the thermostat to "on," hear a few moments later you have heat.

With no chores or aches.

Joys of the first house

ERNESTLY *October 16 1965*

The other day my wife and I found ourselves reminiscing about our first house and the glories of taking possession of it.

This is not a hard-luck story since both of us belong to the first generation of postwar brats who rode the crest of the postwar boom envied by our elders for the ease with which we fell heir to it.

The envy I can understand.

People not much older than us grew up during the Depression worked six days plus several evenings a week for pitiful low wages, and when they married, moved into whatever humble abode they could raise cash for a nice small town and mortgaged to hilt. Days were unsure by exclusive almost.

A larger home with luxuries like running water came, if at all, when the family was half-grown.

So here we were having learned a trade in the final years of the war and the immediate postwar years, with no memories of lineups for jobs earning what was considered a princely wage, and buying a brand-new home in suburban Toronto after only one year in a furnished flat.

Not exactly hardship so poorer our kissing

However, soon so blissful a state of affairs proved to be quite impossible.

Since the down payment took almost every cent we had accumulated, and car ownership was out of the question, we naturally had to make sure our nearest development was served by public transportation to get us to and from work. No problem: we were assured by the realtor. A small bus company provided bus service from 6 a.m. to evening every half-hour connecting with the Toronto Transportation Commission in midtown Toronto.

The realtor was telling rather The caveats existed after a banana, and allowing for rain or laziness and breakdowns by the vintage vehicles. But what neither of us could know was that the first two receiving bus runs were unpredictable even with consultation and whole be eliminated two weeks after we moved into the house.

That left hitch-hiking for a year or whatever it took to get early services restored. As it happened, I developed several "regulars" who stopped for me every morning if I hadn't caught an earlier ride and who demanded me downtown at Bloom TTC-distance of my job.

Those were other surprises.

We had been shown the water heater in the basement, which caught me maximum because I had always supposed that hot water was provided through the city's water mains by some magic process I didn't quite want to understand.

To our chagrin however the water from the hot water tap didn't even get warm no matter how long we let it run. Naturally we complained to the realtor who pointed out that the heating element didn't come with the house — only the tank — and that we should have to buy one own.

A number of things didn't go with the house been at extreme passing light fixtures and heavy wiring, but these we had known about.

The light fixtures had been purchased and an acquaintance was coming in on Sunday to install them and hook up the stove. We moved in on Saturday morning, and since we didn't own a hot plate (or a candle), we ate cold food and sat in the darkness after sunset.

Why didn't we eat out?

Ha-ha.

We couldn't afford it, and in any event, it would have meant walking almost a mile to the bus stop, waiting half an hour for the bus, riding the bus for half an hour and repeating the whole process after the meal. Perhaps a total of three hours per meal.

I don't even know if there was fast food delivery in those days, but in any case the tax fare would have been probably two, had there been a telephone which a mile of us. It took almost two years in those days to get a phone.

Toronto houses still had plastered walls and as I have mentioned, decorating didn't go with the purchase. As funds permitted we painted one room and then another. In the meantime with our meal furnishings we laid like we were sitting on a meadow during a snowstorm.

It felt like a snowstorm too, because we got just about the last coal furnace installed in Toronto and I never did master it. The only time we were ever warm was the day I hooked the diesel-out Chrysmus tree. That day we feared the whole house would go up in flames.

There was also in coal bin an after the first load of coal was delivered and blanketed all of the basement and most of the house in coal dust, my top priority was the construction of a coal bin. I think it took me two weeks and many lumbers log to get the base two-by-fours anchored into the cement floor.

Actually, there is no real point in this story except perhaps that even when others dunk you are having it good the close-up view may be a bit different. All that, and the worry of our two mortgages — NHA at 4½ percent, and a second mortgage at six percent. How do you like that for banking?

Grocery shopping was a real thrill. On my way home from work, I would buy groceries near Vaughan Road and St. Clair, not far from the stop for the North York bus. I would have to stand in line to wait for the suburban bus due every half-hour but perpetually late with a bag under each arm; my arms still ache at the memory.

Work? Subbing at the Star wasn't that wonderful during our first winter, and particularly not during the month of our first blessed arrival, when I didn't catch a single day's work. But we survived and learned, and adjusted.

Learning landscape gardening was another joy. I think the hardest work I ever performed was turning over the hardpan of the back yard in preparation for seeding to grass.

We ambitiously and expectantly cut a three-foot border into the ground and filled it with what passed for topsoil, planted some perennials and wanted for them to turn our yard into a riot of color and fragrance.

On my mother-in-law's first visit, not long after Eric was born, she pointed out that my garden wasn't facing all that well. I admitted that it wasn't up to my own expectations, but that one plant was doing exceptionally well.

"That's because it's a weed," muttered Grandma, and pulled out the thriving plant.

That women i gardening still was something! She could brush up a spot of soil thrust in a cutting, give it a pat and a splash of water and before you knew it there was a handsome flowering bit of greenery

Suburbia...as we know it today would well be called a phenomenon of the postwar era and the accompanying prosperity. Prewar cities had suburban residential areas which tended to be reflections of modest dwellings as often as not without running water sewers sidewalks or paved streets providing low-cost but independent housing for people in low-paying jobs or on pensions. Like small towns they offered ample life at the lowest possible cost as taxes were at a minimum. They were sometimes described as rural slums although they offered a more dignified alternative to the tenement of the inner city. Few families had cars and those who did could not afford to drive them regularly to and from work. Thus the uppers and lower middle classes...and the wealthy for that matter...lived in graded residential areas within the city using mostly public transportation to get to and from work. This at least is what my observations indicated to me.

Postwar prosperity and the automobile combined to create suburban subdivisions on serviced and planned streets. Blocks of houses were built on speculation at the same time by one or several contractors and moved on to the market at about the same time. They tended to be populated by families with several things in common: they were usually fairly young with small children had sufficiently well paying positions to qualify them for mortgages and were new to the relaxed ambience of the suburbs.

Their situation was not unlike that of an ethnic group settling in one particular section of a large city in a strange country: their common background and analagous circumstances tended to throw them together.

On the whole this made for congenial communities although the human tendency to overdo things sometimes produced a backlash.

We saw an exaggerated example of familiarity breeding contempt between two couples who lived next door to each other directly across the street from us. From the moment they met they seemed to look upon each other as blood-brothers and sisters. They were in each others houses constantly borrowed everything that was borrowable, helped each other build fences and install storm windows. They had more togetherness than you would expect within a family.

One problem was that family "A" lived in the east of family "B" and both their closes were on the eastern sides of houses situated harmonially on the lots. Now Mr "A" was exceptionally fussy about his thriving lawn and both families obviously had to cross his lawn many times daily as they trooped back and forth between houses.

But true affection knows no barriers, and Mr "A" found a solution to this minor handicap. He had a flagstone walk across his lawn from his driveway to that of the "Bs". So they could both continue their heavy traffic without damaging the delicate blades of grass.

Time went on until one day we became conscious of a difference. The "As" and "Bs" were not running back and forth as many more. At first we thought the relationship had just modified a bit with time. Then one day we saw Mr "A" at work on his lawn a grimly resolute look on his face, picking up the flagstones from his lawn and replacing them with sod.

The "Bs" moved away within a month or two.

It was sad.

Back at the Toronto Star...in the meantime...my involvement with the union and the prospect of using it to long the malenzum, got me into hot water with both the company and the union each having learned to live with the other's imperfections. I ended up almost fuming my job, and a compromise settlement left me chastened and reflective and my personal orientation began to veer more and more in the middle of the road in my attitude toward both.

Before leaving Toronto, I served a one-year term as deputy chairman of the composing room chapel (assistant shop steward might describe it better for most). This experience as liaison between the employers in a department of some 250 compositors and management left me with mixed feelings basically toward neither but regretful that the relationship between organized labor

and management might not have been channelled into more mutually beneficial endeavours than the adversary stances that have become a bane to our society

In large newspapers over the decades these stances had built barriers between management and unionised staff that denied opportunity to both. With management seen as the enemy, union men did not aspire to management positions above department foreman (in some ITU offices), while management wrote off anyone met for out-of-scope positions (thus denying itself the potential and abilities of thousands of talented employees).

Strange situations also developed in departments that existed almost in a vacuum. For example the Star's composing room was visited regularly (although not often) by a fence known only as The Bargain offering stolen merchandise at attractive prices. It was said — but I have no first-hand knowledge of this — that he first visited the foreman's office, giving him first refusal, then stationed himself strategically in a corner of the composing room and displayed his wares. He even took orders for future delivery. radios, electric razors and other small appliances. Bookmaking was also carried on openly and the bookies seemed to be granted jobs that had the flexibility to accommodate the demands of that calling. I am certain neither the local union nor top management knew nothing of these activities, but abetted it by allowing the department to become an empire in its own right.

Square finds feelings

ERNESTLY *October 21 1971*

Have you ever considered how many old sayings and expressions we use over and over accepting them as gospel because they are so familiar, but never really stopping to examine them?

Take the one about not saying things about people behind their backs, that if you have something uncomplimentary to say about a person you ought to say it right to his face.

I suggest that rule has validity chiefly because no sooner do you say something behind someone aback, and one of the persons to whom you spoke your ill tattle is also the fastest route to the subject and repeat what you said — slightly garbled, but completely out of context.

My philosophy on this point — at least as I am here preaching it — comes from an old Hungarian carpenter with whom I worked for several years a few decades back.

Ken, now long departed was a character. No one was ever able to figure out whether he was completely mad or possessed that rare type of inverted sense of humor which allowed him to laugh secretly at the ignorance of the people surrounding him.

Ken and straight jet black hair a Hitler-type moustache, bulging black eyes a gait that would have earned them a role in comedies of the silent movies and sloppy habits like wiping tobacco juice from his chin with his necktie.

He loved to go from one machine to the next carrying nasty tales about his fellow workers, innocent stuff like "There I Don goofing off again" and leaving all the work for me to do. Just look at him."

Then he would quickly mention you met to tell Don "He's all right to say nasty things about people behind their backs." he would say earnestly. "That way it

down I hurt them. But if you tell them to their faces it hurts their feelings."

Naturally the game was to corner Don at the first opportunity and tell him that Ken had called him a no-good bagpiped Don who had played the game for years would put on his straightest face and march straight to Ken and demand to know why Ken not said unkind things about him.

While the rest of us watched from a distance Ken would squint his eyeballs with a wealth of gesticulation; frenzied neck scratching and a try or two for the eyebrow. He would explain, we were 3 years later that so-and-so was always twisting everything he said, that as far he had said nothing but praise for Don a misunderstanding that it was Ken Don and not was goofing off.

The scene would end with Ken and Don shaking hands with hearty laughter much back-slapping and vows of everlasting friendship.

A few minutes later Ken would make his way back to the informer that because him in hurt anger "Now why did you have to go and tell Don what I said? I told you not to. If you if kept your would shut nobody would have been hurt. But you went and told him and made him mad and hurt his feelings, so he now and said many things to me and hurt my feelings. See what you've caused? You idealist. Go be ugly like that."

As I mentioned we never learned if he was just putting us on that having secret belly laughs at us and our patently ignorant nature. But his philosophy remains with me.

Just think of what a horrible world it would be if everyone was forever telling you every little thing wrong with you.

I'd much rather have my neighbors hoeing to their friends that I in a sloppy gardener and my kids are a nuisance than have them stop me every time I meet them and say "Why don't you do something about your nasty yard and get your kids out for adoption?"

At home our first daughter Denise was born and with a reduced mortgage burden a property appreciated through improvement a paid-up second-hand car on the drive and even a few dollars in the bank we began to dare think once more about making it all come down payment for a small weekly

We studied the ads in the dailies assiduously and one day came upon one offering a weekly in a small town not far from Toronto I took advantage of a mid-week day off and on a beautiful spring day set out to see and perhaps dicker for a new life

Halfway to my destination the car started to make disturbing noises accompanied by a smell of burning oil I pulled over stopped the car raised the hood and stood there looking helplessly and wistfully at passing traffic — the usual signal of an incompetent in distress — until a truck driver took pity and stopped. He turned on the ignition and immediately and cheerfully diagnosed the problem my car had thrown a rod I didn't know what a rod was, let alone that a car might throw one

Fun with a lemon

GENERALLY *May 4 1946*

Reminiscing on the other day about the problems one can encounter with used vehicles with unknown histories I recalled one particular lemon that I bought. I thought, with the best credentials It might well have been washed on me by the Mafia.

Few people nowadays can conceive of times when not everyone had an automobile. For many it was on the agenda somewhere after many other things had been taken care of

One of my pals was I suppose was that I already had one foot firmly into the era of the spoiled generation, that is to say I was able to buy a brand-new car when I was still single footloose and fancy-free

Then along came wedded bliss and some of the realities that went with it The upshot was that the car was sold to help provide the down payment for a home in suburban Toronto

There lived a few doors from us a middle aged couple (who) drove an Austin Their one day Mr M dropped dead

Mrs M who had been in the habit of dropping in occasionally stopped by one day to say that she was selling both the house and her car because she could no longer afford either

She thought her car would be just right for you Indeed and the price sounded reasonable And just so we wouldn't feel bad about checking the vehicle out, she insisted that if we were interested we should go and see a mechanic named Hull at a garage specializing in foreign cars. That garage had always received her car and Hull had taken a personal interest in keeping it in shape

Well it just isn't every day that a deal like that appears on the horizon so we discussed it at length had a sleepless night and the following day I went to see Hull at the said garage

It not only confirmed everything Mrs M had said about the car but volunteered the opinion that it was just about the nicest little car he had ever had the pleasure of working with.

Naturally we didn't have the necessary cash but in the unstinted circumstances Mrs M could not be expected to carry mortgage across So we borrowed from our friendly banker bought the car — and lived happily ever after?

Strike that!

Mrs M presumably lived happily ever after She arrived to parts unknown the following week with her new bridegroom — Hull the mechanic — never to be heard from again a most pernicious

I have seldom y wondered whether her husband a death was really natural Certainly there was nothing natural about the behavior of that diabolical little Austin

I went through three crank handles getting the car started every morning, replaced every electrical part, and finally after it threw a rod on a country outing invested $50 for for a trade-in for another heap

So much for friends, neighbors and professional advice

The trucker gave me a lift to a nearby village where I had a service station operator bring out his truck and tow me to my crippled vehicle (and part of the potential down payment for a weekly newspaper) When I heard the estimate for a repair I knew the car would never be a down payment for anything but headaches, and it had already given me a few

Not prepared to murder me on early I hitch-hiked to my destination where I learned that some putting the pep up for sale, the owner had changed his mind and now wanted to keep it

The trip was not completely in vain however While waiting for the garageman to get a parts estimate on the village where my car had broken down, I visited the weekly and found the

publisher most unconverging my humbled circumstances notwithstanding. Perhaps it was my temporary humility that helped me.

Later when chatting with the supposed vendor-publisher he said something that I later pondered about and probably helped in a small way to temper my own attitude later when I finally became a publisher.

He nodded in the direction of a man coming out of a shop across the street and allowed that the most probably had difficulty showing his face in public after the editorial he the publisher had written that week. I asked what the man's position was and learned that he was the fire chief.

"Do you mean to tell me that little town has a full-time fire chief?" I asked

"Oh no. He runs the hardware store he just stepped out of."

And I wondered what a volunteer fire chief giving his own time to an essential and thankless civic post, could do so wrong that he deserved castigation in the local paper.

As a publisher, I was to make my own mistakes by the score and probably worse ones. But many times remembering the humiliated fire chief in the Ontario town, I was to persuade myself when in doubt to err on the side of compassion.

My dream of becoming a publisher again frustrated. I began to listen to the invitation offered to participate in the thriving and growing enterprise of my in-laws in Manitoba.

Within a year we cashed in our holdings in Toronto, lived for a time on my meagre salary and moved our family to Steinbach to a new life in the world of weekly newspapering.

The happy motorman

ERNESTLY *May 12 1982*

Once upon a time I had a wonderful street car ride.

It was the even ng rush hour in Toronto, on a miserable slushy spring day and most people getting on the car displayed expressions that showed they were past the brink of throwing in the towel.

But their expressions changed and by the time they reached their stops most of them were brushing tears of laughter from their eyes

The reason?

The motorman was a very young man obviously in one of his first weeks on the job. He was a natural wit was enjoying himself immensely and exhibited many mo-ments, commenting on the passing scene outside and late de the vehicle to ling funny sweeter greeting and consoling fumbling passengers with genuine humor. He was n a smart aleck. He was just a young man full of fun and getting a big kick out of his job. Perhaps he wasn t even all that funny but he was refreshing under d fficult circumstances and in a city noted for its reserve rather than good humor.

I thought of him often wishing that all motormen, not to mention many other people in close contact with the public were more like him

Then one day I boarded a street car and there he was again

I felt instantly cheered and made a bright remark to him. At least I thought it was bright. My answer was a blank stare and an expression that suggested I must be some k nd of a nut.

It wasn t even a bad day. It was a t ven rush hour and the car was seven ty-seven crowded

I shrank to a seat as far back in the car as I could, hid behind the largest person I could find and all but crawled under the seat

It was a disastrous ride no fun at all no witty remarks

I still wonder about that young motorman and what happened to him in the short course of a year. Astonishingly e ther type of job might may be fun and games for the first few months and then the wear and tear of the daily weekly-monthly grind takes the joy and humor out of i

Perhaps when humor came less easily the public responses faded away and he became too discouraged even to try

Maybe there was a personal tragedy in his life during those months that robbed him of his sunny disposition

I'll never know but I will ays wonder

10. Itinerant printing

Westward and onward

While I look back on my move from Toronto to Vancouver in early 1948 as the first step on a path leading inevitably to my brief but lucrative affair with cramp printing, I did not then think of it in those terms. I'm not even certain I was familiar with the term in any modern context.

My background ought to have adapted me to a more orthodox niche — a steady and reasonably satisfying job with moderate financial returns and home, hearth and family — wartime expectations of seeing the world had kindled something in me that would not be denied. I was happy with my job as a compositor at Moore Business Forms, was earning a good salary for that period and for my youth — due to a happily achieved journeyman status — but I was also in part too rambunctious that led me to hitchhiking expeditions for their own sake. These in turn seduced me to devoting a portion of my first paid vacation and first trip back home to Manitoba to hitchhiking from Chicago to Toronto when I returned. Something about that road experience — finding myself in unfamiliar places and seeing that the road led to wherever one's imagination and impulses might direct — that made me vulnerable — at least receptive to suggestions of a move to another distant world.

During my first year in Toronto, I had formed a casual friendship with Jim Colquhoun who worked in the offset printing department of Arthur Jones Ltd. Jim lived not far from my boarding house and we went to the occasional show, concert or dance together. He had been in the RCAF long enough to receive some trades training. Perhaps it was the abrupt end of the war that left him with a sense of unfulfilment, or maybe it was ambivalence about the printing trade as his destiny, perhaps there were unrelated self-doubts, but whatever devils beset him, they led him to ruminate from time to time about a change of scenery, with a particular emphasis on Victoria — maybe because it was the most distant major Canadian city, and so unlike familiar Canadian terrain and climate.

One blustery January afternoon Jim summoned me to Sunnyside Beach for coffee and doughnuts, and as we sat in the warmth of the diner, while outside the wind harassed a light snowfall and dashed the gray waters of Lake Ontario against the breakwater, several hundred yards distant, Jim produced a recent copy of the Victoria Colonist and read me items about local citizens golfing and engaging in other pursuits about which one could only fantasize in subzero in most of Canada.

The lasting hook was for me, irresistible, and it wasn't long before I was committed to a move

to the west coast. Jim by that time had opted for was seriously considering a career with the Toronto police force, as I was in my own I almost surprised myself when I suddenly found myself in British Columbia although in Vancouver rather than in Victoria. To talk about the respective attractions of two cities is one thing; job prospects quite another.

Returning to a memory

HERSTEIN *April 17 1980*

In spring of 1948, being of an age when almost three years or one place seemed like a half-lifetime I resolved to migrate to that western Canadian Mecca Vancouver.

In those days when cross-country hitch-hiking with all one's personal belongings was not yet a vogue and riding the rails no longer respectable the next cheapest form of transportation could be found in the Personal columns of the daily papers where individuals or couples planning long trips offered rides in exchange for driving relief and a share of the gas expense.

Not holding a driver's license at the time, I was turned down by a few but finally managed to talk my way aboard by paying a few dollars more.

The driver was a nice RCAF man who had fallen in love with British Columbia, a fishing white seasoned in that province and was fulfilling a pledge to return there for fishing seasons.

His schedule demanded that he crowd a return auto trip (Toronto-Vancouver) plus his fishing into 16 days, and because it was spring road and weather conditions suggested a leaving somewhat south of the normal route.

Accordingly he and began to drive night and day but with myself having had enough, and the newlywed couple in the back seat too engrossed in giggling and pawing to be of any practical use that left only the one owner and I young shoemaker from Kingston for driving duties.

We made it through the first day, first night, and second day before we stopped for the night at North Platte Neb. and the afternoon that we could attack the continuous driving. We started the third day in flat Nebraska, reached Cheyenne by dusk and drove until late that night through mountains which were visible only as ominous shadows.

We spent the night in Brigham City Utah and I'll never forget the fog lowering morning when the prairie boy awoke to a crisp sunny spring morning and his first look of mountains snow-capped ground and almond surround up the I life continuity.

We had breakfast that morning in a little diner where the freshness of the bacon and eggs, with an not to from a high-altitude appetite, made the meal seem like a feast.

The waitress bedded with us and with anyone else who came in — friend or stranger — in a way that seemed downright homey after austere Toronto, and outside the burghers of Brigham were fastidiously sweeping their sidewalks.

Some day I vowed quietly to myself, and probably out loud as well... I shall return to this charming little place.

"Some day" was a long time in coming, in fact, 32 years almost to the day.

In Salt Lake City for a few days last week I finagled the schedule to work in a drive to Brigham City.

Again it was a beautiful spring day with the power plastering on the mountain tops. Again I was impressed with the fact that the area seemed greener and more attractive than most.

It also had interstate highways, freeways shopping malls chain stores, drive-in theatres parking meters and everything else that goes with the modern medium small community and accounts for the back-drop was almost unrecognizable from hundreds of others I've seen.

I can greatly blame the good people of Brigham City for keeping up with the times. I just shouldn't have waited 32 years.

Whatever domesticity in my nature might have prevailed upon me to make Vancouver my permanent home, fell victim to the economic highs and lows that seemed to prevail in that city at that point in time. At one of the city's larger commercial printing plants — the job printing division of the Vancouver Sun — it seemed the wolf was always howling near the door since merging the rights of permanence. We might be working every evening and Saturdays but it wasn't as if we always wanted as being just around the corner.

It was in Vancouver that I became a member of the International Typographical Union and was introduced to the strange dichotomy enjoyed by that powerful union in most newspaper and many commercial composing rooms throughout North America. In ITU offices if that era it sometimes seemed that the union was the chief authority, and that management existed mainly to provide work generate pay cheques and hire and fire journeymen — although the firing had to be done very carefully.

It was also a city from which many of the printers who moved in from the Prairies were lured to

the United States and the higher wage scales of cities such as Seattle and Portland. I became familiar too and entirely unfamiliar with the ITU's exhibit rules and the possibilities these offered for travelling and seeing the country while working.

I applied for an immigration visa with the U. S. consul but he turned me down after shocking my book passbook. I had heard that a $1,500 book balance was a must for a single man entering the United States — about $10,000 in 1969 dollars — but he wouldn't confirm this.

It became my goal in life to get that precious visa and I visited the consulate every month to present my passbook and its growing balance. The answer was always the same: a quick shake of the head.

My departure from Vancouver may have been set forward by an incident at my boarding house one winter night that might have been more likely in a bad dream or a sitcom written by someone with little respect for the laws or probability.

I had been downtown quaffing more than was good for me. I walked the three blocks from the streetcar stop to the boarding house in about six inches of freshly fallen snow holding my hatsetter at ready with the deliberateness of the inebriated.

The key slipped out of my hand and disappeared into the snow without a trace. I spent about half an hour fruitlessly looking for it before giving it up as a bad job.

Who to do?

You might think it would have been a simple matter of ringing the doorbell and explaining the situation to an unhappy landlady. Believe me that would have been the best — even though I knew Mrs. Ayers was unburdened by temperance. But the same providence that sent my mind to seeking an alternative also provided the wherewithal to make it seem possible.

The front door gave into a closed-in verandah. In front of which lay just a foot or two below the window of a room just vacated — unfortunately — by another lodger.

Now if only I had a ladder. I thought — and if the window proved to be unlocked, I might still reach my room undetected.

I need not have worried. Leaning against the side of the house was a ladder of suitable length.

Quickly (I think) I brought it around to the front of the house and leaned it against the porch roof. Unsteadily I mashed the ladder, crawled across the small roof, grasped the window and pushed upward.

The window opened easily and quickly, but no more quickly than the apparition that suddenly presented itself in front of the half-opened window.

"Yes, Ernest," said a stern-visaged Mrs. Ayers, who had decided to sleep in the vacated room for the night. "What would you like?" Few intelligent answers presented themselves.

Mrs. Ayers was kinder than might have been expected under the circumstances, but she didn't seem devastated when my employment came to an end a few weeks later and I chose to end my overstayed welcome at the Ayers' leaving Vancouver rather than riding out a layoff.

I took the ferry to Victoria on Vancouver Island. This might be considered my first "tramping" stint, because it was the first move to a city in which I consciously had no intention of staying indefinitely.

This might be an appropriate time to inject an explanation of tramping — or itinerant printing — in the mid-20th century, and the ITU laws, contracts and traditions that made it possible.

The General Laws of the International Typographical Union during that era, which became part of every approved contract with composing room employers, gave every journeyman the right to engage in his or her stead any competent printer holding a valid local union working card.

Further, the laws stipulated that any overtime worked must be conspicuously posted on the composing room at chapel bulletin board, and when the equivalent of a shift in overtime had been accumulated, the member must engage the first available substitute to cancel the overtime.

The trade unionist who wrote these rules into the law book of the ITU, and by extension into the agreements governing working conditions in most daily newspapers in the United States and Canada, surely did not do so to give succor to fancy-free young adventurers using them to rattle about the country.

But it certainly worked out that way for some of us and whenever our seniors gently admonished us to think about the family men with a mortgage who had to stay off work to make room for us, our flippant answer was that we didn't make the rules, we were only using them.

Without attempting to educate readers in the history of the International Typographical Union or the printing trade it seems appropriate to give some background to the rules my generation of tramp printers used so well to our advantage. Without it people have difficulty understanding how we could have travelled from city to city seeking and finding work for periods notable to our own ends.

First of all going well back into the nineteenth century deadlines imposed on daily newspapers by the market and competition dictated that there be enough typesetters on hand to fill the pages which varied in number from day to day. In the days of handsetting a compositor probably could not assemble more than a column or two of type in a day, so it didn't take a great number of extra pages to require extra help.

Variations tended to be cyclical, as on seven-day newspapers the printers days off—usually called slide days — were scheduled in a way that varied the number on duty each day to fit the cycle as much as possible. On six-day newspapers in the days of the six-day week this was not possible. There were also seasonal volume variations that were not always easy to address. To accommodate the varying needs, newspapers introduced spare boards on which unemployed printers might post their names to indicate their availability as extras. To maintain seniority these extras were required to show up at the start of each shift for possible hire. The practice was not unlike the railway spare boards or the shape-up of longshoremen.

Employers usually wanted that a printer holding a regular situation (steady job) could not take a day off without engaging a substitute to work in his stead. This led, eventually, to the ITU insisting that, since these members were required to engage substitutes when absenting themselves from the job the any reason it must also be their right to do so whenever competent substitutes were available and with out the foreman's approval.

Eventually those rules and customs were used for work-sharing to compensate for layoffs. Since these usually had to be effected in inverse order of seniority situations often arose that were seen to be unfair. For instance the staff of a paper might work overtime during a long busy season then when a sudden decline in business caused a layoff the burnt was borne by the junior employees.

At such times, obviously responsible for the introduction of the overtime accumulation and cancellation rules, printers who had returned those situations were required to hire the laid-off printers (after the latter had cancelled their own overtime) as substitutes to the extent of accumulated overtime posted. This gave temporary relief to the printers with low seniority and gave them breathing room while seeking alternate employment leaving town, or whatever recurred local and personal conditions dictated.

In the postwar boom years a newspapers composing room might have hundreds or even thousands of hours of overtime waiting to be bumped off. While it was intended as a cushion against hard times, it was also an incentive for tramp printers to come in and work off the overtime, while regular staffers took time off.

You might suppose that management would frown on drifters coming in and making themselves at home. But let's not forget that they too were benefitting in that the spare board made extra help available at regular rates in busy seasons.

I have heard or read that some itinerants governed their travels by the sittings of state legislatures. Since legislature proceedings had to be printed and fairly promptly one can imagine what the sitting did in the printing trade particularly in the days of hand-setting.

Itinerant tradesmanship was also encouraged. I understand, by some early guilds, and by their successors the trade unions. In certain trades in some countries a tradesman was not permitted upon completing the usual seven-year apprenticeship to seek work in his community for one year. This was intended to place an onus on all — master artisan journeyman fellow worker and the apprentice himself — to ensure that the apprentice's experience was well-

rounded and comprehensive. It also broadened the newly trained tradesman

In Victoria in 1940 I worked with at least one linotype operator who had been required to work four full years in another office before seeking work in the office in which he had "served his time" This had been in Calgary or Edmonton in the 1920s, but I don't know whether that was a local regulation or a general trade practice of the period

Until recently in fact I believed that the word "journeyman" derived from the custom of journeying However I find the root is the French "jour" (day) which evolved into "journey" which the dictionary defines as a day s travel or work A journeyman then was a man who worked for a daily wage as distinguished from the indentured apprentice who (formerly) worked for food shelter and whatever his master s benevolence might add, or the master printer who contracted his labor by the piece or lot

Nevertheless there is a German word "Wanderjahr" (wander-year) which seems to describe the neophyte journeyman who is obliged to sell his services abroad for about a year

In any case the itinerant or tramp printer had been accepted as an integral element of the printing industry for a century or more before my time Although the ranks of this genre included inevitably a high percentage of alcoholics and other losers there were enough pursuing this lifestyle for adventure out of restlessness or just to get across the country with little cost that we were educated by most of the "honest" ones to use the term Hoosier

Mark Twain was briefly an itinerant printer having learned the trade in his brother s newspaper in Hannibal Missouri and on his way in the eastern mines where he was to find fame worked in St Louis about one hundred years before I arrived there — not deemed of course fan Twain s term

But back to Victoria where I had just arrived on the ferryboat from Vancouver Soon after "slipping up" (establishing priority) at the Victoria Times I looked up Campbell Small working as a proofreader at the government printing office He had worked briefly at the Sun s commercial printing plant in Vancouver where I had been laid off but had left for Victoria a few months earlier Eventually we struck up an amiably friendship and as my spare weekend afternoons together bowling at golfing and perhaps having a few beers in the evening Unkindly because Campbell was about fifteen years older than I a World War 2 veteran of the British army and of a sober turn of mind I was barely twenty-one, filled with my own importance and given to blathering on about subjects I knew little about

Campbell was like this When he "slipped up" at the Sun s extra board his name appeared on the card as "R C Small " The first opportunity I had I asked him what the "R" stood for He neither told me to mind my own business nor that he went by his second name, which was Campbell He simply told me the "R" stood for Hugh So I called him Hugh Since he worked in the proof room and we as most persons in any case I never caught the gentleman He wasn t long moving us to Vancouver but to me he was Hugh Even after we were bowling golfing and bar-crawling together in Victoria I called him Hugh until the day he told me with some embarrassment that I was the only one who called him Hugh with everyone else it was Campbell

I could never get the "Hugh" bit out of my system and I became ambivalent about what I called him one time a would be Campbell, and Hugh the next with a trip of the tongue on either one

The term "bar-crawling" needs definition when applied in Victoria of this time frame The city was dry which meant liquor could not be sold by the drink anywhere within the city limits, and beer only at veterans clubs to members and guests So bar-crawling was confined to visits to those clubs or taking the bus to one of several hotels outside the city limits No one in our group had a car although we were receiving wages then considered very respectable

In Victoria I immediately applied for t visa at the U S consulate with results identical to those in Vancouver So I punched pennies and watched my bank account grow and each month reapplied at the consulate

At my Victoria boarding house were two other male lodgers who were interesting contrasts Colin was a straight backed former military policeman, who seldom smiled took everything earnestly considered himself an intellectual and was studying for a civil service examination

His also had an ulcer of which he was inordinately proud because, as he told me more than once only "very intelligent" people developed ulcers

Then there was Bill, a fat, sloppy, untidy, disserful and almost illiterate laborer at a cement factory. Bill started complaining of stomach problems and eventually visited a doctor who decided to test him for ulcers

Colin was almost offended at the doctor's decision, and told me that a man must be incompetent because it was well known that people of Bill's antipathy and disposition simply did not get ulcers

The tests came back confirmed that Bill had ulcers. Colin was devastated

My mind by this time firmly set on tramp-printing in the United States, I began to realize that on this craft's chances would improve if he was a linn operator as well as a hand compositor. Through the chapel chairman I approached the foreman and his alleged by allowing me to "steal" the machine. "Stealing" was the accepted term for learning to be an operator, when already a journeyman or one's own time or through hours "stolen" on the job rather than learning in the course of a union apprenticeship.

The day shift at the Victoria Times ended several hours before the evening shift came in so I ran in an hour early every evening and typeset "dead" copy. One of several obliging journeyman operators would proofread it for me and I would set the corrections in order to keep the learning experience reasonably parallel to work Time came when the night foreman would let me do some "live" typesetting on the shift, if we were very slow on the "hand side" or short an operator

One evening at the Times, seated opposite a line on the fourth-floor composing room eating my lunch I felt a strange rumbling and found myself looking into the eyes of an apprentice by the name of MacDonald who was sitting at the next line, also eating his lunch and reading the sports page. When the tremor came to an end after a few seconds MacDonald stuck his nose back into the sports page and resumed reading and eating. "What was that?" I asked "Earthquake" he replied, not even bothering to look up. Puzzled and disturbed and not a little nonplussed at his calmness I asked "Do you get them often?" His reply "Plent enn in my life." And went on reading

The magic number

By fall of that year — 1949 — my bank account had reached the magic level of $1,500 and it was surprising how quickly things then happened although the figure had never before been achieved by the comrade in either Vancouver or Victoria. It seemed almost unreal to have at hand suddenly the document that for so long had seemed so remote and unreachable as the holy grail

Suddenly I was in Seattle, ripped up as a scab at the Post-Intelligencer and "catching" often enough to put in five shifts weekly

I learned a lot in a short time at the P I from a big, swarthy, rough-mannered straw boss by the name of Mac McCumber. Mac knew every trick of the trade and missed how many I lacked

He once asked. Do you know how to cut angle bones?" Cutting metal boxes to fit into a form at an angle relative to the rest of the type was a tricky exercise — at least for me. So I stammered something about thinking I knew how. Whereupon McCumber roared that there was no "thinking or" involved. Either you know or you don't. If you want me to show you, I will, and if you don't, you better goddamn well nut them right."

For once I was humble and it served me well. He taught me little shortcuts whenever he caught weak spots in my own craftsmanship and that early training saved me an hour stops when I was "bum prag" overtime.

For my planned barnstorming or tramping I didn't want to rely on public transportation, so I decided to invest part of the money that had enabled me to return the United States on an

automobile. I started off with a used car in mind but found the salesman at a recommended dealership so hostile or indifferent (On the suggestion of an acquaintance I had asked for a particular salesman and this meant a heated communication to the salesman actually assigned to me) that I didn't trust anything he offered. So I ended up buying on time a brand new 1950 six-cylinder Ford.

I had taken driving lessons in Toronto but because I hadn't had a vehicle to practise with had not tried for my driver's license. I took a few lessons at Seattle Trade School and received my license and received my more advanced training with the Washington driving public at risk.

When work petered out at the P.I. a few weeks before Christmas I planned to head east for my next stop: Portland, Oregon, and it was then that I teamed up with Bob Brunetti. Bob completed his apprenticeship (a six-year program) at the P.I. while I worked there and at the TTU hiring rules had to go to the bottom of the journeyman seniority list (shipboard) and substitute at extra. Since Seattle work prospects for the winter looked grim several printers suggested to Bob and myself that teaming up would be good for both of us. It was. We had a bit of laughs on the half-year at sea we were together.

We were at an age when spending an hour or two at the neighborhood bar after work or on nights off seemed like the manly thing to do. One problem was that Bob was just short of twenty-one and looked younger and west coast bartenders were very stinky about age.

So we decided a way out of that little problem.

After settling into a strange city we would select a neighborhood bar near our bounding house walk in and sit down. When the bartender approached, frowning with suspicion and about to ask for ID I would demand two beers and jovially add that the bartender must make Bob pay for them. "Is that twenty-first birthday?" I would explain "and he must to pay for the first round."

It always worked. The bartender would break into a grin and add his congratulations. Sometimes this ruse would even net us a drink on the house.

On future visits naturally our bona *fidus* were deemed to have been established and IDs were not demanded.

It was something to behold the hurt look on the face of Jimmy the bartender at the Shangri-la in Sacramento when after visiting his bar almost nightly for several weeks I again pulled the birthday routine this time on the occasion of Bob's actual twenty-first birthday. Jimmy was not amused and did not mean it in rough with a round "on the house."

In Sacramento I learned a lot of backwoods philosophy I have often thought about but have never invoked.

A fellow lodger was a short, stocky, genial Tennessean ex-sailor who always wore a cherubine smile on his face. Once apropos to whatever he was talking about he asked me whether I had been in a lot of fights. I admitted that fighting was my thing and he declined, not bragging but in a matter-of-fact way that he had been in a lot of fights because he never backed down.

"After all" he said "you're nobody till ya' a bar?" I asked, puzzled.

"A bar? a bit on" he corrected. They may lick you but they can't eat you. Ain't nobody ah'm "

We could have stayed longer than the five weeks we were at the Morning Union, where the foreman even offered us situations (full-time positions). When we declined he suggested we return when we were ready to settle down. This indicates the degree to which barnstorming was accepted. In most industries management would be glad to be rid of drifters, in the world of unmanned printing it was at least marginally acceptable, particularly in young men seeking experience and variety. Oh, we had the occasional reference to rolling stones and moss and the advisability of marrying a good Sacramento (or St. Louis or Chicago) girl, and settling down, but there was also some wistfulness in the voices of our counsellors.

We left Sacramento on a gloomy Saturday morning planning to drive only a few miles down the road to Stockton. It was running when we arrived and it seemed wasteful to stop again after only about an hour's drive. In my case there is something singularly uninviting about the name "Stockton." So we kept going.

Availability of work, by the way was almost one sole criterion for working in a city. Both Bob and I were to put to us the most favorable light: thrifty; we not only worked five days every week while tramping we also made it a point to stop over only in cities with pay scales of one hundred dollars or more weekly — an enviable rate in those days. And we always made sure that if steady situations were not available there was lots of overtime to "dump." As I have suggested, this wasn't always taken kindly and earned us few sour looks and gentle hints but the rules and tradesmen were as deep-rooted in most localities that we were never harassed. Looking back I must agree that our attitude wasn't exactly kind or considerate, but that is frailty we probably shared with the young of earlier and subsequent generations.

The upshot was that we travelled four days before we found work again. We were amused to see a familiar name — Kenneth Ziegler — on the property lists of most of the California papers. Invariably the sheet would show his starting date a few shifts worked, and then a line drawn through his name.

Ziegler was a middle-aged genuine tramp printer with whom we had worked briefly in both Seattle and Portland. He was an alcoholic and his stay was always brief. A few shifts worked enough pay to eat a few meals and buy a few bottles and he would show up for work drunk. Then off for the next city by bus or train.

There was nothing for us at Fresno Bakersfield Los Angeles San Diego Yuma Tucson Albuquerque or Santa Fe. At Santa Fe we found ourselves slogging through a foot of snow as we backtracked south and east again, and then eastward. Finally in El Paso Texas we caught work at a newspaper office that seemed to be the Grand Central Station of tramp printers. They would stay for a few days on a week's work, then head west or east or north. El Paso of 1950 seemed simply nota place to stay.

The shop was a sizzle-bee with machines limping along with a minimum of maintenance. On pay day the cheques would be dumped on a table at one end of the composing room and everyone would help himself. We were there only two weeks then as it happened moved on to the Texas Panhandle. Whenever I look back on that one week in Amarillo, and its unusual culmination I do so with a mixture of self reproach tainted with the smug self-congratulation that attaches to the misdemeanor not fully repented.

Bob and I arrived in Amarillo on a raw windy March Sunday afternoon. We had driven most of the night following the end of our afternoon shift in El Paso, then most of Sunday. We were two tired young men when we reached Amarillo and when the overtime list at one of the newspaper offices showed good prospects for several weeks of work we looked around for a boarding house.

The Johnsons were a retired couple who had all-but-enjoyed most of their lives, and their grateful sense had assuaged them in buying a little bungalow on a residential street not far from downtown. Their price was right, and included breakfast supper and a packed lunch.

It would be unfair to say that the place was filthy. Looking back from the perspective of three decades in Saskatchewan and quite a few flea-ridden ones endured I concede that perhaps this week had been dusty and they hadn't gotten around to tidying a vacant room in which some dust had collected. But as much as thank of it the subsequent days brought no improvement. We had drawn our rooms in the dust on the mirror and they were still there as Friday. The bureau drawers were in dusty we did not put our clothes into them. Something told us we might want to leave with a minimum of notice and perhaps not on the best of terms.

Any thought of complaining or even mentioning inconvenience or inadequacy was discouraged by the three tough looking six-foot-two or three sons, who seemed to be constantly in the house and who seemed to resent our presence as much as if we had been billeted there by an occupying army.

At about five o'clock on that first day Mrs Johnson knocked on our door — our rooms was on the main floor just off the kitchen — and told us we might take our supper immediately or any time later whichever suited us best. Bob and I looked at each other in puzzlement. We were used to being told dinner (or supper) was being served and that was that. It seemed a bit early so, seeing ourselves as being graciously accommodating, we said a bit later would be all right.

"It's up to you," said Mrs Johnson and marched off.

We heard the sound of clinking dishes in the kitchen but sat back and waited for the next call which presumably would come within fifteen minutes or perhaps half an hour later.

We waited and waited and waited until hunger pangs prompted us to step into the kitchen and ask Mrs Johnson if we might have some lunch fairly soon.

"Any time," she replied. "It's all on the table and ready for you. Course it's all cold now — I only heat a meal once."

So we sat down to a congealed meal of fried food that had been sitting at the table for an hour.

At our first meal with the Johnsons next afternoon, we saw signs that xenophobia might be at least partly responsible for a thinly veiled air of dislike on their parts. Mr Johnson asked us where we were from and when Bob said he was from Seattle, the elderly Texan said he had been to the coast once but didn't like it.

"Too many foreigners there to my liking," he said pointedly. Bob's jaw looked like it might drop right off his face. Of Belgian-Norwegian extraction and having lived all his life in the Seattle area, where racial and cultural diversity had always been taken for granted, it was a new experience for him to be seen as a foreigner.

Mr Johnson almost softened when he learned I was from Canada, which he obviously thought of as an Anglo Saxon bastion, perhaps even a degree purer than the Texas Panhandle.

"Did your folks come to Canada straight from England?" he asked almost amiably.

Realizing my eyes and my ears, I replied "No. My parents came from Rwanda."

You could have heard a pin drop.

Our "brown bag" lunches for work consisted of three sandwiches each, made with overripe tomatoes smothered in mayonnaise. We took them but discarded the sandwiches and went to a nearby restaurant to eat. For the rest of my brief stay we took our lunches — we didn't dare offend the Johnsons, and anyway did not want to spare them any expense — and garbaged it as soon as we got to the plant.

For the rest of the week we planned our departure in such a way as to make it as mysterious and unexpected as possible. The Johnsons no doubt were considering options for getting rid of "them ferrin devils" (probably Red reps) as soon as possible.

We were working evening shifts at the Times, and the most complicated part of our plan was to get our pay cheques and traveller's cards (separations from the Amarillo local of the International Typographical Union) by Friday's shift and next midnight.

This arranged we made sure what little of our belongings had been placed in drawers could be packed in two or three minutes. Before going to work Friday afternoon we made it known that we needed to take out a large batch of laundry and dry cleaning, then went out and stored these in the trunk of my car.

Off into the night

At the end of the shift, pay and "traveller's" in pocket, and the car gassed up, we drove to the Johnson home, let ourselves in and made enough noise to ensure we were heard but not enough to offend or alarm. It was soon we quietly threw what little was left in our drawers into suitcases opened the window — previously checked and waxed for easy opening — turned off the lights, climbed out the window, closed the window, inched to the car like Indian scouts, and drove off into the night to a destination yet undecided. We were kept awake and alert on the high of having put one over on the Johnsons.

Not once, but a laugh.

Thinking about it later, we realised the whole thing hadn't even been very smart. Had there been any serious crime committed in Amarillo that night, surely our sudden and mysterious departure would have marked us. Although we presumably would have been able to clear

ourselves it would have been embarrassing, and the unbornsm might have been offended just enough to revoke my unsgrantus visa

Trust was different as we discovered during our two to three weeks in El Paso and Amarillo. Printers showed up for work in cowboy clothes and riding boots and nobody so much as smiled about it.

Both Bob and I were treated coolly but when word got around that I was Canadian there was a softening. No one mistreated us or was openly hostile but there was an attitude of aloofness that almost shouted I was twelve before I knew damn yankee was two words In bars, of course Texas hospitality was very much in evidence and we quickly learned that "Y'all hurrybock y'hear?" was also said well

One day a young man from another department, having learned I was Canadian came over and asked in a friendly manner if I might know a Miz Buchanan in Winnipeg. I replied that I did not but encouraged by his congeniality asked whether a Texan using the word "Miz" meant "Miss" or "Mrs." Visibly offended he huffily replied that "Miss is Miss and Miz is Miz. "

St. Louis was our next temporary stop following our evacuation from Amarillo We touched base in Wichita, Topeka and Kansas City before slipping up to St Louis

What was exciting about the whole transplanting exercise was the constant exposure to new people different parts of the country and the varying trade practices in the different newspapers and union jurisdictions. Both Bob and I were genuinely interested in the printing trade fascinated by the complexities of ITU laws and contracts and diverted by the people with whom we came into contact

In a normal lifestyle it is usual to fall into several fairly rigidly defined groups the gang at work — which in a large office boils down to a fairly small clique — and the neighborhood crowd favorite relatives, a few friends from previous associations and perhaps a church or avocation group. Jim-dons's leaves him much time or room for experimentation with new acquaintances

As itinerants all faces change with every move a new job brings a whole new set of people including a few other newcomers receptive to new friendships new landlords and a new set of fellow lodgers. That would be about it because during a short stay the chances of meeting people outside of these groups are pretty slim.

Landladies tended to be memorable characters Unlike the Johnsons of Amarillo, who probably took in a few boarders for the extra money and didn't really take to strangers landladies tended to be outgoing, chatty individuals who couldn't live without a houseful of people

Sometimes they had interesting pasts.

Take Vinnie Solomon in St Louis A talkative friendly short-tempered woman, she was raised an Irish Catholic in some Tennessee backwater She had been married and divorced three times to a Jew on the last go-around

She had also been a night waitress in a seamy Chicago restaurant where some of Al Capone's henchmen hung out One of them she told us "got smart" with her and she laid him cold with a frozen ham. He didn't survive and when the police questioned Vinnie and asked her what she had hit him with she claimed to have replied "What the hell does it matter what I hit him with? He's out isn't he?"

We were in St Louis over Easter and on Good Friday Vinnie despite her own distance from a state of grace tried to make up promise not to eat any meat on that day She argued that a lot of Protestants refrained from eating meat on Good Friday

A wiser person might have pounced and used his own argument latter but with the inflexibility of youth and perhaps inherent stubbornness I must, naturally argue the point.

"Why shouldn't I eat meat?" I demanded

"Because it is Good Friday "

"So what a that got to do with it?"

"Well didn't Christ die or sumpun ?"

In Portland Oregon where we had spent Christmas we had quite an elderly landlady who fed

no something like chicken-a-la-king on Burning Day. She didn't eat any herself and watched us intently with every bite. When the meal was over she sighed her relief and admitted she had been worried. The glass dish in which she had kept the left-over chicken had broken and she had been afraid there might be glass shards left in the meal.

From St. Louis I headed in the general direction of Des Moines. Iowa while Bob opted for remaining with the Globe-News and conditions in Seattle became so inhuman to his return to the Post-Intelligencer. Because I missed the company I had become accustomed to and had pleasant memories of my own hitch-hiking experiences in Ontario, I picked up a thirteen year old Missouri-born border. He turned out to be a penniless no-conviet with a Neanderthal mentality and I felt grateful to emerge from the experience alive and in one piece.

Averages don't help

DUBUQUE, *August 4 1962*

Driving home from Saskatoon Sunday afternoon and passing the occasional hitch-hike I reflected with regret that our society is such that one is quite certain to risk (by stopping) to offer a ride to a young student. In light of the recent Professor Duffy slaying many motorists will have second thoughts about stopping to help a fellow motorist in trouble.

Authorities in fact have always cautioned the motoring public against picking up hitch-hikers but now I see we had a bad experience with one it is difficult to put them by if there is room for them.

I did accept hitch-hiking as a teenager and thoroughly enjoyed doing it. I do naturally I received that if I ever owned a car I would never pass a hitch-hike that looked halfway respectable providing I had room.

My first and really only bad experience with a hitch-hiker came within a few months of getting my first car and I've been just a bit wary ever since.

It was early 1950 and I was driving from St. Louis to a new job in Des Moines, Iowa. Shortly after noon I stopped for what looked to be a harmless individual with his thumb out. I was sorry I and stopped the moment he was in the car because he just didn't look right.

My suspicions were confirmed when he started asking me if I had ever been in this jail or in that one. When I politely told him I had never been in any jail anywhere he was right on with advice about which jails to avoid as I looks and which were reasonably good ones.

Although I had eaten a full meal only hours earlier I suggested a snack, hoping to give him the slip, perhaps while he visited the washroom. When he made no move to use it, I went to the washroom then straight to the car. He was already waiting beside it, and though he didn't say anything I got the distinct feeling he then appreciate my move.

Perhaps he allowed me a penurious two for paying for his lunch because he mentally was penniless.

His most subject was his girl friend, whom he revelled in length in language mainly reserved for worst enemies. She was a slut, a two-bare gold-digger and vamp to use some of the more repeatable expressions. Then hardly though with this diatribe he produced a photo of her, shoved it in front of my face, and to kid what I though of her.

What do you say in a person who is obviously emotionally unstable, and has asked you for your opinion of a sweetheart he has reviled in several thousand well chosen words?

So I allowed she was pretty which seemed to satisfy him.

I had about a sigh of relief when we reached Ottumwa which he said said was his destination. But when I slowed down to let him off he told me that since I was going to Des Moines he had decided to go there too.

That was the one lingering lay to make a fast western sky. I headed for Des Moines hoping and praying to get there before sundown so I wouldn't have to be out on the highway alone at night with this crazy.

By this time he and reasoned joyfully that since I had a car I probably had a few dollars as well and since he had nothing, what would be wrong or than moving in with me?

He kindled happily when the prospect the rest of the way while I sweating profusely didn't say a word.

We reached Des Moines shortly after sundown. I drove downtown and eventually came to a busy intersection with a job lineman on duty nearby. When the light turned green for me I told him (which) that she was as far as he was going.

The look on the face told me he was considering immediate and extreme punishment for my betrayal but he saved up the circumstances quickly — cars were honking at us and the policeman looking our way — and took it in here without so much as "thank you."

It wasn't long there before I offered a ride to another hiker.

Des Moines was good for an interesting month or so with a congenial group of printers at the Register-Tribune and a glimpse at human nature adjusting to the strictures of a "dry" city in the American Midwest.

Iowa law as Des Moines local option — I'm not sure which — did not permit the sale of hard liquor or beer of greater strength than 3 2 percent in taverns Yet you could get any drink at "going" prices seven days a week twenty-four hours a day But to ask for a beer off-hours earned you a hard suspicious stare I learned that to be caught selling beer outside legal hours could cost a bar owner his license Selling liquor only attracted a fine of a few hundred dollars which could be earned back in no time

Any bar I wanted unlimited a duplome signed by the chief of police identifying the owner as a citizen of stellar quality There were occasional raids including one on a Sunday while I was in Des Moines Even I as a newcomer knew about it days before the fact So the bars closed down that day or sold only soft drinks

Being a beer drinker myself I didn't frequent the bars much on off-hours One thirsty Sunday afternoon about my second week there I went for a walk in the general area of my boarding house I noticed a small den across the street displaying an off-sale sign Something didn't look right The something was that there were two many cars parked beside the den for the day and hour

I crossed the street and the moment I entered knew I had struck gold Everyone was drinking out of coffee mugs but all including the beefy proprietor looked at the stranger (me) with a screw-eyed suspicion I seated myself at the counter and said I would like a coffee "just like the others are having " The waiter-waitress looked at me for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and poured a coffee mug of three-two beer

I thought I had my Des Moines Sunday taken care of but the following Sunday while I was sitting at the counter sipping my unlawful brew the telephone rang and the owner after listening for about five seconds turned and told us "to get the hell out" as he was about to be raided

We fled and not much later the police arrived A few hours later I passed the den again and found it boarded up You did not serve three-two beer off-hours in Des Moines Iowa

In Des Moines I also added to the collection of characters one encounters when on the move It was my skids night (night off) and I had stopped for a beer at a downtown bar A young man stepped up and asked me if I was a not the new campositor at the Register-Trib I admitted I was and he asked permission to join me mentioning that he was a hno speaator at the paper

Naturally I agreed and we had a pleasant nhai which eventually yielded the information that he had learned the printing trade in Iowa State Penetentiary, where he had been a guest for six years following an conviction for armed holdup. He made no excuses saying he had come from a good family and should have known better He had learned his lesson he said and was now "straight "

He asked me to his hotel room for a drink and I saw no reason to decline We talked some more, and reddenly I looked up from something I had been examining, and found myself looking into the business end of a handgun Amazingly and enshamcertenically I did not panic, but asked him just what he hoped to achieve He is uphd and put the gun away beagging that just as he caught with a firearm would cancel his parole and put him back nsiae

So much for going straight!

Next came my expedition back to Winnipeg to "rescue" my family from the Red River flood The flood move endemic to the Red River than I had realized was big news in Des Moines and I hurried northward with the earnest belief that I could make myself useful evacuating flood victims from Winnipeg. The got a good laugh when I arrived for while duteau had been real and the damage rani o millions there had never really been any thought of evacuating the city I had a good visit with my family there and in Steinbach my first return in three years then returned south of the border to Minneapolis for a stretch at the Star-Tribune

An old-timer in the Star-Trib composing room confided that he had been born in a house that stood right where the newspaper office then stood However as his life had stayed over nagh ra fourteen different cities or towns, perhaps it was even seventeen

Going down the elevator one day I noticed a pressman wearing the traditional cap made out of a newspaper Clever me! I asked him if it was true that pressmen spent almost half of their

apprenticeship learning to make caps. This was a standard (and trade) composing room gag.

He smiled and said something pleasant. When he left the car one of the comps told me with a pitying look that the man was a millionaire having made a fortune on attachments and improvements to printing presses he had invented. Besides hanging one on me this incident tells a lot about the type of person one might run across in the mechanical departments of daily newspapers.

In bits and pieces the earliest storms of hostilities in Korea hit the typesetting mills and it soon became evident that U.S. military involvement in that confrontation would translate into a national commitment.

While I had planned to spend several years barnstorming, my brief holiday in Minneapolis before going to Minneapolis had developed an attachment that was in direct conflict with my long-range plans. Constant changes in jobs and the accompanying stress were also taking some of the glamour out of it all and the implications of the Korean war added the final straw. I spent two weeks each at the Milwaukee Journal the Chicago Tribune and the Detroit Free Press, then headed back to Manitoba on a mission that ended in the tying of the ultimate knot.

It was probably fortunate for me that my tramping ended as it did. It was a hot bike eating a good steak which might have continued just a few more minutes but which is preferable to forcing down too big a meal and ending up with the discomfort of overeating.

Sometimes still, something stirs my memory and I recall the sensation of for instance entering California for the first time on a beautiful sunny winter morning with a few snowflakes in the air, stopping for a coffee to celebrate our arrival, and asking the waiter why he might be looking so unhappy on such a beautiful day, and getting the gruff reply that a country where it snowed might not be given back to the Indians driving through Beverley Hills on a star-studded night and listening with quickening heart to a popular female singer of the period singing "Some Enchanted Evening" entering the unbelievable brilliance of a winter day in El Paso, passing through Kansas in early spring and seeing with nostalgia, for the first time in several years, the incredibly bright green of trees coming back to life in the North American midwest.

It was an interesting phase of my life that I have never regretted, and one which I knew contributed immeasurably to my eventual undertaking to become the publisher of a community newspaper in a strange city.

Good folks everywhere

TRENTON *May 13 1981*

As a young printer I became accustomed to living and working among strangers and quickly learned that they were all people, and many of them pretty nice people.

Chicago however overwhelmed me by its very size and only grew impressed me from taking to the road again and handing for the relative warmth and familiarity of some smaller urban centre.

I found a room as a non-union at area home and on my first evening in town decided, since I was scheduled for an afternoon shift the following day, to look around for a tavern where I might while away an hour and perhaps get the feel of the frightening mysterious city.

Naturally I didn't have to go far to find one. I landed myself a in a beerhood and was soon approached by the bartender whose wary manner when he approached me I thought perhaps I had blundered into the hang out of a Capone-type gang but after chatting with the man off and on during the evening I decided he was a reasonably decent person (for a Chicagoan). In retrospect I attribute the interested eyes to the bad lighting, warming habit or perhaps even out experiences with strange young men dropping in and "casing" neighborhood taverns.

At any rate it was several days before I had a free evening again, and when I did I decided to stop in at the same tavern instead of exploring the area. I had no sooner seated myself when the bartender who turned out to be the owner came over and threw a handful of change on the table before me.

"What a mess!" I asked.

"It's yours."

Still not understanding and just a bit leery of being suckled into some sort of racket by a Chicago bartender I asked, "What for?"

"It's just yours." he explained. "You left it on the tab a when you were here a few nights ago.

The amount of money involved wasn't great, but in those days a couple of bucks was a couple of bucks. He knew this. I would never be a steady customer, and chances were I would never come back. He could even have pocketed it was left as a tip but I guess he and me jagged over in that disparate an

In that same washed town I found myself without cash because of unexpected repairs on the road, and staying for my room in advance. The bank wouldn't cash my (Mr wuukee pay cheque nor honour a personal cheque until my account had been transferred.

I mentioned my problem at the shop wondering how I was going to eat for the next few days. I much anxiety one of the fellows asked me how much I needed.

I told him a try would see me through nicely. "Twenty would be safer. He said, and handed me a bill. That may not sound like much today but $20 in 1950 was not far from $100 today.

What it boils down to is that you can be ripped off or embarrassed by someone down the road whom you have known for years, and you can find kindness among strangers, and I has left a to do with can or west north or south small town or big city.

11. Highways and byways

Flights from the mundane

Not much can or need be said by way of introduction to this chapter. Fascination with far-away places is by no means unique to myself, but ever since I became aware that the road past my home extended not only to the nearby traffic artery, but was a link in the route to anywhere in the world, I have been drawn to travel.

My years as two of a romp pruning wheeled that appetite, and although subsequent responsibilities and practical considerations — finances, employment and business and family — limited me to wishful thinking for close to twenty years, we have once managed to work in a trip a year, more, in recent years. These flights from the mundane have fanned many of my columns, and the comment those have generated has encouraged me to include a number of them in this volume.

For those who, understandably, find no satisfaction in reading accounts of someone else's personal expeditions and the enjoyment of them, it should be a relatively simple matter to skip this chapter as indeed to close the book.

Quit while you're ahead!

A FEATURE *March 9 1967*

The Las Vegas is different than anything you have ever seen before because obvious as soon as the neon lights of "The Strip" become visible. The chief thing that makes it different becomes apparent as soon as you leave your airplane and walk into the airport building.

Anywhere else the cluster of disembarking passengers makes a beeline for the baggage claim point. In Las Vegas a column of one-armed bandits picks them off as they come into the airport building. Only the strong and the natives get through without losing at least their loose change.

The legislators realized that an almost every human being, those of the urge to gamble, the conviction that one of these days given half a chance, Lady Luck will smile and come through with the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

This instinct suppressed in every other state and province in the United States and Canada, is not only legalized, but catered to, encouraged and nurtured on a staggering scale. And that, with a few other minor articles Vegas.

For my own part, I feel pretty gutsy when losing the toss for four cups of beer on Coffee Row. I agree to one turn of pitch and toss with the loser at the next table. Imagine my feeling when the well-dressed colored gentleman puts a off 15 $100 bills and calmly asks for chips.

Somewhere, perhaps in another dimension in another Las Vegas where people work hours, produce newspapers, go to school or church and

weak strokes, but from the tourist's eye view on the Strip, it surely stinks.

A three-day visit is not exactly a sound basis for a thesis on gambling night life and vice in Las Vegas, so I must make it clear that this is not what is intended to be. Just a few impressions of a world as different from ours as a little village.

I'll admit that I went to Nevada in my home frame that the gambling casinos would be a bit like Gyp Row at our local fairs except on a grander scale. You know the hawkers who make sure you understand you are nothing but a square hayseed. I you toss a spend two-bits on a 25-to-one chance of a 30-cent prize?

In Las Vegas, where gambling is a year-round industry and the owners have a naively ashamed their surrender to a secret vice by their very presence, no such vulgar come-ons are needed. All they need is a huge gin (the larger the better) advertising their stock in trade: a battery of slot machines and the bottoms count streamers on No extravagant promises or enticements to No pretty girl beckoning you in No need. The nearest thing to Hucksterism I saw was a promise at a pair of nylons with every jackpot (in Vegas as elsewhere it would seem it is the women you have to cater to.)

They know their customers pretty well

Now in case I we shall at the impression that these gambling casinos are strategically placed every block or two like drug stores or restaurants let me put you straight. Not only the Strip, but downtown Las Vegas is rather on narrow on names. And in every one of them the slot machines number in the hundreds.

If you have any friend who about the type of person who plays the slot machine forget it. When you look around you see mainly people who might have come straight from a surf picnic, a church supper a Chamber of Commerce meeting or a ballet walk in the park.

In a downtown casino where we whiled away some time, two star old ladies whooped with joy every time their numbers paid back a few nickels. First-timers? Nonsire They were from Los Angeles and spent about every fourth weekend in Las Vegas. But it cost them a lot of money? Not an hour them tell it. but perhaps the definition of money varies with the circumstances

One elderly pensioner with a game leg came in early in the afternoon, dragged a chair to a slot machine and proceeded to pump in the nickel a It had a feeling he operated the same machine every day. Now everyone knows you can make money that way but he was still there a few hours later Come to think of it, he had several cups full of nickels

Now if you really want to beat the machines, you've got to have a system. Take myself I wasn't even going to bother with the harmonious gadgets at all among as I was there as sort of an observer. However I decided to plunge and purchased two dollars worth of nickels. I didn't admit for ever a two-nickel payoff until I played my 20th and then they came — and oh what a lovely sight

I decided to use my sublime wealth the research and developed a system that would have been foolproof if I hadn't run into some tough luck Here's how it works. You put five coins in one machine and move on if you get no returns If you get even a few nickels back you stay on the machine until you've around the five times.

It's surprising how many jackpots I hit using the system Believe I or not my two-dollar investment had grown to a $15 bonanza by the time I left the casino a few hours later Easiest money I ever made

True I ran into some tough luck the next day and lost most of my winnings. But I'm sure my system would have come through with flying colors if only I'h stayed for a few more days

The ranked slot machines of course are the small-time stuff. There are d me machines quarter machines and silver-dollar machines — and thus if you really like gambling, there is no little chemin de fer dice parlor blackjack out you must in

In the big games you see the blank faces the cold eyes, the tense nonchalance Every player is suspect and you have the feeling that no one had better try an evil anything Dealers of card tables are spelled frequently and a house observer is never far away Armed guards are strategically located Nobody shouted Whoopee when they won a roll

That is where the big money is, and hard faces belong to mind talk of the Mafia. You have the uneasy feeling that you are farther from home than you realize.

A big attraction and one that probably lures a lot of people to Las Vegas, is the floor shows you can see for a modest charge which include food and refreshments Every hotel spends tens of thousand a weekly on lave shows a starring name performers The rover charge at most is the well-founded assumption that the house will make it up on the gambling tables

In our three nights in Vegas we saw Myron Cohen Jerry Lewis Buddy Hackett and several more when I was secured are big names in entertainment

Are the shows wrecked?

This depends entirely on the point of view Grandmother would have been shocked at the lave lewame but I found that after about 15 minutes my eyes became accustomed to the spectacle and I was able to concentrate on the action. Some of the jokes I'll admit, were risque but frankly I've heard worse from amateur entertainers in Weyburn.

Should you have reader gotto Las Vegas?

Well start yourself If you feel you must go you if probably have a fairly interesting time If you feel no overpowering urge to go for heaven s sake don't let me talk you into it.

But just a few words of advice. If you decide to take the plunge be quick with your tips If you want good seats, don t expect gourmet meals when entertainment

as the real hell of fare expect to stay up late for life doesn't begin at 8 a.m. on Las Vegas out until before you get on an American plane and quit while you're ahead of the slot machines — if you're lucky enough to get ahead.

Hawaii Partie paradise

A FEATURE *March 13* 2006

If you ever have a beautiful dream from which you don't awaken even when you get up in the morning that's it. If know you're in Hawaii.

That, at least was how I felt last month when after over a month of continuous sub-zero weather I found myself basking in sunshine beside an outdoor swimming pool a scant twelve hours after having plucked from a snow-covered, freezing, windy tarmac at Reg sa airport.

In carnations with thousands perhaps millions of people I have always longed to see the fabled isles of the South Pacific where the sun always warm, where smiling brown damsels dance the hula and where the workaday world seems light years away

The opportunity came when realizing that an alarming number of Weyburn and district residents were travelling to Hawaii I felt duty bound to report to Review readers just what was luring away our citizens and their shekels

Well I'm back and to be perfectly honest it would take at least a month of research to give you a comprehensive picture But if you settle for a few quick impressions gained between busy moments by the pool researching sun-worship, come along.

I think my first real source that I was actually headed for a world that exists not only in picture books came when on DC-9 jet down for a previous stop in Calgary International A pert, mid m lad on a stop bes de a glass Waridair Boe ng 707 A direct charter flight just back from Hawaii a the counter was discharging about 200 brown-skinned people into the brisk morning. They were c ad in light clothing many were "l s — the garlands of flowers tied round to the Hawaiian Islands they seemed to laugh sports and were happily shouting Aloha " to friends awaiting them at the airport.

Something just had to be different where they had come from.

The flight to Honolulu took only a few minutes more than five hours I was smooth and fast a bit of the atmosphere of a hay ride as most of the people on board were not visiting Hawaii as service pilots based on a busy Uncle Sam The mood was definitely holiday and champagne came with the entree

Sufficiently there we were the popcorn which had seemed so unbearable in Regina that morning were oppressively heavy and with palm trees gently swaying in the background we were home on a small ocean train (operated by a man-and-child Hawaiian lady) to the terminal building

The seven-odd miles by taxi with a driver who never knew how a true guide a his youth provided the first hint that Hawaii was not exactly as I had imagined it.

How do you think of Hawaii?

A sleepy lagoon a tropical moon? A few hotels, surrounded by grass huts along miles of beach? Well not exactly Think of a ies of honey hotels bars, restaurants and souvenir shops and pedestrians like on Portage Ave. where there are sales on at Eaton s and Hudson s Bay traffic like the Gardiner Expressway in Toronto and you're much e ner in the picture.

But gentle reader the air is warm the breeze is gentle and the water is inviting even to a prairie chickpuppy-acustomed to being primed with ice.

It didn't take us very long to realize that our crime while not downright illegal nevertheless was d not qualify us for a picture on a travel poster I had fe] sexual enough when I left Regina in my faded blue stay-pressed pants and sports jacket, hot comb and with a white shirt and tie (a ridiculous combination anyway when you come to think of it) I was far from a favourable clear nose of it wasn't twenty-o Waikiki

Waikiki is the beach area. It is scarcely city completely distinct from Honolulu itself which I think can at a rather broke ly mi en cos s ect of way

The first evening was dispersed of rather quickly for suddenly after a swim a snack, and a half-hour watching the tide rolling in and lovers arm long hand-in-hand along the deserted beach one couldn't help but sense a heavy cause of the fact that whatever the time/place may say a lot of hours have passed since we plugged through the snow in Regina So off to bed at 9 p.m. (which after all 1 l a m Regina and is our weary bones.

The next day of course is that we re wide awake by 5 a.m. and ready for a hearty breakfast. Common decency restrains us and we fight wakefulness for another hour but than s the Emil Pur surprise of surprises, we m for there the first ones on the breakfast terrace. Same, I suppose were also up against the time differential others had planes to catch, but there were also some I no sure, who just couldn't have to miss a minute of that golden sunshine

Breakfast under the spreading branches of a banyan tree is something to remember Yesterday's debris cleared the waves are gently washing the beach brown-skinned black-haired beauteous are setting up shop for the appreciative day beauties-to-come 1960 are scanning the meals with a device like a mine-detector which will reveal ice cream rings and trinkets, and the first of the sun worshippers are spreading their bodies over the white s ne of sand Mmmmh le busy Japanese waitresses pour coffee and serve pineapple spears that melt in your mouth pancakes with macnut syrup and golden-eyed eggs

Beside you there you under you and around you are the omnipresent pigeons a bit too timid to eat out

of your hands but confident enough to step only two inches out of the way for you. Throw them a crumb, and while five of them are dead eg what to do about it a sharp-eyed quick-witted sparrow perched on a branch 30 feet distant swoops down and snatches the prize.

An hour or more passes quickly in that atmosphere: fresh air coffee on replenished as often as you'll be, a few glimpses (Caution these may be hazardous to your health) and a glance at the daily paper to read the one or two stories with mainland datelines.

Tables on the terrace were large enough to seat six, and it was quite the accepted thing for complete strangers to plant themselves late do you if no tables were vacant. You meet some charming people this way.

There comes the time when we too must face our destiny and join the throngs on the beach. A quick purchase of shorts, sandals and a colorful Hawaiian sport shirt and two ans one of the tourists — though still painfully conscious of the tell-tale white skin which betrays me as a recent arrival it is quite permissible in most hotels to dash through the lobby in your swim suit. Imagine trying that at the Royal York!

The beach is an experience not to be missed. You start walking on coral before you are deep enough to swim. Then a wave comes along and deposits a mouthful of salt water on you. Repeat that a few times and you realize that the beach is okay for nothing, but swimming is good exercise.

Having had your initiation to sunshine — and you had better not overdo it the first day — and you are ready for your first stroll a ong Kalakaua Ave. That is the main drag as far as Waikiki tourists are concerned, and it runs from Times Square to Piccadilly Circus for meeting people you know.

Pacific paradise, Part 2

AFEATURE *March 20 1969*

But back to Kalakaua Ave. Motor traffic like any city you would care to name, and the wide sidewalks are packed with people but they is not to a big hurry to get anywhere. Men in shorts and sports shirts and women in muumuus are the rule rather than the exception. Shops particularly on the International Market Place, are loaded with beautiful wares of wood lava, mother-of-pearl and Polynesian fabrics. Okay so they're tourist traps and you could get it *cheaper* on Hi gins Ave but if it'll leave to go back with about $2 000 to spend and a special exemption from customs.

I have made mention several times of the muumuu This is a high necked ankle-length dress along Mother Hubbard lines. The ladies find it most comfortable. I gained the impression that those who came to the h aads in 1819 introduced the muumuu to cover the unashamed nakedness of the Hawaiian girls. How-

ever, one must not think too harshly of the missionaries, as the muumuus are really quite attractive in fact on matronly look better than bikinis.

However it is not only the store and the souvenir shops and the leisurely pace of the pedestrians and cruises Kalakaua Ave. different. Perhaps it is the fact that all business is tourist-oriented. Restaurants hotels, bars delicatessens travel agencies and one million sidewalk cafes everything the tourist might need want or find difficult to resist.

People will tell you that Hawaii has become too commercialized.

Let me put it to you this way. If you want a nice, quiet place *with few people and no service* don t go to Waikiki. But if you want good meals when you want them, prompt road service, room service a taxi when you need it and all the conveniences you demand when you go on a holiday you'll find them there — and that s commercial enough.

Commercialism is also what places the price of these commodities with a toy reach Perhaps I may would prefer the Hawaii of 50 years ago if I could afford the time the cost of maybe a score of several luxury hotels and personal servants at my beck and call

It takes people and lots of them to place hotels airlines restaurants gaudy tours and dozens of other services on a footing which brings prices down to my level We met two Canadian working girls making their third trip to Hawaii in five years I don t think they could have afforded those visits to an uncommercialized Hawaii.

Speaking of costumes, I couldn t help but notice some of the differences between business in a tourist-oriented society and the atmosphere in which we are accustomed Most bus resses rely heavily on the repeat business of satisfied customers In Waikiki where most people remain only for two or three weeks everything is geared to capturing the afternoon of the potential customer whoever he happens to be, and right then Once he's gone he s gone for a long time

This brings up the subject of tourist traps again. Of course, they re there but not counting the souvenir shops I have already mentioned only here I did not find hardly none I cannot say they were there to excess.

Some of the sondonned tours struck me to be deceptive since in a few instances the people selling you the tickets were really selling you transportation to a point of interest (plus admission) Later you might discover that four people sharing a car could get to the same place faster more comfortably and at less cost However many people swear by these tours so why should I complain?

One of the tours we took was a boat trip to Pearl Harbor where on Dec 7 1941 350 carrier-based

Japanese planes struck with a crippling surprise attack which brought the United States into World War 2. The battleship "Arizona" still lies submerged at the harbor where the attack on that fateful day. A beautiful memorial with an assembly area large enough for 200 people spans the hull in memory of the men of that and other U.S. ships who lost their lives that day. The bodies of 1 100 men are still entombed in the rusting hull of the Arizona.

One of the tourists on our boat was a Japanese man 40 to 50 years old and inevitably I wondered whether this might be his second visit.

While tourism sugar and pineapples are the leading industries of the Islands the industry also plays an important role in the state's economy. Both the substantial army navy air force and marine installations. It is the site of rest and recreation facilities for U S forces a Visit Navy. Families are flown from Los Angeles at about half price to meet the boys back from the war front.

One sees hundreds of couples walking blissfully arm-in-arm as though the present would last forever. At Honolulu airport comes the moment of truth — and tears — as they are separated once more often forever. Young men leave eg for the battlefront present an inhumanity and unreason. by doubly so when their embarkation is from an "untouched" base imply as when they depart for duty from a summer wonderland.

Incidentally my references to Hawaii heretofore may be slightly misleading. The state of Hawaii includes seven major islands and seven lesser ones. The island of Hawaii is that largest but not the one on which the actual ie. Oahu (pronounced not oahke Wahoo") at and largest and it is here that Honolulu and Waikiki are located. Our cruise trip of the island totalled just over 100 miles. There are daily tour flights to the other islands and most who have taken the tours recommend them as eg ving you a better look at what Hawaiian life really is all about. For our part, we found here was sufficient to keep us occupied for a two-week t ur visit

The state flag of Hawaii, authorized to statehood a 1959 bounds the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner and horizontal bars representing the Islands I have to admit to some misgings at seeing the Union Jack waving overhead once more.

For the Oahu-based tourist a glimpse of Polynesian life is available at such places as the up-tailored Polynesian Culture Centre Here are huts representing the various islands with costumed natives displaying their fabrics and apparel explaining the construction of their abodes, and dance eg their national dances

We found the native people — and I use here here the Chinese and Japanese who now are predominant on Oahu — charming friendly and courteous The Hawaiians most of whom are now mixed with Chinese, Japanese Portuguese and other Caucasians, seem to have a rich sense of humour I am told that Hawaiian songs sung by native m gle club entertainers are infrequently poke fun at the hands (pronounced "lowly" and means wh in people) rebbenenahn for whom they are performing.

One day while study ng a menu my wife and I got into a different sor rt of joke more about the pronunciation of Italian (that's sort of a Hawaiian in hellsgrish with hapoo instead of cabbage, and fish instead of mussi) She said it was "low low" (rhyming with "cow") and I made it out as "lolo". We called the Japanese waitress to arbitrate and after agreeing wah my wife a waitress she laughingly added the lolo means stupid

I thought I caught the word several times subsequently in Hawaiian songs

In most places beauh waar is unexpectable providing you wear shoes Not so at the Royal Hawaiian, formerly the royal palace of Hawaii. Here suits and dresses are required, and the prices rise with the standard of dress

I have rambled on beyond my original intentions without even measuring the fish market where the night's catch is auctioned to retailers early each morning, and where a little old lady with tattooed Hawaiian fisherman as sat on going for a picture. I haven't mentioned the Ala Moana shopping centre — the world's second largest with about 80 shops on two levels downtown Honolulu with its gaudy side shops and generally neglected appearance but bright plans for the future the boys diving for coins a the duty free water- T.J. Lipton's toast to lobster and lucky the bake from Chicago who, until frustrated by the hotel management kept the pool area I rely as a a voice that was a cross between Tarzan's victory yell and a wg sergeant a bark the urgent cue and all to jump of the mynah birds greeting passersby with a shri I Aloha" of things I might have seen

During our last week at Waikiki wanda wore heavi lei and there was more rain than she had seen in years, but they tell me this story wherever I go. Sin what s a bit of rain and a few drops of sun when the temperature is 70., and you know it's freezing cold in Saskatchewan?

So wish that final thought Aloha..

Sunny Mexico: an experience

AFEATURE *February 22 1973*

"The exciting and colourful spectacle of the bullfight can be seen on Sundays in the cool of the late afternoon when the building is full of atmosphere and ne ce and anticipation the bands play the people roar their 'Ole a and you will be carried away by t all You may or may not enjoy t but t certainly is an experience "

Thus our perspective of optional tours described the national sport of Mexico and I can think of no more fitting introduction to my account of 14 days in a land of contrasts which is hiss, exasperation, pity help-

lessness revulsion, wonder admiration and confusion recommonly to be one's foremost emotion.

I give fair warning that since I was a period of shameful self indulgence, with notebooks and pen a safe 3,000 miles away and even a camera conspicuously very up the afternoon before the fourth film this op ally is not represented nor should it be read as a documentary it is not a judgment, a defence, a eulogy, a eulogue — and especially not a history or political or economic analysis — of a nation of 50 million souls which shares its continent with us

I write only of what I saw or thought I saw heard or thought I heard! If I seem like the blind man who gained his impression of the elephant by feeling one man's leg I accept that not only as a possibility but as a distinct probability

Having opened with the bullfight theme and since not one man of my free Mexican experience, I may as well use the battle between man and beast as my jumping-off po nt

The bullring in Acapulco the southern Pacific seaport resort where I spent two weeks in the sun while the rest of you were suffering in unseasonably warm January temperatures has a capacity of about 5,000 (compared to something in the nature of 83,000 for the Mexico City ring I memory serves me) affording I a good view of the fight as every detail including the blood glistening on the shoulders of the tormented animal

I beg indulgence if my terminology is faulty but while out half fight tour action entailed in "manipulations" a full explanation of the bull fight and a cussion the ring manners delivered in homely accented English on a crowded noisy bus, consisted mainly of the advice that one laugh about "Ole" if pleased by the be litigher i performance.

The routine is roughly this: a gate is opened and an angry bull (an especially wicked specimen, trained in violence and further enraged by a rosette pinned to his shoulder just before he comes out) charges one of the ring, there to be teased and r ed by four men who can flee for protection behind wooden barriers The matador then does some per ormary work with a li le cape, goi ng the feet of the bull and his tendencest ba k to mere charge his and subsequently plant two pairs of barbed waves in the shoulders of the animal — which doesn t improve his disposition any — before assumed parades allow the bull to charge three horses while one of them plants a pike pole into the bull's neck

After the weary wounded and saddened bull is ready for the "hour of truth" when he have the matador for a final round of charges and graceful evasions until the latter is ready to make the kill by sinking the blade between the bull s shoulder h jam behind the neck "Ole

With hawkers peddling beer and drinks chips, nuts, sausages and what have you around me — whole families including toddlers watching with no more excitement than if they were taking in an exhibition ball game and every move made so safely as to appear rehearsed (rehearsed with the bull s co-operation this is) — the fights might have seemed phoney to us except that the very first matador lost h s footing and was badly gored by the bu l We never learned whether he l ved or not but this shocking re minder clearly impressed us that here was a game being played for keeps — even though the bull is inevitably one of the losers

Every bull is different, one jumped the fence twice, another went down on his knees as if in supplication and refused to get up until prodded and a third just kept getting up after he was supposed to be dead

A gory spectac l Darl enjoy it?

I admit to both excitement and revu sion I wouldn t have missed it, and I don't care if I ever see another bullfight Once f ght, incidentally takes a matter of 15 or 20 minutes, and there are four "bouts" on the program

I mentioned contrasts and the contrast that is most striking is the poverty of many when I serves as the backdrop for Americans Canadians and European spending playing and feasting in the midst of want

Right next to our hotel each morning while not lavish by Canadian standards nevertheless entailed considerably to the whims of vacationers stood three or four shanties on a piece of ground perhaps a bit larger than a reasonable lawn Weyburn

Shanties?

Does I think of any substandard house you may have seen in Canada but of a sheet shelter from the sun made of poles, branches, crates and sheets of tin. Each hostess a hum b and f you chose to take the alley eleven to the main street you were accosted by half a dozen urchins — the younger ones completely naked — imploring you with beautiful brown eyes for "pesos " You quickly learned that it was easier both on your pocketbook and on your conscience, to take a nap or the hotel s courtesy car

Walking along the main thoroughfare at night every lamppost was the station of a beggar woman perhaps with infant at breast contemplated hand and a whimpered "Pesos"

We asked one l ttle girl — perhaps four or five years old — peddl ng chewing gum late at night why she wasn t in bed Her answer "If I ve no money to buy food "

There is no welfare system in Mexico, you work, you steal you beg or you starve

At the fabulous y bat ed — and I use the term with discretion — cathedral in Mexico c ty I ver capital of Tabasco you cannot enter without passing four or five shrivelled and ragged old crones each with outstretched hand and the plea for pesos which becomes all one hosanna One wonders what happens to

the proceeds of the poorhouse which confronts you immediate y upon entering the building with its sconces and elaborately carved panels of solid gold in its powder rooms.

Even the beggars change with the times however. While a tourist brochure explains that Canadian and American change is worthless even as a tip, one little girl made clear that he values had been updated. Leaving the cathedral in Taxco we were surrounded by a swarm of children selling trinkets, begging or offering anything else which might earn pesos. One of them a beautiful but ragged and dirty little girl — wearing only sampling golden earrings — offered to sing for a lady fora peso. When the woman said she had no pesos, the child asked in disappointment "Not even a quarter?"

Acapulco is hot.

On that one point the brochures agree we you not.

Your first thought upon deplaning in Acapulco early in the morning, long before the sun had reached anywhere near its full potency n new pleasure it would be to find a displaced snowbank and submit yourself completely to its cool embrace.

Forget it there sn't any.

Through the winter season even rain is rare, and temperatures hardly vary from one day to another reaching a humid high of about 85 degrees (my estimate) n middleaftemoon and a low of perhaps 70 at night in Acapulco the 1-o-o-k p zn seasta is generally observed by shopkeepers — but no longer universally as merchants realize that tourists there for a brief week or two are crazy enough to shop in any heat Mexico City with an elevation of almost 7,500 feet, and therefore cooler has dropped the siesta.

At the he ght of the afternoon even many sunwrinkled peers anodized away from the beach chairs in the area and retired to the shade through the shade near the bar In January warm is wonderful but aswel ng hot is hot at any time of the year.

We were disappointed at first, that our hotel was too far from the ocean for convenient seashore swimming but we changed our minds when we learned of beachcomber undertows which can carry a swimmer out to sea, and learned that the Mex cans would not use the tourist beaches because they are too near the outlet where the city s raw sewage is d scharged

The hotel pool was beau tifully warm, however to the point where even a nauseous coward like myself could jump in cold turkey w thout so much as a shudder No heating was required because the coldest water in Acapu co without refrigeration s lukewarm. Even your morning shower could be taken straight from the cold water tap.

The taxi drivers of Acapulco are a breed apart and you cottage yourself in their care with a whispered prayer. While speed limits are posted they are observed mainly in their violation particularly along the six-lane main boulevard which follows the coastline

All vehicles switch lanes constantly and without notice but cabbies have a special knack for adding to the thrill by having their vehicles 'steered a traffic opening not yet wide enough to accommodate the taxi but which by their minds computerized calculation will soon stretched just enough to allow them to s plthrough

On the narrower winding hilly and poorly paved streets on the mountainside they slow before by a few mph be given the extra hazard of cobblestone oncoming traffic on narrow streets blind corners strolling pedestrians and playing children who scatter like chaff before the wind at the last s epp ng, and you quickly pray for a return to the straight mil surfaced road.

In contrast to the pleasant strolling faces one encounters among most of the populace the cabbies are a surly lot Few speak Eng sh beyond stating their tariff and sound as though they could n care less

Cabs are unmetered and while fares are set by the tourist department you are warned to establish the fare to your destination before you enter the vehicle. Rates may vary considerably The situation less, may be exaggerated by now as I found on many occasions when I neglected to demand the rate a advance. I paid roughly the same fare as when it had been established.

On the other hand on the very last day we took a taxi from a hotel to downtown and were charged 15 pesos ($1 20) An hour later we took another taxi from wither a few feet f where we had left the other back to the hotel wh ch had been our starting point, and paid on y e ght pesos

Special attention also must themselves to special exp riences. Following one Sunday's half t ght, and with darkness rapidly falling, we found ourse ves separated from our tour group and the transportation which was to take us back to the hotel Caught up in a m l ing crowd of people seeking transportation home and in a rough section of town, we managed to flag down a taxi and climb We asked the price to our hotel and it was 50 pesos. I was about to start dickering, but the gam on the driver s face told me to forget it It was a seller's market In reth. it was not all that high by Canadian standards but by tourist department tariffs 50 pesos should get you a two-hour tour of the city

Shopping in Acapulco is a happening, as in most of the hundreds of shops — many of them the size of a barn val stand, especially on the beach and resort-plaza areas — twice tags are not-st ntent and dickering is the order of the day

"Amigo, you are accosted only 60 pesos — for you

"Sixty pesos?" you exclaim in outrage "I gave you 30 pesos.

A look of abject distress. "Amigo, hand-made, out of pure silver, and you pay 30 pesos? Please I pay 40 pesos for it You tell me how much you wanna pay."

You offer 45 pesos, feeling like a miserable cheat, and the sale is made before you know it. Later you see the identical item in a department store tagged at 35 pesos, but what reason?

You are particularly vulnerable on your first two or three outings when your white skin gives you away as a newbie, as does your lack of confidence, and the cutesy look on your face showing you are not yet conditioned to the ever-present medley of souvenir—Mexican cigarettes, frying onions, spicing seafood, the sea and the aromas which flow just before the investment and which advertise their presence at every golden-concrete trinkshop.

Spotted in this weakened condition, you are besieged by every shopkeeper and rolled up to by friends and friends' offering jewellery of great value at give-away prices not to mention youngsters, many of them three-high offering to dive into the bay from a

[illegible] gunny for a peso, offers your shoes, and a man for you or whatever else might itch. You in turn walk a cash-anything less than a peso definitely not welcome images — and tend just scampering for the safety of your base pool and its adjacent.

A few days later with browned features marking you as a "veterano" and a hunched air about you you go forth again and find you can actual y enjoy shopping with all its haggling and are not besieged by the street-spurters, and after a few pleasure spent astonishing values in ivy copper, gold and leather wares at reasonable prices. Even if you are not a good bargainer and pay slightly more than the going rate you are reclaimed by the near disaster you are still paying roughly few pesos for the painstaking hand labor of some craftsman.

After that, baggage space and customs regulations are the greatest nb hbrrs — next, of course, to rapidly run a hig finances resources — not withstanding the myth that prices are low.

Not knowing Spanish need not discourage any plans you may have for go ng to Mexico but don t think you won t encounter a lot gauge barrier.

Everyone dealing with tourists assuredly must have enough English so be ah e to let you the piece of something and of hawking, enough n g ve you a salesperk Bet if you ask anything beyond that you are as likely as not to be met with a shrug and "No comprendo," or perhaps rewarded with a pleasant smile and no answer meaning roughly the same thing.

It may seem surprising with tourists the vast majority of Acapulco that this shou d be so but we are not told that this beautiful spot was "discovered" by the U.S and Canadian tourists some 30 years ago. Today English is a compulsory second language in Acapulco schools, so future generations of English-speaking tourists wo l probably find they can get by without so much as learning to say "n s" "gracias" or "por favor."

A pity, perhaps, and it may rob the place of its charm, but inevitable when it comes to people who charge halfway around the world to demand bran and eggs for breakfast, a T-bone steak at eight, Kentucky fried chicken down the street and you no much as an alert cook — at least never seem home as a part of the evening.

But that's in the future, for all the tourists now running the place, and whatever the changes that have taken place since Acapulco was a sl epy backwater, things are different.

Even the superstition provoked for the visitor from the Latin touch makes with lucky rocks, shoes to wish the shoe-shiners missing, knocks at the door not only to fdy the room but throughout the stay, to charge the airwells, check that they replenish the bar, install a new rate card and to turn down your sheets (five cents out of service or refusing to stop at custom floors), cash registers out of order, no no charges in your room permitted today) no breakfast served after 11 a.m. but eggs on your plate at noon when you ordered a ham and [illegible] tomatoes from the table will be gone by all appearing the last mouthful but don't no d your breath waiting for the check transportation for the bullfight leaves at 4 :30 but you're still waiting at 5 and when you arrive at the bull ring you find yourself unpushing a fe bruJ as sun for another hour before the event begins no free ratchets left and room for sale

You will quickly learn, our tour dimmer announced at an orientation briefing, "that there is little point in rushing to be on time just to wait for those who aren't."

A common expression is Just a Mexican minute and that can mean a long wait. Our guide in Mexico City cautioned "If someone says a Mexican would be on a Mexican minute, a Mexican minute an hour a Mexican hour a day and if he says manana, forget it because manana never comes."

I was successful for a few days in scamping Sanborn s (Mexican department store) matches at the hotel desk but my greed finally led me that the desk clerk had given me a book and I placed ugly asked for mine. He tossed me a second one and with a gesture of dismissal said "That's plenty." After that they were always out of matches. Perhaps they were because even the smoke shop beside the pool selling matches at 5 pesos per "penny" box, was out of them, and all over the hotel people were stopping each other to plug arms at cigarettes.

About the most unforgettable experience was the bus drive to Taxco High in the Sierra Madre mountains and about 50 miles from Acapulco, it is reached by a well-surfaced but narrow two-lane highway with no shoulders, uneven edges, hairpin curves steep inclines and declines, crumbling cliff wall on one side and a sheer drop of 1,000 feet or more on the other

Along the receding ribbon the driver pushes the bus at a speed that would seem to be prompted by a death wish: pass up on blind curves, tailgating almost nudging smaller oncoming vehicles off the road and with utter disregard for pedestrians, burros and cows trotting along the edge of the road.

Some passengers confessed that the four-hour trip had completely eased them of their fear of flying anything and in far safer than that bus.

Going back to Acapulco the driver was trying to make up time he had lost when he ran out of gas (not short of gas and had to fill up at a highway filling station) he passed two round at one time on a curve, and we lather dark.

The people of Mexico are a mixture of Indian and Spanish with some Negro and Asian influence particularly around Acapulco, whose beautiful natural harbor attracted slavers from Africa and traders from the Orient. The mixture has produced a dark skinned striking Amalicone race going fun-loving, intelligent people artistic and very express ive people. As already explained their ways are not our ways, but then perhaps neither are their yardsticks, their philosophy their values or their morals.

I have heard Mexicans referred to as a lazy lot, but I don t see any laz ness in peddling, sandals on bare on the blistering sun front early morning till late in the evening, or on a 110-hour day hauling cool drinks for a bunch of demanding tourists or hard rug going hours through hot, congested streets in a tourist s bus.

They are different they are people, and I liked them

They are descendants of a people that built pyramids which are still engineering miracles and another race which led in the discovery and conquest of the western hemisphere so I won dn't call short their potential

Maybe some day the incentives and the economic base will be there to give them greater opportunities and a higher standard of living and make them more like us.

And then, you know the easy smile may also be erased from their lips.

Deep-sea fishing

AUTHOR: *March 8 1973*

In my account, several weeks ago, of my journey to Mexico, I didn t even mention the latest mac-accomplishment garnered for my score of successes; deep-sea fish ng

A group of us had been down to the docks to see the fishing boats coming in. Rags proudly announcing their catch and had watched enviously as the successful fishermen posed for pictures with beautiful five or six foot sailfish. Our bus announced advent and fishing expeditions but the rates sounded a trifle high for coming out the middle man and taking advantage of the Mexican penchant for dickering. We reasoned we ought to be able to go to a bay of fishing at half the "sucker" rate.

We weren t disappointed in the dickering possibilities. As soon as it became apparent that we were in the market for a day s fishing we were besieged by boatmen in their agents cash with a better deal than the next.

"I guarantee you catch fish, amigo. No fish, no pay."

Well now whoever heard so attractive an offer?

Our dutch true on the spot, but over a round of wax back at the hotel we agreed upon suitable days, and our most competent dickerer was despatched the following afternoon to firm up the arrangements

He returned from the experience fuming very thoughtful and about a day later announced that we were booked — through Cano, the hotel s tour representative, an advert ised rates

"How come?" we asked "We thought you were going to get us a real deal."

"Well he said, "I was this way. I didn t quite like the looks of the guys I was dealing with so I went to Cano and asked him if he would guar antee the same deal no fish no pay. And Cano said no, he couldn t guarantee us fish he could only guarantee that we d get back

We were rather grateful that he had enough sense to go for that guarantee

Early next morning we were off armed with great packages of lunch that would do justice to a Sunday School picnic. The boat was a beauty about 40 feet long two decks protected from the sun six fishing chairs a comfortable galley and a crew of three no less If quickly became apparent that not only was the line reasonable for a day s outing, but there was no possible way the price could pay the wages of three men plus boat expenses and rem uneration

Before we were out of the bay our lines were baited and out and we were sitting in our chairs feeling very pro fessional

We were hardly out of the bay when we made our first catch and this was encouraging enough to keep us in our fishing positions for the next hour even though with the boat s heading, we and the full force of the tropical sun beating down on us

As the hours passed without a further nibble it dawned on us that we were not so well off fishing in the sheltered flunks reading playing cards or munching away at our provisions as there was a hell that rang when a fish bit the line there was lots of time for the lucky man to get in his rest and one of the nimble crewmen usually got there first and had things under control

Anyway we discovered the catch about the low round rates.

Whatever his relative no red-blooded male of the

tourist attitude can bring in a huge subtish without wondering in the least of among, is that there are the lovely specimen mounted and on display in a kitchen or den back home. And that is where they've got you. Believe me, it is a cheap and sly, yet enchanting, form of a near kickback to the matador for a very mounting comment.

Oh, how did I make out? Well, our group caught three subfish and a dolphin, most of them in the last half-hour of fishing, just before we pulled back into Acapulco Bay.

I brought back the more exotic one and hatchet-boiled egg left over from my lunch. But at least I didn't have to pay for mounting and shipping a fish and does shave to worry about when in jail.

Espana, por favor!

AFFEATURE *February 28, 1974*

> "Y viva *Espana, y siempre la reconciliacion, y viva Espana, la gente cando son sonior y viva Espana, la vide bient sato sabor*
>
> *Espana por favor!"*

You haven't been in Spain very long before the tune and the key words of this unofficial national anthem become pleasantly familiar for whenever a group of marriageable maids forth I know a be long before they break into "Y viva Espana," with a joyful fervor that is contagious. If the musicians are around all evening it is not unusual to hear this piece half a dozen times. You may even receive a mimeographed copy to encourage you to jo a a

And just as you do for not only in their gaiety infectious, but the Spanish can't bear to see anyone missing the fun. Try as an outsider and likely as not you'll be dragged to your feet and paired off with another real flower — perhaps a five-year-old girl maybe an 80-year-old dowager. The generation gap does not seem to exist in Spain; certainly it is not in evidence where people are having fun

"They are the happiest people in the world" explained a young Frenchwoman working as a Madrid tour guide, when we asked her what had made her decide to stay in Spain. She had started out with the idea of working as as many countries as possible but when she got no know Spain she didn't want to leave it

"The people are poor " she said "but they are as happy "

This was confirmed by another Jone gamer who worked as a tour guide-cum-hostess at our hotel in Torremolinos. Lisa a young Norwegian told us she had been there too long now she could never leave. She complained that the Spanish were inclined to lose their tempers at the drop of a hat — "and when they're angry look out" — and that they missed her meticulously "but when they're happy they're so much fun!"

The happiness must connote in what one might expect of a people — a high y mindfulness people — who have been living in a police state for well over a quarter of a century, but if there is trouble brewing (and trouble in ght will erupt after Franco's death) it doesn a show on the surface. The December assassination of Spain s premier of course, is an indication that all is not quiet as autumn. Where public debate and discussion is not permitted no one is likely to express disagreement except secretly and violently

We l ve in a political vacuum explained a Basque tour guide. 'There is on y one political party (I think the official version is that there are none and that thus the best qualified person must be elected to serve each area) and government policies are simply announced not exp sined or discussed. "You can ask a ma t ter over a bartender if he s in favor of the monarchy and he may say yes or no, but if you ask him why "Our guide ended the sentence with an eloquent shrug.

He admirably maintained however that the Spanish have complete freedom of speech "I can think what I like and say what I like. I can say Franco should go to hell as loud as I like and that nothing another tourist sitting in two or three feet away can be a policeman and he won't report us arrest me. Just don't make no trouble is

He conceded that there might be valid ideological objections to such a system, but that he was well served. "I can work earn a living and educate my family. I m sat ified

Compl ments on how safe one felt on the streets at night he admitted with a grin that it isn't that Spanish people are so much better "We have more policemen and watches ness."

Indeed one of the first things we noticed in Madrid was how heavily the streets are ap nkled with officers looking policemen and as a corollary how quickly one lost the sense of uneasiness that grips one in a strange city in a strange and and among strange people. We were constantly assured that you could feel perfectly safe anywhere a Madrid, day or a ght, whether you were rich or poor old or young tourist or Spaniard.

Madrid where my wife and I spent the first five days of what in some circles might be termed an "whenever travel seminar" struck me as a mixmage of ancient history and *Vogue*

Narrow downtown streets are lined with buildings hundreds of years old wh c the outlying residential areas are masses of high-rise apartment buildings with more under construction. Wherever there is a vacant lot. No doubt the wealthy have their villas but we didn s see them. For most of Madrid s population of 3 5 million it s an apari-

assist, with little hope of ever acquiring a friend of their own.

The riverside in Madrid are unbelievable, day or evening. On your first trip downtown you are certain you must have hit the city on the day of a special celebration — something on the scale of V-E Day. But no, you soon learn that it's always like that. With no suburban shopping plazas (at least I saw none), and only groceries and liquor available at the neighborhood "supermercado" (little more than the average corner grocery in Canadian cities) a trip downtown is a most probably several times a week. A modern subway system on which a dime gets you an all-day pass makes it feasible.

Taxis are unusual. Painted a uniform black with a single red horizontal stripe the length of the body for identification they hurtle along the main thoroughfares like missiles. On the crowded streets, often only slightly wider than two small cars, they slow down slightly as two-lumbering as an a taxi [illegible] Exchange [illegible] strong desire to crown of pedestrians. The crowd parts at the last moment, as miraculous as the waters of the Red Sea for Moses, with none of the people giving any other outward sign that they are even aware of the small t pretension.

Roaring along the highway to the airport on the last morning in Madrid I nervously asked our driver how fast he was now going. "A way to go yet home" he announced cheerfully. "We spend here at Madrid " [illegible] hour if he had many accidents. He he told me not to worry that he was the second best driver in the city. I asked him who was the best and he repl ed, "My father and he is dead."

Shopping hours a Spain are difficult to get used to. Most business places open at 8 or 9 in the morning, close at 1 for three full hours, then reopen for the evening at 6 p m They don't call it siesta any more that is a word which apparently doesn t fit into the vigorous mood of today They simply close down for three hours

Another oddity of Spanish life that I had been told about was that supper is rooms seldom time after 8 o clock "You just don t eat until 8 or 9 " I was warned

"We ll see about that I murmured to myself convinced that the full force of Spanish history, custom and tradition could not convert this confirmed 6 o clocker

Well surprise! The dining rooms don't open until 8. Presto I was converted. Once in twice we weren't even the first people in the restaurant

Aside from fat ing to make it diat at their eastern of late din ng I made little more headway with exposing my beverage preferences upon the Spanish I drink three or more cups of coffee with a meal and when eating out, my water humble requires several refills.

In Spain, a request for water causes great consternation. The idea of drinking the stuff seldom occurs to natives. You have a bottle of wine or a pitcher of sangria with your meal and finish off with a demitasse of the potent brew which they call coffee and which leaves you stunned as surely as when you started out. So I learned to drink wine with my meal and must confess that I have had greater hangovers than upon me

Drinking sangria is a custom which we might profitably consider importing. My guess on its preparation is that pour one glass of wine into a large pitcher, add lots of ice, a few chunks of fresh fruit for garnish that fill the pitcher to the brim with fizz water. The result is a pleasant drink you can sip for hours, with no discernible effect, except perhaps that every one becomes decidedly more congenial after a few pitchers of the stuff

Many people return from Spain disappointed with the food, but if you like seafood in variety you've got a treat. I loved most it, particularly a full course seafood meal I had one night (including shellfish soup) My greatest disappointment was the not ideal dish paella, which makes every Spaniard a mouthwater and which I had looked forward to because I imagined it to be a seafood paste with rice as the substitute I consist mainly of saffron-tinted rice with some shellfish and undercooks chicken parts mixed in Each at its taste but I digress on paella

For a snack there is little on top a Spanish-style toasted ham and cheese sandwich fresh fruit, and delicious cakes to nosh in your mouth You get it with a knife and fork, Europeans don't seem to take kindly to our barbaric custom of picking sandwiches up in our hands

The unique part of our Spanish visit was spent at Fuengirola inside a Mediterranean fishing village turned resort city with a vengeance

Even today the centre of the old community has been overpowered by the apartment hotels which dominate the landscape to accommodate newcomers from every European country and North American And in this town alone (one even unincorporated relatively) we its own right but also indirectly directly from the nearby provincial cap tal Malaga) if there is one apartment hotel under construction, there are 100 How a community already said to be overtaxing its and yet we ll cope with the added burden is beyond me

The weather was good even for a Mediterranean January we were told and in contrast to Saskatchewan weather, which we earned about from incoming tourists the only source of Canadian news it was heavenly Even at that however it wasn't swimming weather although there was an occasional splash into heated pools by hardier souls than I Some diehard sunworshippers even spent the day in blissful ss beach clothes and almost every second or third day some heavy soul would stride determinedly into the

Mediterranean a night which would stop the mid-wife in whatever they were doing and cause them to abandon the nativity

In Torremolinos during afternoon closing hours and after shops close in the evening, you are surrounded by gypsies who suddenly appear out of it as to offer you genuine "Ossaga watches (if inspected under a powerful microscope the word is probably "Omega") scarves tablecloths and other goodies.

Walking a dark street one night I declined a shoeshine and the young man asked for a cigarette I gave him one and in seeming gratitude he poured upon my shoes and began to shine them I generously fingered my change for a tip, thinking I couldn't follow him to do that for a mere cigarette The first impression that I was being taken came when he started hammering three coins on my heels The bill was 150 pesetas (over $2.50) He settled for 100 pesetas when he noticed a policeman watching from a doorway

Espana Part 2

ATTENTION! *March 7 1974*

Being a tourist were the luggage learner was first marked in the Costa Del Sol region than in Madrid, where sign language and an English-Spanish conversational guide are the same aids for communication in most shops In Torremolinos many posters and signs are in four languages: Spanish French, German and English — with Dutch and Danish thrown in occasionally for good measure We joined a conversational Spanish class offered free of charge in the hotel and this turned out to be one of the high gleis of our stay Every day at noon (when we weren t away on tours) we would meet with the small group of tourists from various parts of the world to be instructed in Spanish by a beautiful vivacious senorita who spoke only a few words of English Because the make-up of the class changed from day to day you might find yourself going through several consecutive lessons of counting from one to 20

The lessons were held in the restaurant, and were enjoyed by the waiters as much as by ourselves I couldn't help imagining our own delight if we volunteered a group of Germans Ukrainians and Spaniards guests by requesting for the dinner of fourth time, "I am we" like this you and who are you?"

One evening at supper we happened to be walked on by one of the waiters who said something with de right to us giving through our lessons He wouldn t serve us until we obediently went through the pesseribed "Camarero, yo quiero por favor" and so on

One day Maria Antonia announced that on the following day there would be a "classe practicale All her c ass s from the various Sefior hotels would be picked up and taken to the town of Marbella for lunch. The outing was the first except for lunch

So we went two hours away, to a Sefior dining room in Marbella, where we were piled with sangria, dragged onto he dance floor we sang national anthems of the various countries represented and tried to converse w in the Be gians Germans French and Dutch at our table. Maria Antonia and I, as were terrific There were folks on the trip who could hardly negotiate the two steps bu these girls had them on the dance floor swinging away as though they had just shot 30 years. It was hilarious The practical Spanish part consisted of the waiters telling us as they served us, the Spanish words for "fork knife spoon and the dishes we were eating A good time was had by all

A healthy portion of our time both in Madrid and Torremolinos was taken up by guided tours of the various places of interest

In Madrid the city tour taking you to the royal palace and the famous Prado Museum satisfies the appetite of the most ardent art-lover with thousands of pa intings by the world s masters placed in luxurious and elegant chandeliers by the hundreds

A day at Toledo famous for steel crafts, takes you through narrow winding streets from a centuries-old cathedral to an ancient synagogue and to the last home of the famous painter E Greco (Toledo, incidentally was the capital of Spain until about the time of Co umbus.)

A modern wonder is the monument built to honor the fallen of the Spanish Civil War (no estimated cost in fifteen digits) Overlooking a rugged valley about 35 miles from Madrid a basilica equal in size to St Peter' ain Rome s built into the solid rock and rising majestically above it a cross about 450 yards high

Named El Monumento Nacional de Valle de los Navles (National Monument of the Valley of the Fallen) this tremendous piece of engineering took almost 20 years to complete The guide didn' mention that he we were told that labor for the project was supplied by prisoners of war — the losers in the civil war

At Nerja, not far from Torremolinos we saw what I consider perhaps the most beautiful natural phenomenon I have ever seen — the caves discovered there just a few years ago by a group of youngsters. It is futile to try to describe the cathedral-like amphitheater sized caverns, I can only say the stalactites and stalagmites formed over thousands of years have a grandeur which cannot be matched.

A countryside tour took us into many villages where life goes on very much as it did a century ago Peasants plow their tiny fields with oxen take their produce — and themselves — to the village market on donkeys, and I've out these years to tiny but scrupulously clean huts

Tour guides explain the country scene in four languages, so the average busload of tourists contains at least that many nationalities But even this was very unsatisfy On the Nerja tour there were only six paying customers, and the guide had to give his pitch

as three languages, while on the Tangier tub everyone on the well-filled bus spoke English.

And that brings me to our visit to Tangier — an unforgettable experience for anyone with a North American or western European background.

Actually we spent only a few hours as did American city when with a two-hour bus ride from Torremolinos to the ferry term and at Algeciras on the other side from Gibraltar) and several hours more on the ferry. But for me it was enough. Eye-opening to say good to leave and something to mull at you for the rest of your life.

Talking us as a quick tour of the picturesque casbah tourists around the city (beautiful for it vantage point with its whitewashed buildings glittering like jewels in the sun) we pass the luxurious villa of an American business a graveyard for dogs of the wealthy and in all ancients later women washing their laundry in a tiny stream that as if it more than a muddy trickle.

In the old Casbah we are taken on foot along dirty streets so narrow that you can almost touch the walls on both sides of you at the same time. Your group of 20 or 30 people has these guides for the exercise — one in the lead one in the middle and one bring up in the rear. You are warned only half in jest that if you lose the group you might as well be written off.

You are followed all the way by Arab peddlers, young and old, trying to sell you the warmest. Bargaining in the name of the game no one pays the first price offered and the final price depends on your skill. That applies not only to the street peddlers but to the two "department stores (three or four-room buildings where we were taken. I didn't do very well there either.

The peddlers weren't allowed in the stores but stood near by for us to the door the customs we left to dicker and beg for a sale, grabbing our arms and pleading for attention.

They surrounded us when we stopped for the traditional camel ride out of town they ran after the bus as long as they could their throats in counterparts were on the spot the moment the bus stopped they followed us all the moment we stepped on the gangway of the ferry.

I didn't realize how badly I was probably taken as my own purchases and I I witnessed a deal being made while lined up for the ferry. A man was offering a beautiful handmade hat (about for 4,000 pesetas (about $75). A young Englishman was interested but stubborn — and finally got the article for $30.

Going back to Algeciras the outside passageways of the ferry were filled with Arabs sitting on boxes of personal belongings or with hammocks strapped to their backs — off to European countries which need their labor.

I couldn't help wondering whether this might not eventually be the salvation of the Arab world — their young men being initiated into a world of regular work, regular pay, comparatively significant standards of living and greater expectations.

When I stepped off the ferry onto Spanish soil and into clean Spanish streets I felt as though I has been to Rome.

For me, after Tangier it was definitely "Espana, por favor."

Ontario low storm

Toronto Star, March 18 1976

I was surprised upon returning to Weyburn from eastern Canada recently how little publicity had been given in the part of the country to the worst on storm in history to hit southwestern Ontario.

You ask "What in the world is an on storm?"

Well it is not great big gobs of ice flirting down from above in the manner of some of the hailstorms we have here where but when you survey the damage it might as well be

All day Tuesday March 2 a heavy sleet fell on the entire southern Ontario "sleet" heavy wet sticky stuff that clung to whatever it encountered — branches, windshields, roofs, power lines, television aerials and even the well and buildings

A friend drove me through the main along the Queen El zabeth Highway from Toronto to St Catharines where another party was to meet us and take me on a Cook's tour of community newspapers in southern Ontario.

We were to meet on a parking lot at St Catharines at 10 a.m. so we left my Toronto hotel at 8:45 a.m. — lots of time under normal circumstances for the 75 mile drive. But with the highway covered with about six inches of slush and every across plugged with traffic. It o k stuck found us only at Oakville some 30 or 25 m les outside of Toronto.

Sleet can mount in full most of the day and by the time we stopped for the night at Hamilton a freezing dr zzle was firmly cemented to the glass wherever a fan or hung

The thought ran through my mind, "How do the trees stand all that weight?"

The answer as I was to discover next morning, was that they don't

As it turned out, Tillsonburg wasn't as hard hit as the area to the west. There was little evidence of damage in the morning, and by noon the temperature was high enough to allow trees and roofs to shed their heavy burden.

Farther west however a heavy fog obscured the sun, and we made it travelled very far before we reached the disaster area. Power and telephone lines were down wherever you looked. Huge trees had broken down the middle and crashed to the ground. Telev sion aerials had simply buckled under the weight of five or six inches of ice. Roofs were in all of the towns were strewn with large branches which had

Some rest from the beautiful old town that line the streets of all the towns in the area. Because of the widespread damage to power lines many towns were without power until Friday or Saturday. In towns which had no standby gasoline-powered pumping equipment, people were also without water. In some of these communities all commerce ground to a complete stop. Without heat or light and a towns water without water or telephone less many places couldn't even pretend to offer service. For the most part men joined the clean-up efforts, as women and children huddled at home in winters and blankets.

I was fortunate in that the home where I spent the night in Rodney was steam-heated so at least we were warm. When you know most people are worse off it is not the difficult to nibble cold food by candlelight, although for a coffee addict like myself cold fruit juice, however delicious as a substitute for the morning java, leaves something to be desired.

My host in Rodney, an able to keep warm, were not spared the storm's devastation. Four beautiful fall trees believed to be over 100 years old all and large branches torn from their leaving them standing there tattered and bedraggled.

Driving through the area, especially through the marley fog which often revealed only the silhouettes of drooping, tattered trees, of one with the eerie feeling of travelling through a country where an invading army had wreaked its vengeance and the inhabitants were still in hiding.

Puerto Vallarta confrontation

AFEATURE *February 24 1977*

They looks is no casualty but quietly

We and just delighted in Puerto Vallarta and enjoyed the reception area when Mary Ann the resident tour guide, called us together for an important announcement.

Not to be alarmed, but there was a local political difficulty we should know about a very unpopular area had been elected mayor of Puerto Vallarta and in protest the citizens of the community had a few days early ex b ocksded the bridge over the Rio Cuale closing it the only traffic link between the north and there section of the city

These tourists booked for the Hotel Tropicana would have to take one car to the bridge cross on foot then take another taxi to the hotel Thus baggage would arrive later by boat

With a commendable heartiness Mary Ann assured us that everything was peaceful no one was about to be shot, and that the difficulties would likely be settled the day or two

On in a cheerful tone of an known we boarded our two for our own accommodation in the airport side of the river wondering how an incorrectly unpopular a man could manage to get himself elected mayor and how long that situation would remain peaceful with an important traffic route being blockaded by protestors

From our motel we could travel downtown without crossing the bridge but by the second day of our stay we decided to visit Weyburn acquaintances Jim Freda and Freddie Graham who now make their home in Puerto Vallarta and Jim made it necessary to cross the barricade

This turned out to be as easy as promised for although large crowds were gathered a the general area of the bridge no one paid much attention to the people crossing the bridge on foot Everything was peaceful and numerous armed policemen were on hand to ensure that things remained that way

A sound truck was stationed north of the bridge and at any time I was in the vicinity day or night there was a speaker he flung forth to the gathered crowds and if his words were as persuasive as his voice, I wonder how long the peace would have been maintained.

Notwithstanding manners was the fact that loaded trucks were carrying perishables like bananas, were lined up for b ocks on both sides of the bridge unable to move in either direction. The thoughts occurred that it might not be long before the truck drivers would get impatient with the scarpers and ing.

We learned also that essential services were being affected The south for instance was without garbage removal serv ice and open garbage cans burned and smoldered at almost every street corner. The purified water source on the other hand was on the south and was on y a matter of time before northern supplies of this v ital commodity would be source

As it happened the protestors decided things a bit too for a few days later (perhaps deliberately to force a selection) when they set up another blockade at a strategic place at the northern entrance to the downtown area

With the mountains blocking the west and the sea lying to the west this effectively isolated the city core from outstrech o traffic v and from the outside world So for a few days not leave from north to south, or visa versa, unwilling t tax to the first barrier a walk past the barrier another ma to the second barrier another walk and a third taxi to the final destination.

This brought the army into town in force to put things moving again but without any violence The demonstrations continued but without blocking traffic arteries and downtown was pretty thick with soldiers provincial police and city police I learned that this development changed the atmosphere a bit, but our stay ended without any unpleasant incidents this we were aware of

Of course since Puerto Vallarta has no newspaper and the English-language daily out of Mexico City reads no summary of the mini-revolution, a lot of things may have happened without the tourist population being aware of them.

I interviewed a Vallarta businessman who spoke fluent English and he filled me in on the background of the difficulty.

According to him, the whole problem stemmed from a rift within a major political party, Partido Revolucionario Institucional, when the group nominated for the mayoralty (actually, I believe, the municipal presidency) a candidate unpopular with one segment of the party. The dissidents nominated a candidate of their own choosing, and this resulted in further bitterness and finally demonstrations by both sides at several polling places on election day.

Since political demonstrations on election day are forbidden by law, the returning officer had the ballots collected and counted at a central point rather than at the various polling places as required by law.

His action in doing so was quite lawful, according to my informant, but when the opposition candidate was declared defeated by a margin of 15 percent, his supporters didn't accept the verdict, and hence the demonstrations.

Toward the end, civic groups such as the Chamber of Commerce and service clubs issued an appeal to both sides to settle the matter in an orderly and constitutional manner, rather than hurting the city's tourist industry and risking the violence inherent in public confrontation. As my acquaintance said, all it would take was for two people to get into a fight about a completely unrelated matter, and you might have a riot.

Puerto Vallarta, on Mexico's Pacific coast, lives largely on the tourist trade, which discovered the little fishing village of 10 000 about a decade ago after Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor built homes there following the filming of the movie "Night of the Iguana."

Today, the population is estimated at 100 000 and growing. There are already 45 hotels listed on a plan that I brought home with me, and there are more being built.

Weatherwise, it is ideal for a winter vacation, with the sun hot enough to suit most sun-worshippers, but any shaded area quite comfortable, even to people who have been plunged overnight into the climate from the prairie winter.

The sand on the beach might be hot enough to burn your feet, but under the palapas — large umbrellas made from palm fronds, provided by hotels for their guests, and which line the beaches — one can lie back in comfort, read a book, chat, watch the Canadian and American tourists try to outwit the native peddlers, lazily let the eyes follow the brightly colored parachutes carrying adventurous souls across the bay, or watch the foaming surf beating against the shoreline.

The parachute flight looked inviting, but between a queasy stomach and the warning that anyone who goes up must first sign a paper releasing the concessionaires from any liability whatever, I had second thoughts.

A little story doing the rounds concerned an overweight middle-aged lady who wanted to go up, but because she was frightened, decided to have a few drinks first. Unfortunately, she had one too many, and found afterwards that she couldn't remember a thing.

Reassured by her safe return the first time, she went up again the second day, sober this time. Trouble was, she forgot her glasses and couldn't see anything.

In for a penny, in for a pound, so she went up again the third day, sober and wearing her glasses. This time they dropped her when she came down, and she broke a leg.

Another interesting phenomenon one encounters in beach life (or loafing) in Mexico is the wandering artist who, for a few dollars, will turn out a 12x12 crayon sketch.

The one we "commissioned" was a young man with a sense of humor, who smiled and chuckled to himself as he developed the likeness, with many nods of approval from the Mexicans who gathered around him, glanced from unfolding sketch to the subject, and threw in a suggestion here and there.

Back to the queasy stomachs mentioned earlier; just about everybody we spoke to seemed to be suffering in varying degrees from "la turista" or Montezuma's Revenge — the malady which keeps you from wandering too far from home while the bug is active. This in spite of purified water brought to the suite in sealed 10-gallon containers, daily medication, and avoiding downtown food vendors.

I was fortunate to read on the airline's guidebook an article on how to avoid turista without going hungry in Mexico.

The writer offered 11 tips on how to eat well and stay healthy in Mexico. Her advice included boiling the purified water and adding purification pills, avoiding uncooked foods except those still hot or thoroughly cooked by oneself.

She summed it up like this:

Always be unsuccessful. Always think before you eat and drink. Unprotected milk from the prettiest glass at the poshest place is as dangerous as at a country store. No matter where you find yourself — at a small café, a first-class hotel or a splendid Mexican home — stick with these 11 tips and you'll eat and stay well and have a wonderful time in Mexico.

Can you just see yourself in a splendid Mexican home, reboiling your host's water in front of her eyes, and refusing most of the food? And get asked back?

My own suggestion is that there are about four alternatives open to persons considering a Mexican holiday:

1. Stay at home and avoid any risk of Montezuma's Revenge.

2. Go to Mexico, pretend you're at home, drink

water and eat food anywhere and be absolutely sure of getting sick

3 Follow the 11 tips (which we can dig up for you if you want them) five in constant dread, have a lousy time, and enjoy about a 75 percent chance of not getting sick

4 Have in mind that you are a Mexican and earn and spend as one, have a reasonably good time, take a 50-50 chance on getting sick (and five in constant dread)

If the fourth alternative sounds a bit foolhardy remember that the swimming pool in any water you unavoidably ingest when you go swimming is not likely to be crowded and purified.

The one water to opt to carry a bit come their Revenge, to well Acapulco is a resort resort, poorly resulting in a more hardened populace than that of Puerto Vallarta which aren't a seconds ago was no unspoiled backwater fishing village.

On the other hand it is just possible that even four years has brought about substantial changes. I had the feeling in some, that it spoke of the bureaucrats and government corruption considered endemic to Mexico someone somewhere is trying

The most particularly young people look clean and healthy in many cases that cleanliness is achieved under circumstances that are unbelievable. On a trip back into Vallarta in the evening bus of a basic scrum bomb out of the city, the vehicle stopped to let off a two-aged girl obviously a hotel staffer at her home in a little village She was a beauty positively dressed, and she disappeared into a tiled hovel which structurally would'n't pass as a chicken coop in Saskatchewan How she could come out of a place like that looking as she did is a mystery

In the Rin Cuale the muddy little river which flows through Vallarta, women can still be seen at any time scrubbing their laundry on the rocks, then spreading them out — perfectly clean — to dry in the sun A few hundred feet away girls of the next generation solicit clerks in the supermercados and pet shops, make their calculations with electronic calculators as though born with them

In Acapulco, on our previous visit, we found it prudent to agree on fares in advance with taxi drivers to risk being ripped off I started off the same way in Vallarta but soon didn't believe The fare was always the same 30 pesos (about $1.50) in any downtown address south of the bridge

Bargaining is still convention, indeed standard procedure when dealing with peddlers selling their wares on the beaches, but by now this practice is so deeply rooted that the tourists expect it too Any peddler starting off with his final price would end up making no sales or losing money

I wondered at the number of Mexican children on the beaches on weekdays peddling or providing services and learned that school shortages require multivacation in shifts. That seems go to school in the morning and some in the afternoons and since many are from poor families they have to help their parents earn a living

Another improvement either in Mexico as a whole or in Vallarta over Acapulco was in the begging situation In Acapulco after dark the streets were lined with beggars plying their trade sometimes young mothers with babies in front. Even then it was done under the pretense of selling penny packages of chewing gum but it is was only a cover

In Vallarta we did not encounter anything resembling begging about the nearest thing was a youngster asking for a pesos after I declined his offer to sell me a newspaper

The ch ef evening form of entertainment was the fiesta, and most of the resort hotels had to least one a week The evening would begin at about 6 o clock and a cover charge of about $8 per person entitled guests to all the margaritas (something like lemonade and tequila) they wished as much as they could eat from a buffet of Mexican food and acrobatic Mexican entertainment in the form of mariachi and dancing groups

These buffets saved my life mashing me to load my plate with the few foods my stomach didn't reject

One afternoon we took a bus trip (about 75 cents per person) with the Guidance to the normal fiesta in a little village some 30 miles out of Vallarta Communications being what they are in rural Mexico we learned from one person upon arriving that we were a day late (or maybe early) from another that the fiesta was to start four hours later from a third that it was to start in two hours, and from a fourth finally, that it was already on

This fiesta was not (at final out in that town of day) in resting exercise more like a small rodeo with local riders displaying their riding and roping prowess in a crude corral before a cruder grandstand filled with cheering fans, some of them happily waving large bottles of tequil it i encouragement.

When I refer to a crude grandstand I mean to create that it almost defies description or belief It was made entire y out of peeled logs an to eight inches in diameter These logs served as uprights, supports and benches, and since no great care had been taken care in choosing them for suitability for this use (perhaps there was little choice) fans were perched at weird angles

I snapped the camera at many interesting and beautiful scenes on that occasion, but found out later that the film had come off the sprocket and that I had not, in fact, taken a single photo.

As I mentioned in my "friendly" column some months ago, we took the Conversational Spanish course offered by South East Community College last fall, but I found that tourists without a word of Spanish didn't have much of a problem once most people in service jobs had at least a smattering of English to the areas required by their jobs.

Arriving at our suites took our baggage manager, however. I was able to get this fact through to the non-English speaking management in concise and was not inconvenienced very long. It was also handy when asking the staff of the suites for somech ng and asking directions downtown. Just that I could understand their replies, but they were d po us in the right direction and after a block or two we would have another go at it and slowly reach our destination.

However I made a point out of using my Spanish as much as poss ble in ordering food, g ving directions to taxi drivers and whenever I wasn't critical to get the exact information I required.

The Mexican people seemed to appreciate the effort, encouraged and helped me, and it was fun to find that even a two weeks i n few words could be used quite natural y without doing a mental translation. Even some of the words of the replies came to have a familiar ring.

All the streets in downtown Puerto Vallarta are narrow and cobblestoned, the cobblestones erratically scattered for esthetic reasons saving the generous Old World flavor.

Since the streets are not level however it makes a taxi ride something of an experience particularly if the driver is not concerned about his vehicle and in somewhat of a hurry. Pedestrians fit across the crosswalk everywhere some of them not even seeming to notice the oncoming vehicle but always managing to be out of the way by at least six inches at the critical time.

On the whole, taxi drivers didn't annoy us have as much if a death wish as appears common in some countries I have visited, but we managed to have one on the last evening that made up for all the others. Going across town for a final fiesta we hit a traffic tie up, and the way this driver took advantage of every l t e hole presenting other taxis with the right of way and changing along narrow passages with only a few inches clearance on either side was something to behold. Of course we cheered by shouting "Ole" at each achievement.

We became more familiar with tourists and tourism than we had expected or hoped to. The tourists are ugly but harmless regi k of the island fun by and some of the beach peddlers lead live onerous l ksash to attract attention and earn a few pesos allowing people to have their photos taken with the creatures. Horse ones were being sold to customers, and this commerce may well endanger the species.

With tourists we became fami iar on a more intimate basis. Since there was not a point of glass in the suite — all windows and doors were louvered — the little reptiles had easy access and these were always a few around.

This was entire ly to our liking for the presence of other visitors in Mexico I had somewhere gained the impression that the insects were scurrying around the room getting into things. Actually a room w th a fr ing to one spot for hours if not disturbed. Since they eat flies they are natural all terror come.

Chris the five ors a-year-old son of the Vancouver people in the next suite was always trying to catch lizards and one evening when there was one on the ouipants of our coat I tried to help him out with it.

It s appeared into the shadows and when I was trying to figure out which shadow was the mural Chris gave me this solemn piece of advice. "If it moves, that's him and if it doesn't move it isn't him."

It wasn t true and I wasn't all that sorry.

So that s Mexico revisited. I m glad I went I'm glad I m back and next time I think I'll try for some p ace else, with all due respect to a charming country and a charming people.

Homeward bound

EDITORIAL *February 3 1977*

It is high noon, gloriously warm, and we are preparing for departure from the suite that has been our home for the past two weeks.

Pleasantly warm.

Two weeks less two hours ago the same temperature seemed incredibly hot to the 100-odd fu gitives from the minus-30 of the Prairies who disembarked at Mexico's beautiful Puerto Vallarta airport.

For the next three or two we are re lieribo — no longer officially entitled to the use of our names which must be reserved for the next bunch of white-skinned Canadians — and no place to go until noon come for our baggage. Our suite is the one designated in the hospital ty suite, really more of a temporary refuge for all who have vacated their quarters, and mi handy seems right to see our erstwhile neighbors walk us boldly and deposit their baggage on our patio and in our l ng room.

The water of the fountain commodes into the tiny pool a few yards away — a sound which has become fami iar particularly when it tells us to sleep at night.

At poolside are people who were strangers a fortnight ago — to us and to each other — dangl ng tanned legs in the swimming pool s ipping drinks normally frowned upon at this time of day relieving the high-

lights of a hell they that already has begun to seem unreal. Thoughts resent to assistens postponed or deliberately banished, and a chance everyone flurs and sets an excitement at the prospect of returning home so family friends work responsibility and to the world and sourie that at the outcome seems an unbelievable to host and surf and ignorant seemed over weeks ago.

"Flies one back at work, I explained to a neighbor who looked questioningly at my scribbling.

"No " he replied, 'the second one, adding and he met spent the last two hours working on a shapes on this firm was inspecting.

There are a few who won I gave up till the last possible moment. They are still in bewilderer my loving until the last possible moment the unreal luxury of weather misbehaving.

I feel and way myself as my gaze falls on the opens of book I abandoned in favour of this first gesture to the to-do-by week ahead

On back I think I'll just quit writing now and go on reading

I just did

Adios amigos

It is 24 hours later as I type this, and I feel a your ridden in terms of travel experience

First one-two hours a various lineups at mid her (earliest sleep) for as beautiful) Puerto Vallarta airport a late takeoff and the good news that we would have to stop at Mazatlan for refuelling, adding perhaps an-other 45 m nutes to the flight.

Then when the trip was almost over we learned that Ca guay airport was closed down by snow and fog and that we didn' have enough fuel to hang around and wait for a weather change, so we had to fly m to Edmonton for refuelling, clear customs and wonder for another hour or so if that is where we would have to spend the night (with a blizzard blowing up for retire)

Finally we took off for Calgary again to fi it 50-50 chance of being able to land there. We made it but it was getting in glitz ze and our flight to Regina was booked for 7 15 in the morning. The one bright spot, the morning flight was four hours late and the airline was low enough to make me a fi st hit on know

Thirdly was mad? Not a bit That extra four hours seemed brought me back to Weyburn just turning to go, But that's ask me where.

Once upon a freeway

reprinted *November 16, 1978*

You've heard every possible horror story about the California freeways, so there's really no good reason to bore you with mine. Except mine happened to me.

The happenstance of back-to-back meetings in Los Angeles and San Diego last week on the normal calendar going and I reasoned that the return price of sales between downtown and the L.A. Airport six feet to San Diego, and cab fare from the San Diego airport to my hotel would be balanced by the cost of a hours car. And I was if he my own boss not subject to airline timetables and availability of taxis. Plus the luxury of driv ng along a fine bal access freeway admiring the beauty of the countryside for 100 miles (110 120 or 130 miles depending on my source of information)

Oh, I had heard all the stories but I reassured myself thousands of others are doing it every day. That friends is precisely the problem. Thousands of others are do ng it every day: thousands and thousands and thousands and thousands, and maybe even millions.

My first lesson was that the California a smile and concern for the tourist is a cut-de-sac. She (or he) is quite sincere in the des re to help you because some you have come to her counter or booth the natural assumption is that you are there to purchase the product or service offered. Caution yourself to that and you will receive efficient courteous, honest and friend y help. Step beyond it and it becomes your problem.

That is why I used the term "cul-de-sac " because you are left with the feeling that there is nowhere to turn.

Anyway my experience began with obtaining the rental car. Dents, bl pmishes. Even when I asked for directions to my hotel the attendant was ready with a pre-printed map of the greater Los Ange les area and quickly traced my route w th a pen. But when I asked the first left turn would be an actual left on a light or a clover leaf loop I had overstepped the line.

"There will be signs she said with finality and I knew I was on my own

The first cars was, in fact, easy and the freeway was well marked with signs on the left keeping me posted as to the next three exits. It was just a matter of watching for Santa Monica Boulevard and zeroing in.

So I turned right on the Santa Monica Freeway

According to my recollections of the instructions I shouldn' have far to go on the Santa Monica n. much my east and first turn and entered his freeway confidently My confidence began to dissolve and finally despair as the miles rolled by and there was no sign of my exit

Finally there was nothing left to do but leave the freeway find a well lighted service station and refer to my map and instructions. That's when I found out the city and both a Santa Monica Boulevard and a Santa Monica Freeway and I naturally and taken the wrong one.

The young service station attendant was reasonably helpful but couldn't locate his position on my map and didn't know east from west.

But we finally made it.

I faced the next day a trip with confidence in spite of my minor error. All I had to do was go back to the San Diego Freeway the route I had taken from the airport and keep going.

So I got on the San Diego Freeway and I kept going, and going, and going, until some inner instinct told me that a freeway which I expected to take me to San Diego ought not to be marked "Sacramento" and Bakersfield. Right freeway wrong direction and not even a good excuse for it.

I got myself turned around and in the ensuing few hours learned short Los Angeles among at night the dizzying effect of miles and miles of neon – one headlights and millions all moving and shimmering in the mist. I got off the freeway once or twice and I learned to stick to the centre lane and never to let the momentum behind me send cars whizzing by on both sides, almost got crowded getting into the ex-lane too quickly – overshot the San Diego access because I didn't see the tiny little sign and once even miraculously restained on my nerve when I thought I had lost it.

Once upon a freeway buckle up hope you keep your head up, your eyes open and on the road.

Visit to Disneyland

ERNESTUS *December 7 1978*

A plug for Disneyland, which we visited for the first time.

A few although not too many have referred to Disneyland as a ripoff. So I wasn't flapping for too much.

A ripoff? Is it if somewhere in your heart there is still a smouldering ember of magination a faint memory of the boy you once were. Disney can't if bring it back. It is the feelings that you expected to find behind every corner before you grew up to the facts of life and had long ago put aside as a oh fetish dream.

We were lucky in some respects. I've heard of crowds and long ago and can well believe that those could take the edge off the enjoyment. But we went on a midweek day with a threat of rain – rain cool enough to keep the crowds away but still warm enough for comfort.

The cost? We were for the $8 50-per-person guided tour which included a trip around Disneyland in the mini train train, a few more of the popular rides plus two tickets for rides of our choice.

Ride, we thought would take care of openers – perhaps half an hour – and after that there would be an open season on us. To our surprise we had a full afternoon enjoyed ourselves and left with a ticket still unused – and a lot left in us if it or ever our good fortune it return.

The whole place was spotless, the rides were fun (I passed on those not recommended for pregnant ladies) employees were friendly and helpful and I left with more admiration than ever for the and Walt Disney in a limitless imagination and his compulsive desire to perfect. no info

We stopped for coffee and a snack (good food reasonable prices) at an outdoor restaurant. Of course the birds were very much at home in the place and almost ate out of our hands. I noticed a sparrow having some difficulty hopping and attributed his to the slippery floor until I saw one leg slipping away from him.

I asked the young waiter: Do you get the bird had a broken leg and he replied, "Oh no. He's got a real fevered leg but he gets along all right. He lives in that big tree over there."

Where but in Disneyland?

A place in the sun

ERNESTUS *April 26 1979*

What triggered this year's excursion: was an afternoon late last fall at Cubberrin a Disneyland — an afternoon stolen from a con vention

It was a cool November day threatening rain and in the middle of the week conditions which kept Californians at home or at least away from Disneyland. We saw no touch at a few hours, and so enjoyed queue yes and we shouted them and there to come through with it long-standing promise to take what's left of the family in the day sightsee

We started for Disney World in Florida for a variety of reasons substantial y went during Easter break

Thus we there were no clouds and no threats of rain. The Floridians were on in force as were the Canadians, Mexicans you-alls Yankees the Germans Swiss, Italians and Japanese the black the white and the brown, the old and young the whole and the kids the whole and the point: and I share are new classifications I've named they were there as well.

Crowd control was terrific though and not unbelievably aware of up to 45 minutes for a ride everything was orderly consideration for invalids the elderly and parents with small children took away the element of despair that usually goes with crowd scenes. Monorail trains and ferries moving crowds between the parking area and the actual Disney World site perform so efficiently that what might be lunga- and in a nightmare becomes a reply an experience

It is a fantastic place and I salute the showmen the businessmen the dreamer and the salesman in the and Walt Disney

But admittedly a 10-minute ride is seen as a slightly different perspective after a 45-minute wait than after a three-minute wait and I'll confess and there were a times when the coffee served to Weyburn would look better than all the sun-drenched beauties of Florida. Too many in just too many

Wonderful tourist traps

SERENITY *July 23 1980*

We've all heard and read about tourist traps, and as that day and age, there seem to be hardly a man with soul on hand who has not been sucked into paying fancy prices for viewing a scenic wonder with about as much historic or esthetic value as a two weeks-dead muskrat.

However I'm talking about the kind that gets it hook-up through highway signs along the route that inmate your curiosity until you are fair bursting that drops you flat after you've paid the fancy price.

On a recent visit to the Black Hills of South Dakota, my wife and I fell for one of those. It wasn't that the attractions was out of line with the price of admission; it was the way we got lured off the beaten track that got us.

We had no sooner entered the Black Hills area when a huge billboard made it evident that our whole trip would be wasted if we failed to see the Wonderful Wonderland Cavern. Having seen the beautiful caves of Nerja Spain a few years ago, we were in quick agreement that, should the opportunity present itself a visit to these caves might be worthwhile.

Our first morning in the area, heading, naturally, for Mount Rushmore we were confronted unexpectedly with another billboard announcing that the next time would take us to the "Wonderful Wonderland Cavern."

I should have been suspicious because the sign gave no push on silliness as "only 300 yards" or "three miles as close as you'll ever get." No. Just the next left turn.

So what could a pair of keen tourists do but hang left and head for those wonderful caves?

We hung left and drove on the prescribed direction. And drove. And drove. About five miles down the road we were stopped by road construction and noted the fingerpost how far to the caves. She assured us with a smile that the turnoff was only about 10 miles distant.

Now 10 miles was slightly more than we had bargained for but what is a few miles on hard surface on a beautiful day. So we continued, and sure enough, one or 10 miles down the road another billboard invited us to take another left turn onto a gravel road. Well what is a few yards of gravel when you've come this far?

We drove five miles on a rough, narrow winding gravel road and just about the time we were ready to throw in the towel were greeted by another billboard welcome sign to Wonderland Caves.

With a sigh of relief I swung into that road one figment that we would find the caves just over the next crest. Wrong. Another two miles at least before we finally arrived at the ticket office, where we learned the next guided tour There was no line-up, incidentally

The young tour guide when he arrived not more than 10 minutes after the appointed time led us to the mouth of the caves, then proceeded to tell us of the sins of previous tourists and warned us in a friendly voice that if we removed anything from the cave, and were caught we would be faced with a fine of $500

Now I know they have to warn people about these things and I know tourists have been guilty of many deeds of selfishness thoughtlessness and downright vandalism But when you're in a larger group you assume he has you pegged for honest people and so simply warning the others. When there are only two of you you know exactly where it is and your finger gets dry and shivers run up and down your spine. I was debating between agreeing to leave immediately with a vomiting pardon for my coming or meekly requesting that I be read my Miranda rights.

Then down 126 steep, slippery stairs to the wonderful Wonderland Cavern. The guide warned us that if we felt alone we stopping to please shout a warning as that he could jump out of the way

So we viewed the wonderful caves which were worth the $3 50 admission but had a great deal more, and climbed back up the 126 steep slippery stairs

A glimpse of Edmonton

SERENITY *August 20 1980*

Last week was not our first visit to the city of Edmonton but previous stops have been either too brief to get a flavor of that seething city in as one of the three occasions that do not show a northern city in its best perspective.

After a summer of more rain than Edmontonians really appreciate, the city was clothed in lush greenness one might expect in mid-June but rarely in mid-August

Verdancy as the fads of it, may mean a strange quality to those I on an describing a modern city since the green cozies of most metropolitan areas are contented in a size that they can be soaked in but manicured to present beautiful little oases regardless of weather conditions

Edmonton, however as a young city learning green reality from the errors of the rest of North America, has through the wisdom of past city administrations preserved the banks of the North Saskatchewan River and all ravines coming through, fine by meticulously

Perhaps there have been other measures or replacement requiring beautification as maybe the people of Edmonton are unusually nature-conscious in any case, looking down from the Chateau Lacombe tower over the city's residential section the impression is almost one of viewing a forest with a few almost beautiful here and there. The houses are there, of

costume, but they are hidden from view by towering trees.

A city council a few years ago evidently decided to ease the rules to accommodate an expressway and much of the groundwork for the project — such as installation of storm sewers and other services — was laid. Someone blew the whistle however and nature has almost reclaimed this as known.

Now it may outrage a camping you to pull up stakes and move to beautiful Edmonton, a wooded nation.

From the real estate prices cited by our guide on a bus tour of Edmonton you would be well advised to sell everything you own, cash in your life insurance policy and pass on plus book your wedding ring and perhaps even pledge the paper route money of your children and grandchildren.

If the goal is to be beloved, the most modest home in Edmonton sell a for about $50 000. When you look at homes such as the standard six room bungalows built in Weyburn in the late 1950s and early 1960s think in terms of $100,000 to $200,000.

By the time you are mustered in the size and style of houses were found in Weyburn a house in similar areas the price tag is more likely to be upwards of $300,000.

Obviously, many, even half a million people choose to live in Edmonton they are also finding the Wherewithal to pay these fancy prices. Maybe if you are young and vigorous, you too can go there and end up owning a home with a privately inside value.

Villages of Amana

HERITAGE *June 3 1981*

We hit another jackpot when we stumbled across the seven villages of Amana

We had scheduled perhaps too many a day a drive and found some we settled rather early in the evening into our motel a town City Iowa

Casting about for something to fill a bit of the early evening, we ran across several ads for restaurants in Amana, only half an hour out of Iowa City and offering Am ish foods and Amana-made wines.

The adjective Amish I naturally connected with the old Am ish Mennonites who have settlements in Iowa scorn modern gadgetry and vehicles and work and live in the manner of a century or more ago

It seemed a contradiction for such people to be advertising food and wine but the even ng was bound to be interesting and the motel clerk smacked her lips when the described the food so with stomachs rumbling we headed for the v llages.

As luck would have it, our waitress was a native Amana girl ("My co y more has been from one room to another in our house.") She worked as a part time in summer time was interviewed by quite ons and enjoyed talking about the religion and culture that had created the Amana colonies

The Church of the True Inspiration differs from other Christian churches (among other ways) in that there is no baptism or other formal ceremony aimed ing an individual s acceptance of the faith As our "guide explained it, a person may be five or 55 when he or she accepts Christ.

The sect was formed (on November 7 1714 the minted preach y in Germany at a time when many groups formed the mainstream Roman Catholic and Protestant churches too rigid and conservative for their liking.

Most of these sects were small and localized and most of them simply disintegrated when their leaders died Sixty-five years after the original congregation the same almost happened to the group, but in 1817 there was a revival under new group of leaders.

The sect adopted a communistic constitution moved a large estate in Germany and there lived as one big family very much like the Hutterite colonies we have s Saskatchewan Because of religious persecution however they did de to head for the United States and here formed the Ebenezer colonies in the state of New York in the 1 840s

They quickly outgrew their New York holdings, and only 10 years later were scouting communities to Kansas and Iowa. They bought land in Iowa in 1854 and it took some years a few years later to get access to the railways so that the colony had a total of 26,000 acres. The parcel still embraces the seven villages and some 1 700 people.

About 75 years later the people of Amana decided that the communistic way of life was not suitable to the lifestyles of the 20th century so in 1932 after a historic vote which must have split the community down the middle church and lived more separated. The Amana Society was formed as a nonprofit tax-paying corporation (of the name sounds funn as the company makes Amana freezers furniture and m crowave ovens) while the Amana Church Society became a non-profit organization The Amanas are now among free-enterprisers and their communistic and homes reflect a thriving economy and modern outlook

It spite of s century and a half as the U S people of humble age and older still speak with a heavy German accents but the young speak and look like other Americans.

The church still has services in both German and English There are no ordained ministers, only elected elders who take turns preaching from one week to the next

By the way the bratwurst and sauerkraut were delicious the home-baked horse feather-light, the cherry wine was smooth, fru the rhubarb wines and so the variety tabs But one learns to live with an occasional imperfection when everything else is fascinating

Mark Twain's caves

EARNESTLY *August 12, 1981*

One of life's minimum cause true for me a few months ago when my wife and I found some two weeks away driving through of Hannibal, Mo., the boyhood home of Samuel L. Clemens — better known as Mark Twain — and the prototype of the village of St. Petersburg locale of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

One of Tom's adventures occurred when the school class took a supervised trip to the caves a short distance from town. Tom and his beau-heck Becky Thatcher became separated from the others and eventually got lost in the labyrinth and were almost given up. Before finding a new way out of the cave they ran across Injun Joe a wanted murderer against whom Tom had testified adding to some dimension of terror to the tale.

The cave is now a national monument and there are popular conducted tours through the entire maze. We learned that Mark Twain that used gumption literary license in adapting the Hannibal cave to the Tom Sawyer story. The entire cave system covers less than a quarter of a mile at its longest point, and while it would be a terrifying challenge for a stranger it had been thoroughly explored a Mark Twain a time and most youngsters in the district knew every inch of the network.

The unknown entrance was also fictional no one we were told and ever found an opening overlooking the Mississippi.

Limestone caves such as those at Hannibal are quite if ferrous from the cathedral like caves with their beautiful stalagmites and stalagtites formed from calcium carbonate deposits that are the usual tourist attraction. The Hannibal caves probably were formed when surface water won at a higher level and have been subject to very little moisture seepage since the water level dropped. Why a less spectacular they are just as interesting particularly to Mark Twain buffs who can relate the various formations to Tom's adventures.

We were told one of the large caverns at one time was used by Johnsonian bears and that local young-sters on their frequent visits to the out-of-bounds room used to scamper past the sleeping animals on "dares." That may be "true gentle a because" but it would fit my image of Mark Twain and his friends as boys.

Remains of uniformly cool year-round tem- peratures nearby farmers also used the caves as root cellars. But after that it was when tourist traffic became common. The whole tour took less (or just over) an hour, but it was one of the most interesting hours in my life.

Abe Lincoln's birthplace

EARNESTLY *September 28 1983*

Travel, they say, is broadening, and I'll buy that. I also find it humbling.

Whenever I visit a location site I am impressed by how much more everyone else knows about the history of whoever or whatever is enshrined as a particular place.

Then once in a while occurs an incident that restores my confidence my sense of being at least at the fringes of historical literacy. I ran into such an instance last week after a long week of travelling the highways and byways o f old Kentucky.

First we (my wife and I) were drawn, by appropri ate signs to a hi t c ation identified as Abraham Lincoln's boyhood home a one-roomed log cabin which could not have been a more than 15 by 20 feet in size — if not large

To think that even a small family (Lincoln had only one brother and one sister and the brother died at an early age) could survive winters or hot summers in such modest accommodations was in itself mind-boggling. But then we learned that it's a bad possibility been the most prosperous of the numerous Lincoln homes and we wondered how so renowned a president could ever have sprung from so humble a beginning

In this case the site was privately owned and operated and admission was only 25 cents, which was just about right for what there was to see. The owners made their money on a sizable gift and souvenir shop a few yards from the i ld cabin

This was not a long stop perhaps five minutes and we were back on the road again. We had not travelled far when we came upon a huge hi llboard pointing us into a small and rural park at the si te of Lincoln's actual birthplace

We walked into a modern office where a uniformed park attendant explained to us that the log cabin in which Abe Lincoln was born was located a few hundred feet away in a handsome shrine reached by climbing 56 wide concrete steps — one for every year of his life.

Not far from the shrine was another set of stairs taking visitors down to the spring where the Lincoln drew their water and about 10 stones from that stood what was left of a 300-year-old tree which and through the years marked the southeast (I think) corner of the property. The tree died only some 10 years ago and part of the trunk is st l standing.

His aide suggested we wait for a few minutes and see a 15-minute film on Lincoln and his early years.

We made ourselves comfortable and a few minutes later a young man mannbed-danced-would into the building appeared and theatrical and demanded. "What are the museum here?"

The attendant replied with a surprised but polite "Ah baby your paludon?" whereupon the visitor re-

guessed: "What's to do? Like what do you do around here?"

The attendant-cum-plumber now once reached the birthplace, and was about to continue when the young man asked "Whose birthplace?"

The attendant looked at him for a moment in disbelief that broke into a wide grin and exclaimed "Well, it was mine!" After he had somehow established in the visitor's mind that it was Abe Lincoln's birthplace, he went on to mention the spring.

"Can you drink the water?" asked the visitor.

"No sir!" "Why not?" "Because it is polluted." "But what? Why do you know?" was the next question with the reluctant contestant that he needed water for his family.

The attendant explained that clean water was available a few taps, and that the spring simply was polluted. The visitor's expression left one feeling that the pollution was a plot against him.

The car stayed for the film and afterwards we caught glimpses of him striding from one point of interest to the next looking around suspiciously as though the entire thing was some sort of fraud being perpetrated on him.

Somewhere the fact that it was Abe Lincoln's birthplace must have sunk in, but I am not sure he ever figured out just what Lincoln was.

By the way, just to show off my new-found erudition, the Lincoln family attended in the cabin of his birth for only two years, then moved on to the second home a few miles away living there until Abe was about seven. Then the Lincolns removed to present postures in Indiana and eventually to Illinois when the future president later began his climb to political fame.

Freeways revisited

RECENTLY October 3 1963

Last week when I visited Los Angeles for the second time in several years, and navigated the city's famous freeways with relative ease, albeit with several near misses I was convinced that I was now a journeyman freeway travelle. Show me any city where the signs are in English and one drives on the right-hand side and I am the master of the situation.

That's what I used to myself.

Oh how I deceived myself!

And where did I get my come-uppance? In New York Chicago Detroit, Boston Miami Philadelphia? Nope. In the unexcepted cared I title mid-western city of Cincinnati Ohio.

We arrived a Cincinnati airport late of an evening and just as a final precaution I had the girl at the car rental desk run my route to the motel. Just take the Fourth St. exit just before you reach the river hang a right and you're right there.

Oh how simple and technically quite correct.

We even caught a glimpse of the an a well-known neon sign until I "hung a right" and suddenly found myself trave ling a one-way street that obviously wasn t going to take us anywhere near the inn. We stopped at a drug store or whatever received new set of a ople instructions and the assurances that we couldn t miss it.

I drove as instructed came to an intersection where the view was blocked by a large building and caught a glimpse of the inn s sign just as I found myself on the entrance ramp of I-75 going into Cinc innati.

This was an nightmare of colossa making orientation s bo more difficult, and it was at least 45 m inutes before we found ourse ves with the use had for my one book

Next morning on the advice of a Cincinnatian we visited Eden Park the city's feature attraction. This was go ing to be a snap. "Take the first exit after crossing the river and just keep going. You can't miss it."

Miraculously it worked — up to a point.

I had just begun to fee lost when we spied the sign "Eden Park Entrance."

Breathing a s gh of relief I swerved took a few careless turns looking for a parking area, and accidentally found myself on a one-way drive identified as "Eden Park Exit." After that it took almost an hour to find an entrance again

By even ng my confidence was again restored, and we decided to see Ann's Matchmaker at an overwhelmed called "Showboat Majestic." Again the instructions were simple enough for an idiot to follow "Take the first downtown exit, follow Second St. to Broadway and you'll find the Showboat at the foot of Broadway

I successfully exited at Second found Broadway hung a right — and found that Broadway ended at a street running parallel to the river. Which way to go? I was in the right-hand lane and a young man was in the car to my left I waved frantically and he leaned over and turned down his window

Can you te l me where to find the — uh, th— the Sternwheel Showboat?

He pondered the question for a moment with an odd look on h s face then asked if I was looking for a show of some sort I nodded vigorously he asked me to follow him. the motorist behind him kindly waved me onto the lane and half a minute later we were in the parking lot beside which the Showboat Majestic — not the Steamship Magnificent — was moored

Again that night and on every subsequent trip on Cincinnati I took the wrong exit and found myself driving north instead of south on I 75 and I had to go through all sorts of maneuvers to get turned around. On the even ng we saw the Reds play I crossed the freeway at least three times, almost ran out of gas and I swear I passed at least five Eden Park entrances unseen by fly-post

That seem tall nearly Bu I ll and with a trip of the hat is Kentucky and Ohio drivers With all the interjarping I did to compensate for errors I never once heard a horn sound at me or anger or make a fist shaken at me Or perhaps I is just that the friendliness of sight and hearing are also leaving me

Visit to Shakertown

ERNESTLY *October 12 1983*

Churchmen today — and parents — in North America worry as numbers of the traditional churches particularly the young are lured away by offbeat religious cults usually built around the aura of one strong leader

The phenomenon however is not new

A few years ago, when my wife and I motored through Iowa we discovered the group of Amana villages established in the last century by a small religious sect dedicated to communal living. We learned them that after the Reformation when it became relatively easy to break away from the established churches hundreds of sects were founded in Europe, most of them dying out with the death of the strong leaders who had organized and inspired them

When we ran into references in Kentucky recently to Shakertown in tourist brochures (in maps and hotel motels) we wanted to see just what in respect Shakers are mentioned frequently in American history books and novels but I for one didn t know whether they had survived as a functioning religious and/or society

When we saw the dormitory-like brick residence at Shakertown (Pleasant Hill), a few miles southwest of Lexington we thought it was a cousin of the Amana situation certainly the structures were designed for communal living Our guide a bonneted old lady in an old dress spoke as proudly of the Shaker hel ers that another first impression was that the religion was still active

The Shakers were indeed a communal society but with a difference They preached and ostentatiously practised complete celibacy

Married couples joining the sect became "brothers and sisters," lived from then on in the men s or women s sections of the buildings and were only at meals and meeting time Their children became wards of the colony

It seemed obvious that a cult built around this principle had to own extinction written right into the constitution so to speak, but we were told the Shaker villages exist where a New England, New York and the South are reunited through the adoption of orphans from the big cities These children, of course were educated in Shaker beliefs and the ig nore de pendent on them and so converts for perpetuation

While the entire sect is down now to several ancient sisters, it survived and thrived, remarkably enough, for over one century Evil must that I have I could not help wondering how many of the orphans adopted by the colony came not from the big cities but from one of the neighboring buildings or cabins in, where nature must have continuously overcome religious and and good intentions.

At the meeting house we were treated to a 15-minute ballet based on the cult s religious dances. This was before we had completed the tour, and the outward smile of the religion was not quite c ear to us So, what we saw the cannon and dedicated fiscer of the performance we were almost convinced that a handful of the fanatics had survived It was soon apparent however that this was a highly professional performance. The dancers, it turned out, were members of the Louisville Ballet who come down for one or two weeks every summer to render this beautiful performance several times daily

The Shakers we learned, were an offshoot of the Quaker religion A small group of believers followed their prophetess Mother Ann Lee, from England to the New World They carried the title Shaking Quakers" because of the frenetic shak ng and whirling dances of the assembly

During the civ l war both Union and Confederate forces stopped by at Pleasant Hill and helped themselves to the Shakers' stores. According to a brochure the Shakers never recovered from this depletion I still suspect the reason for the sect going downhill and a move has a cause

In 1805 the village had nearly 500 inhabitants, who led the state in scientific farming in the propagation of sheep cattle and hogs, and in the development of agricultural equipment Ag n quoting the brochure, "The sale of Shakermade brooms garden seed and herbs throughout the Midwest and South made the Shaker name a hallmark of excellence "

The last Pleasant Hill Shaker died in 1923 and the property was auctioned off the following year After several changes of ownership, a group of private citizens organized i 1961 to preserve the remaining 27 structures and the farmlands The village was renamed Sh k r Hill Century appearance and has been open to the public s nce 1968

Some day maybe we ll be preserving Mooney colonies

Red Wing, Minnesota

ERNESTLY *September 12 1984*

One of th e more pleasant surprises came our way last week when we visited Red Wing, Minn

Where in the world, you may ask, s Red Wing, Minn and what earthly reason would anyone have for going there?

To answer the first inquiry question Red Wing lies 40 to 50 mi es southeast of the Twin Cities on the bank of the Mississippi River The second is slightly

more difficult to explain. Over late spring and early in some of the year we at the Review have kept ourselves occupied with familiarizing ourselves with and becoming proficient in the operation of the new generation of computerized news storage and typesetting system which is the way the newspaper world is going these days and inaugurated to make life easy or for us beside improving the final products.

To realize the suffering it is not most desirable to say I a plan of sm ne ve using the same equipment and computer setup

It was in the summer we learned that the Rapidier-Eagle of Red Wing has equipment identical to ours, as we I as a supplementary device we have been considering. This combined with its nearness to an airport easy and desirable) unexpectedly accessed from here, determined our destinat on

Naturally this desirable to book accommodation in advance so I acted in my many Triple-A tour guide, and learned that Red Wing has the several motels, the 60-unit St. James Hotel "an 1875 Victorian hotel restored to original elegance."

Now they say is not always better not so old but when something has been restored to original elegance there is the suggest on that is spoil by was worth restoring. Then, cherishing the hope that restoration had not been so total and modern conveniences and been overlooked I made reservations and used a silent prayer

Wh t she was in beauty

S xty units may not sound like a lot when measured in terms of compact motel units boroughen such room is larger than the average living room and has an adjoining bathroom almost as large, plus hallways as wide as a country lane ndeds up to quite a bit of space

What once was either a massive main floor rotunda or perhaps a be known has been converted into a mall of boutiques are gas shops and art galleries The bedrooms m metal cased are huge with old fashioned high beds beautiful old-style chandel ers, exceedingly comfortable chairs and very l ole ise

The main area bathrooms have boasted no d-fashioned tub shown a face off the ground s tubs with an overhead tank and pull-chain and a little shower stall with only hot and cold controls. When I turned off the shower I guessed wrong and that jet of scald d water sure d d wake me up. I consoled myself that I've had worse I was fortunate one. I might have been scalded to death

The hotel and three restaurants, and on to an characteristic location I chose the most expensive one. The menus were beautifully printed but almost impossible to read because of the low l ghting and the fine script type, so we settled for the house specialties veal and salmon

Mine was salmon, and I wondered how salmon could be processed into hard than sheets. By the time the meal was over and we made comparisons, it became evident we were both eating veal. Which I hate. How do you restrain veal for salmon? I guess I'm just easy to fool

Waking a thi morning we were treated to mysterious noises in the walls. I don't know whether the hotel was restocked with mice in the restoration process, if they never left or if some effects were added for atmosphere. Maybe it was something else altogether, and I incorrectly identified the noise. Certainly the hotel was clean

The town itself with a population upwards of 13 000, is beautiful and we learned that its tourist business has doubled since the restoration of the St James. There are bountiful scenic drives along the Mississippi a huge pottery factory and sales outlet we did not manage to visit, and it is near to Frontenac State Park and Lake Pepin. I wouldn a half mind another excuse to visit Red Wing

Oh, that sunny south

EARNESTLY *January 30 1985*

If you happen to encounter me in the next few days sporting a skin as brown as a Hawaiian s you will assume that I have been basking a southern resort as soh is you have been fooled ng

You will be wrong My wife and I did, indeed spend some time in the southern Un ted States (we I refer ve ly southern) but when we were plotted up at Regina airport late Wednesday evening the minut-one Celsius temperature that greeted us was the warmest we had experienced in a week to 10 days

Now before you burst into tears of sympathy allow me to explain that while we hadn't exactly counted on the Alberta Cl pper as the bitterest of snap we dubbed on the southeastern seaboard, n ther had we expected to soak up excessive sunshine, which seldom shines cancer just to gang a tall water which beckoning seduced Inuit to arctic gaiter

Thus did we reason Neither of us is a golfer swimmer water skier or beach bum and in fact we just don t care for excessive heat in any time of the year

On the other hand wouldn n n be wise to leave a week or two away from the inevitable sub-zero weather of a Saskatchewan January? We enjoy sightseeing and strolling in some of the tourist street ons, so we were look ng for an area where tourism does not shut down for the winter and where we might browse around without either crashing or freezing

What seemed to lend itself well to this preference was the North and South Carol na region, loaded with history and beautiful scenery and w th January average highs of 50 degrees Fahrenheit or better. Just up our alley We might even back into slightly warmer-than-normal temperatures

Taking into account then accordning to main

peachable sources. It rains something like three days out of 10 in January in those parts, we booked our flight to Charlotte, N C and our return out of Charleston S C

That reasoned we further. Should we arrive to favorable weather, we could spend our time exploring the Carolinas time head for Charleston to return home. On the other hand, should luck not be with us and we found course we sloshing around in wet cool weather we would head for southern Florida and still be within a day or two advice from Charleston for the return trip

Error-inducive nature imposited another frame of reference.

We put down in a soolish and sunny Charlotte where we noticed this until out arrival the weather had been unseasonably warm, but soon colder weather and some and I was expected that it would turn colder still and reason that way for a spell

From a tourist s point of view, Charlotte closes down pretty well for the winter so after two days there we set out for historic New Bern on the coast. That is a small old city originally settled by Swiss and Germans which briefly served as the capital of North Carolina.

It was leisurely but cool and with rain threatening we opted for heading south at least to Charleston, and perhaps to Savannah Ga with northern Florida still an option if the weather becomes disastrous.

The weatherman was co-operative in the sense that there was never during our stay in any great city more than a trace of rain. He balanced this however with record low temperatures for the area

On Tuesday Dec. 22, the Charleston News and Courier reported "Monday's record-cold temperatures of six degrees at the Charleston International Airport and an icy 10 degrees downtown created havoc throughout much of the area as thousands of homes and businesses were left without electricity and worldwide plumbing. Motorists also were left standing on head roads without gas fumes"

Even a day earlier arriving into not there Georgia we noticed the highway shoulders were often were dotted with abandoned cars. Motorists and left their houses driving cars with frozen radiators. Then their cars heated up and the ball game was over

Temperatures such as those cited don t sound all that wicked from the perspective of western Canadians, but bein in mind that many of the homes down there are not equipped to cope with them.

We stopped for coffee and abuse in a fast food outlet just north of the Florida border one afternoon. The place was without heat and the waitresses were serving in heavy overcoats leggings and woollen hats They didn t look very comfortable and for that matter we didn t dawdle over our coffee. It was warmer in the car

We prudently tried to have the antifreeze checked in our rented car but the station didn't have the equipment to do it Removing the rad cap, however revealed a strong enough green tint in the water to indicate we were well protected

Would we take a chance on the Carolinas in January again? Sure would But just about now the thought of lying on a hot beach reading a book isn t all that unattractive either

Why do they do it?

EXPERTLY February 1 1985

For a person who likes out a living in the news media I have been accused of having shamefully short ears — figuratively speaking naturally It and been said people in the next table to ours at a restaurant could be planning a revolution at the top of their voices and I would go on munching and wool gathering in blissful ignorance.

On our recent trip to the Carolinas however to my surprising was almost forced upon me as I emerged if not wiser or better for the experience at least greatly entertained

I say I was forced upon me because of the circumstances of our dining. Partly because it was not entirely the height of the tourist season, and partly because we are early diners we found ourselves among our evening meals in almost empty dining rooms

Under these circumstances most people will lower their voices, since their words will not be scrambled into the buzz of conversation in happier in a full room of people speaking in normal voices

But there are exceptions. Yes, indeed there are exceptions We had two del ghtful eavesdroppings on consecutive evenings at our hotel in Savannah Ga.

On the first evening we were having a dining room large enough for several hundred people with perhaps four or five other small groups Most of the diners were travelling couples, and the clink of their cutlery or glasses was louder than their intimate, hushed conversations

Sudden y there was a new presence in the room and it quickly dominated the scene. The early-middle-aged couple was being shown to a table near the wall not far from us when the woman demanded loudly enough to earn every head, that they be seated in the centre of the room. "Where is it warmer "

The present ted no problem and they were shown to a table a the middle stage centre, one might be tempted to say. The husband helped her out of her coat and was about to take it (to the cloakroom) when and ordered him to drape it over the chair next to her in case she got cold By this time water was being poured into their glasses and announcing that she had "a condition, the woman asked that the ice g ve was removed a glass of "tepid water yes know room temperature.

Her next instructions were that her order be turned and then he allowed to return to before being served

When the heated loaf of bread arrived she ordered her husband to cut her a slice out of the middle. He obliged dutifully and without a murmur. She told him also to order some soup and he rose it to me whether it was suitable for her

Her husband was set before her and she blew up when she found it cold for it. She explained to the aggrieved nose to the waitress that she had asked for it to be "straight up," that this turned without ice and in because with trust water

The waitress apologized and offered in exchange it but almost his her arm when she tried to remove the offending highball. Her ladyship explained that it could be left to warm up while she brought another drink without the ice.

She requested and received coffee immediately but the waitress — probably trying too hurt — forgot to bring the cream. She (the server) didn't want for the waitress to return but held up a finger imperiously and shrieked "Please!" to the recognizant "May I please have cream for my coffee"

Actually how can you tell it?" she demanded of her husband who, desperately was trying to cut his salad

We left on the note of her complaining that "this soup is pretty hot."

The next night it was the turn of the smile of the specials to grow do the entertainment in the same dining room

A different couple naturally no elderly well-fed pair with northern accents They came to our attention when they were ordering their meals The waiter told him he was out of what he wasn't on the menu and he exploded: "What, No! You and cannot?" and went on to tell the waitress just how many miles and how many hours he must travelled to get there only to learn they didn't serve liver and onions

"Well George" said the wife quickly "You we and liver and onions the last three nights.

"So what I've got to eat g ——— d ——— chicken every night at home so what if I have liver and onions every night"

To get even what the world he refused to eat his salad and when his wife quietly reproached him for not eating something he consumed a few minutes or her that would have been in your taste in the privacy of their home

And still was supposed to be n g ——— d ——— vacation," he lamented loudly to the whole house after she commented that perhaps food would make it good substitute for the additional drink he had ordered

He loved or finger a lot and returned, "Next year! Next year I'm taking a trip to Panama if I think I have it correctly" and you're invited If you mirror alive. If not I'm going anyway"

"I thought we were going to California next year"

she reminded him — "If I wanna, I can go to both " he reasoned triumphantly

And so on

Why do people do these things?

The moral of all this is: do your fighting and screaming at home or you may wind up in someone a column.

Famous people

RECENTLY February 13 1965

I thought we had arrived in Charlotte in time for no all-star convention of some kind

At the car rental counter the desk for rental customers was filled with fellows bearing names like Steve Carvey Glenn Vanderbild Don Arnez and many others you would recognize.

"Are those names for real?" I asked the attendant "Oh the names are real " she replied, "but the people aren't coming We just got bored once in a while and the name would start thinking " So, instead of marking the packets A B C etc they used the names of their favorite stars of movies, sports or whatever with surnames beginning with the appropriate letters of the alphabet.

La belle province

RECENTLY August 14 1965

It was as though we and been dropped into another world

Not that I was unaccustomed to that sparkling Savoy my wife and I arrived at the Quebec City air terminal three onslaught inside from an immediate conscious ness of the predominance of French the lonesome rule to our head didn't differ much from what might have been in any other North American city

In spite of heavily-accented Yingl ish the device was unmistakably conscious enough — and up-minded — to identify points of interest along the way for his tourist-weary fares.

What became apparent immediately when we hit downtown was the fact that tourism was no casual affair in summer in host Quebec City is Tourist-ville in the core

This was near midnight yet still raced and the downtown streets were alive with happy-looking people strolling along at a comfortable pace browsing, cafe-crawling, or just enjoying the warmth of a beautiful July evening in an enchanting setting

Now let's hold it right there

When I say Touristville this does not evoke the most pleasant image the all of us I might be turned off myself if someone else used the term to describe a place So take it from me that the tourist impression was one of relaxation usually joy and happiness.

In most cities nowadays of the sidewalks aren't exactly rolled up at sundown, they seem to be alive-

dowed by all but a few of the more venturesome and brilliantly carousers and a motherwell of near-aliens who send shivers up the spine of anyone who Farts himself at large through unadvertised. Thus the continent gives one a sense of being transported into some sort of fantasy world.

Even the pleasant fare improves on of the wildest city in North America didn't tempt us to expose ourselves overly long to the inviting atmosphere. We had a snack downstairs and it is the pit. But oh, the glory of seeing the sun disporting — and torture wouldn't extract from me the how — throwing back the drapes forming a the luminous and gazing out onto the rolling verdant Plains of Abraham stretching from the citadel on the distant left and as far as the eye could see in the right, with the shimmering St. Lawrence River beyond.

Going out for breakfast once more confirms the impression of in difference.

Stretching the equivalent of several obenec city blocks on both sides of Rue Grande-Allee (name drag) are sidewalk cafe upon sidewalk cafe immediately changing the atmosphere to southern European rather than North American.

Tables at these cafes are sand and close together and in most cases are protected by parasols or canopies. The reason for the shelter becomes qu ckly apparent. What the sun is not can be a soon grateful for the shade and when the sky is clearly an occasional shower is almost inevitable

Each of the cafes has menus posted just outside the entrance and eac quickly becomes accustomed to checking the house specialties — and prices. Crepes may be the form of eas ssaah hamburger, pizzas the next and so forth

Taking a table may very quickly become aware of the French fact of the city. Having said earlier that it is a tourist mecca this acceptable brought to that the throngs are English-speaking visitors from the United States and English-speaking Canada, with only the "hard be" speaking the native language

Not so Quebec province has upwards of six million people mostly French-speaking and to them low Quebec City is a source of bounty, luxury and recreation Thus one a addressed firm in French and when one answers in English the waiters and others are very accommodating. But it is quickly apparent that these English is confined to the most basic words and phrases necessary for their jobs

But they are friendly courteous and obliging and subtle you feel you are in a different world and indeed a bit of a foreigner you.but we come and appreciated.

Then, for someone raised on the flat prairies where few common ties have passed their 100th anniversary there is quick awareness that beside the beauty of a city in a hillside setting — It is a conditions which tourist considerable physical exertion — the knowledge and the evidence of Quebec City's age of almost 450 years is unwelcome.

It is the only walled city in North America and these walls were not built for fun. They were built by the British after they took the city to safeguard against the very real threat of an invasion by American forces

The name "Quebec" we were told in a transcription of the Indian word Kebek meaning "where the river narrows" The city is located on a hill overlooking the narrowest point of the St Lawrence River Hence both its name and its strategic importance in the days when the New World was spiritually the battlefield for wars of European egos.

Quebec City is probably the most beautiful and interesting city I have ever chosen If yous are get the chance to go there — do so

More about Quebec

JEMMELLY *August 21 1985*

While I was breathing in the Old-World charms of the continent s oldest city I promised that every night and sound would be indelibly written into my memory Yet less than two weeks after leaving beautiful Quebec City I find I hard to believe I ever really felt dough -stricken grnsslooper infested Southeastern Saskatchewan and spent a whole week in a sort of Canada where one manages to feel foreign and at home at the same time

There are three ways of seeing the sights of the city walking xnext celebrity (horse-drawn carriages) and tour buses. Natural y there is the additional option of driving your own car but as one guide pointed out it is much easier to park in Quebec C ty than to drive in it.

A word here is appropriate about the size and nature of Quebec City Most statistical sources show the city as having a population of about 165 000 placing it somewhere in the category of Regina or Saskatoon for size

This is extremely misleading

Greater Quebec City may be divided into three sections: the walled c ty a small area making up the city as it existed in the days of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and the ensuing British occupation (circa 1759) the incorporated city which included this wall ed city but also takes in the expansion of the next century or so, and the suburbs exceeding the more pointed city both in s ze and population, and encroaching most other North American cities except for an undeniably more beautiful setting (than most)

The metropolitan area, then, has a population of about half a million, and we were told in tourist pamoo this swel s to close to a mil ion. So we are not really talking about a small backwoods city but, for all the well -preserved charms, a bustling metropolis of the order of Edmonton or Winnipeg

But back to viewing the old city If you think you

one manage stretch the width of two European cars wind up up and down? I like those of the ush by my guest but for myself no thanks (Quebecois treat as compare the hills with those of San Francisco, but I find their bit thick.)

I also decl and the walking tours that is the official ones. After trudging downhill into the old city and uphill back to the hotel/museum knows how many times wearing out an inch of shoe leather I was not about to pay for the privilege of to loosing a guide around In this week I either added five years to my life or subtracted five depending on whom to believe Participation or my bones

We walked several miles a minute, past to got to Place d'Esplanade where one engages the caleches for a 45 minute jaunt through the Plains of Abraham and past scens of the famous s tes such as the Citadel, the National Assembly buildings and some of the old churches

We drew Martin with his sinky-like calache, drawn by s ling gnat horse named Willie

Bellingnat? We I, when we were about to seat the tour Martin appeared into the house s ray "All aic, Willie?" and also addressed him n English at start turn off When I asked him how the horse n ndcrstood English he told us he had been training him Later he admitted the horse was tuned in to his tone of voice, rather than the words "I could say mme Spanish or German and it wouldn't make any difference."

En route we passed another calesche (one of hundreds) and Martin cried out "Salut Tommy iv the other horses "Every driver or Quebec knows Tommy" he told us explaining that Tommy is over 20 years old .knows every inch of the route and each new driver is assigned to him for training.

Martin demonstrated a horse s sharp memory He told us that on his first run of the day they had encountered a gardener trimming shrubs with long sheers near the entrance to the Plains. Will le hadn.t liked the looks of those sheers and had given the gardener an wide berth as possible. In the afternoon when we approached the same spot Willie flattened his ears as unhappy anticipation although the gardener was not around

Every few minutes Martin would ask Willie if he would like n carrot — the usual reward at the end of every tour. This presumably kept him interested in his work

Our bus tour on the first day gave us the most comprehensive view of the city. the threatened at first to turn into one of those disasters that tend to speckle my travelling experiences. After load ng the fares at the hotels, the driver explained that he had to pick up some people at a tourist camp. This turned out to be about 20 minutes out of our way. but on a beautiful day at the beginning of a holiday what's a few extra miles or minutes?

The tour and just began when the driver found he

and lost his power steering, and so had to drive us back to his headquarters base to switch buses. F ve minutes on the substitute bus and he discovered he was about out of gas...so he pulled up beside a service station pump. He got out and found the gas intake was on the wrong side so he gave it another try looping the coming back on the other side of the pump giving him the same problem.

After that the trip went smoothly

The driver did give us an idea of how Quebecois feel about h hqualdem- if his view is typical Astounding probably is that his fates were all Americans, he explained that Quebec s French and the rest of Canada is bi ingual. I offer that without comment but it is food for though

My w fe also mentioned that the women were the most beautiful she had ever seen anywhere Not wishing to appear nobservant or unobserving, I agreed

New Orleans and precincts

MMMYY February 5 1958

A city such as New Orleans which we visited last month is good for s few days at least and once on the road, it is surprising how few miles eat up a day when you get up when you feel like it and stop at every tempt ing. In off-season there is the risk that some of them will be closed, but there is always another one down the road

A high point of visiting New Orleans (really a must) is stroll ng through the French Quarter — the restored old section of the historic city — n the evening.

Every evening Bourbon Street is blocked off to motor traffic with gays see ers soakers inhabited n the provisions for the purpose. framing the whole width of the street (which isn t all that much) for pedestrians seeking a good, restaurant, gathe ghow or whatever else someone dreams up to attract your attention and your dollars

New Orleans is situated on the mouth o l the Mississippi river, and n a certain of that great waterway I believe the river guides said it is now the second largest seaport in the world, next to Amsterdam Holland and finally ahead of New York City

Of course, the information peddled by tour guides cannot be regarded as gospel I was slightly puzzled the first time a guide expounding on the greatness of the Mississippi was on at say that beside draining a substantial part of the United States it also drained two Canadian provinces.

This set me wondering about which two provinces them might be. The Maritime Provinces are out, and Quebec and Ontario water flows into the Atlantic via the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes systems. save the northern waters that drain into James Bay or

Hudson's Bay Mainpiche, through the Red River system Lakes Winnipeg Winnipegosis and Manitoba, and the Churchill and Nelson Rivers, also thatin into Hudson's Bay

The Saskatchewan Qu Appella and Souris Rivers dump what little moisture Saskatchewan can spare into Manitoba's system and into Hudson's Bay. British Columbia being on the other side of the mountains, naturally drains into the Pacific Ocean unless someone has built a lift station I don't know about

Some of southern Alberta's waters, according to my map, seem to spill into systems emptying into the Arctic Ocean, and the coastal portion drains into the two Saskatchewan's, too. That leaves the possibility and the extreme southern part of Alberta, and perhaps the southwestern corner of Saskatchewan yield a few gallons into the Mississippi system

Their next visit to go, he told us about the Mississippi draining "two providences of Canada" I businessbeed him afterwards and asked just how that had been worked out. He was a very obliging young man and rushed off to his sub (this was on a river steam) and returned it but later with a reference book evidently supplied to guides and transplanetary almanac and a map.

The map was obviously drawn several hundred years ago with many western states still shown as territories, and some of the dimensions completely out of proportion All detail stopped at the Canadian border except for two words as follows A borte" and "Assiniboia."

"There said the guide. "The providences of Alberta and whatever that word is

Perhaps some day I'll go back to New Orleans and if I do I hope I have the fun I might at take along some Canadian maps or brochures explaining where Canada's wate goes But then, a friendly little difference of opinion after a many meal about the *Bayou Jean Lafitte* added interest to a lazy pleasant day in Louisiana

More about the south

BRIEFLY *February 13 1986*

(We had a chance to spend the better part of two days in beautiful historic Vicksburg where one of the key battles of the American Civil War took place in 1863 The city was under siege for six to ten weeks until the Confederate general finally surrendered to General Ulysses S Grant.

The battlefield has been turned into a national park, and a 15-mile drive through it enables a visitor to get a look at the terrain, the sites of the various batteries trenches, memorials, one remaining wartime building and a cemetery where 17 000 Union troops are buried.

It was also at Vicksburg where, half a year earlier the Confederates blew up the Yankee ironclad gunboat Cairo, the first vessel in history to be sunk by an electrically detonated mine The wreck has been brought to the surface and in museum on view on display as part of the *USS Cairo* Museum near the park entrance

Another interesting place to visit in Vicksburg is the Biedenharn Candy Company where Coca-Cola was first bottled. The soft drink had already become popular as a fountain beverage when Biedenharn a candy maker and bottler of carbonated beverages got the idea of bottling Coca-Cola and sold it in this form in 1894 and 1894. He became the first franchised bottler of the product and the rest is history

The little museum now on the site of the original plant has several rooms full of Coca-Cola memorabilia and you can still buy a bottle of Coke for a nickel Of course you have to drink it there because you can't take the bottle with you at that price

Another interesting way to spend time in that part of the world is to visit some of the numerous antebellum homes maintained in or restored to the elegance of the prewar period These homes cover a pretty wide range from near-sham old homes taken over by wealthy johns re-come-lately and filled with whatever nouveaurnents from that period roughly they can find their hands on to stately homes which have been in the same family since prewar days and still have original furnish ings and items

Perhaps the most impressive building we visited was Longwood in Natchez Miss. It was a beautiful octagonal building of palatial dimensions built by one Dr Nutt. Construction began a 1860 he ended a year later because of the war with only the exterior work and the basement completed That is the condition today Nutt's family lived in the servants' quarters while the main building was be ng built, then moved to the finished basement, where descendants lived for the next 100 years

The property was presented to the Pilgrimage Garden Club in 1970 and is now a National Historic Landmark It will likely always remain in its present state because to complete it and turn all it as planned would cost an estimated $6 million or more and to do it otherwise would destroy its authenticity

Another pleasant surprise was Natch ochos (pronounced Nachtoesh), La This little city is a gem to flume is that it was the first settlement in Louisiana Territory A full scale replica of Fort St John Baptism has been constructed not far from the site of the original fort, and is open to visitors the year round

There is also an entertaining-looking antebellum plantation a few miles ne of town but this was closed for the winter season The community has a population of only about 17 000 but boasts a 150-bed chain motor inn and another full-stand independent

Street cars and Amish

HERSELF

Do you remember street cars?

You have to admit to a pretty mature age to remember those conveyances in western cities because they are all gone and well in Toronto. New Orleans still has one street car route in operation, but it's chiefly a tourist attraction much like the cable cars on San Francisco.

In Toronto the street car is still very much a part of the public transportation system and the newer models are pretty neat looking and quite comfortable so ride is outside of roads hours that is when you are able to get seat and travel is reasonably fast.

Toronto does not have street cars because the people of that city do not know any better. A few decades ago when it was all over the world were chucking their street railway systems for buses and trolley buses Toronto has a study done on its transportation system and the recommendation and decision to that time were to stick with the street cars. It had something to do with the city's good system of fairly wide major streets, both east-west and north-south running pretty well from one end of core Toronto to the other.

Toronto also has east-west and north-south subway systems so suburban residents do not have to rely on street-level transportation to get them downtown to at least the edge of suburbia.

The obvious disadvantage of street cars is that they require both track and overhead electrical wires from which to draw their power. This means, obviously that if the street is shut down for any reason — accident, repairs etc — the street car cannot simply be detoured.

They have a number of advantages over motor buses. For one thing when traffic in heavy buses can lose a lot of time working their way over to the curb to pick up and discharge passengers. Street cars cannot pull over to the curb and once they are near the intersection and open their doors, other traffic is not permitted to pass. Thus loading and unloading is quicker and they are faster to get rolling, as they do not have to wait for a break in the traffic stream.

The smile of closest fun on a near motor buses is a disadvantage and their air brakes make for a jerky ride even in moderately heavy traffic.

For reasons I myself fail to understand, I have always been fascinated by street cars. When I was a lad I could draw a map of Winnipeg a major street railway of bus and street car routes. I told people about this proudly and always wondered why they looked at me strangely or asked me outright why anyone in his right mind would want to know anything about street cars than obliged to.

What got me on the subject was was a visit to Toronto a few weeks ago when I was not only able to use these noble carriages once more but was able to ride one. My wife claims that I become good my passion for using the street car. I simply wanted to ride one. She may have a point, but we were going downtown to meet a Chinatown the eastern loop of the Queen car was only a block from our apartment and riding the street car saved me both from fighting traffic and from looking for a parking spot downtown.

I'll admit I had no good excuse after supper for taking the Queen car to its eastern loop at Neville Park before going all the way back west to Long Branch. Until the years I spent on Toronto I always wanted to go to Neville Park. Now I've been there.

The fare I noticed has gone up it glitly 10 currency nervous they used to sell a block of four tickets for 25 cents. That's just were not cheaper that. Now it is an even dollar per ride and don't expect the motormen to make change for you.

Our brief Ontario visit included two days in Kitchener-Waterloo. It was my first visit to this little metropolis and left me unimpressed. I believe it is Kitchenerous that best describes as a bunch of small towns jammed together. I would describe Kitchener-Waterloo as two tiny cities turned into one by filling the vacant area between them with suburbs and industrial sprawl. That's what it is and that's what it looks like.

The surrounding countryside, however is beautiful and particularly interesting because thousands of Amish Mennonites live in the area. The men are all bearded and wear dark clothes and hats the women and girls wear long (usually dark) dresses and bonnets like head coverings. They use no modern vehicles, much more or appliances and do not even have electricity on their farms. Their horse-drawn buggies are common sights on the country highways and in the streets of all the small towns in the district.

They are allowed bicycles possibly because they rely on the black magic such as electricity or motor power.

We saw two of these folks coming out of a Radio Shack store and couldn't help wondering what took them in there. Maybe they'd run of w ched-ity out for the mowa is to have an illicit tryst w th a computer.

Winter fortnight in Tennessee

HERSELF *February 4 1987*

Tennessee has four seasons and by curiousness one of those seasons happens to be winter, although not the way we normally know it in Saskatchewan. According to our tour book the high mean January temperature is 49 degrees Fahrenheit and the low mean is 31 degrees.

Cold, we learned is not the greatest nemesis of Tennessee weather. The real enemy is snow. They don't get much of it, but few winters go by without

any snow and when it comes it causes huge problems. The snow they get, you see, is usually closer to sleet and in the sub-zero temperatures that usual y accompany it quickly freezes on road surfaces trees power lines and the like. Thus as such or two of snow may quickly disappear or it may develop no transit easier

One of the problems a New England-born waitress confided, is that Tennessee drivers simply do not know how to handle cars on the ice and snow. I gathered that they don allow down for it either so you can imagine the results on slippery freeways

When we arrived in Tennessee, they still hadn t used their fine snow of the winter so it was well overdue. Add to that the fact that temperatures began to dip and humidity was high it was only natural that the weatherman should forecast snow every evening. Every morn ng through the first week and beyond however we rose to black asphalt red dirt and green grass although once or twice a slight flurry of snow re troubled us that the weathermen didn t have to be kidding

We spent most of our last Wednesday in Chattanooga. We might have stayed there for the night but our departure pu nt was Memphis s was 300 miles distant and with the continuing gloomy forecast and hopes of finding a warming sunny spot some along the route we opted for putting in a few miles before stopping for the night

A fortunate decision because we awoke next morning to find over an inch of snow on our automobile and on everything else. The TV advised that Chat. nooga had received three or four inches and everything was in a state of chaos. The town where we were distappeared quickly from the road surface and we had no trouble until the afternoon when we hit heavy flurries and poor visibil ty and had to abandon a scenic route in favor of taking up I 5 y m

The weather was fine though cool, and we left Memphis clear and snow-free in spite of continued forecasts of bad weather. On Sunday — when we were safely home — the forecaster got lucky and the whole state of Tenn ssee received winter in spades closing up schools and highways, and bringing down power lines

So how did we enjoy our visit. It was terrific

Tennessee was everything we expected it to be and more. The natural beauty of the state is exceptional Some of the views we came across driving along secondary highways as I prefer to do, equalled anything I have encountered anywhere everything looks tidy and prosperant and as in all the southern states I have visited (except Florida) strangers will and nod m you n greeting. It s looked beautiful in winter I can only guess at how beautiful it is when all the trees are green and flowers are blooming.

Country and western capital

NASHVILLE *February 11 1968*

I probably knew in a vague way that Nashville was considered, or rose dared itself the country and western capital of the world, but had not realized the importance of this industry to the whole character of this city of nearly one million people.

Country music and showing off the stars that create it popular s a big box ness in Nashville and an important part of what makes the c y a tourist Mecca Actually since the Maria C y theme had Maria drummed into me I absorbed with it the assumption that she was Nashville s strongest suit. Wrong again. The top industry a printing followed by insurance and banking. Music is No 3

Naturally I had heard of the Grand Ole Opry but if pressed for an explanation of it, I wouldn a have gotten far beyond some vague notions about it being some kind of western show

It s a live radio program that is broadcast by WSM Nashville every Friday and Saturday the year round and has run uncut a Saturday since its founding in 1925 it began as "The WSM Barn Dance with a young announcer and an old fiddle player bringing in musical selects and groups to volunteer their talents on the weekly broadcasts The show s present name was inspired by an ad l b of the original announcer George Hay s a late 1920s show A the time, the country music show followed an NBC program of classical music and operetta so serious and Hay opened his program with these words "For the past hour you've been listening to grand opera. Now we l present 'Grand Ole Opry' The name stuck

The show has had many homes but for many years was broadcast from the famous Ryman Auditorium in downtown Nashville. The old be hing s now used mainly as a museum and point of interest on city tours. The Grand Ole Opry moved in 1974 to the auditorium of the city where is part of the Opryland Shirepark complex a multimil on dollar musical theme park The Opry House holds about 4 000 people

Naturally we attended the Grand Ole Opry. Literature warned that it is difficult to get tickets except through advance mail orde , but we had no trouble getting t because January is not exactly the he ght of the tourist season. Had I read the literature closely it might have been difficult to talk me into going because the off-season Friday evening program lasted 3½ solid hours You I have to admit 3½ hours is a long session to sit through even for an ardent devotee But I was surprised how quickly and pleasantly the time passed

The show was divided into seven half-hour segments The curtain came down — just for the length of the commercials — and when it was raised there was a new emcee (obviously well known to the audience), with his own particular style The guest entertainers

were moved onto and off the stage briskly with no delays in between.

It was fun, too watching the audience, which seemed to include many loyal fans who visit the Opry at least once a year. A lady in our row group had visited the show annually for over 20 years.

The entertainers could still be defined as volunteers since we were told they receive only about $150 per performance on the Opry. The show is an excellent springboard for a performer launching his or her career and a good medium to advertise talents for those who have passed their peaks. Many stars realizing how much they owe to the Opry put in an appearance when they happen to be in town.

Another country-western show we found interesting was Nashville Now—a live television taping of a show hosted by Ralph Emery. This too took place in an Opryland auditorium, and the guest entertainers were Reba McEntire and the man who discovered her in Oklahoma a few years ago. McEntire last year was named the country and western entertainer of the year.

Nashville also boasts a number of museums relating to the craft in general and individual stars, and most dining places and lounges have entertainers hoping to make it their first stop to stardom.

Nashville we learned has some 1,200 registered recording entertainers.

More about Tennessee

TRAVELIN' *February 18, 1987*

my wife and I had a brief January vacation to the Volunteer State (whence the nickname I still haven't discovered) but it seems I've had a third home thanking of anything else to write about.

Tennessee is a major tourist state. The year round because its attractions fall into three distinct categories

It is one of the most scenic states I have visited, and beside offering beautiful drives through mountains, valleys and forests, and across streams and mighty rivers it has numerous beautiful caverns to be toured. I just became a wealthy home and drive through the residential sections of Nashville and Chattanooga, for example, is a pleasant experience.

Secondly , in no state except Virginia were more Civil War battles fought than in Tennessee; thus it is rich in history and has numerous museums and commemorative battlefields dedicated to that tumultuous period in the evolution of the United States of America

And not but not least Nashville is the acknowledged world capital of country and western music. Recording and publishing that brand of entertainment is big business and if you d don't know it before you arrived the Music City district, woven into every facet of the city's business life quickly clues you in when you arrive

I was one of the ignorant few who speculated Tennessee mainly with hillbillies, moonshiners old-time religion and perhaps some swinging at barn dances Saturday nights

That description may apply in varying degrees to parts of Tennessee. I am sure the hills still harbor stills country music is strong as it is elsewhere nowadays; you could probably find some authentic hillbillies in remote mountain towns Religion is certainly alive and well throughout the state if this can be easily inferred through the number of churches It seems that around every corner you find a handsome new (or old and historic) church and the city of Nashville has more churches per capita than any other city on the United States

Most of Nashville s tourist attractions are country related country and western music Country Music Hall of Fame Country Music Wax Museum, Barbara Mandrell Country Twitty City and other monuments to still-living artists

While I found them interesting they probably have a genuine attraction to wouth goers of that particular medium They also reflect the American preoccupation with automobiles and cars owned by the stars are displayed with the showmen one might associate with the thrones of ancient Egyptian pharaohs.

Give me the caverns and other natural attractions which with no assist from human imagination and ingenuity offer fascinating diversion for the tourist

An example is Ruby City on Lookout Mountain adjoining Chattanooga.

The owners of a rocky mare of land on top of the mountain were struck by the resemblance of the rock formations to a city. They had on a 400-foot path which takes the visitor at times through defiles so narrow that it is necessary to inhe through them for perhaps a dozen feet.

There are many beautiful rock formations a nek out polar effects a breathtaking view of the surrounding countryside into scenic about (if you can believe people 120 miles away on a clear day) and creek up with Fairyland Caverns and Mother Goose Village displaying three-dimensional scenes from fairy tales and nursery rhymes You don't have to be a child to enjoy them e ther

The Lost Sea is an underground lake reached via beautiful caverns It's large enough to allow half a dozen tourist boats to navigate at the same time with about 35 persons per boat The lake is stocked with trout which will gingly leap for the food that is thrown in them by the guides

Ruby Falls inside Lookout Mountain is another interesting attraction Visitors are taken a underground on an elevator conducted through caverns that lead to a chamber where a cataract tumbles straight down from a height of about 145 feet (my guess). The cavern leading to the falls was discovered quite by

necklace and to this day no one knows where the water comes from and where it finally goes.

At both of the battlefields we visited (Chattanooga and Murfreesboro) there were interesting slide presentations explaining the battles and their importance. Confederama near Lookout Mountain has a scale model of the whole area showing troops and weaponry positions, and 500 flashing lights to indicate positions discussed in the audio presentation of the taking of Lookout Mountain. Chattanooga and 1st mission Ridge by federal troops.

Tennessee offers enough to take care of at least a one-month stay.

P S I just telephoned the Tennessee tourist information centre and learned the "Volunteer State" nickname derived from the state's impressive record in supplying volunteers for the Mexican War and the War of 1812 (won by Canada).

Away from it all

HONESTLY *February 25 1987*

Taking a holiday is sometimes referred to as "getting away from it all" and for a very good reason. For me it is much a matter of getting away from the physical environment in which we spend our lives but in breaking out of the cocoons we create for ourselves through habit and inertia. Most of us tend to become slaves to schedules and routines far beyond necessity.

It is like we years once as a while to get away from and the easiest way to accomplish this is to travel for ourselves in a strange environment far away from people and places we know thus forcing ourselves to live new experiences, meet new people and solve problems that do not exist when we are in our own back yards.

Driving in a strange city is a sure-fire way of chalking up new experiences and at often unlooked moments when I feel myself sinking into a monotony that I was back in my cocoon, driving a mile and a half along very dark fairways to and from the office.

How so many tourists survive the close encounters of strange expressways and super-highways will always be a source of amazement to me. As usual on our recent trip to Tennessee added a few more paragraphs to my personal book of horrors. Two of them came within minutes of each other just as we were leaving Nashville for the open road.

We were in close to downtown and looking for Highway 31 South. After a number of wrong turns and dead ends I finally saw the sign I was looking for. I swung into the street, sighed with relief and as a traffic light turned green at the intersection just ahead of us, I changed right across it.

I was silently congratulating myself for getting on track with a minimum of confusion when my navigator calmly announced that we were travelling along a one-way street. I asked him why she should happen to mention this, until she added that it was one-way going the wrong way.

Fortunate y it was Martin Luther King Day and very little traffic was about, so I was able to make a mid-block U turn and get us going in the proper direction. A right turn at the next intersection put us back on 31 South and with another block a sign designated the left-hand lane for 31 South traffic. I misunderstood and moved right into that left-turn lane. The light had just turned red and I had none to absorb the fact that 31 did not turn for another block.

There were no cars behind me so I backed a few yards and swung into the lane to my right and charged across the intersection.

Almost got sidetracked again. I remarked cheerfully "You said the navigator "that you went through a red light." In my relief to get into the right lane I had failed to notice that the light was still red. Again light traffic and the absence of policemen saved the day.

That day added with the young registered clerk at a small town motel taking me if I was a retired person I think the main factor which in the U S is defined as over 55 because when I replied in the negative she said I could have fooled her "As reckon you re not one of those people who look a lot older than they are" she consoled me "Thanks kid! You real y did me good."

My a gressive trade is done the and comment when I stray from familiar territory but I wasn't quite prepared for the reaction I received at a Tennessee tourist trap. I used a credit card to purchase our tickets and was just sign ng the sl p.

"Would you please jot down your area code and no y gou w s ve owed, as that really your signature?" The poor lady just dashed over and he plied for show two minutes almost choking in the process "You just made my day" she said I really needed that " A few more chuckles, then "Say I o k s it legal as you s ign? Hey you all are a doctor or something, are you?"

Business was slow that morning, and while I was looking at the exhibits I could see her showing the slip to assorting customers then pointing my way and tweaking my sign.

Everyone who has ever stayed in a hostelry may where on this continent is familiar with the Gideon Bibles that are now tob y in every room. Usually they are closed, and lying on the nigh tab e or in a drawer. We stayed in a small motel in a Western-styled town in western Tennessee where the Bible had been left on the table carefully opened.

This bothered me a bit. I read a lot of whodunnits and am always amazed at how much motel operators and employees remember about their guests. And I recalled that the elderly lady who had checked me in was particularly stern-visaged. My conscience never being completely at ease I could just hear her explaining to a sheriff or whatever " and I and t

think they were very good Christmas because the Bible was so flopen just where I'd left it."

My wife was sitting near to the tale and I suggested she just flip the Bible over a handful of pages. "I already did" she admitted. Which seems to indicate that when people have been married long enough they not only start looking alike, but begin to think at the same level.

On a Safaritariate

NOVEMBER *May 20 1987*

Driving across southern Ontario from Kitchener to St. Catharines last week our eyes were caught by a signboard advertising an African Safari taking place just a few miles off the beaten path. That night a quick reference to our Triple A tour guide confirmed that there was indeed a listing for an African Safari near Cambridge, that a tract of land had been developed by local interpreneurs as an "African park" containing a number of varieties of African animals and birds. Visitors for a fee, could drive along the roads and stop and watch the untamed jungle beasts pursuing their lunch outside the road.

Naturally I must go and see the place and after taking an oath not to save the car while in the park, Jan sat upon the door or turn down the car window I was given leave to take us to the African Safari on our last day in Ontario. Upon entering the premises we were greeted by a sign welcoming us to the wonders of "Dangerous and Darkest Ontario" and several conspicuous ones with the warning "Trespassers will be eaten!"

We were warned upon purchasing our admission tickets — not cheap but probably not unreasonable considering the expense involved — that animals might damage our cars and that we entered at our own risk. We were instructed not to leave our vehicles under any circumstances, and asked to count our horns in case of car trouble.

The park was fenced off into various fields housing different species and winding roads took us past lurking grazing or whatever dinosaurs of the Dark Continent. A pair of beautiful Bengal tigers in the first field immediately set God by fighting each other and had to be separated by a young girl in a tailor-striped truck ramming at them until they unwillingly separated.

I looked with some apprehension at the hippos (or rhinos) and had the uneasy feeling that if they took a notion to be offended by our presence a lot more than our car would be at risk. The same with the buffaloes (Americans) in another field.

Zebras walked right up to cars to be fed by those who were unconcerned with the rules against feeding. The wasps in the car ahead of us acted if encouraged his tiny children to feed the beasts. Had they bitten he no doubt would have sued. Giraffes lowered their long necks to our level and gazed through the windows with sensible eyes and moved on when we had nothing to offer.

As in zoos, however the chief attractions were the monkeys. These un-inhibited and mischievous little souls consists of our own species heaped onto car hoods peered through windshields poked and pulled at the rubber weatherstripping. Stopped vehicles risked having any loose chrome strips removed. Discarded strips abounded throughout the enclosure and we quickly realized that this was what the warning had been all about.

* * *

A few days in Toronto offered me excellent opportunity to give the Blue Jays a little needed encouragement. When I purchased our advance tickets at Exhibition Stadium the sky was overcast and the Toronto had called for rain, so I precisely asked about the refund policy. The ticket seller looked me where I faced and when I said Saskatchewan his face brightened up and he exclaimed "Now ain't that a coincidence! I was just talking to my friend who's a pig farmer in Kitchener. He's coming to the game on girlfoo."

After recovering from the initial shock I realized here was an inbred prisoner of regional stereotypes. Did he assume that because I was from Saskatchewan I must be a wheat farmer? No sir he did not. He took our look at me and said to himself "This individual may be from Saskatchewan from Canada Alta. from Reliance NWT or from Corner-by-Channel Newfoundland" but that does not make him a wheat farmer a coal miner a soapstone carver or a fisherman. Have surely smells the quintessential pig farmer."

Having made this deduction, he quickly and logically went on to make the connection with his pig-farming friend from Kitchener. He would also be attending the game, may be each a foul ball with his teeth. Had I been wearing my Sunday suit, I might have been a touch offended. As it was my sympathies to pig farmers everywhere

Last but also first

SEPTEMBER *August 5 1987*

Because Newfoundland not became Canada's 10th province in the late 1940s most of us mainlanders tend to think of this large island — almost a subcontinent — as a newcomer to our national family. Perhaps in the strictest sense of the term it is, since no one can dispute the fact that within the chronology of Canadian confederation Newfoundland is indeed the youngest province.

Few Canadians realize, however — I certainly did not — that Newfoundland discovered by John Cabot in 1497 and claimed as an English colony in 1583 was the first overseas colony of Britain thus the cornerstone of the first and only empire truly global in scope.

This knowledge removes any lachrymose the first-time visitor may have to think patronizingly of Newfies as Johnny-come-latelies; instead there is just a bit of awe in real plug that one is rubbing shoulders with descendants of people who were overseas subjects of the crown before Britannia laid any claim to ruling the waves, before New Zealand and Australia were discovered, before the flag was planted anywhere in Africa, Asia, South America the Pacific Islands or even the North American mainland.

All this acknowledged it is still permitted as Newfoundlanders will be the first to tell you to laugh at Newfie jokes. Just don't give carried away with the joke because if you take it as gospel the joke may well be you. To the finished, but canny people of mail province you and I are CFAs (Comes From Away) and while the experiment may not be entirely repeatable CFAs gentle reminder that in their expectant strangers are very actual images.

Kid ng a taxi from the airport as the hotel after arriving a St John's shortly after midnight we were entertained by a soliloquy on cabs in general described the features of the city. He mentioned Cape Spear describing it as "the most easterly p nt in the enlove world."

I break with silent laughter at this little Newfielem, and repeated the story every day to every mild reader who would listen. Those one day someone gently warned me not to underestimate ce nonaberrant Newfie humor.

That s when I suspected I was been had or at least had failed a test. I cringe now at the thought of the man telling his wife later on that while must CFAs laughed at him or with him when he called Cape Spear the most easterly point in the world, he had finally met one too dumb even to appreciate the joke.

The main cabbie, before dropping us at the hotel, also went a few blocks out of his way to take us to an elevated area offering a beautiful view of the harbor and the lights on the far end of it. He seemed us he was giving us the side trip at no extra charge. He didn't have to charge extra, because his fare was $9 and any subsequent trip we had between the hotel and a quiet area cost only $6.

Not only are you permitted to laugh at Newfie jokes, but the natives enjoy telling them. A local who addressed our conventions told a about the Newfie who got sicklow boats for Christmas and wore out two sets of laces trying to start them.

Having heard Newfoundland described so often as a poor province I confess and I were there expecting to see nothing but shabby hovels filthy streets grubby wallys and ugly people. Forget it. Even in the tiny fishing villages all the homes, however modest looked newly painted, the cb kbrs were clean and tidily aranged the streets of St. John s — even in the waterfront district — looked cleaner than the streets of most cities I have visited, and the people looked generally neat.

A tour guide told us Newfound landers spend all their money on their homes and their children and from what I saw I can well believe it.

And they were friendly. While I can t think of any outstanding instance to back up this statement, it seemed that whenever the locals spoke to us, their friendliness just seemed more genuine and a forced smile and "Have a nice day." Perhaps the unsmarting unconvenience is whilst they live unlike us there is more warmth with whatever people with whom they comes into contact.

I is your land and taught be described as a unspoken rock covering thousands of square miles If I were not for these fish and provide them with a bounteous harvest the provinc probably could have as export everything eains there When you cave a city or town that at the end of civilization. You can drive for miles without seeing any sign of life not related to the highway itself. Agriculture in any form seems to be non-existent, and I couldn t cress find the word as an province a Vacation Golde

In this booklet it is acknowledged that the history of this province is one of ones moous struggle against terrible odds. It is a rra trade of stories of rugged individua s surviving in spite of the rigors of climate and occupation — for it has never been easy to earn a living by fishing — the backbone of the economy for centuries. It is a series of successive wrested from the virgin forests and the seas — for fat ers would have resulted in a deserted and desolated country.

So California and Florida don t exactly have to move over and make way for Newfoundland as a tourist haven But if ever you should have the opportunity as visit our Oth province and Britain s first colony grab it. You may have a longing to see whom became the Newfoundland brogue can be baffling and they first "foreigners" spend y hard to understand, but they will forgive you if you forgive them.

St. Pierre et Miquelon

IRRESTLY *August 12 1967*

The discovery of Armenia by Christopher Columbus in 1492 naturally set off a whole series of exploratory ex ngs from the southing nations of the Old World Thus early as the 1500s, a Portuguese explorer discovered off the south coast of Newfoundland s ry, uninhabited arch pelago. Since he landed on the feast day of St. Ursula, he named the group "The Eleven Thousand Virgins."

Not long thereafter Jacques Cartier on one of his early sail ngs between Quebec and France claimed the n nads for France. By that time French fishermen were already using the harbor of St. Pierre. The other islands were named Miquelon and Langlade, and the latter two have since become continuous by a five-mile

shine created by sand drifting up against hundreds of wrecks of ships attempting to pass through the narrow and treacherous strait during many weather conditions.

In Saskatchewan bad weather means you move the picnic indoors or cancel the hockey game. For sunset it can mean heading for the bottom of the sea. Every I guess there are a few things to be said for drylanding or landlubbing.

Anyway these islands have been held by France for most of the time since shortly after the discovery of the continent... and are inhabited by 6,000 to 7,000 people who are mostly descendants of Acadians expelled from Canada in the 1770s. Of course about 6,000 live in the town of St. Pierre-on-the-like-named island.

My natural interest in running such an exotic place was interrupted by my disappointment when I attended my first Halifax conventions of our national newspapers association (in 1961). An added attraction was a post-convention flight to St. Pierre, and of course anyone who was anybody made an point to make the trip. I was nobody at all and more airport smfly could afford neither the extra money nor the extra time.

For reasons that are slightly clearer to me now subsequent Halifax conventions have not offered the St Pierre-Miquelon side trip, so I had written off any hope of ever visiting the historic isles. Then, and for the first time in our since-1961 history St John's, Newfoundland was designated as the site for our 1967 convention. And of course while it wasn't an official part of the convention package a visit to the French islands again became an option.

There was a choice between a return flight from St. John's with a two-night layover or a road by ferry with a one-night stay. Time once again was at a premium, so we opted for the latter. Frank Y. and reasons of a four-hour drive through icy picturesque fishing villages featured as described last week. It was a dreary drive through rugged unpeopled regions — up and down, swing left, swing right, and up and down.

We had been warned that if we decided to drive on our own to the village of Fortune for the 22-mile trip to St. Pierre, we should be at the ferry office at least one hour before the scheduled departure time. Naturally I thought this was cutting it a bit thick but for once some guardian angel who seemed to me that it might not be the worst idea to play it safe and get there as requested.

Good thing. The ferry office in made-miniature terms was located several hundred feet from the dock. The parking lot for motorists leaving their cars while touring in the island — it is not press lib to take automobiles over on the ferry — was approximately one mile away along a narrow lane cross ng a hill. That travel lets have to unload their baggage, pick up boarding passes, follow a van to the parking lot, lock up the car, catch a ride with the van back to the ferry office, check the car keys with the attendant and race via a mosque for same.

With a slight wav at such point, most of the hurry was consumed in the parking exercise. My prudence in arriving early was further rewarded when I returned to be able to w tness a confrontation between a huge American couple who hadn t al owed the town time and had arrived at the office five minutes before scheduled departure time.

"If I d known, you can believe I wouldn t be in this position," bellowed the man. And if I d known I wouldn t be here either," shouted the female adding "So get out and fix the [illegible] car and Donnie and I will take the ferry to St. Pierre."

Off he went but I don't think he was left behind, because Newfoundland is not on the highway of dead-lines and the ferry was at least half an hour late leaving. Additionally the trip took half an hour more than the scheduled two hours and with St. Pierre half an hour ahead of Newfoundland it soon became evident that there would be little to do for chil dren like us in the hour more and his duty.

Since the ferry was scheduled to leave St. Pierre at 1 P. the following day (the time to check in half an hour early folks!) I began to see an uncomfortable feeling that I had goofed in opting for the one-night stand.

Al Capone Slept here

ERNESTLY *August 19 1967*

Quickly adjusting my mental schedule I decided to try for an early stopper follower by a night-seeing tour. Early in the morning for all the other adventurers permanently available to us on this pe-tunesque little island.

We were scheduled to arrive at 6 p.m. local time but by 8 we were seven entering the harbor. It must have been 8.30 by the time we were docked disembarked and lined up for successfully speedy processing by French customs and immigration.

Passing through the waiting room, we were ungently accosted by an attractive lady dressed not in an Inn manager of the Hotel Robert, where we were to spend the night to wait until everyone and have received in this we might al be taken to the hotel at the same time. This made sense and we set off for the hotel. 15 minutes later not in a bus as we had supposed but via shank s pony across a vast paved common that lay between the ferry terminal and the hotel. It would have made more sense to have a garcon pointing us in the right direction as we climbed many grassy. However as we were soon to discover, I was all part of a master plan.

Upon arriving at the hotel we were told that Rooms 1 to whatever were in the original building one short block down the alley (we will have assigned room numbers earlier) and naturally we had room No. 1

We were thrilled to hear that this was one of the rooms regularly reserved for Al Capone in the rum-running days that seem to have been the high point of the colony's history. Had I imagined a caricature of Irish traditions such as complimentary champagne and other perks I dare not even mention, I would have been bitterly disappointed. Fortunately, my travels have not yielded that many pleasant surprises (of that nature), and we were relieved to find the room clean, the plumbing operational and above that operated to let in the sea air, and a bed wide enough to sleep two uncharitably-inclined quite comfortably.

The purpose of the briefing outside the hotel was to make certain all of the would, after half an hour to freshen up, show up at a reception and further briefing where we would receive a free glass of wine and some background essential for our stay. We were left with the impression that to attempt anything without attending the briefing would be about as foolhardy as strolling into a blazing area without a blanket.

Actually the briefing, conducted again by the hotel manager, left us with a fairly complete, though humorously presented, introductory of the Islands. More of that later but when it was over the brisk hand had reached 8 and the $ g hand was at 12, so it clearly left little time for exploring. In fact except for the tireless younger generation, there wasn't time for anything except a revised supper and early bedtime.

Again our Gaelic maitre d' rose to the occasion. He noted that the town closed at 9 (00) had a number of good and very expensive restaurants but that if we were prepared to sacrifice a gh jacket for excellent cuisine (buffet style) in the Hotel Robert's dining room meal vouchers could be purchased at the bus for only $20 Canadian per person. Naturally we voted for it and were not disappointed, for the food was good and the atmosphere most congenial

Next morning it was up bright and early (by vacation standards) for the grand continental breakfast of debatous croissants and strong coffee, and then across the common to wait for the 10.30 bus and the door tour of the Island.

The tour commentary was condensed in both French and English, although I wasn't aware of any discrepancies on the bus except for the bus driver a granddaughter. The guide's English was several degrees harder to understand than a Newfound- lander's. He pronounced 'water' as 'waiter' and 'partridge' as 'partredge' somewhat like Inspector Clouseau in the Pink Panther movies. He has lived in Canada for 10 years and brought his English up to a standard that enabled him to work as a guide

The tour was totally interesting and covered all of the in and that was accessible by road. The town itself a very European in architectural style and since it is old houses are built right up against each other Streets are very narrow, barely accommodating two compact vehicles passing.

Mid-channel fish processing plants — the main summer industry another employment on the islands — have abandoned the fishing shacks along the coast of the five-mile-long island, and these have now become summer cottages for the comfortable, giving them a little space to move and air to breathe during the brief summer. We were told almost everyone has a summer cottage either on St. Pierre or the neighbouring island of Langlade, but I find that just a bit difficult to swallow

The tour extended about 10 minutes beyond the scheduled hour, leaving us just a few minutes of browsing through the shopping area before the shops closed for the lunch hour. We were hard put to find even a place that served lunch as limited for a hamburger and coffee in a second-floor bar. After that we were left strolling around and killing time before it was time to get back to the ferry terminal for the bus back to Newfoundland.

When all were down to our last few we ended up being not all that disappointed not to have another day in St. Pierre because there wasn't that much more to do or see that would have justified another day. I hasten to say that I render this judgment within the confines of our own tight schedule; with more time to burn a second day would not have been a problem. As a matter of fact, those of us, doubtless would have been a three-day visit including a tour of Miquelon, which requires a day in itself followed perhaps by something like deep-sea fishing

Why he slept there

ERNESTLY *August 26 1987*

Judging at least by the manager of the Hotel Robert who gave our ferryload of visitors a humorous and informative briefing on the history of the islands, St. Pierre et Miquelon who are old enough to remember the Prohibition years of the United States still view away years of regret when they think of the best prosperity brought them by the then-powerful temperance movement

For those who have forgotten what Prohibition was all about, or who have never known it was the ill- mination of the battle against the "demon rum" by elements in the United States who sought to wipe out the evils brought about by excessive use of alcohol by banning the product entirely

I find it hard to believe people have a strong tendency once elected to political office to consider themselves not so much servants of the public but guardians of the public conscience but I suppose that is simply one of the facts of life that we constantly have to live with and must always guard against.

In any case, a long and bitter fight led by Re-

politicum Congressman Volstead of Minnesota and an army of Bible belt preachers succeeded shortly after the First World War in getting support from the necessary three-quarters of the state legislatures, and in early 1920 the 18th and Prohibition Act was passed by Congress

This legislation banned all sale of alcohol for human consumption throughout the land and brought into being organized crime — for the purpose of trafficking in liquor — in an instant that it became and still is apowerful force in the U.S

In Canada, too the temperance movement waxed strong, but here it was left to each province to solve the problem. Thus t provided Canadian distillers with a legal mate reason for continuing production and since the federal government received handsome revenues from this source no one asked how the distilleries managed to sell enough liquor to give alcohol po son ng to double the population of Canada. According to our hotel manager rowboats were d pall into the leading docks of distilleries on the Great Lakes in he evening, take on a cargo waybilled for Cuba, and return the next evening for another load.

The hypocrisy of the Canadian government was not lost on the "dry e nemies in the United States and the president k said to have leaned on Prime Minister Mackenzie King for more cooperat on. The result was legislation in Canada making t necessary for liquor exporters to prove that shipments had indeed been delivered to destinations in countries where the sale of liquor was legal

St Pierre and Miquelon, being a French possession, filled this requirement and thus became the headquarters for the rum-running trade for the eastern seaboard of the United States and for the dozen or so years and Prohibition remained in effect the islands flourished from this illicit trade. All the patrol boats in the command of the U S coast guard where unable to stem the traffic

Hence the visits to St Pierre by Al Capone and his associates because the rooms reasonably available e to turn at the Hotel Robert, and Dorice my opportunity for what it was worth, to sleep more than half a century later on a room and may have been occupied by him during the 1930s.

Liquor cases we were told, provided fine building materials for the people of St. Pierre whose all lumber must be imported. There still stands on the just outside the town a cottage known as Cotty Sark Villa since it was constructed entirely of Cotty Sark whiskey cases

The liquor trade almost killed the fishing industry since every warehouse on the island was turned over to the more lucrative storage of spirits in transit. One of the very first shipments to arrive consisted of 12,000 cases of Canadian rye whiskey

The rum-running instruct, I sensed was still strong on the island. It was immediately pointed out to us as the bustling that house liquor on the islands attracts little or no taxation Canadian visitors can take home as much liquor as seem and under Canadian law pay full customs duty and it It save money

An event unrelated to fishing or smuggling that takes high in the islands history was their final invasion. Naturally in it's long history control of the islands more than once passed from France to England and vice versa sometimes with unhappy consequences for the res dents

When Hitler's armies overran France in 1940 the governor of St Pierre and Miquelon remained loyal to Marshal Petain and his Vichy government. Seeing this as a real or potential springboard fo German-sponsored hostile activities such as espionage and sabotage the American and Canadian governments are said to have discussed the merit of invading the Islands.

The Free French commander General Charles de Gaulle got wind of these plans and ordered four warships under his command in 1941 to take possession of the islands They left Halifax under the guise of a routine exercise and took the islands on Christmas Eve of 1941 without a shot be ng fired

An attendant of France in 1967, in Cha lle wanted St Pierre Perhaps he was spent the night in Room 1 of the Hotel Robert. I guess I'll never know

Serendipity discovered

ERNEST X *February 10, 1988*

One of the rewards — or penalties — for taking an unscheduled, unstructured half-planned tour of any part of the world is that it serves to bring almost fun a second trip to see the many things missed the first time around and maybe even the more satisfaction of not visiting some of the stops you wish you hadn't bothered with.

A return to New Mexico would certainly rate as spending at least three days in the old city of Santa Fe, visiting Taos the same a session of art and museum and a few other places I could think of

One of the things I would enjoy missing would be a jaunt to a certain cities listed in the little city of Las Cruces. It won d be a pleasure to sit on a park bench eating a sala bolognas sandwi ch and swashing it down with ice warm coffee and rejoicing in the more knowledge and I was probably facing brain than if I had elected to patronize the hotel in dining room Perhaps we just were not in a d ning mood It wasn t even in cruse of the food tasting terrible it simply didn't taste like anything

A bonus of taking pot luck in the realm of tourist restaurant is the occasional discovery of the true meaning of serendipity defined by my Webster as the faculty for finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for It happened to us at Idaho in Texas Indian pueblo just 18 miles south of Albuquerque A pueblo as defined by the softcover Webster is a village in

communal dwelling – an Indian village consisting of adobe or stone dwellings some of them several stories high, often contiguous.

The pueblo of Isleta very much inhabited looks just as it might have several hundred years ago, with a large clay (or adobe) building I was behind each house

The guide book and other literature mentioned ceremonial dances at the village and suggested stopping at the pueblo governor's office for information. A cold January Sunday morning hardly seemed the time to expect tribal ceremonies to be taking place, but we were prepared to settle for a show through the narrow streets of the pueblo and a visit to the ancient Mission of San Augustin de Isleta. This was built in the 1620s, and except for a brief period during the Pueblo Rebellion when it was partially burned and been in constant use ever since. In fact a church service was in progress when we arrived, so we were unable to go through the building

We were absent at first where we were alarmed by the beating of drums about two blocks away. We assumed a large field on which dozens of cars were parked and followed our ears to another large common reached by a narrow passage between two adobe huts. There we found streets of bedlam, both seats all sizes and ages, from six-year-olds to quite elderly ones, engaged in ceremonial dances, or eating and watching the ceremony

The bodies and faces of the dancers were painted, they wore traditional Indian dress and and small pine boughs attached to their heads and forearms, most carried dried or gourd-like instruments. They danced, and played their instruments in rhythm with the chants of 10 or 12 robed elders

They was not a tourism gimmick: there were not some than half a dozen non-Isleta people in the crowd and the Indian people paid no attention to us. Attempt about 20 minutes after we arrived, the smallest stopped and dancers and crowd dispersed to their homes or drove off in their cars. A man who hesitant to be familiar with the customs told me there was no set time when they would dance again. They rough return an hour since or next at all

A recommended experience is visiting the world-famous caverns at Carlsbad. Visitors descend by a spiraling steep-grade path over 800 feet into the bowels of the mountain visiting several interesting chambers on the way. And ending in a huge chamber that is one of the world's largest

Because of the steep descent (with few or no stairs) we were cautioned to wear flat-heeled shoes with rubber soles. Since the nearest thing my wife owns produces was a pair of high-heeled patent leaders I walked ahead of her and took her hand wherever there were no handrails. On one such occasion I thought back my hand to the body behind me and realized something was wrong when I heard her chuckling at least six feet back. I turned around and here was a tall dark and handsome young man shaving with rhythm at my proffered hand. "Heh heh heh!" I chuckled wanly

Over 100 feet translates into this equivalent of 80-some storeys in a building so we were grateful to learn that there was an elevator at the bottom to take us back up

A stout step, of only bounce of the week's mine was Truth or Consequences in southern New Mexico

Originally it was named Hot Springs but in early 1950 radio broadcaster Ralph Edwards host of the popular "Truth or Consequences" show expressed the hope that somewhere in the United States a community would be named after the show. It was a long shot, but Hot Springs council (presumably) realizing that their extension by shared the name with towns in South Dakota and Arkansas, and perhaps a few more, voted for the change. It brought lots of tourists and publicity to the resort town as well as annual vis in from broadcaster Edwards and friends

Deep in the heart of Texas

EDITORIAL February 17 1968

With my ears and fingertips still tingling from frostnips absorbed during my daily walks in the past few weeks it is hard to believe that only a month ago my wife and I were on the bending surgeons exploring the highways and byways deep in the heart of Texas.

The opening paragraph a my Texas tour go de emphasizes the Lone Star State thin "The unique of Texas as a flat land of provincial braggarts in 19-gallon hats and engravers passed into myth. Today it is the state a multi-faceted contemporary face that is recognized worldwide without need of a wagon allon Texas articles, accurately a picture of cosmopolitan a lure and enterprising modernity in a setting that ranges from seashore to lake country to mountaintop from rol ing woodlands to level prairie. Although the ground and wealthiest of the people who settled and built this energetic state remains on the base the 20th century perspective is truly transformed.

Now that ther is a miles modest piece of write but all exas t ruthly believe the words come from an Ohio or New Mexican they just convey too much deep Texas pride

And I might add, with justification

Now thatreading James Michener's book "Texas" which we read last year and which inspired us to switch our winter holiday plans from Florida to Texas, and which was at go as to explain the different and distinct regions of Texas I confess that I we acted as help thinking of the Lone Star State as a vast flat, treeless semi-arid expanse. If you saw the movie 'Giant' some years ago and have it fixed in your mind a eye as typical Texas you'll know what I mean

Not that that version of Texas is invalid. It's there

all right and owners a penny especially a chunk of the second-largest state of the U.S but large areas of the state are quite different and as people in any place you would care to visit

Texans are still a slightly different breed of people. tending to be friendlier to strangers than most folks — it seems to be de rigueur for males to greet other males wherever they encounter them whether they know them or not. Men wear their 10-gallon hats at outlandish tables while eating steak a normal breakfast food, the Texas drawl is unlike the accent of other Americans and of course Texas pride seems to run pretty deep

In his book Michener predicts that the southern belt of the state will become Mexican than traditional American in the near future in almost every sense He may be right Even today many of the state s towns and cities have predominantly Mexican-American popu tions.

Because of its unique history — originally explored by gold-seeking Spaniards in the early 1500s and since then ruled by chiefly disputed possession — the flags of 6 nations have flown over Texas They are the flags of Spain France, Mexico, the Republ c of Texas, the United States of America and the Confederated States of America As you can imagine some of those changes came about all too peacefully

One of the most interesting places we visited was the Lyndon B Johnson National Historical Park honoring the late pres dent of the U S This was another instance of stumbl ng across something that proved to be much more interesting than we had expected.

A few days earlier we had visited Fredericksburg where we saw signs advertising the park only a few miles away For some reason we weren't attracted to it Perhaps the adverts ng was ineffective Then, on one of the last days of our visit, we found some weeks tay Johnson City where the residents to be had taught school before entering politics The Johnson City Unit of the LBJ Park is located here and includes the house Johnson grew up in as well as a walking tour to the restored cabin of his grandparents

Something about the place just caught our fancy and we quickly booked tour at the LBJ ranch only 14 miles d stant. On the 700-acre tract along the Pedernales R ver (pronounced Perdenalees by us Texans) we the modern home in which LBJ was born, the larger ranch house acqu red many years later from his uncle a tenant, and the tiny schoolhouse he used to trot off to and sit on his knees a day when he was four years old.

Throughout the day free buses take tourists on tours of various parts of the ranch A particularly interesting stop was the former home of the ranch foreman This is staffed by people not only wearing turn-of-the-century clothing, but carrying on a full farming operation using only methods implements, tools and sup ances from the early 1900s. They grow their own a vegetable garden with a farmhouse flow r daughter p ts make sausages bake delicious-smelling p es on a wood stove and keep chickens turkeys and geese that make more noise than the population of Old MacDonald's farm

Luckenbach Texas

ERNEST *April 27 1988*

After returning from Texas in winter I used up so much enthusiasm space describing our experiences that I rightly did not stop writing before I had used up all my ammunition. But I clearly cannot go on my grave without telling you that we — now hear this — actually visited Luckenbach, Texas That in case it has al pped your mind is the village of song where life is basic and people don make Hee Haw fun Hartfields and McCoys

We had wanted the little city of Fredricksburg, and were heading for San Antonio, and were study ng the road map to find a pleasant little country road to travel along Suddenly my navigator pointed out that there were only a few miles from Luckenbach so naturally that was the route to take

We almost missed it Luckenbach consists as far as we could tell of a large feed mill and one oversized farmhouse Outside the house was a s gn advertising T-shirts and postcards for sale inside Who would have a spare dollar mak money grubbing in these old Luckenbachs?

Near the driveway leading to the whole complex was a hand-painted sign with a n ognal about as follows: "You are now in Uptown Luckenbach To go to Downtown Luckenbach continue two mi es south turn right and drive to the river (but don across the river)"

When I was a teenager and is was becoming apparent that the war would end before I could join the army and see the world, I told my mother almost tearfully and I would die content if only sometime in my life I could see either the Rocky Mountains or Niagara Fal s.

Yea ll notice I wasn't greedy I only expected to see one or the other So here I am still virtually a kid and already I've seen not only the mountains and the falls, but also Luckenbach Texas

Discovering New Brunswick

ERNEST *November 9 1988*

One of the more pleasant surprises in our travels had been our discovery last month of the province of New Brunswick another source of real pride in being Canadian.

It as a beautiful province peopled by warm and friendly folk and its capital Fredericton is a charming ivy Fredericton has a picturesque wooded

country on the banks of the Saint John River about 75 miles inland from the city of Saint John. It is not only the capital of the province but the home of the University of New Brunswick thus is more cosmopolitan than might be expected of a city of only about 50,000 people there.

The excuse for the trip that was that organ recently received a teaching post at the university a consumer research department, after spending three or four years working on his doctorate at the University of Waterloo in Ontario. We had been in New Brunswick on two previous occasions, but had never had the opportunity to enjoy it in anything near a leisurely manner.

Over 20 years ago we attended a newspaper convention in Saint John, and we did treat ourselves to the Maritimes, if being as far from home. Seeing the Maritimes consisted of driving at top speed from Saint John to Cape Tormentine to catch the ferry to Prince Edward Island driving the length of the island practically and returning to the mainland the same then driving wearily and in darkness along narrow curving hilly and wooded highways to Dartmouth. Next day a few hours in Halifax and another non-stop trip to Saint John to catch our flight home. Our one other visit consisted of a conventions in Moncton where we never left the hotel.

That was then. This time we were able to spend four glorious days touring the province at our leisure sometimes following the coastal roads instead of busy highways inspecting colorful fishing villages and taking in the scenery.

At times, the trip went faster than expected because all the tourist attractions were closed for the season. In the heavily travelled tourist areas of the U.S. as long some of the major attractions are open the year around, and some are open for reduced hours on days during the off-season. In New Brunswick however Labor Day weekend ends the tourist season, quite understandably because the province is quite isolated from heavy-population areas.

Even the observation tower in the famous Reversing Falls just outs the Saint John was closed although a telephone number was posted for reservations on the index. We thus discovered we were just 10 minutes past low tide, and were able to see the waters flowing inland.

On our 1966 trip we did take a few minutes near Moncton to experience the strange phenomenon of the Magnetic Hill where optical illusions convince to make you feel as though you are coasting uphill. At that time it was easy to find because there was nothing else there except a little information hut and a sign with instructions on experiencing nature's apparent reversal of its own laws. This time the area was so filled with tourist traps (all closed of course) as to ending a theme amusement park that — what with dusk coming on — we couldn't even find the famous hill.

My biggest disappointment was that half the seafood meals I had at restaurants were so-so, but then the good ones almost made up for it. Naturally seafood was plentiful and reasonably priced in markets, so we had several excellent home-cooked meals of *home de sour*.

Having been introduced to the delight of lupper[1] hunting for breakfast some years ago I had expected to see something of that nature on most breakfast menus. Not once I asked a waitress in exasperation why they didn't have lippered herring on the menu and she almost went into shock. "You wouldn't normally eat those things for breakfast?" she asked with genuine astonishment.

Heck, I do that even at home when I get the chance, which isn't often but I always take care to gargle with a strong mouthwash for at least a full minute after breakfast.

A first, at least for me on a breakfast menu was "fresh fruit country bologna." I had some, and it was delicious.

We were struck by a common name in but many confirmed as a long-standing one in that part of the country. Both in small towns and a city suburbs thousands of homes displayed Halloween decorations even though when we arrived there the night of spooks was an Halmost three weeks off!

Lifeblast figures (Frank Jennings tells me they are usually scarecrows) propped up in roadside potatoes on verandas or perhaps sitting in armchairs with a leg slung casually over the chair-arm are common. Some have pumpkin heads. Others with ghoulish images are planted up in any thing makes them appear to be flying by: witches and jack o lanterns abound. If almost seems that Thanksgiving and Halloween have been rushed together as one long harvest festival.

And oh the coloring of trees in autumn! Our trees in Weyburn were pretty well bare when we left but in New Brunswick they were only starting to shed, and most were in spectacular shades of crimson and yellow to contrast with the green and brown of the evergreens. For tree growth too had contrast because of the large number of tamarack (larch) trees, the leaves of which are deciduous and turn yellow before falling off.

A little wish granted

HERNESTLY *November 2 1988*

Sometimes wishes are granted. Motoring at leisurely speed toward Acadia, we stopped at about 1:30 for lunch at a motor restaurant on the town of Richibucto. The tiggest menu was so inviting that we wished out loud that we might have arrived there for supper instead of lunch. The gnome was thinking, even though we hadn't seen him or released him from a bottle.

After leaving we followed the coast and "highway" several interesting fishing villages had arrived in Chatham around 4 p.m. It seemed too early to stop for the night but we decided to stop for a coffee break. Again we saw several restaurants that looked very inviting.

So on to Acadia. The first two towns of any size on that historic region offered no motels that looked acceptable. By this time we were getting pan our usual stopping-over time so when we arrived at Tracadie we decided that had to be it. We found a large motel with an attractive dining room had found that there was indeed a vacancy.

The clerk however had such an apologetic way of saying that the room was in the "old part" that I thought I had better ask to see. I have seen chamber pots that looked more comfortable.

Then a decision had to be made: press on to Bathurst? We knew nothing about the towns ahead, and we knew that in least Chatham was of a size to offer acceptable accommodation. So we backtracked and found nothing en route and arrived in Chatham where we had some difficulty and detouring we found a fine-looking motel.

It being off-season, the last thing we had expected was the "No vacancy" sign lit up in front of the office. By this time we were getting hungry tired and worrying about missing the World Series games (starting after 8 p.m. in New Brunswick). So I went in and threw myself at the mercy of the management.

She explained that a nurses' convention had taken every room in town then with the friendliness and helpfulness that we had come to expect of New Brunswickers, she proceeded to call other inns in the district.

There was not a room available in either Bathurst or Newcastle but finally she found it room for us at a motel which would not guarantee reservations but agreed to hold a room for the hour or two it would take us to drive there.

So off we hurried through the dark wet night toward our last hope for a warm bed, a roof over our heads, a bite to eat, and perhaps even see the last half of the baseball game.

And where you might ask were we headed? Well where but the Silver Birch Motel in Richibucto where we had eaten lunch about seven hours earlier! The room was at least acceptable and clean and we were too tired to mind that the bed was a bit narrow. Supper was marvelous and the Dodgers won the ball game (at times you were wondering. I the outcome was the same as here)

So it all worked out rather better than it might have. All the same: watch those watts.

12. The boiling hot sea

About many things

The subjects on which I have allowed myself comment, preachment, pontification and speculation over a thirty year period obviously are so varied that they do not accommodate themselves conveniently to the chosen chapter headings. Further classification threatened ambivalence and still left dozens of items lacking umbrellas. So it seemed best to throw them all together under one heading as simple as "Odds and Ends" as poetic as "Potpourri" or as pompous as "Omnium Gatherum." Guidance came from the wisdom delivered, as often has been through the words of the wonderful characters of Lewis Carroll, in this instance the Walrus in "Through the Looking Glass":

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

And so off we go into that boiling sea!

The dry years

EDITORIAL, *March 15 1962*

Seven local men appeared a strange award Sunday afternoon one which only they and their kind can properly evaluate.

To many people 10 years of sobriety may seem a negative achievement something very much like staying out of jail for 10 years, or not beating their wives for a similar period of time. But to the seven men thus honored, and to 250 other members of Alcoholics Anonymous from throughout the province who gathered at Weyburn Sunday the achievement is by no means negative — it is a history of very positive self-denial minute by minute hour by hour day by day week by week and month by month on the part of people who have accepted and are successfully living with the fact that to them the first drink is synonymous with insanity.

Thus the A. A. may be said to have a double impact — removing himself from the failed by side of the community ledger and becoming instead an effectual worker for society's betterment.

Labor Day thought

EDITORIAL *September 6 1962*

Labor Day came and went this week in the glorious tradition of many Labor Days before it: a happy holiday for most, tragedy for the unfortunate victims of highway and resort accidents and all too little contemplation of the meaning of the holiday and what it stands for.

In that of course it is not alone for ringless and pearl-less holidays; likewise, have become in the many minor little more than an excuse for a long weekend.

The large sales and their usual Labor Day parades but these are, for the most part feeble efforts if they are designed to represent the self-dignity and dignity of labor in the second half of the 20th century. Almost forgotten are the obstacles fought by early-day unionists to achieve recognition and the opposition and persecution they faced to achieving even their most basic objectives. Even more unfortunate than the lapse of memory is the apparent lack in the labor movement today of a goal which can have the wholehearted sympathy and support of the labor force of the nation.

Things were paradise a century or even half a century ago. Working tasks were hard, and those dictated by the most oppressive elements in management — may longer-versed was a tangible goal, and the right to organize and bargain collectively was an objective which promised the correction of many of the evil conditions so prevalent.

Having succeeded in establishing working conditions which were unthought of in the outset, organized labor stands at a crossroads today.

The goal of shorter hours and wages more pay and increased fringe benefits have lost their appeal to thousands of workers who realize that from here on in only increased productivity can bring better living, particularly in view of the increased burden placed on the working force by greater life expectancy, non-paid retirement and later entry age productive work by young people.

That this so is indicated by the organizational stagnation of the labor movement in North America today although there are other reasons for that which we need not enlarge upon.

There is room we feel, for the unions to take a closer look to what it can do for the individual members in securing his advancement to the full measure of his capabilities to assist and encourage talented persons performing unskilled or semi-skilled work to rise to responsible positions or more suitable callings which would help them achieve better conditions for themselves and also leave their jobs open for those with limited potential.

It is also something which might eventually break down the wall of mistrust and misunderstanding between labor and management and open the way to working together harmoniously for better conditions for all.

Civil defenselessness

EDITORIAL *November 29 1962*

If our recent venture to the brink of nuclear war reassured us that even in the most critical situations positive action and common sense can prevail in the world, it also presented a picture of inappropriateness in Civil Defense that is disturbing.

Perhaps there is no such thing as preparedness for this type of disaster with which the world is now constantly threatened but if there is any justification for the large-scale expenditure on Civil Defense which is being undertaken and encouraged by federal and provincial governments then it was it seems that this would have been a time to set into motion the feeble setup on which so much is to depend in a national emergency.

When the Cuban quarantine was announced by President Kennedy a number of Civil Defence directors from all over the country — including Weyburn — were in the middle of a course at Arnprior Ont. One might suppose and with no odds-on chance of war within 24 hours or less, the directors would have been flown to their homes immediate y instead they continued working on these hypothetical problems while the very real problem looming on the horizon was left to take care of itself.

We note too that not a single information medium carried during the crisis any information which might have been useful to the public in the event of a surprise attack — such as whether children should be picked up at schools — and the answers to a few other questions which must have been a lot of minds

Southern law?

EDITORIAL *March 25 1965*

Council must have been astounded last week to learn one of its members suggest that action be taken to confine or restrict a person about to be released from prison. The person in question has a record except of confessing people when he is intoxicated and his return does nothing for the peace of mind of people in the southern section of the city

It must be borne in mind that whatever the sentence handed down by the court, it has not the end of it. No sooner the prisoner the stigma of court conviction, o ater public opinion and private prejudice. Even though technically free the punished offender must start from the beginning in convincing each person in the community that he merits trust and respect. That is not easy and often impossible.

This fact of life is both cruel and understandable but personal vexations is something not likely to be treated complete y. It cannot be for its complete absence is tantamount to complete gullibility

However even to suggest that these pedantics be reflected in the treatment of individuals by society is to advocate a dangerous double standard that is frighteningly close to what is happening in the southern United States.

Full circle

EDITORIAL *August 5, 1965*

Today — particularly in the United Kingdom — reform seems to be moving out of the hands of legislators and in to the jurisdiction of the courts. To some it seems that constitutional guarantees are no longer adequate for the protection of law-abiding people against arrest but to hamper the prosecution of criminals

That may seem a harsh judgment, but it is said that in many U. S. cities there is such a degree of lawlessness that a person cannot walk along on the streets in broad daylight without fear of attack. If this is so, law enforcement seems to have gone full circle, and its original reason the protection of society has been altered.

One wonders when laxness when concerned pitiful realise that when they take the law into their own hands they too become criminals, and as such unified once more to the full and jealous protection of the courts. Sounds like anarchy doesn't it?

Where to draw the line?

EDITORIAL *February 10 1966*

It was a comparison that went to set the Sunday sports man take care of itself. by then, how many times does a newspaper have the opportunity to get almost half the population hand aside whatever it says, and without trying"

On both sides of the issue the word "freedom" is being used extravagantly Perhaps such has an equal right to applying the word, since without question the freedoms of two points of view are affected by the use of one word, s vote

When you go to the pol s Wednesday you cannot resist straying upon someone s freedoms but you can if you are concerned about freedom ask yourself two questions

Firstly you might ask yourself which is the greater freedom the right to be entertained or the right to maintain a day of rest from work? Secondly whose if at all do you wish to draw the line on the commercialization of Sunday? You will never agree how a Sunday completely free of commercialization can exist with a vote in favor of this before and the matter if the by law is passed there will be more votes on more Sunday activities than you, the voters decide to draw the line.

SEE ALSO: HAPPY YESTERDAYS

So in respect to the second question you have a purely personal decision to make: when and where to draw the line, now or later and if later how much later Whichever way you feel about it, ignoring the vote you truly anyone to buy

(It has been suggested that an intervention would be appropriate for this item. It seems to me however that the exact nature of the 1966 vote is tenuatenlu, since the circumstance apply to volunteer Lawyers to be the objective of a vote on this question, at any point in time)

Thou shalt not steal unless

EDITORIAL *September 8 1966*

It was with some shock we read recently that a Roman Catho lic educator-priest had said in Nova Scotia that when a man is poor "unless something he steals from someone who has much more than he needs he is not stealing."

Defining a change in the attitude of his church the priest was quoted as saying that formerly the church held that a man is determined much take what he needed on the assumption that the owner would condone the act if he knew the circumstances Now the newly person is regarded as the owner of what he needs in the sense that God intended property for the community of men

It is unlikely that the church intends its position to be interpreted as giving anyone the right to claim to pilfer he wants as his property simply because he had decided he needs it more than the possessor Nevertheless we cannot visualize an orderly society unless most of its members regard the Mosaic law legally and morally as an absolute. The commandment is quite simple: "Thou shalt not steal " without any "except as hereinafter provided "

Military unions

EDITORIAL *January 12 1967*

In Germany we hear the military has now organized a union, and that recognition has even been granted

Now that the first shock of the idea has worn off we must admit that there is more than a little justice in the principle of an organized military We may not first is particularly convenient but human rights cannot always be measured in terms of the public s convenience or comfort

Interestingly in the past few years we have seen our country brought to its knees the entire economy threatened by one or another large union exercising what s now regarded as a God-given prerogative — the right to strike

Perhaps even this right will be seen differently when it is practised by an army which may at its

pleasure and under foreign dominion exercise it at a crucial moment.

And then we started our beginnings.

Joint services

EDITORIAL *March 16 1967*

Next Sunday joint worship services are being held in St Vincent de Paul Church, with Roman Catholics and most local Protestants denominations participating. A similar service last year packed the tiny church — the largest to Weyburn — and like experiments in other communities throughout Canada have enjoyed equal success.

We hope that Sunday a joint service is a success and one of many more to come that it helps create mutual respect, trust and understanding that it clears friendship co-operation and an ey of purpose; that it breaks down old and harmful separations and misgivings.

But please, let there never be sufficient. Let's not prevent a good thing to be destroyed by destitute and possibly destructive objectives. Some of us just don t feel we d ever learn to handle it wisely and others couldn t be without them. Surely those is more for both

The moon looks different

EDITORIAL *January 9 1969*

George Low, head of the Apollo program which during the Christmas holidays successfully placed three U.S astronauts into lunar orbit and brought them safely back to earth is quoted as saying after it was all over: "The moon looks d ifferent tonight...

Is there a human being living who has not on the past two weeks gazed at that orange orb in the night sky and fel with Mr Low that indeed the moon looks different?

To most of us the moon has always been simply a convenient light in the darkness above. It's not that we didn't believe the theories of the scientists about the moon s true distance topography source of light atmosphere and so forth and they were just theories worked out on ill de rules and did not have much relevance to most of us.

Now suddenly the moon is no longer a disc of light and a distant place which reflects the light of the sun; a place which has been visited by men who have watched the earth rise on the moon s horizon.

There are many who decry the spending of billions of dollars to reach the moon while there is poverty ill ness and ignorance on earth that cries for the relief that those billions could bring.

Whether the moon project survived the primitive ill and ill-prepared uncertainly upon so question But man's universe would still be a pretty small place — in more than one sense of the word — if it were not for the instinct to explore, even at the expense of many items which might bring quicker returns

We can but ask

EDITORIAL *January29 1970*

We have been asked by a reader to comment on proposals for a guaranteed annual income being championed by politicians and sociologists as an alternative or supplement to existing welfare legislation

the proposition raises some questions than consensus on our minds. The first question is: At what figure would a guaranteed wage be pegged in order to satisfy our re lective conscience that we had truly assumed the role of our brother s keeper?

Assuming that only people earning less than the guaranteed wage are subsidized will they feel any more dignified about receiving the subsidy than they would feel about welfare handouts? Is a wage a wage simply because we call it that, or is an discretionary unemployment. I a payment to a person for service rendered, the amount paid jurrisdictally for the labor re pervice of a workman or servant?

Even today the dignity of the welfare recipient is no a be-all and end-all purpose to be sought in the heart of the household even if he is a dri ard and wizened If this same principle is applied with payment of the guaranteed wage will we allow his wife and family to starve who e he ends up only existence, or what is intended as a d grafted wage for the whole family on the we age s and look after the wife and family as well thus affording the whole family ve luxuries which most lower middle class people wou d envy?

And what s money? Currency to be sure, is valued in relation to gold and its hold in reserve, but is the value of the hypothetical gold dollar not balanced against productivity? When you receive a dol ar for your labor it and its you to the equivalent value in the fruits of someone else s labor ingenuity or investment. Thus dol ars might be paid to represent those fruits. If you the worker pay a wage to those who do not work are you not purchasing his leisure and non-productiveness to give him dollars to buy your labor and productiveness? Who sel s his labor for the same currency he is remitted to for his labor?

These gentle reader and many more questions come to our mind. But communes, come, save that it guaranteed wage was d be a wonderful thing

Pollution

EDITORIAL *May 14 1970*

The war on pollution is getting underway soon too soon for if not. It to give even a measure of credence to some of the dire prophecies being voiced the survival of the human race may well depend upon steps taken immediately to protect our environment

Nevertheless some of the self-righteous rhetoric emanating from the anti-pollution camp would lead one to suppose that we are victims of a monstrous conspiracy that pollution is a crime of modern society and particularly of the generation alive today and over 25 years of age.

In fact pollution is as old as the human race and has resulted from man's failure to comprehend the unhealthy effects of his own practices. The old cities of the world were cesspools in which people waded knee-deep in their own wastes. Ignorant of the fact that their practices were more than unaesthetic inconveniences folks put into the river merriment and paid for it in epidemics which they blamed on a vengeful provider, witchcraft or whatever other whimsical toy happened to be handy.

People lived in unventilated garrets and hovels, and accepted this condition as part of their low status in life, but that they suffered diarrhoea from wells being robbed of half their potential, they might have stirred more vigorously against the set of political and economic shackles that furthered this form of pollution. Many of our early pioneer farmers having never heard of germs thought nothing of contracting their homestead practices of dumping manure beside streams if it happened to be convenient — as long as the water had no discernible taste.

Today we are again victims of our ignorance. We know the importance of conservation in environment but fail to grasp the dangers of wastes interred by our advancing technology or the limits of our atmosphere and our oceans to serve as disposal grounds for these wastes. Now we know and it is imperative that we act at once if we are to survive. By case sensitive action be taken for once without a lot of moralistic talk?

Ecology

EDITORIAL *June 15 1970*

All this talk about ecology and the danger to all life through the extinction of some species is rather frightening. Concern has now reached the stage where at one has to do is bother "ecology" and any argument a won handle down.

It is a good thing, too, because the problem must at far away at the coral reefs. Consider the common housefly. A few decades ago an meal was complete without a few thousands of those useful creatures buzzing about y around and around in the fun. The diseases they spread helped control human populations.

Bus shed from its natural feeding grounds and permanent whenever it is found the housefly is most best are diminished and natural we have a human population explosion. The proliferation of the latter species and its dominant upon the world a natural ornament threatens the survival of life itself.

So think of this next time your disgrace of your gastrique at a covered container which will not attract insects and perhaps you'll save a juicy bone or a handful of melon skins and throw them out at the little fellows who play so vitally role in the life cycle.

The establishment— what is it?

CLIFFORD AL. *November 26 1970*

Among the many words to the beacon of the disgustful is the term "establishment" and much as vocifies is directed against what is darkly hinted to be a perverse and insidious conspiracy against the public

Powerful it is and it can be sinister at times but in few cases is it a conspiracy. The establishment is really the counterbalance to public apathy and it becomes weaker or stronger in inverse proportion to the degree of public participation and interest in no particular area of influence.

The establishment will change in nature only as people fully participate in the institutions they have created for their advancement. Then those institutions will truly reflect the will and the objectives of all rather than those of the power structure.

This is the challenge for the generation which finds so much ill in what has been to earn their living feed and shelter that keeping he their brother's keeper and still give as much of their time, energy and thought to the workings of government, political parties, their trade unions or associations, the various charitable organizations, the church, their sports and recreational groups that all move briskly ahead towards a self-ordained establishment.

In the near future

ERNESTLY *January 28 1971*

It would be interesting to know whether people have always been happy to have lived in their particular age rather than earlier or later.

Not that one has any choice in the matter but a pleasant one but I'll we in the age of man and jet travel, automatic heat, instant communication and hundreds of other conveniences which our grandparents didn't even dream about.

On the other hand, some of the technological advances right around the corner and which promise to leave their mark on every facet of life leave me with the feeling that however fascinating some of these developments may be that the year 2000 would be about the latest I'd care to check out if I happen to last that long

What got me on that train of thought was last week a Rotary meeting when our speaker was Chuck Hodgson of Saskatchewan Government Telephones with some staggering prognostications on what can reasonably be expected to happen in the communications industry in the next few decades.

Chuck tells of a wave guide tube, about two inches

in diameter with a theoretical capacity of 480,000 voice channels (a system has already been designed to carry 240,000 voice channels).

Laser systems expected to be in operation in the 1980s will be capable of handling seven million telephone contacts, or the equivalent of a forty-second television via a beam of light one square centimeter in cross-section.

Chuck showed us an integrated circuit already common in small communications, so tiny that we had to look at it under a microscope to see the circuits. This device the size of a little chip of metal contained 54 transistors, 22 resistors, 4 diodes and two condensers. Future integrated circuits he told us, will have close to one billion circuits per cubic inch which at once the density of the human brain.

By the year 2000, we were told, people will hardly have to travel for business reasons. And for those that wish to supersonic flight and suborbital rocket service will take them anywhere in world in no time. There will be computer-controlled power service within cities and nuisance pollution cars.

Many people won't go to work at all because through the use of communications systems such as the picture phone they will be able to handle their jobs from their homes. Now that is a possibility with special the people in large cities who must fight their way to and from work through hours of traffic jams so for the ultimate of those cities where it will no longer safe to set foot outside the home. But how many marriages will survive when the old man is underfoot all day every day!

Perhaps that will be the age of the Great Leap Forward for the women's liberation movement. With the women away working as receptionists and on other jobs which will not require the physical presence of people the husband can just stay home making his business deals over, dictating letters and planting charts while keeping an eye on supper, changing diapers and watching his favorite mat new superseaso

The miracle of flight

ERNESTLY *August 26 1971*

I never quite get over the miracle of flight.

Had I lived in the days of the Wright brothers I would surely have been among the unbelievers at that. I might have considered the possibility of a contraption capable of lifting an individual and carrying him for a distance slightly above ground level.

But even today I see an airliner and the idea of renting it gh above the clouds and off to a distant city on land still seems incredible

I've been on enough flights now that that area should begin to disappear but even after becoming relatively accustomed to air travel and seeing the scenery around some of the large airports where flights leave every minute or so from one for every corner of the world. I still seems unreal to me.

In day to-day living though we all acknowledge the shrinking dimensions of the world as a result of rapid transit and instant communications, many of us nevertheless accept the idea as a mental cliche with little personal relevance. On y when we find ourselves whisked away from the familiar prime and set down gently a few hours later in a setting which belongs in a story book or transparent section, do we clearly that tomorrow has almost become today and Europe is pretty near

From the foregoing you might suppose that I'm just back from the Orient or Europe in fact, it was just a little hop to Vancouver and one familiar to many of our readers. But to me Vancouver remains a distant city probably because of a time dimension in my own association with it

You see I lived in Vancouver for almost a year back in the late 40s and until last month had only been back once for a visit. Moreover I had been living in Toronto and made the trip by auto through the U S Thus I think of the distance in that context days and days of driving through strange terrain and towns, my first glimpse of the mountains in Utah and still a few days of driving before finally reaching that fabled city of the Pacific.

Thus, to hop into it plane and find myself transported so quickly into what has become a fa-ot memory interferes me in as much as would a much longer flight. Perhaps more so for the reason that the flight is so short that it as measurable against manual in-service travel

Communal living

ERNESTLY *January 6 1972*

I was so ll y surprised at the deserved rebuttal to last week's report to casual statements and judgments read into what I had considered rather mild speculation

My exact words in th e column two weeks ago were as follows. "University students living in housing communes claim to be proving that people can live quite comfortably on about $80 a month if they are prepared to stick to basics and don t let the outside element induce them into a lot of frivolous unnecessaries

"If they accomplish nothing else they may when they get to run the country change some of the current concepts of the poverty level."

Into this has been read a blanket condemnation of co-operative living experiments and numerous personal overtones. Not to be so serious, young friends! While I confess to some skepticism as to the durab lity of communal living arrangements when not enforced by imperatives of war, religious or political fervor or economic necessity this was truly not the thrust, actual or implied of my l ittle observation

Since it has been brought up however I might add

that most civilizations have evolved around the family unit, the younger members breaking away to build their own families in due course. Judging from the wedding write-ups which continue to appear with commercial regularity in th s and other newspapers this truism is not yet completely on the way out. Whatever the acknowledged pitfalls of the marital arrangement. Bearing this in mind my identification of those choosing these — th — co-operatives, may be subject to exceptions but outside of Hippieville, no other group of people in our society really fits the prerequisites.

I think my critics will acknowledge that in order to have a campaign the group you cannot simply draw half a dozen names from a hat, set up house, and live happily ever after.

You need first of all a large group of people to choose from of roughly the same age group and enough to have left the family fold by that large unmarried and with independent sources of revenue sufficient at least for basic needs.

Now some why s spins of the foregoing a housing co-operative could consist of a janitor s apprentice, an airline pilot an fashion chief a professor a street cleaner and a member of the legislature and I am prepared to concede that there are doubtless many groups with exactly such a make-up. But if I must construct the son of general action I will say that the conditions precedent to a housing co-operative fit an stratum of society better than an variety sadness.

The sharing commitment by life is a friends *("Hello" was the room the picture of the Review's contributor at the University of Saskatchewan)* is absent a valuable lesson, and one they will long remember here for the processors and mistakes Our pioneers were to help each other build houses and barns the generation of the 30s helped one another through the depression and many of the comforts we enjoy as our communities such as skating rinks, curling rinks ow nming pools, churches libraries that parks would not have been possible but for people sharing common interests sharing also energy that manners to give the group the benefit of facilities which individuals could not possibly build for themselves.

Sharing is not entirely new but people have that because that even worse can lead to increase A wise man many ages ago came up with a saying "Familiarity breeds contempt ".

I do agree with Hellie a friends on a major point and that is the need to instil in a new attitude on what is being real y rich. Many of our generation scrimped so hard for the basic needs that when times became more affluent they lost sigh of the difference between essentials and luxury. Thus reached the point where we found ourselves hemmed on one hand for being greedy and acquisitive, and condemned on the other for not providing for others (as a matter of need) the material things we were expected to feel guilty about

And that was my point.

Perhaps some day Hellie s friends will decide rightly or wrongly to invest the effort necessary to acquire a few more material things for themselves but they may be a bit tougher than we have been when it is demanded of them that they support others at levels which they know to be exaggerated.

How's that again?

ERNESTLY *November 16 1972*

An example of the generation gap:

Last Thursday Keegan airport was so badly fogged in that most Air Canada flights and to land and take off at Moose Jaw CAP base home taking travellers from one airport to the other

Nature by her meals couldn't be taken aboard at Moose Jaw so those of us who had counted on an in-flight meal found ourselves with grumbling stomachs particularly after the two-hour delay in take-off

So I called over a stewardess and asked if they were bringing a meal of lunch aboard for us in Winnipeg She stared at me in horror and demanded: "Did I hear you correctly?"

"I don t know " I replied "but I asked if you were taking aboard some lunch for us s Winnipeg."

"Hah!" she almost screamed at me, that I suddenly realized that what we oldtimers called a concoction of warmed up leftovers has an altogether different meaning to the "now" generation. My question made me so suspect as if I and ca lled out "Hi Jack!" to an acquaintance

Environmental safeguards

ERNESTLY *June 7 1973*

During last week a SPC-sponsored press tour of Cypress Hills Provincial Park media representatives were shown a film on a fossils ity study being conducted by a group of companies interested in constructing a natural gas pipeline from the far north to the United States

The film centred around the most threat of the study which is to determine the extent to which construction of such a pipeline would harm the environments and ecology. The cost of the survey alone is in the neighborhood of $5m lion

Perhaps for a multi-billion-dollar project such as the pipel ne promises to be a $5 million expenditure on environmenta considerations is not out of line Certain y with the hindsight of how we have managed to foul up our world through ignorance indifference and blindness in the past it would be inexcusable to embark upon such a colossal undertaking with no thought about env ronment and ecology

But $5 million is still a lot of bread, and by the time the survey concerns itself with such considerations as whether ground-moving birds will again nest on the right-of way a rider which the pipeline is buried it strikes me that things are being carried a bit far

On the 300-mile drive from Cypress Hills to Weyburn my car killed at least half a dozen gophers and about as many birds. Beside that the road was dotted with dead bodies of rabbits skunks and other whom creatures. The same would happen on a freeway highway

A gopher isn't going to set up and pester any animals or birds that walk over it.

Unexcesses

EDITORIAL *June 21 1973*

There are places even today where the police are not a service but the authority and where the perpetuation and protection of the rulers was it as guaranteed to all other considerations. To question the wisdom or motive of any official decision is pronounce them was once an invitation to be labelled a "pinko"

There were when when dead could be no distinction between public norms and individual morals and when have no less than five children was neglect of duty toward society when criticism of the principle of settling international disputes through the saddest was was only a nauseous but suggestive of cowardice A minor crime was punishable with death when without fair trial There were when when you dared not park your own friends for fear of being considered not healthily cosmi

We share (the) opinion that the pendulum probably has swung too far in a number of the areas mentioned but note that one thing has not changed: so than to think for yourself is to be an oddball However as long as the right to do so is enshrined in law we dare hope that common sense will ge de es away figure one set of excesses as they have from the other

Don't tell them about cake

EDITORIAL *October 4 1973*

A few weeks ago Saskatchewan social services minister Alex Taylor outlined his views on controlling Inflation through controls on profits, interest them and advertising

If one accepts the premise that inflation is created by too many dollars chasing too few existing products and services yeah i makes little sense to reduce the incentive for making more products Interest once go up so people who have to borrow buying power borrow unfairly unanimously to compete for what they want

Of advertising bd Taylor has this to say "It becomes apparent that the whole realm of advertising needs to be looked at especially when we remember that advertising creates false needs in people and that while people satisfy them false needs the inflationary spirals that see so enormous in our economy are given added momentum"

A famous French woman once said "if the poor have no bread let them eat cake. Mr Taylor's updated version seems to be "If the poor are restrict with bread for heaven's sake don t let anyone tell them there is such a thing as cake.

The innocence of the female

FORMERLY *February 20 1975*

Counting myself by now as the product of a female-oriented household I m afraid I cherish very few illusions any more about the innocence of the so-called fair sex

But to sit s on one of those chambless local rinks there to watch the ladies during the ladies' bonsp et is to reach a new depth of despair for the future indeed the survival of our gender[illegible] except as we might fi nd some very efficient and fantastic reproductive process

My survival instinct has long taught me to behave decorously at all times and ever ind ulgent and appreciative of the tolerance which permits my continued tenancy

But when adult females of the species descend upon the household literally in droves, I experience the sort of panic a family cat displays when its owners have decided to babysit a brood of young terrors

I have long learned of course as without my continued existence has open panic attacks attention so it is much better like my friend the chameleon to blend into the woodwork and concentrate on pretend ing I m not there.

My flowing locks help some, and having achieved a certain middle-age obesity and decrepit me of those heavy wool sweaters for which there is a name that escapes me I don t have other trouble passing for one of the girls

You may th ink I'm going to reveal to you some frightening plot against the male.

Wrong!

It s gone well beyond that stage.

On the five days when a group of women gathered to bemoan their hardships and ludicrousness about what they would do to the men were the situation reversed. At least that s what you had the sense never satisfactorily to know my who was in control

But it s well past that stage. The flies, as they used to say have taken the Dynatherm

The vindictiveness has gone from their voices and the hurt as well they should. Instead there is a cal ous indifference contempt for the beast [illegible] wants ringed with some pity for his utter stupidity

To tell all would spoil those charm fea ture but better martyrdom than sheer abject silence

The matter of the storm that kept the girls in town.

The fine soft flurry of snow brings a gleam to the eyes of the ladies, and the first gust of wind feeds their determination to be storm-swayed more than it bothers the packed snow. Carefully laid contingency plans quickly come to light allowing for everything including how to keep the warm going.

The one chesen to throw the lead rode in all warm after carefully rehearsing the obstacles and alternatives planned home ("That you hubby") and receive her litany of woe, mud of the elements, and concern for her brood.

Finally constructed and there is no way Liz wife can make it home the husband sets house (to the neutral east of planning as it is a way out of the emergency and lo, with only the slightest bit of prompting from the other and comes up with exactly the plan she had in mind all along.

With the first one out of the way the rest is simple as hersell. The others phone the "idle mate" and simply tell him that even Jan's husband —"and they live much closer to town, you know" — positively won't let her come home because you can't even see across the street.

Then with the six of veterans who have just drawn to the bottom last rank scene and morning home they relax and tackle the enjoyable problem of how to make the most of their victory over the weather

Actually it did get to be quite a storm but I have a hunch the outcome would have been much the same in any case Either that or the weatherman is also married to a caller and that his explicit instructions so to where to lay it down

The ombudsman

EDITORIAL April 3 1975

In the second annual report of Saskatchewan ombudsman E C Hoydich, he recommends and the act be changed to the end and deputy ministers not be excluded from the jurisdiction of the ombudsman The concept is not unique in that according to Mr Hoydich a report "Saskatchewan is the only province which has placed a protective shield around deputy ministers and others in a like capacity from the scrutiny of the ombudsman "

While curtailment of ombudsman power at any level tends to be attractive to most of us, we are not sure whether a simple transfer of that power to another appointive office serves any good purpose while it carries with it in this instance, some dangers of interfering with government policy and administrative processes.

To hold and an ombudsman ought to be empowered to judge regulations and laws on the basis of their fairness presupposes that properly trained for such a position an ombudsman's judgment would be fairer and wiser than that of the second government Maybe so but that is too close to a benevolent dictatorship for our liking

The inflation trail

EDITORIAL June 5 1975

What is responsible for inflation?

For many decades we have enjoyed as relatively low prices, imported commodities aside or wrought by people working under conditions which we would find unacceptable in our country for wages which bare y kept them alive Jet alone afforded many most of the luxuries we take for granted How we prayed and wept for the mercy of our fellow creatures but like Lewis Carroll s walrus we held up a large handkerchief before our streaming eyes, and gobbled up the oysters just the same

But as people in other lands soon working shorter hours, receive living wages and expect to send their children to school care for their sick in hospitals and perhaps even take a week s vacation the cost of their product must go up But do we expect to curb our appetites for these commodities? No We expect our salaries and our profits to go up proportionately so that we may buy so many of these goods as before This s inevitably depresses the value of our dollar and the goods must go up in price again

But this problem s is no view more compound as the gobs t Economy taken from us by governments and recirculated by paying people for performing work which the paid n neither needs nor wants and which goes into competition with the money we retain, for the goods and services we want and need

And governments are not content to spend the extra dollars generated by the increased number of bill bas created by higher salaries and higher prices. This would leave them no where they were in the first place so they raise taxes n various ways plus spend more money than is generated by tax revenues in order to "give us" more than we paid for

And all this does is create greater competition for products and services, while productivity does not increase proportionately So we have inflation

Tonghlove, circa 1926

EXISTELY July 3 1976

At the lake last weekend, I ran into a new twist in child disciplining that has a lot of promise

About five adults were trying to make themselves

heard while drum gun-school children were holding family in comparison in a manner which defies description but doesn't need it for anyone who has been exposed to children

Final y worrying of the scene, the father put the kids outside to play In was just after dark and the mosquitoes were out in hordes, so it wasn't long before the young ones were clamoring in the door

"Are you going to behave?" demanded pop

"Yes yes, let us in!" chorused she children

"Well you had better remember" said daddy "or next time it the cold!"

I am considering a special column with tips like that for most-crazed parents

"Cold Journey"

KENNEDY. December 9 1976

There was a d fference when the National Film Board's production of "Cold Journey" opened at the Jack theatre Thursday evening. The difference was that Johnny Yesno and Buckley Pesawabano two native Canadians who p ayed the lead roles were present to say a few words to the aud ence before each showing and to mingle with the folks during intermission

The movie, a pleasant l mpelling change from the bland-and-sex theme of most Hollywood numbers centering on y ung boy the frustrat ons of a young native boy sent to res dential sc hool in The Pas Man where he is bombarded with information (such as the meter of poems) a seless to the life that is probably a since far from, meaningful for eg the skills which he may need for survival in Canada s harsh northland.

Without outpick ng however those is cast little pore that does l ring quite true. There are several scenes where the boy (Buckley) in a home with it s family for autumn vacat on and has to converse with h s mother through his brother because she speaks no English and Buckley has forgotten Cree because he has been away at chool

This scenario might wash a 1940 Victoria in Toronto but the g a be hard to take in Saskatchewan where over half of as are of non-British orig n. We know that the language one learned at home may become hard to retrieve after many years of disuse but it is not forgotten in several years in school with a bunch of kids of t he background.

As near if I understand the intention correctly If chi dren are taken from the reservations at p imary age and dumped it s residential school what is a different story. Bu the e numbers I have encountered, they rece ve primary and elementary education on the reserve and go to the nager towns for secondary education. If I'm wrong about this, I ll eat those words

I object to it because it weakens an otherwise strong case by reducing credib lity. To those who are dubious about the language a tuation, the rest of the argument may become equal y unbelievable

Eating my words

KENNEDY. December 16 1976

Looks like I have to eat crow In last week's column I questioned one point made in the movie "Cold Journey" shown recently in Weyburn This was the matter of Indian children forgetting the r own language while away to reside in schools

I found it hard to swallow that a child, in residence with ch ldren of like background would forget in a year or two the language learned at home

I have been corrected by a friend more knowledgeable on the subject, who tells me that during the 50s there was a deliberate effort on the part of the authorities to remove Indian children from their homes and from the reservation at as early an age as possible and take them away to schools in an effort to integrate them into Canad an society

Speaking their own language at school is even in the residence he tol s me, was forbidden, and punishment quick and severe for those who disobeyed Sounds like another "big daddy" plan that didn t make it

Big Brother cares

EDITORIAL. May 12 1977

A few decades ago, the four o clock school bell was a signal for an army of workers to join the labor force of the nation They were high school students who worked from four o clock until closing time to augment the allowances (if any) they received from home

They did it mostly for the money not for the fun or the education But in the process the young girl or boy who filled shelves and packed bags at the grocery store learned to be courteous to customers and a bit about what made things tick in a retail outlet In many cases it also led to a summer job to be p aid for tuition books and clothing

For many it also opened the door to a lifetime career in a business which may have seemed boring from the outside but was found to be rewarding, once involved in it A few were also saved from going into occupations which seemed glamorous from the outside but turned out to be humdrum at least to the real young campaigner

Today th e army is no more For the most part,

those students are involved in extracurricular activities go home to listen to loud music, watch the boob tube or go downtown to hang around and spend money gained not through honest work but extorted from parents who think they are not paying for any services no longer know how much is fair.

And the odd parent who decides it is only cash is true that there are no jobs available for the colleagues, are met by the businessman's answer that he cannot afford to pay $3 an hour to youngsters and that in any case the low floor rate permits bargain in part-time help for less than three-hour shifts.

"But I don't care how little you pay. We just want Tom to learn to work," protests the parent. "This Big Brother career" replies the merchant.

So we are all the poorer. The parents but little remain to occupy the student's spare time productively; the student loses the experience, training and remuneration of on-the-job learning and the employer loses prospective employees with at least some familiarity with the business and with work. All because provincial governments across the nation know best.

Northern Reining

BENEDICT *June 30 1977*

Every year come June for almost as long as I have been on Keyhorn I group of fishermen (the town is used loosely) of my acquaintance start out to invade northern Saskatchewan and bring home a mess of fine fish that average out to something like $40 per pound plus some yarns that are worth considerably less when fairly weighed.

And every year I promise myself that come what may I intend to be among the happy and careless heading out from this rural metropolis.

As it happened, this was one of the years in which while the stars were not in the right configurations, I was configurated them and muck off at the last moment.

That first morning is a mite difficult. Some 700 miles of driving, even with changes of drivers and vehicles is a long haul.

But one thing has changed and as far as I'm concerned for the better and that is the accommodation available at the great north. We used to drive in La Ronge or beyond, wait for hours for a bush pilot who might be several hours behind schedule and at a camp with a crude log cabin, outdoor privy and little else set up camp and cook some mover than dinner up before fall flat into a sleep of exhaustion.

Turn up your nose at me if you will but I'm much happier throwing my gear into a heated (if necessary) cabin with maid service and indoor plumbing and streaming meal waiting for us in the lodge. Not roughing it, exactly but why pretend?

I added to my education this year when I found myself suddenly and alone at the controls of my outboard motor for the first time in my life. As two of us were casting from a rocky ship that I termed one of the banks of a channel, along two lakes. My line snagged on a rock about 20 feet away and I bravely and independently jumped into the boat and paddled toward the spot where my hook was caught.

The current I considered was more rapid than I had bargained for and I found myself drifting backward faster than I could paddle forward. This caused no great concern (except on my part) because in 1977 it is commonly held that anyone over the age of seven knows how to run an outboard.

"Turn on your motor," someone advised casually and I replied "Sure. How do you do that?"

You mean you don't know?" Sheer anguish dominated with disbelief in the question.

Well, we had our little moment, moving the motor forward instead of stopping it and plying my fish spear ahead toward shallow water with ugly rocks protruding and actually leaning toward me to get closer. Rumour has some time to write an editorial on water safety.

The highlight of the trip for me was that glorious moment I became invested in other anglers.

Have you ever been in a group where one person was hauling in fish like numerous was putting most on his hook down below the others catching few and the fish rejecting your bait so thoroughly that you wonder if even they sensed your incompetence and insecurity?

That has been the story of my fishing life and for once glorious hours on the final afternoon I was the one hauling them in while others watched in envy.

And boy did it feel good.

Never Imagine

HISTORIAN *July 7 1977*

If you'd like I'll put more simply — Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.

— The Duchess, to Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland"

Try that one on for size and when you have it figured out you may be good fool to step on it as what the prisoners in the Regina Correctional Institute perceived themselves to be when while acknowledging that confinement in that institution were "not all that bad" and compared it to college campus when compared to a British Columbia jail never-

theme felt sorry enough to hold a 5½-hour "peaceful" demonstration in order to state their cases for their "brothers" in the Prince Albert Correctional Centre the recent scene of a very unpeaceful riot.

Another complaint that the guards are "rough and uncommunicative" -

What are they supposed to be running a rest home?

Not to be completely outdone director Lund came out with a fine one himself. "I have no complaints of [illegible] - So what are we complaining about? Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise

Flin Flam et cetera

SATURDAY July 14-1977

Some things show the energy crisis we panic in

It wasn't very many years ago that the Saskatchewan Power Corporation was buying advertising space and time to urge farmers to leave their yard lights on to guides for the nocturnal wayfarer

Had the SPC been the only power utility to engage it, it could be argued with justification that our provincial corporation was operating in an unique situation as one of the untapped natural reserves and population and industrial base expanding only at a trickle compared to many parts of the continent. But as we understand it, other power companies, provincially municipally and privately owned were all doing it, promoting increased use of energy so though resources were not limited.

Then came the crunch and lo we are presented chapter upon chapter of convincing evidence that things cannot go on as in the present.

It makes sense but we still are not aware of any real effort to bring our expectations in line with what our resources reasonably can be expected to provide

If the problem is outlined a long-range one, one might suppose that a long-range plan would have been announced and pub sc ced providing disincentives for the wasteful use of electricity over a sufficient period of time to allow ourselves to reeducate ourselves to less wasteful practices. Failing that I leaves us with the feeling of being flimflam med justas we were when we were being urged to use power for every possible purpose

Money and things

EDITORIAL August 25 1977

An acquaintance told me recently of an incident observed in the Saskatoon shopping mall. A young mother trying to do her shopping was being pestered by her pre-school youngster already brandishing obviously current purchases for more spending money. Finally in exasperation, the mother yanked a doll at hill from her purse and handed it to the child with the warning: "Remember that is the last one you get today

My friend wondered how much the weekly trip to the mall can such a woman in spending money for the child let alone all the goodies such as ice cream, chips popcorn and pop carried home as "groceries."

Hearing this, my mind naturally drifted back to those good old thirties that my generation and our mothers love to dwell upon

In our family at least, there was no such thing as spending money. Some of the wealthy kids received an allowance and I've always retained the memory of the ones who made a point of bring up their treats to school so that they might smack their lips as they ately all their chocolate bars stashed their candies (Should I eat the red ones next?) and chewed their gum They would even talk up by offering some to those classmates who could be absolutely counted upon to return the favor the next day in so

But these high ages were a problem only when flaunted in our faces Out of a gift, or of need and when not subject to temptations the lack of cash didn't deprive us completely of treats.

Did you ever pull a six-inch cucumber off the vine peel it cut it in half, sprinkle it salt and pepper generously on the cut sides of both halves then rub them together until they foamed? Try it I did the other day but the largest cucumber I could find in our garden was only three inches long that it tasted just as good as I remembered it.

Another treat was a carrot fresh from the garden We didn't wash it because that would rob it of a certain something in the flavor Instead we would use the carrot top to remove the dirt. Perhaps I was what rubbed off from the top that would add flavor missing from a washed and scraped carrot.

Sometimes on a hot day we would sweat the skin to talk our mother into making lemonade without lemons

And how do you make lemonade without lemons It's easy Take a pitcher of cold water to a sugar and a pack of kool-aid, stir until the last lump is red then add a teaspoon of baking soda, stir to effervescence and ahhhh, what a treat

Now you're going to ask what in the world is kool-aid-ish

Don't hold me to the spelling but kool-aid-ish is the Russian word for naturic acid a white very hard crystalline substance that is extremely sour

What in christ use was I doin r e Anxious he there must have been something female making lemonades and lemon tea, because we always had a little bag of it in the house. I do remember that one of childhood's great embarrassments for me was the first time I was

sent to the store by my mother to buy the stuff. She took it for granted that I knew the English word for it and I assumed kesalah-tah was the only word for it.

It took long enough to establish what I wanted, but from that day on whenever I went in that particular store they would ask me if I had come for kesalah tah. Then rose with laughter. Worse than the boys in the skunk works.

Now don't go think me off and buying a big stock of turkeys now. You'll probably find that in recent ex periments conducted by health authorities that when a number of wood turkeys were fed twice their weight in tantalic acid over a period of one week, one out of every 126 developed planner's warts. Or something like that.

Kindness in Calgary

ERNESTLY *November 23 1978*

Last Friday I had one of those heart-warming experiences that bring home the real reason that for all that may be wrong with the way if we humans have created, there are still a lot of good people around.

An afternoon meeting at Calgary took me to the South Ri city for a day and because the session was scheduled to end at 2 p m. two hours before plane time, I didn't even bother to take an overnight bag. As it happened some pretty lively discussion developed and suddenly it was 4 30, to plane time minus one hour and 25 minutes.

Said nothing to get upset about for I was confident that the airport was only half an hour away. It is indeed only half an hour away from the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology, but from downtown it is an hour and Friday was snowy and blustery in Calgary as it was here.

When the cab dispatcher told me I'd have to wait for 20 minutes, I felt less assured. It is been my experience that after 25 minutes the driver the dispatcher is perhaps even a higher authority assumes you have found alternate transportation. That, evidently was what happened in that case because 45 minutes later I was still waiting.

So, at 5.20 p m. (35 minutes before takeoff time) I threw myself upon the mercy of a student whom with his pal just stepped in pole lined up to there trip inspection.

"How's the gas?" he asked his wife. "It shows empty" but it often does," she reasing. "I think we can make it."

So not only did they give me the much-needed ride, but they did so ungrudgingly. It wasn't as natural as though they were seeing off a favourite uncle.

I started to dig my fingernail it through my gloves) when we got caught in slow moving traffic but they assured me it would be clear sailing after two blocks. It's not that I doubt the love their but I was counting more on the airport having a few minutes late on the final weather.

But they were right, and we got to the airport. Five minutes before scheduled p me time which turned out also to be actual takeoff time.

God bless you. Claude and Susie

Orbiting space colonies

ERNESTLY *January 25 1979*

"It will never replace the horse and buggy was the general consensus when the first horseless buggies made their appearance.

"It'll never fly" said the doubters when a few crackpots were fooling around with flying machines, and when the Wright brothers finally proved that a mechanical people hearing device could be rendered a theme even the prestigious New York Times dis missed that accomplishment as one with no significant commercial or social consequence.

Even when the beeps of the Russian first gumpet-sail-sized Sputnik shocked the world into the space age some of the most respected people in the scientific world pooh-pooh the idea that space travel was just around the corner, pointing out that no technology of the foreseeable future could produce the thrust to accommodate the fit support required to put an astronaut into orbit around the earth, let alone send a living human being to the moon and back.

That, to be kept cal today is to live dangerously and risk having to eat your words before the ink is dry (in the case of the Review that can be a comparatively long time, but you know what I mean).

But I'm prepared to live dangerously when it comes to the prediction that the science of human beings will some day I ve is spacecraft orbiting the earth in order to alleviate the crowding of our planet.

First of all I'll concede that the technology can probably be developed at a cost of untold billions of dollars, to place a moderately self-sufficient colony into orbit.

But to accept launch and transmit those small test in sufficient numbers to relieve the congestion on earth is simply too great a task to my imagination.

Consider first of all, how many people would have to be removed from the planet to make a dent in o ver-population. We have several billion people now, and increasing by what — one mil on weekly?

Think if one million people were settled on orbiting colonies we would be hailing a miraculous technological accomplishment but would still have removed only a drop from the bucket. If one million were sent into orbit every week (or however long it takes the world to generate one million new lives) we would be achieving only zero growth.

In the meantime, all those people up there would rely for life support and waste disposal on the resources of our planet.

You we are told they will grow their own food. In what? In topsoil sent into orbit with them? We're

running out of arable land on earth. Is a subsonic growth-promoting substance? If it can be done, it can be done right here on scenic Sirius.

Then comes the question: are we really out of living space?

If we all expect to live in a moderate climate and pluck our food off the trees as we walk by, yes. But by this standard we ran out of space several centuries ago.

But by the time we are prepared to take up living in orbiting space colonies we will find that world enough we might think about the fact that only a small portion of the earth's surface is inhabited now.

The vast Arctic regions of Canada, the USSR Scandinavia and Greenland offer limitless settlement opportunities. They are warmer than outer space, have unlimited supplies of air and as much sunshine as anywhere. Food could be created by the same processes now planned for space colonies.

And look at the ocean floor which covers the greater part of the earth's surface. A colony down there would be dealing with an environment no more hostile than outer space and would be a lot easier to keep in place.

But really, I don't know what I'm getting all fussed up about...

I just got a postcard from a distant cousin living on one of Saturn's moons, and he's perfectly happy.

Are we being lied to?

HISTORICAL April 19, 1979

Do you ever get the feeling that we are being monumentally lied to?

About 18 months ago I attended a convention in Winnipeg where one of the featured speakers was a representative of the nuclear energy authority for the province of Manitoba. He presented what I considered to be a cogent, realistic case for the development of nuclear energy capabilities. Asked about the hazards of nuclear plants to people working there, the potential danger to residents of the area from plant accidents and environmental damage, he put on the steel smile of a missionary cop trying for the 113th time to a tribe of savages that there are no witches.

He explained toxicity as a relative thing — water for instance is toxic if ingested in excess quantities — and that safety precautions are commensurate. He cited the low accident rate and it sounded very impressive when translated into millions of man hours or transactions are worn to do. And he very distinctly made the point that a power plant is not a bomb which is about to explode and blow up the countryside. Contamination dangers, all taken care of with devices and procedures as near to foul-safe as anything on this earth can be.

Then we have the confrontation at Harrisburg Pa., and the sudden prospect of evacuating one million people — equal to the entire population of Saskatchewan. Besides the apparent dislocation mental anguish, business and dislocation accompanying such a mass evacuation there remains the unanswered question of how much long term damage might have occurred, had the worst happened.

Were the people in Pennsylvania told by the authorities when the plant was built exactly what the dangers were, the safety factors established and the degree of risk to themselves and environment? Or did they simply have to choose between doom and gloom proffered by the environmentalists and half-true assurances of the authorities?

If we choose to live in an energy-converted society we may have no alternative in the long run but to accept the hazards that accompany the production of nuclear energy — but we should be able to decide on the basis of hard fact and not on rumor or outright lies.

ZPG and Eskimo tradition

ERRATA Mayz 2, 1979

A book I skimmed through the other week touched lightly on Eskimo traditions with respect to their sparsely Evidently it is, or was, Eskimo custom that once a person became too old, or physically unable, to carry it the shore of the world and he or she left the igloo and lay down somewhere on the wilderness and let death take over.

This custom developed not from cruelty but from the simple fact that beyond reasonable childbearing it was not possible to wrest from the cruel Arctic environment the wherewithal to feed and clothe anyone unable to contribute toward the material well-being of the family.

The thought sometimes imposes itself that our society may be headed toward a modified form of the Eskimo practice as a result of the pill.

Not though and don't get mad but it ok about it.

Read some of the articles about planned childlessness and the blessings this option has brought to couples who are now free to find fulfillment without the bother and mess of bringing up a parade of brats. Those fortunates are now "free" to pursue careers, holidays and travel to their hearts content without worrying about baby sitting or the need to put something aside for the educational needs of the offspring as they make sure that their employers and/or the government are accountributing on their behalf a healthy pension plan...why by age 55 they'll be ready to retire and live really happy ever after.

Personally I have no great moral objection to this arrangement for those who want it and I may even be it myself but I have some reservations about how it will all work out.

We may be a long way from the simple society where grandpa and grandma remain a part of the family and share in its life. This is probably not to our credit, and invites treatment in kind when we reach

that golden age. However most of us do feel a certain obligation toward the elderly and infirm and as a result our society has established homes and hospitals where they are cared for as well as is possible as an impersonal an environment.

Even those of us who no longer have living parents tend to identify the elderly with those who seemed, first and clothed us when first were often little more than constant drudgery to provide for at the necessities and the inheritance for a better way of life.

With this same sense of obligation often when a substantial percentage of our adult population has lived a lifetime without contributing toward the renewal and advancement of the species."

For one thing we'll be blissfully childless have contemporary attitudes that will save them the gratitude of the following generation as well they exercise their members and demonstrate strength to curtail what as now provided for the young? Will they say "Let those with children pay for school a university or recreational programs and playgrounds. We didn't create the problem and we've not going to pay for! "? It may be unfair to presuppose unwholesome attitudes but our history has not been one of marked philanthropy

So time marches on and our happy childbearers current 20% find themselves no longer able in willing at work and together with their "parent-peers" living off the work of the productive generation of that time.

The question is will the productive be enthusiastic about providing for that part of a generation which had lived only extra only? Can a way you like and move as many figures from one column to another as you wish but a still basic demon at a decreasing proportion of workers providing food and shelter for a larger proportion of non-workers?

Can they do it — and will they? Perhaps they'll just invoke an ancient and honorable Talmudic tradition

Heaven, I know hate you

HONESTLY *August 16 1979*

Mine have played an important part in my life. When I was a child, having more was as normal as blueberry pie. More so in fact, because we didn't live on blueberry country and blueberry pie was a rare treat

Mine were not a cure treat and owning a cat was abundant practice that been no relationship to the householder a affection for cats. No more than a scarecrow symbolized the owner's love for life-size dolls. Simply the issue of one's vein

For my own part perhaps because Mickey Mouse comes on today on my birthday. I always cherished the little rascals and I wept bitterly whenever one of them became the victim of the cat or a trap. It was my fondest hope that I might some day have a pet mouse.

Once in a weak moment (as perhaps a was a trick) my mother even managed to rescue a mouse from the clutches of one of our cats (we sometimes had more than one due to circumstances unrelated to the mouse population) and saved it for me in a glass sealer Alas I was denied by marrying, and again cats flowed.

Years later my second ch hilhood home (i.e., the second home of my childhood not the home of my second childhood) faced a certain lot which domiciled all manner of de rabbit creatures. I once caught a field mouse with my bare hand, and despite my tender verbal assurances that I meant well the little blighter bit my hand and escaped in the ensuing confusion

That ended my affection for the species, and as time went by I became an more respectable in home more than as have (or admit to) lice, scabies, bedbugs social diseases alcoholism or lunacy

I would like to aims categorically that we are not afflicted with lice scabies, bedbugs social diseases alcoholism or lunacy. Not even a hair flaw.

Now mice, that is a different story

Intermittently for several months various members of the family sneaking down to the kitchen in the wee hours for whatever unholy reasons have returned to have seen one of the little creatures scooting across the floor Since there were no other signs of their presence I discounted the evidence my own sight I used non myself and couldn't very well admit to hallucinating

A few mornings ago hold and season traps received ill and more vocal as least more important votes than acquiring a cat So we bought the only traps we could find, three-locking metal devices that have about as much snap as a five-year-old rubber band

The good news is that the trap snapped twice the first night The bad news is that the first time it caught a family member's toe The second time a was triggered by a mouse which ran laughingly off with the cheese

When another week went by without any action at all we picked up some of the old-fashioned wooden traps that would snap a bear Never a snap, has the cheese is always gone

They may be fateful morons but they re smart, if I do say so myself Looks like we're about ready for another referendum on the cat question

Looking ahead — and back

EMOTIONAL *September 27 1979*

For countless centuries those resources that produce our energy today lay unused and for the most part useless because we had not learned to apply to them the physical laws that would convert them into light, heat and power Then within a relative knowledge and technology advanced to where this chain of energy not as a luxury to be appreciated, but as the very basis of our lifestyle.

Very few of us actually contributed one iota to the expansion of energy uses, sources or availability We

simply sat back and surveyed. We wallowed — yes we utterly through the last two or three decades — in the convenience afforded us by the latest excesses of a few. And now we find ourselves facing the prospect of a contract because of a diminishing supply.

Today a children took at an almost unbelievably when we attempt to describe to them how it was used. a bright kerosene lamp provided light for the whole family. A silver-gaslit screen for studying reading, knitting, darning, quilting or playing. Parchment

Try to explain how it was when television wasn't here and even radio was a toy for fiddlers when water was pumped out of a well and heated in the reservoir of the kitchen stove when furnaces had to be stoked. Kindling chopped and ashes carried out; when cars and telephones were for the wealthy and errands or messages depended on what's going for everyone else. You'll get a blank stare or a smart remark about "olden days."

I simply got off track from wondering how a might be when our children will these youngsters wistfully about all the fine things they used to have and how unfortunate it is the those things can no longer be had in unless everyone can afford

Nowadays we offer bargain rates for seniors in theatres on public transportation and for a few other services in recognition of what they did to build up our country and give us our affluence. Maybe wand we get there the signs will read "Seniors, double power; you've had your share."

Wanted well-worn pliers

SERENITY *December 20 1979*

I need a pair of pliers the oldest rustiest, most beaten-up pair that I can lay my hands on. I need them to pay a debt that has been outstanding for over 40 years

Before I started school our home was about four doors from a meadow which served as a three-hole golf course and a hardball field, besides, of course the basic function of a pasture

Late one afternoon or perhaps it was early evening I was drawn to the meadow by the excitement of a ball practice session and hadn't been there long when I was approached by this old guy — he was 17 or 18 at least — who wanted to take part in the activities, but was hampered by a pair of pliers kneeking about in the pocket of his overalls

Pete was an acquaintance of my older brothers, and in the packing order of the clans the gave him a certain authority over me.

In my case, he handed me the pl ars with the firm instructions to guard them carefully and in return them to and, unhampered, at the end of the ball practice.

Do you know that they p ayed ball for 10 hours without intermission that evening? Well, they didn't really but to a four or five-year-old awaiting mosquitoes it seemed like hours after the first five minutes

I wanted to go home, but I didn't dare walk onto the playing field and I was unable to retrieve Pete's attention. If he saw my frantic waves, he ignored them. Now if there is anything that makes a little boy want to go home very badly, it is an amped nurst to doing so and it wasn t long before profession hormone an impressive I simply had to go home

So believing that he knew exactly where I and been standing and with unquestioning faith in the honesty of the human race, I laid the pliers carefully on the ground and headed for home.

Early next morning, Pete was there demanding his pliers and he wasn't very happy when I told him where I and deposited them. He took me to the playing field, and I recall going there without any doubt in my mind but that I would walk directly to the place, hand them to him and be v nd cated.

It didn t work out like that Not only were we unable to find the place but Pete was not at all sure that I had chronically le delet items

The search accompanied by free-flowing tears took another 10 minutes or so by my reckoning

From that day forward I dreaded meeting Pete anywhere for he never failed to accuse me and demand his pliers. I would hide behind a fence post when I saw him approaching at a distance but suddenly he would be there coming over me and taunting "Come on, kid — Where a my pliers?"

Years passed, Pete a anger abated and my fears lessened but I never real lelts but that he demanded his pliers

Once, when I returned to the old home town after an absence of about five years, I walked into the main emporium and there was Pete, so far into his caps he couldn't see straight. But the moment his eyes hi on me the inevitable question came: "Where a my gosh-dern pl ers?"

My im took place in the early 30s, and going into 1980, I hope that some time in the next decade at least I can lay my hands on an old rusty pair of pliers, to him 60 years old, and send them to Pete with the comment, "Here a your darn pliers. What was your beg lerry anyway?"

Can anyone help?

Myths get out the map

CURIOSITY *June 5 1980*

If you found your eyebrows lifting ever so sl ghtly when you read last week that the Chamber of Commerce in Hythe Alta and planned a resolution calling for public execution of drug pushers just try to look at if from the Hythe Alta point of view.

Hythe possibly through an act of God is located north of the 55th parallel and according to any trusty Alberta road map, is about 15 miles southeast of

Dunnville, which is really Dunnsun with a German accent.

According to the same vintage road map Hythe had a population of 645. Admittedly the map was issued in 1968 (and the population may have grown or declined) but the 12 intervening years had since I had never before heard of the place. It's a safe bet that at least a few travelling Calgary Perkins is not even dwelling Dermot.

Now supposing you found yourself living in Hythe, and were by manner a community promoter exactly what would you do to get yourself on the map?

Remember that one-cattlemania town in Nevada that became known the world over by becoming the livestock centre of the United States when drought laws in short order were tough? Why Reno still gets repeat business from satisfied customers who just wouldn't a dream of going anywhere else with their divorces.

Somebody in Hythe got the townspeople together and said, "Look folks. If Reno can do it, so can we. But we've got to be original."

So they put on their thinking caps. Dewormed as an attraction was out. By the time you can get one in any town in Saskatchewan so one is going to travel in Hythe Calgary has the Stampede, Edmonton has Klondike Days all sewed up, and even the nearby mountains were showing no signs of volcanic eruption.

"How about hold up public executions?" suggested someone in the audience.

"Would work," replied the chairman with mixed feelings, seeing as his brother had recently been handed a suspended sentence for shoot'ng his mother-in-law. Sounds like an interesting and original idea, but I was thinking of something we could start with a local easy small things get rolling.

"Could we make — just as executions of drug pushers?" asked the local bootlegger with his mind half on the competition and half on the baneful druggist who sold aspirins for hangovers but was also known to advance "credit to sick to death addicts."

"I think we've got something going for us," said the chairman. He pounded his gavel a resolution was born and Hythe was well announced on the map of Canada.

Fifteen miles southeast of Downunt

Anything for a laugh

EDITED BY *June 26 1980*

A few months ago I issued an appeal in this column for an old beat-up pair of pliers to get back an fellow in my home town who made my growth a nightmare for me.

As I explained it I was about five years old and watching some teen-agers play baseball, when one of them asked me to hold a pair of pliers for him because they were uncomfortable in his pocket.

My interest in the game waned quickly and unable to catch the eye of the owner I carefully laid the pliers on the grass. Naturally he never found them, and he made life miserable for me for many years.

It was always in the back of my mind that some day I would send a beat-up pair of pliers to Pete Tamarmo (though I haven't seen him in more than 20 years). A reader responded to my appeal and I was able to send a beat pair of pliers to Pete a few weeks later together with a note chiding him for his meanness.

I was somewhat disappointed when no reply was forthcoming, when he one day greeting my home from play at the Steinbach Mart, Carillon, there was a picture of Pete and the precious pliers.

Oddly enough his story is of plenty at variance with mine. In his note to the Carillon *Post* says, "Who says advertising does not pay?

"Here is proof. Thirty-six years ago I loaned a pair of pliers to a chap who was a problem with his habit at that time. I never did get it back till today, May 23 1980. I did have some trouble during the years but none worked with police on the cracking bit. But with many shots and writing to different papers my pliers found their way back to its rightful owner.

"But from where? Weyburn Sask.

"The thing has somewhat lost the shape of good pliers. But then through almost for because what should one expect? I do feel sorry for what you must have gone through all these years. Thanks Ernie."

That note is signed by "the never-again pliers lender.

Now I leave it to the readers to choose between Pete's story and mine.

I think with my own unless time has erased from my memory a mental incident, from my recent past years, in which I took Pete for a second pair of pliers. In which case I owe him another pair.

Anything for a laugh

In the leisure ethic here?

WRITTEN BY *July 31 1980*

A popular theme of the middle and late 1960s — one that was stuck up until the novelty worn off — was the proposition that in the not-too-distant future technological advances would so increase available leisure time for the average person that learning to cope with the luxury of idleness would become a major challenge.

In those days the 1990s seems like a safely distant time-frame for the fulfillment of that utopian philosophy. As the 60s became the 70s and the 70s marched on toward 1980 the dream of more-and leisure seemed to fade away. Then it was a bit like a confrontation with the Ghost of the Christmas Past in sweat across an attic e m "The Could Under Way" (misprint in the Radio in Side) not only reviving the "leisure ethic" theory but declaring that it ought to be here.

That there are still a few long-eaters around

dreaming and yearning for a work-free existence is ever surprising. The work ethic was never so strong but that some shunned and resented it. Nor as astonishing that a leisure ethic subtle should put heart hallucinations into seeking. After all forged by an awkward economic system into hitting out his weakest talents instead of pursuing an idyllic life of drinking beer all day or perhaps fatigue-spanning it as real surprising that he would devote his efforts toward the realisation of his own dreams.

It is more surprising that the credit unions movement founded neither by the idle nor the rich but by people to whom the words other words neither unplanning nor pontifying, should serve this aim of escape to hand-working tradition supporters.

A nostalgic time

EDITORIAL *December 17 1960*

Christmas as a nostalgic time. To most adults brought up in the Christian faith — even to the extent of simply celebrating Christmas — it is a time when minds wander back to those same Christmases when life was less complicated when giving was more tenderness when celebration was most related.

Those were the perfect Christmases.

Perhaps this is because we still like to believe that the Christmases of those days were really as simple as we remember them for we were the children who had little to do in preparation but to learn a Christmas verse to spend a few dollars provided by our parents on inexpensive gifts to see excitement grow as we sang carols daily at school and again at Sunday School until finally the morning came when Santa had real y come and a candle in two sparkled above a modest heap of gaily wrapped gifts and another out of the clear blue produced a feast such as did not grace the table at any other time.

But was it real y all that simple for the parents who provided these long-remembered Christmases for us? Perhaps they did not go into debt as many do today, in order to lavish their families with everything the latter could desire. But how much self-denial, one city and town work more have gone into providing the gifts the peanuts and the sweets that helped make the day so special?

And how many parents had aching hearts because they knew how we yearned for those special requests we made so desperate y from Santa Claus and how they wished they and the wherewithal to make our dreams come true? Those treats then didn't come out of the clear blue rather not even neatly packaged from the supermarket. They represented many weeks of extra baking that many because custom demanded it, take precedence over other needs.

And was the Christmas hol day a day of unmeasured joy and serenity for our parents as did they perhaps shed a silent tear for the wonderful Christmases of their youth with brothers and sisters now separated from them not only by time but by oceans and cultures?

Sir: Christmas today is in fact, more complicated than when we were kids we may as well accept it as part of the complicated age in which we live. Things were become simpler and the Christmas Eves of going to the evening church in a critter aren't about to return.

But I we keep the spirit of joy le our Christmas and remember the origin of the festival our young too will look back some day to the simple wholesome Christmases of their childhood. So Merry Christmas!

Good neighbors

EDITORIAL *April 15 1961*

A few weeks ago I met you an unexpected home from a reader having words with it as the gibbor (the bad) a fence which he considered adequate but which the next door he felt from some ng into a garden where his neighbors kids played games in their back yard. To retrieve the balls, the kids — naturally if not logally — climbed the fence and after a protracted period of this activity the fence sagged quite badly. The writer had complained to his neighbor on a number of occasions, and the neighbor pointed out that another type of fence would solve the problem and offered to put halves on the cost. Nolance, said the writer he felt the fence was suitable and that the neighbor bore the onus of it their keeping his kids in line, or erecting an additional fence to control the problem.

I can sympathize with the writer in the matter of the sagging fence. Because it reminded me with a twinge of guilt, of the gaps wire fences that separated our front yard, until I was a youngster from the huge garden of the side by neighbor next door.

My mother had a healthy respect for the property rights of others and was never forbidden, under pain of spankings and other strong measures from climbing over that fence to retrieve ball s. That I find I of flesh to amount for the fact that over the years that old fence sagged more that a bit. In fact as the years went by and the fence sagged lower and my legs grew longer, I was able to step over it without touching the top strand of wire.

Every two years or so, the neighbors complained (mildly) my mother scolded and threatened (seriously) and we played our games with renewed caution.

But what do you do when a fen! bit pops over the fence, or a sloppy catcher is unable to stop a wild pitch? First we would try a rake and you'd be surprised how often the ball could be reached if you leaned on the fence hard enough. And then there were other times when the ball lay just a foot beyond the

rules. On those occasions, with a furtive look in the direction of our windows and the neighbors house it was over the fence and back like peasant spies do.

The only thing I can say in my defence is that I never saw past one of those red trespassing notices. Well, maybe once or twice in 10 years.

Anyhow our neighbors complained only mildly and rarely and they never called the police or demanded that we put up a better fence on our side. They even gave me a cheery hello when I passed their house on the way to or from school. What it boils down to I suppose, is that from my earliest days I have always been a model neighbor myself but I've been fortunate to have had a lot of good neighbors. Maybe they all secretly hated me but they certainly never pleased about it.

No less than trees

ERNESTLY *February 18 1981*

Several thousands of years ago, Moses, leading the Israelites on their trek through the desert to Canaan recited to a mesmerized and after many days of revelation returned to his people with a set of tablets on which he had set forth a simple set of rules governing human conduct.

The Ten Commandments are still recited today and form the cornerstone of basic law in Judeo-Christian countries. Valuable as these laws have been as reference points through the ages they are not particularly comforting or instructive. It is probably for this reason that another philosopher, whose name is unknown to us decided a few thousand years ago to write a document of a similar length without harsh suspensions or prohibitions but offering guidelines for mutual serenity.

"Desiderata" was found in Old Saint Paul's Church in Baltimore dated 1692. It has been reprinted many times, and many homes and offices have wall plaques featuring the simple and soothing message.

I was across "The Desire" again in the home of a friend a few months ago and my eye fell upon one line that I consider particularly accurate in today's information between scientific environmentalists and equally extreme waste and despoilation of natural resources.

The line is this. "You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars, you have a right to be here."

I find those words comforting and encouraging because I confess that to me much of what has been produced by the human race is beautiful and thrilling and that nature need not be completely free of the human touch in order to be lovely.

When an industrialist colony of most lovable snow hill we do not say they are destroying the environment by building a condo. We acknowledge these to be a part of the environment and that something must give way to their needs

When a pair of birds builds a nest in a tree we do not say that the tree is somehow disturbed or disgraced by the addition of these creatures' homes. We are reasonably inclined to feel that the tree is enhanced by the colourful and cheery tenants.

When between build a dam on a river upstream we may take counter-action because the beavers plans are at odds with our own. But we do not say they are enemies of nature because they have interfered with the course of flow of the stream. They are natural.

I find it natural and I even beautiful, that an expanding human race, seeking an ever-improved standard of living makes its presence seen and felt throughout nature.

Perhaps to some people a mountain is beautiful only if it is devoid of any sign of human existence. To me, however nothing is 6st and perhaps something gained of a brilliantly engineered highway spirals around the incline carrying trucks and cars and buses on a lofty pass.

I'm not really anxious ever to live in a large city again but one of the most beautiful sights to me is still a metropolis at night super city seen from a high vantage point, with street lights, the strings of pearls marking the thoroughfares and the changing patterns of headlights and tail lights bringing the whole panorama to life. Bridges and skyscrapers and cairns on lonely lakes and ships at sea and jet vapor trail across a blue sky are all beautiful to me.

Wasting and despoiling nature is criminal and should be so regarded. But to me, not all human invasion adds up to despoilation. We are children of the universe, no less than trees and stars

A winner us lies

ERNESTLY *April 14 1982*

Turn green with envy. I finally won a big prize.

I don't like to leave the impression that my life has been one of a nalleyed hardship because it hasn't in that sense I seem myself with the fortunate rather than with the unfortunate.

But all those windfalls have always eluded me the trips around the world the new cars, the Winnday and the bars of gold.

Oh sure I once chose triumphantly from newspaper conventions with the occasional package of sweaters or stationery. And come to think of it, the first time I went to Las Vegas my wife and I left it lucky at a downtown one no and dragged $75 worth of nickels halfway across the United States. (We lose about the same amount in two hours on our next trip to that naughty city.)

And there was that long weekend set aside in Quebec a Gaspe Peninsula

Our convention was in Montreal that year about 10 years ago, and the Quebec tourism department had

rumored as door prizes, about a dozen all-expense weekends for two including transportation from Montreal as a government-operated resort in the beautiful Gaspe.

You finally won one of those weekends for two.

Most of the winners were from the west as the Quebec government generously decided that to make it not a bit less expensive to take advantage of the free weekend, transportation from Toronto would be thrown in. One privacy the package would spy y on one weekend agreeable to the greatest number of winners.

I don t know exactly what happened but somewhere along the line the whole deal was cancelled. So we ended up one weekend poorer but richer by two return fares to Toronto.

The prizes I have always hankered for are the return trips to far-away places offered by airlines or publishers attending our annual and provincial conventions and workshops.

There have been trips to Belgium Holland Germany Rumania Fiji Israel Australia and some where that we must can pick my destination flown by the deserting carrier

The odds have always been best at the Saskatchewan workshops. Only publishers are eligible to win they must register on opening night and be present at the closing banquet when the draw is made

Sure there are only about 75 publishers in Saskatchewan and some of them never attend workshops that in itself makes the odds fairly attractive. Add the fact that the workshops are held at remote and business and personal pressures that cause others to skip the event arrive late or leave before the draw and the odds may be down to 25-to-one. Sometimes better than that.

So you will forgive me if I tell you and I have gone to three workshops for years, almost trading the trip to Aurora to Fiji or wherever

But always it was the same. At the last ball I d be forcing a smile and attending easy-skirted congratulations to one of my colleagues — often one who said was the trip the previous year or had never attended a workshop before

But that s life and most of you have experienced the same sort of thing.

Thus by now I had become resigned to the fact that this winter was always someone else We did never talk about the trip on the way to Reg na for last winter s workshop and when the moment for the draw arrived my heart didn t miss a beat. Naturally I was curious to see which of my friends would win, but said a short pl

Even when the CP Air rep, who made the draw got caged the suspense by asking how many Eskies were at the room I was 90 percent sure the winner was Gayle Gould of North Battleford

When he further qualified by asking how many Eskies from Weyburn were in the room I knew that Lady Luck was finally smiled on me.

So here we are the winners of return trips to a distant part of the world.

And where a this vast and varied globe will these lucky tabs take us?

Well where else but fun-filled fabulous Buenos Aires it sunny Argentina A we I wished on us Pete now suggested that perhaps I had won the second prize; that first prize was a trip to the Falkland Islands

Don t ask me what a trip like to be a winner

(Next to posterity: The British-Argentinean conflict over the Falkland Islands broke out shortly after the visitors were won.)

De-escalation

BRIEFLY *November 17 1982*

I count myself among those wise believe that the prospect of a nuclear holocaust has contributed toward deferring at open confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union at some point between the close of World War 2 and the present Be for how org can this go on as both sides continue to increase their stockpiles and sophistication of nuclear weapons? Ten years? Twenty years? Thirty years? Forever? I can buy anything but forever Sooner or later some madman will find it necessary to pull the switch He decides his side has the advantage.

Already the world s nuclear arsenals are so vast, containing enough hardware to blow up civilization many times over that what do we need enough to blow up the whole universe?

The cost of the arms race alone is enough to offset near it as an major ambition We are told that the U S is committed over the next five years to spend an amount equivalent to $6 000 per family per year is that sane?

Then there is the logical question of whether bilateral disarmament if accomplished would work I don t know but I remember visiting the Canadian peacekeeping force in Cyprus where U N troops at pervise an uneasy truce between Greek and Turkish Cypriots — two peoples who have l ved together in hatred and distrust for centuries

We were told by an army spokesman and the U N objective there was de-escalation Throughout the capital city of Nicosia there were many checkpoints of peace Greek-cyp and Turk-cyp pastry boxes stood on appos ce sides of the barrow streets, manned by armed soldiers a eying at each other across 20 feet of no-man s-land or less

Between them was another sentry box manned by a United Nations soldier whose duty i was to keep an unedent from de-escalating one bloodshed This objective of de-escalation was described by the Canadian officer as being a part the reduction of the

number of those manned posts. Their experience had been that as the number of these posts — open invitations to confrontation — were reduced, the number of unpleasant incidents was reduced correspondingly.

Would the same principle apply on an international basis? Everyone to be seen — and trusted — in the act of making warfare.

Our Inheritance

ERNESTLY June 9, 1982

It is not unusual these days to read a novel to pinpoint article or to see a movie or television show in which a young adult upon being chastised by parents on a way of life or moral decision whirls around with the accusatory question "How dare you judge me considering the world your generation left me?"

The state of the world is, indeed, shocking. The superpowers armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons aimed ready to blow each other and the rest of the world apart on sufficient provocation or perhaps even to save face.

But to blame the state of affairs on any particular generation doesn't seem quite "cricket". Certainly each of us has a role to play and the nature of our society is the sum total of our input. But to blame the state of the world on the individual middle-aged mechanic shopkeeper or farmer makes about as much sense as to blame it on an Ole Ironsmoke in Chaucer nice flavour.

For that matter let's take a look at the world inherited by the adults of today taking them as 18-year-olders.

The 46-year-old of today — about the youngest to face the present youngsters! — was 20 in 1956. He or she too grew up in a world in which the superpowers already were armed with enough nuclear weaponry to blow the world to it. There then and nothing to pass along but what they inherited.

The 50-year-olds of today were 20 in 1952. Then too the world already knew the horrors of the atom bomb. The U.S. was trying at the time to keep the secret to itself but "heroes" like Klaus Fuchs decided it would be best if Russia shared the know edge. Whoever was right or it matter of opinion, but — is certain that the average parent of the day was not consulted — either by the U.S. government or Mr. Fuchs.

The 60-year-olds of today came to maturity in 1942 — and millions, by the time they were 20, were already up to their necks in history's bloodiest war a way not of their making in choosing but one to determine whether democracy could survive the 20th century. This they showed.

The 70-year-olds of today armed 28 in 1932. In North American and in Europe they inherited a world deep in economic depression unemployment at a level that was despairing, and with murclouds gathering in a Europe still not recovered from the first world war. Who, then was to blame for what outside the doves who refused even to prepare in the face of Hitler's military ambitions to the bewilderment of many who thought not ready for battle?

Perhaps the blame goes further back. It is fun guess however that everyone inherits a world full of woe. It is how we react to it, and confront ourselves in the circumstances we are dealt, that we pass along as a legacy to family to community and ultimately to the nation and the world. And the first step is to forget the negative inheritance and look to the many fine things we have all received, unearned from the people who went before us.

The talking car

ERNESTLY March 2, 1983

Some scientific miracles are so unduly gratifying, they are immediately acceptable, both to the conscious and subconscious one minds.

For instance I cannot imagine anyone upon first installing automatic heat, permitting the convenience and yearning for the old days of breaking clothes and hauling ashes through knee-deep snow to the back alley.

And turning to bell's and whistles on automobiles which is where this column is heading I cannot conceive of anyone — even on day one — yearning for the hand a goad. Remember those left-turn a goads at busy intersections in sub-zero weather with a howling w nd blowing into an open window? If it don't take long for the car interior to cool off to refrigerated frought temperatures

Too often under those cruel items, the signal simply wasn't made and other motorists had to guess at one's intensions

Many innovations are unfamiliar but not necessarily offensive when one is first introduced to them then noticed is slowly but sure y as accepted parts of the whole

The talking car however is going to take some getting used to.

"Talking car?" you ask What can the man be talking about?"

Yes dear reader she talking car is here At least two weeks ago it was in Cal fornia so it is a safe bet that it will find (talk?) its way to Kankakee bowsn before long

Now I'd don't go to the car rental prop c and ask for a talking vehicle ride was I even warned I was getting one. Fort I found out quickly enough

I turned on the ignition and before I could do anything e se a voice not unlike that of Earl Nightingale — though it glibly more mechanical in tone and not as flowing — intoned "Please fasten your seat belts

We laughingly obliged, whereupon Earl said "Thank you

So far you'l agree nothing to get sore about

But next as to my custom with a stranger car as a usual of some real experience, I familiarized myself with the controls and switches — wipers control, light controller, dim switch, air-conditioner and finally the switch door latch.

As I opened the door Earl immediately cut in: "A door is ajar." At the same time, on a facsimile of a car on the dashboard the front left door was highlighted in an open position.

Again when I closed the door I was mystified if mechanically thanked

When I finally pulled out of the parking spot the voice announced, "All monitored systems are functioning."

All very inoffensive and even helpful Curiously it never knew that an improperly closed door will be brought to your attention But a monsion a billion acting when some families, nameless device takes you to task every time a door is opened to admit or discharge a passenger It reached the point where I took to answering in abusive language but that wore thin when I realized I was nutting a fool of myself

Eventually I found myself making smart-alecky retorts For instance when the voice told me the door was ajar I would reply "What jar, I see nevessarily a door

(Ho, ho, ho! Get it?)

Then I would close the door and the monitors a "thank you" would seem to be in response to my gratuitous pun

Finally I gave up and accepted the gimmick for what it was, a safety device that is no irritant of pervasi of the time, but it may just save my bacon from my

I didn't find out what other systems were being monitored. Does the computer tell you when air or oil pressure is low when the headlights are left on after the ignition has been turned off when gas or windshield washing fluid supplies are running low?

I don't know But we'll all probably know soon enough because as I said, the talking car will like it be have as big as life before long, adding a new dimension to hawkscur driving.

The hotel mini-bar

BRIEFLY *May 4 1983*

Spend a night in a Winnipeg hotel a month ago we didn t notice until late in the evening a noise that was familiar yet somehow out of place Investigating, we found a low, shallow cabinet about the size of a small safe. It tried to open it but it was locked

"Maybe that s what the sign I key is for," ventured my better half My blank look prompted her to produce her room key and attached to the holder was a second smaller key Mine didn t have one. We tried it and lo and behold the door opened to reveala small refrigerated bar stocked with a variety of airline size bottles it I liquor

Now wouldn t that be something for the late revellers returning in his room after noon service had ended and he just had to have one last drink before retiring? Or the late traveller checking in after hav-closing hours and needing a nunnion to relax before hitting the pillow

Same we were shocking out fairly early in the morning I wondered how the bar charges would be handled, s ace the drinks could not conceivably be complimentary I need not have worried At check out time the cashier rump y asked I we had used the mini-bar and when I and we hadn't, she took my word for it Naturally, someone will have checked the bar after we left, and had there been missing bottles, the charges would have caught up with us fairly soon

In any case what fascinated me about the bar was its existence in a prairie hotel How things have changed whether for better or for worse depends on the point of view

You don t have to be white-haired and feeble-humbled to remember when liquor could not be served with food publicly when there were no women s beverage rooms (at least not in Manitoba) and however fleshed bare, when you had to tell on a purchase order to buy a nickbey or a six pack

If anyone had dared to suggest those decades ago and before the century was out a family might dine out with mom and dad having a glass of wine or a highball with the meal, the skeptic would have shaken his head. Anyone suggesting a stocked bar in a prairie hotel room or beer as football games would have been a candidate for a trip to the moon

Who knows we may even go around to beer and wine sold in grocery stores, and even a friendly door-to-door delivery man selling the stuff out of a refrigerated van

Residential crime

BRIEFLY *August 17 1983*

Things have come to a pretty pass Judging from a news release received the other day from a national security systems company, moving out on vacation nowadays requires about as much defensive preparation as head ng into a war zone. The difference is that these security measures are not for the protection of your person but for the house you leave behind.

If readers can rock bottom with a pen supplier times The house I grew up in as a small Manitoba town, didn even know it lock if I remember correctly If it had a lock I probably didn t have a key and if there was a key it would have been different to find

But then, we never went on family vacations, and on the few occasions when the house was left u-

occupied, my second would say (whistling past the graveyard, no doubt) that anyone who invaded our humble possessions was welcome to them. Vandals, of course, we were not bargaining on

In any case, it was probably just as the average small town genre home. People were less mobile, strangers were quickly identified and their movements closely followed, out of curiosity if not suspicion.

But even at my boarding house days in Toronto, I never had a house key. The first one was locked only on Christmas Day when the landlady did not serve supper and spent the afternoon and even up with her prayer. At the second one, half a block off Bloor St. where I boarded on High Park, even the landlady had no key. She said the lad one once but lost it years earlier.

But things have changed

The changing seasons

ERNESTS *December 7 1983*

Spring is probably a more appropriate time to start rambling about the charms of our changing seasons, but the theme has been on my mind since my visit to Kentucky several months ago. I was attending a convention and happened to be sitting alone at a particular table drinking a cup of coffee when a woman accosted me with the unlikely question "Do you want to sell your newspaper by any chance?"

"Only on Wednesdays," I replied and by the time the hue roving eye had taken in my animo cag and the information that I was from Sas-katch-a-wan

She was a newspaper broker — a middleman or middleperson for buyers and sellers of newspaper businesses — but she was sufficiently overcome by meeting so alien a visitor that despite my unwillingness I missed the Review on the spot she stayed long enough to ask a few questions about my habitat

An inevitable question was how cold does it get in Saskatchewan When I gave her some ballpark figures she shuddered visibly and wondered out loud how a person could live in such a climate I take it for granted when Canadians snoot about our winters I'll even forgive those immigrants — suffering alongside us, after all — for not adapting to universal snoot about our beautiful sundogs, thrilling blizzards and challenging snowdrifts

But when our friends south of the border start making like I m from igloo country I get sensitive As far as I can make out there are more howling blizzards in the Dakotas, Montana and Minnesota than we get and our own worst storms seem always to develop in the Denver area.

The brokeress didn't stick around long enough to hear my precautious new my pitch about the changing seasons, but that didn t prevent me from making the spiel to myself

What would Chetsonne be like without snow?

Anyway in these days of automatic heating, heated automobiles attached garages with electronically activated doors, paved drives, efficient snow removal (and ice on steps) worry over what it used to be.

When I was a kid, the coming of winter meant stocking load upon load of firewood, cleaning stovepipes cleaning windows and storm windows and carrying the latter up a rickety ladder and compensating for a poor fit by stuffing rags into the cracks

In spite of these and other unpleasant preparations not to mention the adversities of winter itself I was always that led by winter's arrival It was a time of listening to Foster Hewitt a twangy salutation "Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland" It was a time of studying the Eaton s catalogue and making long lists, unrounded by the realities of what was affordable

It was a time of playing Parcheesi by lamplight at the kitchen table with the cat between it and the big pegs on the beach and forepaws on the table helping us move the pieces once in a while It was a time of planning snow forts with elaborate interconnecting tunnels "when the snow gets deep enough " (It never did, or we never got around to it, but the planning was fun.)

We even in those days, where had a lot going for it. And today, as it stands.

I love the changing seasons I use hardly wait for the next change and it surely surely December

Will it reduce staff?

ERNESTS *May 2 1984*

Every term I launch on a discourse on computerization in our industry as I tend to do whenever no one has the foresight to turn me off I am inevitably asked the question, "Will it reduce staff?"

The quest on is prompted by three distinct approaches to the whole question of technological progress and its effects

One attitude might be expressed as "I'm willing to do shown If you can establish that you were able to reduce staff I'll make a good look at it for my own operation "

The second attitude is perhaps parallel but more negative It says "I've been in business for twenty years bragging about your new equipment for the past 25 years but I don t notice any fewer people working at the Review So what's the big deal with all the time-saving hardware?"

The third approach is the more time-honored line that progress and time-saving devices will reduce the work force and put more people on the soup line I says and asks "Here we are in the worst unemployment crisis in half a century and you you proudly sport, are trying to replace people with machines Have you no shame, no decency no concern for your fellow man?"

None of these approaches is completely without validity, but all carry the point to some extent, some the day is long gone when the reduction of the work force is the prime motive for improved technology

Just take a look at the computer industry itself

An advanced choice in computer science told me the other day that one of the first computers built — it was called the ENIAC and occupied the equivalent of several city blocks — was considered so advanced that the wise people in the day said four such machines could handle all the computer work for the entire world.

They were probably right within the context of the state of computer art of that day

A computer is not even an intelligent machine even though you hear such terminology as "intelligent terminals."

The computer is dumb

It may have the ability to calculate, compare, store and retrieve data on the basis of prime instructions at some time programmed into the device and to do so at lightning speed

If you ask the computer what Aunt Bessie might like for her birthday it knows not as much as say "Bith?"

But if the computer is loaded with data on the type of possessions owned by most women of Aunt Bessie's age... social and economic status and personal preferences you would be able to determine what Aunt Bessie lacked that was desirable to her peers Still not a very practical computer application, even today but it may serve as an analogy

Put it this way: when all programming said to be used at present is keyed in from a keyboard, the den of duplicating a monster computer at the payroll of even a large company would have been prepossessing.

Today thousands of small computers own complicated high-powered computers occupying only a few cubic feet of space. This is what made possible through microminiaturization, a boon chips and many other advancements in the computer technology

Jobs?

The space program — not to mention one industry has opened thousands of jobs and expanded human horizons. Without computers it would not have left the ground. Recall started out someone trying to find a better way of doing things, without even imagining the far-reaching consequences and ramifications

Now as printing

When Johann Gutenberg developed the printing process almost 500 years ago, the main application was printing the Bible until then painstakingly copied page by page by monks

Granted it must have put a lot of monks out of work or restricted their efforts at the time

But Gutenberg's contribution was the forerunner of all mass production as it is known and accepted today I made possible education of the masses instead of preserving literacy as the prerogative of the wealthy and privileged and that made possible most of the good things (and admittedly some of the bad) we enjoy today

It is an industry that employs millions of people around the world today

At the Review despite all the technological updating we have consistently been into red ink our staff has increased by 50 percent over the past 25 years

So what have we gained?

We are producing almost three to four printed pages monthly compared to about 170,000 pages 25 years ago

The equivalent production with 1960 type presses and machinery would probably require a building covering at least city blocks and employing several times the number of people we have now

Also you may say that would have created more jobs

It's a safe bet however that the production would never have developed.

A good rule of thumb I've found, is that if there is a better way of doing things, and it is affordable it is worth — and maybe even necessary — making a mighty close look at it

Benefits usually come in incremental-of fewest, and say reduction in staff is usually temporary or non-existent.

The status quo

SARASOTA May 9 1984

A Latin phrase that has become part of our everyday language is "status quo," which translates according to my dictionary from that ancient language as "state in which" and is interpreted as being the equivalent of "the existing state of affairs."

When it is said of someone and he or she wishes to preserve the status quo it is usually implied that person is getting fat and wealthy on existing conditions naturally wants to leave things as they stand for personal benefit, and has no moral or ideal state reason for the preference

Often it be so, but this is true. An individual getting rich, for example, by using legal loopholes to milk the public may be quite anxious to preserve the status quo. He doesn't want the loopholes closed, taking away unjustifiable though morally reprehensible sources of wealth. So yes in many instances when a person seeks to preserve the status quo, the reason may be personal and selfish

On the other hand when it is said of someone that he is working to change the status quo it is said, more often than not in an approving way. He is economically a champion of the underdog, the oppressed the disenfranchised. Would he be seeking change for the sake of personal benefit? Perish the thought! Yet it is almost taken-for-granted when benefit is taken away it is considered somewhere else

Sometimes this is and has been most desirable. Sometimes it simply takes benefits away from one set of rascals and bestows them upon someone set of needle sit.

For hundreds of years... very little changed in the world. Technology was and remained at a constant-old state to challenge or spurn, governance in political doctrine was to invite senile impoverishment torture and death, the questioning of often tedious normal perception ranging from ostracism to stoning. Things had been down in certain ways for centuries and from the point of view of the majority (from a perspective of ignorance, superstition and indoctrination by leaders who had a vested interest in the status quo) things were going pretty well thank you.

It is a misuse to those who sought to change the status quo against overwhelming odds that freedom of speech and democracy were instituted as well as universal education, freedom of religion, the cure of diseases had once reduced life expectancy to age 30 or 40, collective bargaining and industrial revolutions that have anointed for us standards of living unconceivable for even the wealthy and privileged of a century or two ago.

So we owe a lot to unimaginative, brave and daring individuals and groups who sought to change the status quo and were successful a thing so fast before we snatch a tube of righteousness on everyone who seeks to change the status quo, let us remember and know clearly that the rights and advantages won for us by those who dared to change the status quo have become part of today's status quo. So if it's fair to be suspect of anyone who seeks to preserve the status quo, it is also reasonable to question anyone overanxious to change the status quo.

In his or she or we they working to improve our society and not for a members of society in may there also be a vested interest for the changers in and dying the rights and privileges we have come to take for granted but which are also part of today's status quo?

Didn't it tell you?

KENNETH, October 3 1984

Actual y I didn't tell you but if you had asked me I just might have. And this I'm certain was the triumphant reaction of thousands perhaps millions of others who read or heard last week that chicken soup has finally been acknowledged by no less an authority than the respected Mayo Clinic in Rochester Minn. as an effective treatment for the common cold.

According to the Associated Press, the soup should be home-made and contain herbs spices and noodles.

All that of course is old hat for those of us who have benefitted for months from the remedy handed down over the generations by mothers and grandmothers who did not have a degree down the letters or miracle drugs, and were still charged with nursing their families through the ravages of illness with whatever means that were dictated by experience and intuition.

I could mention countless times from my childhood and my adult life where the last line of defense against a cold or the flu was chicken noodle soup and while it wasn't a sure cure it certainly worked sometimes (it seemed to) and at least could be credited with being part of the infusion.

One instance in particular stands out. About 10 years ago I sat out from here on a fall afternoon to go to Manitoba and pick up a CARE package for my family from Grandma. (Not really CARE of course, but that is how we labelled the parcels). Incidentally Grandma decided we couldn't possibly do without)

Anyway somewhere during the trip a cold seemed to develop, and by the time I arrived at Steinbach in the early evening I was feel ing horrible and need ne...

"I've got just what you need" said a sister-in-law "We've got chicken noodle soup for supper so we'll get you back into shape." Since the soup has always been a favorite of mine I accepted gladly but wasn't entirely optimistic.

Anyway I ate many bowls of soup, went to bed early, headed for Saskatchewan in the morning, and was in my home before I even remembered. I had been struggling with a cold the day before.

Paying one's way

KENNETH, October 10 1984

My thoughts evolved from our minister's sermon on Sunday and it is the sermon it probably is my one of Weyburn's unspent churches last weekend, was predicatly y on the Thanksgiving theme (and his) reference to thankfulness for things we have and others don't.

Consider that, aside from the soapbox fools almost anything we buy in the product of technologies in which most of us have contributed very little. So it is home computer is unavailable a few years ago in a timespace scale also in some form or others ago it is available because someone somewhere in some time used his or her unique productive skill and marketing art to put it on the store shelf at an affordable price.

We don't have to invent the wheel in each fashion it, every time we need one. The products of lavish labour, ski, and mass production are at our disposal in exchange for very little work and brain power on our parts.

It doesn't matter that these things were made available to us for selfish reasons on the part of the inventor the manufacturer or the sales network. What counts is that they are available and affordable to us not in a result of what we have done but because of what others have done.

When Columbus set sail in the Nina, the Pinta and

the Santa Maria, he had no dreams of finding a vast beautiful and rich continent which in gift offer a new home and new hope for hundreds of millions of people. He went because he was convinced the world was round and also by making westward he would find a shorter route to the Orient and earn the glory of having found it.

That we can be thankful that unknown found it and that our forefathers — centuries ago or perhaps only a few years — saw fit to risk the hundreds of opening and settling a new land which we, ultimately, were born to inherit through no efforts of our own.

Most of what we enjoy and take for granted, our schools, our parks, our skating rinks, swimming pools, churches, paved streets, indoor plumbing, automatic heat and air conditioning, fire and police protection, concrete newspapers, novels, telephones, radio and television programs — the list goes on forever — are ours to use because of what other people have done out of altruism or pure satisfaction.

When summer comes and the memory about our children reasserting go to. This week I the case even two decades ago. It has changed because of what some consider that with little or no help from the rest of us.

So what am I preaching about, what am I asking you to do? Really what you do about it is up to you. But most of what we have and enjoy matured accidental or spiritual a large y unnamed. The value for moments what we have paid.

Night marauder

REVISED *December 5 1964*

What is a cowardly person to do when there are strange noises in the very bedroom he is sleeping in in the middle of the night?

It might even be interesting to know what a bravest person ought to do but for me that becomes needless because I'm a coward and I've always had the wisdom to know it. I feel the grace to admit it.

I recall back in the thirties when Saskatchewan was drought-stricken and any dark cloud was a dust cloud, or as has been said an empty going back to Manitoba. We in Manitoba (commiserately) had it pestered oppress why hot days followed by nightly thunderstorms.

The thunderstorms were phenomenon to us oxygen sound in order to be believed and I endured them hidden under my blanket where I begged forgiveness for my grievous sins such as failing to box the postmen when I met been requested snotty to do so, and and given my word I was certain the storm had been directed at us for no other reason then to punish me and I even felt guilty about bringing calamity to my innocent family for my failures.

I have since come to like thunderstorms, but not because I have become braver. They just don't scare

thunderstorms like they did when I was a kid.

Talk about whistling while passing graveyards! There was a little church about a block nearer to downtown than where we lived, and it was one of the few remaining ones that still and to have graveyard — no longer being used for burials, but still there.

It didn't bother me during the day, but going around alone from skating or whatever at night there was an other way short of a half-mile detour but to pass that church and that graveyard.

So did I what to where passing by? I did recall I ran I'm as fast as I could, beside the wooden sidewalk built at random the route and because at night I was hard to identify the loose boards which I propounded during the day but which might send me tumbling at night and leave me to the mercy of the pursuing hoodlums.

And they were there, believe me. You may be too cynical to believe it but I know You Sawyer had block. Finn would have been on my side

There there was the manner of the rag detours to avoid the Manner gang. This was a group of toughs from Hanover St. who lay in wait for me every day noon and after four for about 100 years to revenge some ill-considered act of mine. To thwart these hoods, the left next door who was also in these bad graces for associating with me and I would chosen a circuitous route home that would add several blocks.

One result of this was that I was always late for lunch. The family dog had an easier alarm clock that told him just when it was time to go out and meet the kids coming home from school. As each appeared in the distance, he would race happily to meet him in her accompany that one home then wait for the next one. When all but myself were home he would get it with the fail of them become he and learned that lunch would begin without me. He never knew how much he hurt me through his blissful discrimination

I have matured somewhat but at least I am still a coward. I confess that I do not like the feel of an empty house, with all the weird noises of electrical appliances plumbing and heating, unseeing doors and the phantom motorist whose election a device opens my garage doors in the middle of the night.

With the foregoing as background, imagine my mental state when I awoke the other night to strange sounds coming from within the bedroom or as near as to make the difference needless.

Had the noise been downstairs at least I would have had the option of hollering "Who's there?" loudly in the hope of scaring away the intruder or simply letting him take what he wanted and settling with the insurance company later.

So sudden seconds I was wide awake and believe me not moving a muscle or breathing.

After a minute or a year or whatever the window above the buffet closed gently but audibly and I was certain the treasure was making sure our summer

one like it he heard two mildly on the sleeping street

My eyes became accustomed to the darkness finally, and I could see nothing strange in the scene. Eventually I either fell asleep or fainted. I don't know which. And good news. I woke up on the morning still alive.

So you think it one all a dream, don't you?

It was not. The particular window that closed during the night overlooks the garage roof. I looked out the window first thing upon rising and there was the proof, the footprints in the fresh snow on the roof.

There has been no positive identification, but I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts those prints belong to that nosy Siamese cat next door. She pulls a con me about once a year — just often enough for me to forget about it and be miserable once more to your terror.

My turn will come, and soon. I will forget it.

Case of the urban agrarian

ERNESTLY *September 3 1966*

A strong case for continuing agricultural land ownership by city dwellers was made a few weeks ago when a local businessman went out to view his rural holdings.

For reasons one can only surmise, the citizen purchased a farm on the Grandville area about 10 years ago. At least three times each summer — once during seeding time, once during the growing season and once again at harvest time, he makes farm to view his domain, defying wind and weather.

This summer during growing season one friend ran into a hitch. Driving west on the Grandville road he once brought to a stop by a sign announcing that the road was closed due to construction. Undaunted, he tried several times, but once always hauled back by immovable road crews, dead ends and disappearing trails.

The problem, denied our urban wheat king was that he was always trying to approach the property from the east as he had been accustomed to doing since he acquired the property.

Boldly and imaginatively he decided on another tack approaching from the west. This he did one sunny Sunday afternoon. Not quite sure of the distances in metric terms he drove west on Highway 13 until the next of his guest told him he was further west than the farm, then turned south on the first road that looked passable.

Once again feeling out of his depth when maneuvering distance in terms of ruts rather than city blocks he wasn't sure how far south he had to go. He decided a likely looking east-west road just across the north-whatever determinated was a fair trial.

Swallowing his pride he stopped and walked over to a group of farm men working on an adjacent field and asked if the road he was on would take him to the Grandville road.

"Where do you want to go?" asked one of the farmers.

"To the Grandville road."

"Yes, but exactly where do you want to go?"

"We l uh you see I've uh got some land around here, and, uh, I'm trying to find it."

The farmer gave him a pitying look.

"You are standing on your land.

The urban agrarian looked around and said, Yah Ha ha, ha I guess you're right. Gee kinda ah-gosh-ler different from that side. Well thanks Ha ha, ha."

Loyalty and compassion prevent me from revealing the name of this individual, but I can assure the truth of this story (save or land a bit of exaggeration of ornateness).

I was there.

Helping out the Jays

ERNESTLY *May 28 1986*

It has taken 19 years but I finally attended a Toronto Blue Jays baseball game. In fact one.

I think the westherman who had the Saskatchewan heat for the past three or four years and been transferred to Toronto because his was calling the shots just an wrongly but this time to our advantage. As we were driv ng from K tchener to Toronto on the Friday morning, he kept predicting rai s for that evening and almost certainly rain for Saturday afternoon.

The games naturally were on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and the dire predict ons had us yesterday and today ch ck to forget about baseball. But we decided what the heck We were rewarded with a beautiful evening and a perfect afternoon.

It is said about sports fans that they cheer you when you're good and ask you when you're bad. Toronto, on our weekend there was an outstanding example of that.

When the starting lineups were announced in the Friday evening game the whole stadium hooted when second baseman Damaso Garcia's name was read. Not having seen his day's newspaper I asked a fellow fan what that was all about. He told me that on the evening before Garcia frustrated with the day s poor performance had trashed his jersey in the dressing room after the game.

Saturday afternoon around the same way with a mighty boo when his name was announced. Then in the early innings a near-miracle happened. Cleveland had a runner on third and one batter hit a blooper behind second base that looked like a sure base hit. Garcia however managed not only to whirl it be t even though he and fallen down in making the effort, managed to throw from the ground to double off the runner at third. This brought a burst of spontaneous applause from the crowd, and when the Jays came up to bat next and Garcia rapped out a neat

double you could tell at last *Ferguson*

"I always was a homer – slightly the man in front of us and grudgingly marked Gooch in his second base choice on the all-star ballot

Then came the one in front of us was one of a stereotype case this day baseball was invented and which has thrived ever since. You have to set aside one of them to believe and appreciate them. He kept up a man-by-chain of communist advice and encouragement from the moment the first ball was thrown until the last out.

The count is two ballsand no strikes on the Cleveland batter and pitcher Jimmy Key gave him his warning: "Keep it down Jimmy baby keep it down" shouts our grandstand coach.

Key tossed the ball outside and high for a third ball! "Come on Jimmy baby" shouts this character explaining to his companion that I want the batter to think he missed hitting a good pitch. The batter was ball one anyway but never mind.

As the Friday evening game was not sweet to a fan of another type

The legs had been kicking and were behind the Indians through five innings and this chap looked like he had been dragged in the game against his will. He wasn't interested in the game and hated everything about it. Then the keys hammered out five runs in the sixth to take a good lead and suddenly this chap was on his feet cheering shouting and obviously enjoying every play

I guess that's baseball

Virginia, there is an Vixen

HISTORY *December 16 1986*

Some might call it a coffee crowd but considering the high calibre of personnel of the group with which I meet for a warm beverage noon or once daily I would really prefer a more mature respectful time crowd

I consult my thesaurus, and for words "aggregation," in scribbage "congregation" "meeting and "intimate gathering" are suggested

Ours are not formal sounds nice and formal although rules have a suggestion of all-inclusiveness that I might have preferred to avoid On the other hand I must admit that membership tends to extend to anyone who has the brass to sit down with the rest of us and who is think-skinned enough to leave smiling (or at least not crying quietly) after suffering unkind commentary for the duration of the meeting

But back to the wake-up of the group Without fully listing the participants and certainly without identifying them I should suffice to say that it includes a pharmacist accountant lawyer judge optician realtor retired survivors of several vocations marketing agriculture and occasionally a clergyman and an optometrist

From this it should be apparent to anyone else who

the mood of this august group may tend to be light and jocular to take our minds off heavy business and professional problems. It is natural that at times we drift into philosophical discourse on that leave even Wayne Gretzky and the Saskatchewan Roughriders behind.

Thus, prompted by the season, it was not unnatural that the other day we should launch into a full discussion on that old favorite, "Twas the Night Before Christmas" and a particular the names of the six (sic) reindeer instead of nine

All remembered Dasher and Prancer Dancer and Blitzen but for all our concentration we couldn't get much further

One member suggested Vixen with some confidence but this was scoffed at by an individual who pointed out with some logic that Santa Claus would never name a reindeer after a female for or a shrewish woman The generally amount of 25 cents was wagered on Vixen the jig or not being one of the harnessed host.

Naturally one peasant mentioned Rudolph to everyone's amusement other suggestions included Dopey and Doc and Wakie Blinken and Nod but these were dismissed with deserved derision

Some members took the matter seriously enough to take it home with them One complained bitterly that he probably wouldn't be able to sleep that night another found to his amazement that his wife could recite the whole poem without as much as a hesitation; a third was surprised to discover that day or the next a Christmas card with the entire poem printed on it

In any case the complete and very timely puerile was solved the next day and we all now know that there were not six but eight original reindeer answer Dasher Prancer Dancer Comet Cupid Vixen Donder and Blitzen, and I'll concede that I'm not certain whether it is "Donder" or "Blonder" but I just about to appeal the matter to another coffee break

Let's learn from history

EDITORIAL *July 22 1987*

We have been told many times that those who fail to learn the lessons of history are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past Wa nod sagely and blithely go along closing our eyes to the lessons of history and repeating them stakes of our predecessors.

Immigration is a case in point For thousands of years North American Indians lived on whatever pieces of this continent. S ome no-one knew they were here they did not have to worry about strangers sneaking into the land This they had as immigration no say

Along came Columbus soon to be followed by other European explorers and it wasn't long before immigrants came by the thousands from France, Britain Spain and Holland And the natives If they did welcome these intruders with open arms, at least they looked the other way and pretended these

was no harm in the whole development.

How wrong they were! Now had they set up regulations and established quotas, things might have worked out differently.

We I It is amply too late to turn back the clock and the calendar. What is done cannot be undone. But does that mean we have to make the same mistakes?

Rightly or wrongly there was a time when there was a pretty close check on immigration to this country. There was still considerable latitude in the admissions policies, but the authorities of the times did seek to establish something resembl ng a sort norm in the cultural, economic and political evolution of our land.

Now like the nut ves of old we stand he plessly with arms in our in the whole Blackguards get rich dumping illegal aliens on our shores. And if the immigrants refuse to use the food set before them because we have not ived them of their ceremonial daggers, we roam the daggers to share.

It was fair to take heed the sacred cow may soon replace the beaver as the national symbol.

Somewhere next door?

ERNESTLY *December 9 1987*

There was a time when smallpox epidemics were regarded as acts of God to be dreaded but accepted as punishments visited upon humanity or as accidents from which rebirth a city a country or a continent without prejudice; certainly they were not perceived as preventable

Today whatever were reasons or part of the human condition small pox at least has been eradicated to many y so. A case reported in Moscow is worthy of headlines in New York. This has come to pass because we have recognized that such things can be beaten given the will and the means.

Many of the world's ills once accepted mutely have been and are be ng challenged. First always with the same success as the battle against small pox is loss w h a reason that is rewarding. A condition getting unwanted public attention as a blessing not only the illiteracy of third-world countries where many have never been introduced to the printed or written word but illiteracy right here in Canada, indeed, in Saskatchewan where the rate is higher than in most Canadian provinces.

A surprising number of residents of this province cannot read to write at all and there are thousands of others whose literacy skills are so underdeveloped (or deteriorated) that they are unable to understand the dosage on a bottle of cough syrup or circle the expiry date on a driver's licence.

The not to our society is unscrutable but a least of it is found in the statistic that over half of the inmates of our correctional institutions are functional ly illiterate. The hurt to an individual's dignity and sense of worth also defy measurement.

Literacy training will be made available by existing educational establishments such as community colleges and I hesitate both through credit-mal programs and through volunteers. It is a program to which you might give some thought. It may be an opportunity to help fellow citizens somewhere in Saskatchewan

Somewhere like — possibly — right next door

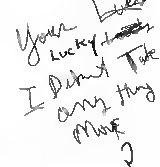
Note from a thief

ERNESTLY *October 29 1988*

We were off to attend a function Jim required us to be in Saskatoon by noon or a bit earl er so we decided to drive up on the night before rather than get up early on the morning the day were well wed we left for home

About halfway between Saskatoon and Regina, my wife was driving and asked me to hand her a package of cigarettes out of the carton that had been lying on the floor of the car throughout the trip. I fumbled around and my hand encountered not loose package, which I passed to her with the comment that the carton must be hidden somewhere.

Next morning she checked out the car herself and found that rose written on the back of an envelope lying on the floor of the car



I could have sworn I locked the car doors overnight

Please the chap didn't want my ski-heaters most.

Anyway you'll have to admit I'd different to get a note from a thief. Maybe I'll return soon and take up travelling. I my heart-ne sumdthe environment

13. Year of grace, 1989

Portentous times

Happily all things come to an end and early in 1989 my research and collection of editorials and columns for this volume were completed. Perhaps this is where it ought to have been left as the accumulation already covered just over thirty years of publishing more than satisfying any debt, real or imagined, to posterity.

But what a year 1989 turned out to be as the world witnessed, with little or no warning, the crumbling of the Communist empire which for most of the century had vowed to impose its regime on the entire world. So dominant has been the confrontation between the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on one hand, and the Warsaw Pact bloc on the other in the nature of our times that when the apparent need for it ended, a political pundit in the United States was quoted as terming it — unrealistically, in my opinion — as the end of history. History needless to say, will march on and often take unexpected directions. But whatever happens, I believe that 1989 will be remembered as the year when anything became possible and if the improbable became reality.

In Canada the deadline for ratification of the Meech Lake Accord considered a condition precedent to a unified nation, approached as this was written, the outcome casting its shadow on a country to which "the twentieth century belongs" (according to Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1904).

A further meantime to add selections from 1988 and 1990 was that these present editorial commentary in a chronological setting, rather than in chapters determined by subject matter. World affairs personal experience national proposal and community concerns become the mix for this thirteenth chapter as they were spun from the loom of editorial comment.

Our endangered planet

EDITOR AT *January 7 1989*

S nce those midsummer days in 1945 when nuclear fission moved from science fiction to ominous reality there has been an unreal concern with and speculation about the possibility of the world being blown to smithereens in a holocaust brought about by a confrontation of the world's two most superpowers.

A group of respected scientists has for some years put a hypothetical clock around us to their collective view of the world situation and for decades it has hovered dangerously close to midnight, indicating that in that span of time we periodically close to the unthinkable.

Just as new developments of the past year, notably new policies in the Soviet Union, offered some promise of a reduction in international tensions, we were confronted with realism a most as frightening as nuclear war.

There's a saying that just because you are paranoid doesn't mean no one is following you. Likewise, just

because we have been looking over our shoulders for the man with the nuclear bomb and not among him doesn't mean the job of destroying our world isn't being accomplished almost as effectively by other means.

For most or all of this century, it has been the custom of *Time* Magazine (possibly the most respected print medium in the world) to honour in its first issue of the year that individual (rarely group of individuals) deemed to have done most in the previous year to change the world for better or for worse. Issue No. 1 of 1989 featured instead the planet Earth in some 40 pages of articles and photos showing the despoliation of it through the wasteful and needlessly destructive practices of our species.

The sense of articles and pictures that flowed out of this week's magazine were prefaced by a brief quotation from the book of Ecclesiastes: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh but the earth abideth forever." *Time* concluded that this promise is predicated upon the human race's ability not only to adapt, but to take immediate action to stem the threats to our environment.

That means all people and all nations, and the action must begin now.

Wonders of the swamp

ERNESTEX *January 23 1989*

With grace that he and the [illegible] forms the three all gators cleared through the water as cleanly as a formation of fighter jets clearing the canons as an air show.

Standing on the back of the middle alligator the lovely young woman held onto lines running to the necks of the twin two. Instantly the middle gator, with a quick arching of his back, flipped his human rider through the air and into the water 20 feet ahead, she and barely broken the surface when a fourth alligator zeroed in from nowhere p cked her up in his powerful jaws with unbelievable gentility and deposited her seconds later on the dry platform.

All four of the reptiles then went into a series of complicated manoeuvers that end the onlookers holding their breath gasping in amazement and finally breaking into wild applause.

True or false?

I suggest you vote "false" or you might find yourself thrown in with the gators to see for yourself.

The fact is that we visited the alligator zoo out of curiosity rather than out of any attraction to reptiles or any great expectation of entertainment or aesthetics. After all, at last every day that prime chickens get to no hundreds of live alligators not to mention a number of crocodiles turtles of various sizes, box constrictors and countless other varieties of slimy beasts of every shape size and hue.

In fact we were surprised upon entering the zoo, to see a sign announcing that the next show was scheduled for such and such a time. We have seen various aquatic shows and seens with a pretty unpromising range of participants but none and ever included alligators or any same accessories.

So, never having seen trained alligators we made sure we were back in the show area of the park well before the posted hour in order to have a good vantage point for what we eagerly anticipated to be half an hour of entertainment to our jaded tastes.

At the appointed hour a young man entered from a walkway in wooden platform in the center of the pond. The platform was heavily fenced in — and I don't mean with chicken wire — and before the start of the show the young man, whose I shall call the name-le, lack of an appropriate title secured himself by fastening one end of a metal chain to his belt, and the other end to a sturdy bolt-ined-down part of the platform.

He then rang a huge bell announcing several large gators to the area at leisurely speed reacting evidently to a vague memory that the sound of the bell was a prelude to some tasty food available without much effort. Sal among like Pavlov's dogs they definite y were wet.

On a metal line strung a few and above the surface of the water (out of like an old-fashioned clothes line) the trainer ran out several chicken carcasses jiggling them back and forth and shouting repeatedly and loudly "Doctor Jump for the chicken." Sometimes he would inject a heartfelt "Please."

He tossed several pieces of raw meat into the water below the chickens to draw the attention of the beasts to the area and presumably to bring them within small ingrange of the tanned ring tidbits hanging only a few feet above them.

The object of the exercise was to get one or more of the reptiles to leap out of the water to snatch the food and thus demonstrate the mighty power and speed of the species. For might a thi after about 0 minutes of trying the trainer held out a chicken over the water with the hope of getting a gator to snatch the food from his hand. Hence the chain securing him to the platform in the remote event that the a gator were to grab his hand in error he would lose only it hand or a rea an arm, instead of being dragged bodi y into the pond to almost certain death.

He told us the alligators were very dangerous "animals" appearing very slow and lazy but incredibly fast when they wan ion action and having powerful jaws and very sharp teeth. He assured us, however, that alligators are not n the habit of attacking humans unless provoked and that most instances where attacks have occurred have been brought about by human stupidity or ignorance.

For some time the species was considered endangered and killing gators was against the state law

However they have now phased out rapidly under this protection that they may now be harvested for their leather and meat under controlled conditions. In fact the zoo we visited and other similar "farms" now raise alligators for commercial purposes and hundreds of the baby rascals were on display.

Al agators we were told grow to lengths of about 12 feet and have lifespans of 90 to 120 years.

As you may have guessed, we didn't run across the gator zoo while driving through McLaggart or Havana, or even as far afield as Yellow Grass. We were accosting southern Florida for material for winter columns.

By the way the alligators never did purr for the children in the manner's band and he finally gave it up with apology as to the paying customers. Maybe it a little too heavy day.

A visit to Blue City

KENNETH February 1 1989

"Warren it you afraid?" people ask when I mention that our recent trip to southern Florida included a brief stay in Miami at the time of the riots in the Overtown and Liberty City districts of that city.

To tell you the truth we did feel a trifle uneasy when we checked into our motel (near the international airport) turned on the tube soon news and heard of the rioting and lots of fires that had taken place the previous night as a result of the death of a black motorcyclist brought down by the gun of a Hispanic police officer.

Naturally we didn t go nightsee ng in those troubled locations and to have done so would have proved foolhardy. But once you are on a tour bus with it makes frantic progress and all those you s calm and poems the trouble spots seem just as far away and many as they do when you hear and read about them in Weyburn.

Miami is certainly different from most American cities that I have ever visited, largely due to the fact that most tours seem to be either tourists or Hispanics. Parson me. I almost forgot several hundred thousand blacks. A tour guide explained that in 15 years ago, Miami had a population of about 600,000 and now it's nearing five million. Hence the massive "invasion" of Cubans refugees in the 1970s and the more recent influx of Haitians. The city is now trying to cope with thousands of people who have fled Nicaragua and is poverty and strife. So whatever it be ng done wrong by whoever it's understandable at least but some in realize have been and are being made under the pressures of unnatural growth and unskilled immigration.

A large section is conspicuously Cuban. This is not a downtown ghetto but a large suburb that begins north of the airport.

As we approached Miami my wife asked for half

an hour at a mall before we turned in our rental car. So I pulled into the parking lot of the first one that was convenient. I'm so long you. Premier Bourassa would have been proud of that mall, not a word of English on any of the s gns, not a word of English spoken by customers shopkeepers or clerks. Bourassa would prefer French naturally but you know what I mean. I took one seven iress and a lot of sign language to discover that American coffee was not available anywhere.

But enjam'son of its problems Miami still continues to be a Mecca for tourists from all over the world. When our little tour group was joined by half a dozen people coming off a short cru se the woman who sat down next to me made some casual remark to which I replied "My God!" and said in her husband, "He speaks English."

Indeed the 13 people in our city taste group represented seven countries. The gu de was a Brazilian who spoke passable English. (tourists were) a young girl from Paraguay, two Austrian girls (waitresses on an Italian cru se ship), two Japanese ladies, two Swiss, two Canadians and four Americans.

We started off our Florid an excursion with a few days in pleasant Key West. It s a wonderful way to start a vacation. While most of Florida is bumper-to-bumper traffic, downtown Key West with its narrow streets is well geared to the pace of pedestrians. With traffic lights about on David Street the only thing they are taken seriously only by motorists. Pedestrians tend to regard red lights more like "yield" signs.

On Saturday morning, we were greeted by the strange sight of an army of people of every shape and age sweeping the streets sidewalks and gutters. Asking about it, we learned that this a voluntary "cleanup brigade" that turns out every Saturday morning to sweep up the mess made by tourists. The trees, of course also contribute to the weekly accumulation of detritus being green the year round they also shed leaves throughout the year.

Sweepers ranged from a nonagenarian aged to pensioners. The man I talked about the custom explained in a heavy Spanish accent that "we are doing it for love."

What amazed me is how some people can keep their folks-back-home style of a simple genuine humanness amidst a people when that changes daily. We were walking down David Street look up for Lobster-shot, and a woman of about 40 stopping us that look like a typical explained that and was a native and asked what we were looking for on that she might be of assistance.

Not quite in keeping with that gentle gleinmoyng was the sign on the parking lot of Fausses Market a few blocks away "Tourists says. "We forgive those who trespass against us but they will be remote away all the same.

Difficult to understand

EDITORIAL *February 1 1989*

People of every faith have boasts if once they were little that the Lord's ways are not those of humans, and that therefore they may often be difficult to understand.

Perhaps we should be taught the same thing early about those who spend our tax dollars — that we might be encouraged to keep tighter control on such spending. Taking it for granted doesn't help, because there obviously is no limit to the imaginative ways in which money is spent by people who don't have to earn it.

What brought on this preachment was an article a last Thursday's issue of the Leader-Post dealing with a project aimed at helping hookers — and for which the allotted $30 000 federal funding is running out.

Leaders be taken as criticism of the fact that a study on the so-called oldest profession is being carried out, please be assured that this is not so. If it were necessarily the last frontier of sociology... it certainly one that seems to have been neglected considering its persistent presence throughout human history.

But I is one thing to identify a problem and seek remedies for it that another thing altogether to accept prostitution as just another ubiquitous phenomenon and calmly look for ways to improve that lifestyle of those engaged in that trade.

According to the Leader-a article the person carrying on this research in Regina and who evidently is avoid able as a consultant [no alter missed] is quoted as saying that she sees trade the success of the program by how many Regina prostitutes retire because of it. "Our goal is to provide meaningful change and improve their quality of life in some way. As defined by them — not by us. It will be better if they happen to go off the street.

Most of us given a more understanding of the underlying causes of a young woman taking up prostitution could feel charity in our hearts for a girl actually abused at home and otherwise mistreated who finally runs away and too quickly finds that her best experience in her best and seemingly only) stock in trade. To do something to alleviate these unfortunate would be worthwhile for us to concern ourselves and spend our tax dollars to improve lifestyles within the profession (remember passion plans, performance bonuses?) is not quite what most of us see as a top priority.

We must be vigilant

EDITORIAL *February 22 1989*

We yham and sun president who turned on for last week s meeting — and the turnout was fairly high weather conditions and other distractions considered — were pleased to hear what sounded like a fairly firm commitment to improve the intersection of Highways 13 and 39 near the city s western bounds.

The deputy minister of highways the chief engineer and the minister Hon. Grant Hodgins, were there and some mentioned the need to improve the intersection Mr. Hodgins admitted that "you have a terrible intersection there and promised that it would be improved. n the not-too-d stant future

So that makes it doesn tit?

No it doesn t.

The unsatisfactory and dangerous configuration and other features of the intersection have long been acknowledged. In February of 1981 under the NDP administration the department of highways offered several plans to make the alignment in the intersection and le more safe it must have looked as though it was all over but the shouting. Subsequently the proposals seem to have faded away like a morning mist.

Let s remember that politicians and civil servants are faced with many desires and needs on the greater constituency and even when they have identified a priority, all cases make much indecision on the local front to deter them. After all there are many other places where half a m flion dollars can be spent.

So this time let us be v g an and ensure that the alterations to the intersection become a reality. While we sympathize with all victim's and groups who do not like to see land taken out of agricultural use many improvements construct for the common weal — railways, highways, airports hospitals, schools and dams, to some part s few — unnecessarily cause displacement for some.

Freedom... use it cautiously

EDITORIAL *March 1 1989*

Yes it is most improper for the leader and government of s nation to place a price on the head of a member of another nation particularly for an unjust reason as exercising freedom of expression a right most of us th nk of as God-given.

Yes it is proper for the government of Britain to protest and to cut diplomatic relations with Iran. And yes it is admirable that most free European nations have supported Britain s protests with similar responses.

But with all that said and done we I have just a touch of poetic justice in the whole situation? Did not writer Sa man Rushdie push it a tad, just a tiny bit?

The past few decades have seen a happy influx of third world people into the wealth n western democracies. It is understandable that they would prefer to enjoy the ready-made affluence and privileges of the west to fighting to similar amenities in their native countries. But having migrated they might be wise to use prudence a taking advantage of a plumber freedoms

knowledge has been the historical plan. He was not exactly wrong on the freedoms dearly won for us by our first fathers (and which we also tend to abuse at times). He was well aware that Islamic leaders do not take kindly to lampooning of the religion that they have punitive powers and authority over their constituents to an extent rejected in our world centuries ago. And he knew the strong Islamic feelings about apostasy.

So when he left his country and his real plan for Iranian muslim's he knew nothing for writing novels about wooden puppets or distant planets?

Freedom of speech is important, and its defense is vital to our way of life. But that valuable asset also has it prudently and with an eye to its acceptance by the environment in which it is exposed.

An L.A. plan for Earth

KENNEDY *April 12 1989*

Legend has it that an early Anglo-Saxon king walked into the sea and bade the tides subside. Naturally nothing of the kind happened. The purpose of the exercise was to demonstrate to the king a modest ego that ruled nature of his power, even in an age when the monarch's authority was commensurate. By implication of course this limitation extends to all authority.

In fact, for most of human history, many if it had been a were accepted as being as inevitable and immutable as the rising of suns. Famine and pestilence and many other woes were regarded as acts of God rather than as chal ranges to be met and overcome.

As human knowledge expanded it became apparent that nature itself or at least much that had been considered purely natural could be control led if worried or mired find to become a boon rather than a threat. Diseases that once were incapable of wiping out a large portion of a generation for example have been it but eradicated through medical science.

Los Angeles, for decades synonymous with smog, recently announced a bold plan to restore air and sunshine within the next two decades. This will include reduction of automobile use in an area where the automobile has been it most sacred.

It looks as though the world itself at studies need of a boon" Los Angeles Plan even if it means stepping on some toes and fathers.

The Rafferty decision

EDITORIAL *April 19 1989*

Supporters of the Rafferty-A months dams project, and we suppose it includes a majority of the residents of Southeast Saskatchewan, were disappointed when a federal court last week voided the permit issued by the Canadian government on the grounds that the government minister had failed to live up to the environmental assess project requirements. impact studies

To most of us it seemed that construction had already been held up long enough awaiting provincial studies and hearings, financial red tape and the many other time-consuming details inherent in as great an undertaking.

Because we view Rafferty as a blessing of one of the points in the mid-1 cent investment of receiving drought with which we are almost constantly torment ed in this part of the world, the court ruling which brings construction to a temporary halt is viewed by us as a trip in the face. With le we don't use to kill the messenger we take the next humanly logical step of blaming the opponents of Rafferty many of them non-residents of the district who instituted the court actions.

Common appropriate is this time is that many of us who have supported and continue to support Rafferty as an undertaking with promise of more benefits than losses and who believed that our governments were acting properly feel betrayed by those very governments. If Rafferty is not a good thing, we should be told fairly and affirmed affirmative. If it is good as we still believe it is it should stand up to being imposed by we. And if the tests are unfair, then change them so that they do not be devil others from the contents with them.

They can be hard to please

KENNEDY *April 26 1989*

At the recent Farm Home and Leisure Show a district farmer was listening to a pitch from an enthusiastic young lady as the SaskPower booth. She was eating the wonders of environmental-sensitive ultra being demonstrated.

"Suppose someone drops an ig nighter on — or — borrow some gasoline. If there is movement within (whatever the cause) of the device the lights turn on.

"Oh" said the farmer. "You light the way for him!"

I explained to the—red fashion young lady that a person would have to get pretty early and stay up very late to invent something a Saskatchewan farmer won't find fault with.

The Emerald City, well named

KENNEDY *May 31 1989*

(To describe the Emerald City upon my he and return two weeks ago. (I have a cliche of the 1980s or thereabouts. "Put on it tourniquet

First of all someone and I am outta a this a project of such proportions depends on the active cooperation of many has done an all-out job of choosing the city I used (last week) I had found Seattle (in 1969)

dreary-looking, and that the downtown buildings were sooty and grubby in appearance. See ag Seattle now for the first time in decades I almost convinced myself that all the high-rise hulk dings had been built in the last 10 years or so and simply had not had time to become dirty and discolored. The architecture below this theory and will be I'm not an expert on architecture. I noticed references in several buildings as having been for several decades the tallest west of the Mississippi. I learned that some of the buildings had been cleaned up at some time, but what sort of t program was involved and how it was carried out. I don't know.

The streets of city at least in the downtown area, are kept clean and walking along them presented no problems. We had a downtown hotel and I walked my mile before breakfast every morning and encountered no unpleasantness

We asked about street safety when we checked in and were assured Seattle s streets were relatively safe. We were safe and so stayed off First and Second Avenues because these are the sanctorums of the street people. It is difficult to spend any time in downtown Seattle without hearing on these streets lest during the day the worst thing we ran Into were the panhandlers who can spoil tourist s mile away

Oh, we panhed one comic where several policemen were wrestling with (presumed) wrongdoer of some sort with several police cars with sirens screaming coming from various directions at once However we didn t feel threatened On another occasion we saw a policeman gently cupping the forehead in cheek of a long-haired young man flying spaced out by the wall of a building My impression was that the cop was checking whether he was dead or asleep rather than being high.im

Seattle's aquarium, ferry officers and several good sea food restaurants are located on Alaska Way right on the waterfront I was amazed to discover a complete absence of the dead-fish and rotting flotsam stench that tends to be endemic to waterfront areas. Walking along the pier of ff ott Bay we encountered no more unpleasant odors than one might on the bank of Regina s Wascana Creek

What has probably be pnd the bugbears of Seattle is crimeand maintaining a pleasant and clean downtown fi lhat it s more finite than most cities For business when a city expands outward from a commercial core there is an ever-expanding ring of deterioration on as the downtown a fringe becomes unsuitable for residential applicationsit yet is too far from city centre to attract downtown commercial development

Seattle's downtown area, as near as I could determine is defined by Elliott Bay on the west Lake Wash ington on the east and Lake Union on most of the north Thus it must have been relatively simple at least in define t downtown area designated for redevelopment, clean-up or protection

Lake Washington and adjacent residential areas incidentally are interesting in make your mouth water Seattle s relatively mild climate and heavy rainfall make it possible to grow just about anything And people do So in the time of year every yard in the beaut ful district s t rick of color in t luxuriously exuberant setting

Our tour guide explained that only a few decades ago signs were posted on the banks of Lake Washington warning against swimming or fishing because of the lake s toxicity Today it s one of the city s recreational features and huge fish are being caught. The clean t just happened thatthe locals determined and ambitious program to restore it to something re semmling its natural state

What probably contributes to Seattle s clean downtown and healthier atmosphere is the relatively light veh icular traffic How come? One factor is the free bus travel offered by metro buses w thin a fairly generous downtown area and can s position here in t tde the free buses (55 to 85 cents) A further incentive to keep cars out of the downtown is scarce on-street parking, and low rate limits and high rates for what is available Private parking lots charge as mm and t leg as public transportation and car pools are the way to go

Thus for t city of its size (half s at llion t the city s mill ion and a ha f in the metropolitan area) f femal driving relatively easy The trick was finding convenient lot t long affordeb r parking The result was that we used public transportation more than I ever have in t strange city in many years.

The trouble with freedom

EDITORIAL *May 24 1989*

Very few parents would admit to wanting at run thers children t even. They see their roles as those of teachers gu des protectors and providers, among other things and their hope is to their progeny strike out on the s own exercising independence — freedom — in time to some extent with their teaching and training

Thus comes the time for the youngsters to go out on their own and t high perspective seems to take reasons that fly in the face of everything parents had worked, prayed and hoped for

That s the trouble with freedom It s just that It is the right of we ph when each individual was to and believes is against what has been dri led into fi in or her by teachers parents authorities preachers and peers Very often that entails flirting with the forbidden in order to sa ts fy his/her own satisfaction el seem of f re consequences warned of as the fruit of disconformity

On the long run, the system works fairly well For while it is common for parents of morality matured

chi dren to wrong them hands and shake their heads how often do you hear parents of 40-year-old com plaining? By that time pop sucks on his thumb and allows that he must have learned them right" like how come they have such good jobs or businessmc lives in such beautiful houses and drive such swel cars?

Russian leader Mikhail Gorbachev e dilemma these days must be not unlike that of the parents of newly emancipated and dam dissembled above. The first leader of the Soviet Un on ever to have allowed anything resembli ng personal freedoms thro ughout and the right to critic ize government and offi cialdom one was il sympathize I he had respected a consensus consensuous and perhaps even a touch of gracinoss.

So what happens? He gives people those freedoms and they use them to complain that there isn't enough food anymore; the them is too much corruption and inept sm s government, and that consumer goods are too scarce and too costly.

But that g the trouble with freedoms. It's the due.

We can only hope that Gorbachev and his allies have patience and the courage of their convictions. If they do surely the day will come when they can be justly proud of what can be achieved by several hundreds of millions of educated people who have learned to use freedom intelligently and responsibly.

The real gold rush winner

THEREST Y June 7, 1989

If you visit the Klondike Go d Rush Museum in downtown Seattle just a stone c throw from the Kingdome you will naturally e xpect to learn of the free wheeling coin many gathered

And as you watch these movies and the story of the frdse rush gold rush in Canada s Yukon Territory emerge in its several forms and vicissitudes the thought begins to intrude and becomes amply confirmed that the gold rush made Seattle. Had it never taken place, there is strong reason to be lieve that Seattle would never have become the lucrative hedge hub of the Pacific Northwest — of the United States, of course. We re not about to associate this e ntire unsitting over Vancouver although the wo d does are similar s ides and have a lot of other common qualities

The K ond ke gold rush however

The depression of the 1890s looked such a side of self-p ty n North America that we began to think that it was the only depress on the continent had ever seen Fin fourths About 1890 most of these economic fi gures hit the Un ted States the nostrils with which I am not fami liar In effects, however were quite fre-thinking Thus when the good ship *Portland* docked in Seattle on the mid-1890s, loaded to the gunwales with gold (the exaggeration s runs of course) word swept through the cityfond world that gold was there for the sak ng in the Yukon And from all over the continent, and even Europe they set out for Seattle, the major U S seaport on the northwest of mainland United States.

That alone would have guaranteed Seattle its least temporary prosperity but the Canadian government took action which enhanced the fortunes of that city considerab y Quickly realizing the potentia l for major disaster and unrest I mmprovcrly equipped and funded wovices were allowed to trek into the gold country the Canadian government estabd ished regulations enforced by the North West Mounted Police, that required everyone entering the Klondike to have supplies for at least six months

Now where do you suppose they bought those supplies? They certainly didn't take them all the way from Yonkers or Peoria or St. Louis No, they bought them in Seattle before taking the northbound boat and you can be pretty sure the clerks didn't ask "Will that be cash or charge?"

According to my tour book in the very first year following the arrival of the *Portland* with the first load of gold Seattle merchants sold $25 mill ion worth of merchandise to prospectors and others who went to seek their fortunes on the awful of the mun ng industry

It didn t stop there either Those who found their fortunes in the Klondike obviously didn't as k general rule stick around to spend their wealth in the Yukon. They wanted back for the U S and their first stop usually was Seattle Most of the thousands who didn't find gold and were forced to gave up the quest also went back to Seattle and many remained there. Probably they couldn t afford to go any farther

Most of the prospectors one learns, arrived in the Klondike after all the cho ce cla ims had been taken The majority found no gold several thousands probably found a lot more got modestly wealthy s hoolfol became very rich and jus a few of these were able to hang on to these riches So what becomes fairly obvious is that Seattle probably stands more money on the gold rush than the total value of the gold found in the Yukon

It is generally agreed that what might have turned into a nightmare of anarchy and crime was avoided by the Canadian government s decision not to allow entry to inadequately provisioned people and the summ n which law and order was maintained by the gold of Mounties Makes a person feel right proud of the boys in red. We were told that there were no murders (or very few) s the Klondike thoug the gold rush and not a single moment theft of gold. Amazing, I'mse.

* * *

Seattle n underground tour n billed as "history with humor." At the outset you are warned that a New York Times travel writer took the tour and told his readers it was the hokiest tour in the United States Perhaps it is but it's more entertaining to take it than to be told about it

As in many cities built at sea level, problems developed when the flush toilet was invented. A fire obligingly razed the entire downtown area, and it was decreed that the streets would be raised about one storey to accommodate sewerage. Merchants wanted to continue to use and live in the emporia at the old level. Along came a young-at-law mayor and had the streets filled in anyway. The sidewalks were left down below, so shoppers coming via the street had to use ladders to get down to the sidewalk level.

Eventually new sidewalks were built at street level. Second floors became the main floors and the old main floors, with large windows looking out at concrete because there was no unused subterranean space. Someone had the bright idea of organizing daily walking tours of the underground. It worked too. There were about 50 people all told in Seattle on our tour on a rainy May afternoon.

So who needs a crummy gold rush?

Good meeting, good shot

EDITORIAL *June 14 1969*

Some things are fun for governments and the elected representat ves who serve them.

When a substantial sum of money collected elsewhere in the province, from another government or from royalties can be brought into a community and its use for a popular local project announced — with prayers speeches and fanfare — that s good to be for.

Then there are th ngs that are down right unpleasant such as saying no to handing for a popular local project because the money simply can not be found for such a purpose, or because it opens too many cans of worms elsewhere. That s when politicians wish they had such a sour-faced lobby in debenching cattle or whatever.

And then there is the in-between situation when the point comes to town to say there is no affordable solution to a local problem, but are able to offer partial solutions, that may or may not be sufficient that are still going to cost a lot of dollars, and may stil leave the community unsettled about the choice made. That s a time for crossed fingers.

This last frustrating possibly is closest to describing the department of highways presentation to a Weyburn public meeting last week on 13-39 intersection improvement possibilities.

The Review has since learned that almost immediately after the meeting the decision was made to go with the widening proposal and that work will begun soon to target a full coming cross. Most Weyburn people who attended the meeting probably will welcome the decision and agree that this should provide us with the best reasonable solution for the next decade or longer. Unless there s something we are missing the politicians at least have the right to feel they gave it their best shot

Is it coming apart?

EDITORIAL *July 5 1969*

During the Canada Day weekend just ended, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation aired a lengthy program on the question "Is Canada coming apart at the seams?" Some of the panelists were those of several personalities such as newspaper columnists and political analysts. Comments were then invited and received from listeners in every region of Canada.

It made for both interesting and disturbing listening.

Frankly it s disturbing in itself that our national broadcasting network should choose such a topic for debate on the weekend when most people are probably shutting our stuff and looking into the future through rose-coloured glasses. That such soul-searching should be marked instead as a sheriff s symptom of an underlying malaise that s a bit bizarre than an pass stomach trouble about by an extra shot of saskatoon gin.

What is more disturbing, almost all of the callers from throughout the country agreed that Canada is indeed coming apart at the seams. Some found the unfairness some were just caring while others frankly poked forward to a division that would separate Quebec from Canada in two fragments

Some of the callers obviously were expressing no more than the disillusionment with opposition to the present federal government, particularly in the better of Canadian woes. It s also probable that this type of program would be more likely to attract comment from those dissatisfied with the national condition than from those who are the silent majority telling off into a beautiful sunset as be followed by a pink more beautiful sunrise.

One detected also a nostalgia for a Canada that once was and can never again be in the global village Canada can never again be a nation which three-quarters of the population are country-oriented where people if it were continue to live in isolation from each other — the message of Pierre Trudeau s rhetoric — and try to recreate as nearly as possib s the ambiance of an Old World past in Canada where the Toronto Maple Leafs are naturally the good guys when it s hockey night in Canada (with an extra leg left or hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland, where the United States for all its physical nearness and friendly presence does not dom inate our living rooms ely by non learned-in artists writers and lifestyles of the last lane. a Canada where the Union Jack flying over our schoolhouses reminds us of a far-away benevolent guardianship however illusory where the Mother of Parliaments continues with an honest monarchy

But many of the callers were also sincere thoughtful well-read loyal people who had organized sucessful unions and political initiatives and were fron-

fal of what they stand for.

Perhaps that is because the Canada we know and cherish was not created on a shoestring budget, except for the British North America Act which established a potential reality out of diverse people living and growing, independent yet quasi-loving, along a narrow strip of friendly border that both restrained and welded us.

The fabric of Canada's character and identity must flow and evolve from the loom of Canadian life and lifestyle, inclusive and exceptional values and even prejudices as may manifest themselves at many times, from Bonavista to Vancouver Island. How that composite will look as one nears precedent, but it certainly cannot be sketched on the crawling boards of Ottawa, Meech Lake or Charlottetown, any more than it was ordained by the councils of Whitehall in 1867 or at any time before patriation of our constitution. To attempt to do so could very well spell the death of a Canada recognizable in Canadians — and that is what some fear is happening.

In the meantime, is Canada coming apart in the seams?

Not if we all draw on the national pride we try so hard to hide and work toward holding it at together.

Farewell and hail!

EDITORIAL *August 2 1989*

We have recently beheld tried and regretful sides to Western Chairman Co kept, which has moved to more suitable lim- ness in Dauphin, Man.

Weyburn folks regret Winnipeg a more for both sentimental and economic reasons. In the 32 years a ace the college name here from Radville, many human bonds have been formed between the people of Weyburn and the staff and several thousands of students who passed through the doors of the co lege. These bonds of course are not broken completely by the college removal he they will become badly stretched and it will be difficul fee new ties to develop nthe years ahead.

And pictorial y the departure of over 100 students and staff cannot be p build in mind to some degree the economic base of our city. It has been but one of a number of reversals Weyburn has suffered in response to drought reces on low agricu ture prices, low prices for petroleum products and the comparative effects of a shrinking world.

Service club outlets have decided over the past year or two that they are unable to sit out an economic slump locally s few stra t (and some not so small) local y owned enterprises have closed the doors after many years of serving Weyburn and area, and the sustained construction industry has forced local tradesmen to seek opportunities e ewhere almost creating a shortage of lo cal tradesmen when things began to broaden (if you forgive the corn age)

In this life, however things don't always go the same way, at least they don't have to. It is hail and farewell, farewell and hail. Thus as we witness the last phases of the Western Christian stove, we are seeing at the opposite end of the city, the foundations of a new industry to take over the vacated Central Canadian Distillery building.

The long-expected word came Monday morning, when a press conference was held to announce the establishment here of Austral Machinery Corporation, bringing Australian technology here to produce a low-gravity-centre industrial and agricultural mower for which a substantial market is expected in North America. The newly incorporated manufacturing company is half-owned by Weyburn investors. There is optimism as well about further utilization of the distillery building and grounds for other manufacturing activities.

One thing to remember while hail and farewell may go together like strawberries and cream, as real life "hail" is not a natural corollary of "farewell." No benign providence sends us the tragic plan to compensate for the loss of Western Christian College the distillery or anything else.

In uncertain times the "farewell" in sometimes inevitable and irreversible. The "hail" is a bit tougher, and for successful communities large and small it comes only when determined people and suitable resources are brought tog e ny to make it happen.

Who decides these things?

EDITORIAL *August 9 1989*

In June the world was shocked when Red Chinese authorities in Beijing killed several thousands of students protesting a Tiananmen Square for greater freedom and democracy.

Why the world was shocked might be a valid question. It would have been more surprising (if not shocking) if the Communist regime had done nothing, or even acquiesced. After all it has held power over rough y one billion people in the most populous nation in the world through dictatorship and suppression of any views contrary to those peddled by the party. Yes, there appear to have been g ins, according to reports received in the West that China was relaxing, y ing and preparing to allow greater freedom, but plainly the leadership had not reached the point where it was prepared to let a crowd of intellectual students tell the world and the rest of the country how they expected things to be run.

Perhaps the Chinese government had a point in using force to put down what in the context of the regime's history and policies could only be viewed as open rebellion.

What is stranger than Chinese response to protest and demonstrations is how selective Canadian

arguments at no perceived progress on abroad

Oh yes there have been mild protests in Ottawa Ian nothing on a scale that might upset the Chinese government A few weeks ago Chinese students in Regina were even doused the ugly according to press reports, to see if T-shirts at Buffalo Days because there unclear designed to commemorate the Tiananmen massacre might embarrass Chinese exhibitors talking part in the exhibition

How different our attitude toward South Africa. Heck we don't even let our kids play with South Africans in the because of the pressure of that government and its harsh enforcement of them

If sanctions and ban threat work with one, why not with the other? And why s t wrong each in this country to offend one outcome of this political spectrum and not the other And who makes this decision

Our capital: Ottawa-Hull

ERNESTLY *August16 1989*

Annual conventions of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association are held in cities across Canada (to see national conventions of many organizations) g ving delegates an opportun ty to become familiar with various facets of our beautiful country

This year our convention was held in Ottawa (now referred to as Ottawa-Hu l am that part of the world) It w ould s t be d fficult to spend a week in the Ottawa area and take in the many beauty spots at that part of the country Ottawa staff (except the Ottawa-Hu l) has many tourist attractions If so I do yow sometimes worry about the federal government spending so much money with lotto to show for it, you should be gratified to know that in Ottawa there s a lot to show for your tax do llars

W ile in the city there are 3,600 acres of parks which on my calcu ator work out to 5½ square miles All beautifully kept There are walk ng trails and bike trails so you could spend some hours jus exploring these areas. A bus tou through the city showing us some of the parks residential areas and many of the foreign embassies was one of the most pleasant I have experienced many city

Somehow through skipping a few things I should really have been doing, I took a boat cruise along the Ottawa R ver This was on an afternoon that saw the temperature h t the 90 degree mark, or perhaps even a little higher and with Ottawa humidity that is something to experience By the time I had climbed about 50 stairs from the river bank to the street level I was fil 10 be wrong out

We managed again to take in the Sound and Light show on Parliament Hill Some of it may be slightly many but by the time it closed off with everyone singing the national anthem, you sort of feel like sucking out your chest pus s his nose

My main point however if business or whatever takes you to the national capital try to allow yourself a few days more than the m nimum

English: King's or Queen's?

ERNESTLY *August23 1989*

Perhaps someone out there can help me I'm quite prepared to have a theory of mine proved wrong or right so long as I know and on reasonable authority

That has to do with the terms "the King s English" which we al understand to mean the correct official version of the English language free of slang and even new words and phrases a current use but which have not yet been seen to have permanence a the eyes and ears of the experts whatever they may be What bothers us in the increasing use of the term "Queen s English" because our sovereign of the moment happens to be a female

Yes when the gender of the monarchy changes, so I probably ys will without the need few decades the Queen s Consort will apply, instantly be K ng s Consort Her Majesty s Ship will be His Majesty s Ship and forth n Britain will s ng "God Save the King" instead of "God Save the Queen

But does the K ng s English — or the Queen s — really have any bearing on whether the throne is occupied by a ma n or female? Is the language the property of or under the protection of the reign ng monarch and hence the term? I think not but I can t prove it.

Here is how I believe the term developed

We all know that Britain I ke most countries was not originally one realm with all speaking the same language or dialect It evolved from several countries n kingdoms and hundreds of d stricts or provinces or shires or wherever each speaking a different dialect When people communicated with each other they did so how they could (according to the medium used or the dialect probably depending on who was trying to wangle a favor from whom

Lacking rapid communications or transportation who really cared what someone cal ed a smidgen in the near v nage? A cow by another name sure W Shakespeare would smell as sweet.

Even the advent of printing did not, of co rse make any real need for the standardization of language Whatever dialect was locally acceptable s probably crept into the pages of the journals that were published.

So what dem anded English uniformity?

How about the Bible?

Anyone who has ever translated anything more mundane than *Les femmes regardent le lit* knows that trans lating anything especially as the Bible into every dialect of a language — and then printing — is simply out of the question Even a dedicated scholar doesn't say Well I ve finished translating Scripture into London English, so I'll just leave me a

little snark and then on a Sunday English translation and a your next Tuesday I'll take a class at Manchester English

As a matter of fact it is recorded that King James I of England convened a conference of high and low church representatives where he let it be known that he wasn't very happy with any existing English version of the Bible and that I would please have if a new version were produced to be undertaken by learned men from the universities

Thus in the inns and villages and hamlets there ghosts the kind clergymen would read from this standard version of the English Bible Since most people the Bible English would seem a bit stilted strange and perhaps stilted is not reasonable to assume that a difference sing between their own dialect and that used in church but they would identify the latter with the King ish of King James as made men feel through the Bible bearing his imprimatur so to speak?

Hence and thus the King s English

I don t know if it might but a nice notion a good story Prove me wrong and henceforth and and I hurriedly disseminate otherwise I shall try to refer to the language (as also is spoke) as the Queen s English

Beauty cause to blome

KRONSTILL *September 6 1989*

For years I have promised myself that one of these days I would get around to a trip to one of nature s beautiful surprises less than two hours drive from Weyburn the Big Muddy Yes, I finally made it, and I hope everyone in Weyburn and district takes advantage of any opportunity to do the same.

Now a fairness to myself and all you true souls who also have never seen the B g Muddy you may or may not know one dozen s imply decide on a ho-hum Sunday afternoon or a winter Saturday to hop in the car and take off for the B g Muddy

You can take a drive south of Bengough on Highway 34 almost to the United States border and even on H ighway 8 for a stretch and you will see some very interesting country that you may not have guessed existed so c ose to home on our flat Saskatchewan prairie Several times I've taken that golden opportunity courtesy of postal strikes to deliver the Review and Bee to the post offices a that part of the world and I have found it interesting on every occasion but now that I've taken the B g Muddy tour I realize it highway drive is just the appet ze

The reason you cannot do it by yourself is because the real nature wonders s the Big Muddy are mostly on private property and are not access ble except w th permission Gates bar entry to the area barred and a good thing too, because our species has a great way for leaving things — especial y beaut ful things — in a lot less than they were when we found them Not all of us but a destruct on minority makes up for the rest

So what you have to do s wait until you are a bus tour of the Big Muddy advertised and then put in your reservation quick y When we made the bot decision then remember I made the mistake of planning on it for a few days and found the bus was filled As luck would have t ius summer s rug e xcursions had been so successful he sponsors decided to try a second tour th s summer It filled a 40-plus-passenger one, except for two or three no-shows

To give you an idea of how much there is to see and appreciate our bus, as uncomfortable s bus as I have ever been privileged to ride on left Weyburn Square parking lot at 9 a m on the dot on Sunday and returned with a minimum of p n That s 10 hours of adventure and with no wasted time Even lunch — everybody brought their own packed unches, because there was so much as a nearby store in the Big Muddy — didn't take more than half an hour

Another reason you wish not be too interested in touring the Big Muddy by yourself even if you could, is that most of the beauty spots are inaccessible only by prairie trails If you managed to sneak in and found yourself with a flat tire or worse sensed car trouble you would find it a long hike through pretty wild country to get help In some areas our bus lumbered along at 10 miles an hour or less and once it was required to set a fi re to stomp that all of us (except the driver) had to get off the bus and we lit up with a fire driver gave the vehicle the gun and brought it over the crest

You think Cr ukedemp, don t you!

Try this for size Big Muddy Lake (Big Muddy by the way) bears sites from the Indian name of Red Earth) s 2,000 feet above sea level and the highest point in the main topality the K M of Happy Valley s 2,380 feet. That s a variation of almost 1 000 feet in a pretty small chunk of country

There was another dimension to the trip to make it memorable.

Just before we arrived in Bengough driver Ken Grams warned us that we were about to meet the best tour guide he had ever run across I'll happily second that. I've taken tours in many many places, and I have never before met anyone as interesting as knowledgeable about his subject and as genuinely satisfying as Fred Lichter His knows every farm and ranch in the countryside, who homesteaded at who bought it and who married whose daughter when

He came here as a youngste with the s ame great pioneer family and is a former rancher cowboy farmer miner woodsman (I believe us Ontario) sold s and, during the depression is rod-riding hobo who, he proudly tel s you slept in some of the finest jails in the country

He tells you enough to keep the tour interesting at all times but he is also considerate enough to leave

questions for those who would like to get in a question ana comment

I'd like to tell you more including some of Fred's wonderful stories about the Indians and the Mountain and the ranchers and hunters but I'll leave that for your own trip when you will see astonishing and beautiful sights such as Castle Butte, the Three Sisters, Indian effigies, the cool pure caves and high mesas that put you to mind of cowboy movies and are just about in the condition they were in when the Boundary Commission marked the border between Canada and the U S You'll even see Montana from a lofty height and if you take your trip at the right time of year you may taste some excellent photo shortlies, wild caribou and buffalo (I think) berries

Let's wait and see

HUNTSVILLE *September 20 1989*

Karl Marx predicted or his 19th century writings that capitalism as it abounded wealth and increasingly few hands, would self-destruct eventually and point to the workers paradise of international Communism

Then the Reds surprised everyone, including themselves by taking over the vast Russian empire after the bloody revolution near the end of and following World War I There who believed a Communist government lovingly could not work under any circumstances expected the whole structure of that country — an ideal sue concept run by amateurs and illiterates in a bankrupt war-weakened condition — to collapse within months

It didn't happen as everyone knows Through repression and terror successive regimes gained an increasing y strong stranglehold on the country and being able as an absolute dictatorship to control primitives more effectively than is possible in democratic countries the Communists were even able to make impressive advances in a number of fields including space medicine sports and the arts

Although in entirely few subjects of the western industrialized nations have shown much inclination to opt for the Communist way performing the rewards of free market capitalism it seemed manifested enough—it was just a matter of time before Communism and its promises of equality must engulf the world At times Marx's prediction seemed to be immediate with some outside help

Even at the beginning of this decade, in spite of the Soviet Union s entanglement from two former allies China and Yugoslavia there was little to indicate that anything was about to affect significantly the political evolution of the East or to modify the control it exerted over its citizens

Then in the last few years surprising things began to happen in Poland ambitious were unable to contain the Solidarity movement although it was outlawed and its leaders jailed This year the rulers were forced to allow the first free election since the war which resulted in the election of a government led by non-Communists

In the Soviet Union, kingpin Mikhail Gorbachev s voluntary moves toward reform and freedom produced a flood of reaction from every corner of the empire that demonstrated the degree of resentment and discontent that has been simmering

In China students whose optimism about promised reforms was in the previous demonstrated and were murdered as such numbers that even ideological allies were shocked While the government shows no outward signs of loosening in control and still likely to do so in the near future, it seems already a foregone conclusion by now that liberalization must come eventually

All of this shows promise, at least that in the foreseeable future Within and East will be able to get hands and fight the common foes of mankind instead of each other Many western c nizens in fact are critical of U S President George Bush for not pushing all weapons into the sea and coming out to embrace our former enemies w ith open arms.

There is merit for caution however In the Soviet Union there are thousands of advocates who have benef ited from the system as it has stood, both in terms of personal power and material things Before we get too chummy we have to wait and see who will really be in command in the long run In the long long run, however the hunger for freedom will not be denied

Emphatically, no and yes

EDITOR A *October 25 1989*

In response to the changing scene behind the Iron Curtain or perhaps it would be more appropriate nowadays to say in the eastern bloc of nations an American guru has come under — almost sadly — that this presages the end of history It was probab y the same individual who first came under that the world began the day he was born

One can iden fy with the fee lings from which the end-of-history theory sprang, particularly if expressed by anyone ess than 45 years f age. Ever since the "ultimate" of World War 2 met bloodied and weary on conquered Germany in 1945 and anr formation between the democrats a cap italist countries and the Russian giant probably was averted ne y because they were both out of atoms a has seemed new tab s that the world as we know it runs surely and in a fuzzy Armageddon on some day which one d ay y be postponed by suc cas deterrents standesize cras frustrations as remote bush fires in th 4-world countries and temporary stand-offs following acts of brinkmanish p

Spoilers y with glamour and perestroika hunting out

all over, it seems as though all our fears may be put aside, and that we can resign ourselves and our redeemed progeny to the boredom of living happily ever after.

We have been Instinctively like a person who has lived under a sentence of death from which there is no appeal, and whose every hope, plan and consideration has been within that framework, and who then is unexpectedly granted an unconditional pardon.

Welcome as the changes in the East and the promise for the future of the world may be, there is still a lot left undone before we can write "Fini" to the chronicle of our world.

In the first place, the rumblings going on in the Soviet Union as a result of Mikhail Gorbachev's liberalizing initiatives also have ominous overtones for those who are listening. We have no guarantee that the Russian leader has political backing to withstand the elements that have vested interests in hard-line Communism. We don't even know how the Russian masses will react when they find that political and economic freedoms do not automatically fill the shelves of their grocery and department stores. We do not know how the body politic will respond to demands for independence in the Baltic states, confrontation between two Soviet republics, and what amounts to declarations of independence from until-while puppet regimes.

And if all works out in the Soviet Union, there remain the chief ingredients of such unfinished business as the war on hunger, disease and ignorance; resolution of the plight of displaced Palestinians; the holes in the ozone layer; the pollution of our planet; the exploration of space and, for heaven's sake, the completion of Rafferty, to mention a few.

Yes, it was interesting, and somewhat historic, to hear on the same day last week that the Hungarian parliament had ratified a new constitution rejecting the principle of a Communist dictatorship, the fomer of Communist hardliner, under Erich Honecker of East Germany and the Lithuanian government announcing that its people might once again openly observe Christmas.

But no, Mr. Guru, the end of history is not soon, and yes, Santa Claus, there is a Lithuania.

New year, new decade

EDITORIAL *December 27, 1989*

Shakespeare wrote something about tides in the affairs of men that simply cannot be contained or withstood. In the wondrous year that ends in just a few days, we have seen just such a tide, as public protest and revolt has deposed Communist-controlled governments throughout eastern Europe, culminating with the arrest of the Romanian head of state after a bloody week of demonstrations and demands for freedom and political reform.

Whatever happens on the international scene in 1990 and from now to the end of the century, 1989 will be remembered as the year when the tight fist of Red authority developed arthritis (or something) and lost its grip.

Even if force is used to restore authoritarian governments — and it is not impossible — 1989 will go down in history as the year when the people of the eastern bloc made it clear that they had had enough and demanded dynamic change.

Even a year ago, concern was expressed in this space that powerful forces in both the Soviet Union and the United States, with a vested interest in the continuation of an armed standoff between the superpowers would throw a monkey wrench into the wheels set in motion by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in policies of *perestroika* and *glasnost*. It didn't happen, and the liberalization that came about in the Soviet satellite countries took the entire world by surprise.

Something to wonder about in the new world order is whether the United States — however right it may have been in moving into the Panama Canal Zone last week — would not have been more hesitant if the USSR still had been playing its traditional role of opposing every U.S. move.

No free soap box

EDITORIAL *January 7, 1990*

Weekly newspapers in this province and elsewhere are rallying behind publishers in Warren and Hamiota, whose MLA has charged them with censorship for not carrying his columns, free of charge and verbatim.

That the MLA in question ... is a New Democrat is only peripherally relevant. It is not uncommon for politicians of every stripe to cede themselves even more privilege than the elective office affords. It is constantly necessary to remind them that freedom of speech does not oblige anyone to provide them with a free forum, not free space in a newspaper, free time on radio or television, a free billboard, nor a free soapbox.

Pretending to such privilege is in itself a serious encroachment upon the freedom of others.

Another disappointment

EDITORIAL *January 10, 1990*

To those of us who have seen the Rafferty Dam project progress from a pipedream to a dream to a hope to a possibility to a probability to an inevitable undertaking and interrupted, and to hope restored, it came as a disappointment last week when a federal court judge in Winnipeg ruled once more, at least partly in favor of individuals and an organization challenging the project on environmental grounds.

Justice Francis Muldoon has ruled that an unde-

pendent review panel must be set up by the end of January to examine environmental impacts of the Rafferty-Alameda dams, failing such an appointment with a firm time frame the license would be withdrawn as happened last year when at week was suspended when a judge found that the government of Canada had failed to live up to its own regulations in granting the license in the first place.

This seems like a nuisance in most of us, who feel put upon when someone from afar steps in front steering energy runoff - the way years as insurance against the dry years but we must see it in the perspective of the 21st century that is only a decade away.

If we say industry in the United States ought not with impunity pump into the atmosphere chemicals that damage acid rain on our lakes and forests, if we say people may not or should not use products that create holes in the ozone layer if we say Brazilian entrepreneurs have no right to destroy the rain forests which produce much of the world's supply of oxygen if we see the growth of the Sahara Desert through human mismanagement as our concern then we must accept what happens in our own back yard as a legitimate concern of others on our shrinking planet. Given the circumstances however it hurts

A colonialfree

EDITORIAL *January 17 1990*

When we speak and think of the moral, material and social bankruptcy of the Communist systems as they have existed, and which seem to have brought about the crumbling of the Soviet empire one needs to think largely about the inefficiency on the farm. In the factory and marketplace because of constrictionism and bureaucratic corruption, the inherent evil of denying people basic freedoms and political choice and the patronizing hand by common life in a police state

When we consider the frustrations which new liberalizing regimes are said will be experiencing in meeting pent-up expectations - the emerging orders of consumer goods and services that have been scarce or complete by lacking for decades we can sympathize with the unfortunate, for we know that it takes time the a free to freer market to adjust to supplies and the needs naturally crossed.

We hope someone will also tell the people of the Soviet, in particular who have toiled on the state for about 70 years in the matter of what each person or farm y shall have how much can depend on the collective at help of voluntary organizations. Where every so-called grass roots or professional organizations has long been parce ved as another hotchpot of the state and officialdom threatening itself into the lives and interests of the public it may take a little while to restore trust in such things as service clubs churches charities and voluntary special interest groups

In Western no one has to be told very much about the power of free social and economic forces, because every phase of our lives is effected and enhanced by what we do for ourselves through volunteer work and funds so generated

If our kid does go skating or swimming if we walk through our parks, see a sports event, attend church or school receive a blood transfusion suffer from disease or surgery take a drive through our p. evidence absolutely that something is always happening that is the result of the work of ve unteers banded together for the common weal

Project the effectiveness and magnitude of their work to the national level and you have a colossal force that no amount of taxation and government could invoke or begin to pay for

A 1987 survey carried out by Statistics Canada found that as it here-to-month period in that year five million Canadians volunteered their time and skills to groups and organizations across the country. Those people according to a release issued at that time accounted the 27 percent of the total population aged 5 and over

Over a one-year period over 13 million Canadian members or our two-thirds of the country's over 5 residents, volunteered "informally" — whatever that means

Sometimes champions of our free enterprise economic and political systems emphasize only the gains generated by the profit motive At least as important to our way of li fe is what people do together but voluntarily

A large Texasneck

HUMILITY *January 24 1990*

An all-too-brief sweep through southeastern Texas that ended last Friday added to my growing collection of memories about that first and enormous state among others, the following an index ones of exaggerat which have I suspect been gained many times by Texans with cheats thrown out just to annoy:

"The sun has the sun has set and here we is, on Texas yet.

To most Canadians the vastness reflected in those that is not an mind-boggling as it must be to most Americans but a li the verse provides a notable backdrop for a vis i to what is touted as "one of the largest operating cattl a and horse ranches in the world" — and with little fear of contradiction.

The King Ranch controls over nearly one million acres of Texas and normally dominates 60 000 head of Santa Gertrudis cattle and 300 registered quarter horses. I say "normally" because at the time of our visit about three-quarters of the cattle had been

Spanish land grants, I gathered), then paid something like $1,500 for his first registered bull.

They ran up vast numbers of cattle in Mercer King had we were told realized that he was depriving the peasants of the area of their livelihood so he offered them rent free homes on the ranch for life as well as wages and other benefits. Fifty and sixth generation descendants of these Mexican serfs gratefully live on the ranch (still rent-free) and on their guests was one of these as was the friendly, portly cowboy who was our host at a ten -stop, serving coffee laden with sugar from kettle over a mesquite fire and hot fresh pan del rancho (ranch bread) also baked on the spot.

We learned that the ranch for all its size and assets, also came close to folding during an economic crisis at one point in history. I gave you that newsy when all was discovered on the ranch property, banging back solvency and prosperity. I couldn't be thinking that in our part of the world the discovery of oil on a farm or ranch can also do wonders for the balance sheet.

Oldest town in Texas

NACOGDOCHES, *January 31 1950*

Four or five workers ago, through sheer chance we spent a night in the final city of Nacogdoches (pronounced Nackoash boeash) in Texas state not far from the Texas border. Looking the place over in the morning mainly because we were in no hurry we determined I had been the site of the first French fort and settlement in Louisiana Territory.

I don't remember ever hearing of the place before and if not sure exactly a hundred years ago. A year or two later however I came across names in James Michener's novel "Texas," where the role of Natchitoches was explained in relation to Nacogdoches (pronounced Nagguhdochees), not far off (about 100 miles) in eastern Texas. Both had been Indian villages (account eg for the strange names) and while Natchitoches accommodated the French garrison the Spanish then ruling Mexico and Texas established their first Texas settlement and fort at Nacogdoches. The provincial rows are the result of the two European occupying groups adopting the strange names to sounds more fun like to them.

The twin cities as they might be called, served becoming in Michener's as depots where the two nationes exchanged goods sometimes clandestinely as local morals took precedence over hostilities which at times gave rise to full-scale Europe as happened more often than not.

Finding ourselves in eastern Texas earlier in the month we made it a point to visit Nacogdoches, and found it because full it is city is very scenic location is a fine university city town and the hilltops of the multitudes surround one of the outstanding features of early Texas history the Old Stone Fort which is

Rounding up Texas

ERNESTLY February? 1990

Visiting Fredericksburg Texas a city perhaps the size of Wayburn — if we or take a few "p ulls" — two years ago, we missed out on the Admiral Nimitz Museum. It was closed for renovations. A though our brief literature gave the museum full marks in an attraction the building's grotesque shape has an impression of something designed so th s purpose becomes m ostly me couldn't find fit. To us its appearance cast doubts on the quality of the exhibits it contained.

When we dropped by again his month we found the museum open and the mystery of the origin of the misguided building was revealed. Chester N mitz a grandfather to a hotel in Fredericksburg s a shape representing a ship, reflecting a seafaring tradition in the family. At one time a person representing the ship s superstructure (if I understand the term correctly and th s is open to question) was removed to give the building a more orthodox appearance. This was restored when the building was turned into a museum to honour the Texas born sailor who commanded the greatest armed force ever assembled in history and who won the battle of the Pacific for the United States and the A lies.

It would be rash to attempt to describe the museum but one feature that added interest was a series of historic pictures unrelated to the admiral but reflective of the time frame of the exhibits below them.

A few blocks from this museum was another section covering about a city block and devoted to a collection of large warplane exhibits such as aircraft, tanks and cannons. We had no trouble spending two hours between the two museums.

We took lunches intensely home with us from the friendly community. We stayed overnight at a motel and on the recommendation of the desk clerk dined at a restaurant a b ock or two down the street specializing in German Foods. Soon after returning to our room. Blessed with bratwurst and boiled cabbage we rece ved a call from the desk clerk to le t me I had left my card-key at the restaurant.

The restaurant clerk didn't even know we were staying in town for the n ght but on the chance that we might be re-p ssessed our motel which happened to be the nearest hostelry and also I be lieve affili ated. If you have ever gone the route of stopp ng a lost or misplaced credit card — as I did last year — you can appre ate the gratitude one feels for the sort of thoughtfulness.

Speaking of Texas dining, the eastern part of the state at least affords the choice of German Mex can Chinese Cajun and good o d Texas cuisine. What adds to the exotic atmosphere which we your officers in he waiters jabbering away in the native tongue

Spain on

By now the southern half of Texas is predominantly populated by Latinos mainly Mexicans thousands are already U S -born and thousands more cross the border from Old Mexico every year legally or illegally A Mexican I took my morning walk across the parking lot of a mall where an art symposium for children of Grades 1 to 6 was being conducted in a tent Two or three large school buses were just discharging the passengers and I didn t see among the little brown faces a single one that looked Anglo

At the plaza on whose we stayed overnight and ate our evening meal only one of four was spoken English and that one not well enough to go my usual night But then my own accent may have been partly to blame

In San Antonio we were told that 55 percent of the city s population of about one million is Mexican by now Add to that the blacks who are quite abundant and you have a city in which Anglos are a declared minority It s an upper class city and I wouldn t mind resuming some duty for a third visit

We arrived in San Marcos just in time for me to attend the noon Rotary meeting Attending the luncheon was a South African exchange student who had come to it the host club farewell after completing a year in that community He had run and the Houston South African scene has it was well liked with Y ST spoken quite a mutt-consciously The chat generated the young man with a pair of genuine Texas leather boots as a farewell gift

In the remarks the South African said that on his first night in Texas he had been taken out for a Mex can supper and could have gone straight home immediately afterwards and told the folks back home about his exciting Texas experience

Tides and city hall

EDITORIAL *February 19 1990*

"You can t beat city hall" is an old and respected saying "City hall" can mean just that — the centre of the municipal power structure — or much more It can mean the whole social political cultural and/or financial power structure that exists in a town to resist and which assures and abets its own continued supremacy and well being

Those who feel unjustly served by that structure — also commonly referred to as the status quo — protest quietly or loudly weep in their hearts or submit with forbearance depending largely on their individual natures or on the opportunity to effect change

But just as "city hall" in the status quo seem responsible to beat or even to wear quite or firm, there is another old saying some older n the affairs of men that simply will not be held back that no dykes or breakwaters but are strong enough to withstand or contain them

At one time the privilege of wealth and political control were the status quo and it seemed that nothing could ever force pursuit into the system In the year the tides pounded the mainland with moderate intensity that were able to achieve varying measures of social justice The Russian Revolution was a fierce assault upon an unyielding s and and as the Communist doctrine spread I sensed mes seemed almost inevitable that for better or for worse that was destined to be the tide of the future, for all the world

That tide however will become the power structure the status quo, the "city hall" of that world and just when it seemed that th s forces would ne forever a new tide, the demand for freedom, brought much of it down and imposed a new order

A new ar d de has been assuming another rocky island for years — South Africa and it go seem of white supremacy and apartheid — and six week this stronghold sat showed signs of it crumbling base with the announcement that black leader Nelson Mandela was not on y going to be released after three decades of imprisonment, but may be offered an important government post presumably helping to lead that nation to s mooth post society

We may never know whether the South African power structure was persuaded by world opinion by moral statesmen unmoved by most of western Europe Canada and the United States by fears of the long-ans inevitable ity of blacks insisting upon their rights — variously f necessary — or by the workings of the universal cause once which must have hunted at least, that for all the excesses and justifications that m ght be used to rationalize a wrong it was s l s wrong

The battle for justice is not over here or anywhere else but we are he ng shown, perhaps more clearly than at any time, h human h story that city hall can be beaten, that there are tides in the affairs of men that the status quo is not indestruct ble

Do we 'still' believe?

EDITOR AT *February 21 1990*

Premier Frank McKenna of New Brunswick was quoted last week by the Canadian Press as warning that Canada is approaching a "dark hour on language. "This same p response to a growing number of Ontario municipalities which have voted to declare the p ju isdict ons English-only

"We have to ask ourselves, the premier of Canada s only off cial y bilingual province is quoted as saying "Do we still believe i be ng equal str or will we s tatus two sol tudes?"

Indeed. Most Canadians ask themselves, as they have repeatedly for the last 20 years or more "Is it desirable for Canada to be b lingual?" is that so all for our nation to be bilingual? Is it practical for the country to become ("being and "becoming" being homes of two different colors) bilingual?"

The Quebec communities which have seemed to declare themselves as unilingual Islands in a multilingual sea, although portrayed by some people in high places as redneck chauvinists have in fact isolated themselves the foregoing assertion and have an assured mass of them as a matter might we to bilingualism and have further acknowledged that they have always been un lingual and have existed in a de facto unilingual environment.

Is it des rable for Canada to be bilingual? This is probably the question on which there is the greatest div sion a rank-and-file split on. With le vanity of us world we count it haughtiness if for no other reason than to show good faith in our francophone compatriots in the province of Quebec animated y there are those whose objections stem from narrow and parochial th nking. In fairness, the latter category file none better than a sizable portion of Quebecers, so opposed to would agus nac and so possessive of their own language that they outlaw signs in any language except French.

Is bilingual en fair? If one accepts the fact of a d st nct and separate society in Quebec that is unilingual (French) then hardly seems fa r or reasonable that one who a variety of ethnic background, m ny or adopt a second language simply to accommodate visitors from Quebec or francophones who choose to reside elsewhere than in Quebec

Is bilingual en necessary? We think not. Within living memory and before Canada was declared a bi lingual nation, nos Canadians accepted and even approc ated the fact of Quebec be ng different. If some cost or accommodation on were indicated to protect the rights and opportunities of Quebec people within Confederation, surely this could have been achieved other than through national bilingualism which does not and cannot ex st.

This brings us to the practical sy of bi lingualism. If every Canadian supremely even fervently desired bi lingual ism it would take half a century or more to develop the infrastructure schools teachers textbooks, translations s gning) to make all Canadians truly bi lingual and more of our tax dollars than much of us are prepared to dod ate to that purpose.

If that is redneck philosophy then so be it.

Welcome to the future

MINUSITY March 28 1990

At Rotary last week we said as guests our prospective members

So what is so earth-shattering about that? Well, broken now. If by you they were prospective female members, might that make a difference?

This come all under beacon began an crumble a few years ago when a Coalfort s Rotary Club admitted one m nent females. This was in conflic with Rotary International bylaws which hold that Rotary was a men s service organization. The Cal fornia club was suspended, in whatever m ny case the matter went to the courts of the United States which in due course at a high level ruled that it was discriminatory to deny membersh p in the tautol gards.

In accordance w th he law Rotary changed its bylaws to allow female memberships where desirable all owing the old museum to stand in those parts of the world where mixed membership might be a serious problem. Such places must be, I am told.

The Weyburn club voted almost unanimously some months ago to accept women as members. So there we are on the brink of this new experience.

My own position is rather ambivalent. I am certain that the c ub will benefit from this new source of membership, and from the contributions professional women will make to the activities and the very nature of the club.

On the other hand, I find something wrong with the idea — which presupposed the Calafornia b ndgetion — that it has to be wrong for a club to be composed solely of members of one sex or the other.

Natural y I am looking forward to the company of the fair sex at our Thursday luncheons and I am confident that it will improve the collective appearance of our membership, and perhaps lead to degrees of refinement.

Come to think of it if we get enough female members a new Rotary initiative in the future may be an annual or even monthly bake sale.

Now why did I have to go and say a chauvinistic thing like that?

Having I veil to two households in which, though most of my life I have been subjected to female wiles guiles and other unfamil ar arts I feel I have the right

Embracing good thing

EDITORIAL *May 2 1990*

The sad and cry is out again over the fact that construction is proceeding on the Rafferty and Alameda dams in spite of a court order several months ago compe ling the federal government to comply with its own environmental study regulations.

What is unsaid in that same tribal refrain is that serious objections are being raised by the federal environment minister Lucien Bouchard, whose department originally issued the permit for the Rafferty-A meda project, but who ordered that an agreement with the Saskatchewan government to halt construction until a proper environmental assessment — ordered by the court — has been completed.

The province now seems to be proceeding with work on all dams to be for the purpose of ensuring the integrity of work already completed.

The judge who issued the order told federal authorities in effect that they ought not to issue laws and

rules written for the preservation of the environment but should "warmly embrace them" as obstacles erected to protect the public weal. That is a good way of putting it and it is an instinct we ought all to heed when encountering laws made for our protection but which in some cases frustrate our purposes.

There is also reasonable fear among those who live in that part of Saskatchewan to "warmly embrace" any initiative to bring relief from the chronic water shortages with which we must cope.

Having so embraced the Rafferty project we find it difficult to believe that anything about it could be so monstrous as to make it fear by unaccepted be from an environmentalists point of view. The Saskatchewan authorities we must feel that the assessment cannot come up with any criticism the province is not prepared to cope with.

Mr. Bouchard's concerns may be sincere but he has no personal stake in our water retention problems, so if it obeys with him of the while thing is on hold for years. We only hope the Saskatchewan people know what they are doing and that somewhere we don't get caught in the middle if a political power play we do not understand.

We need good faith

EDITORIAL *May 16 1990*

In a necessary that public relations does on unions be based on trial bread formats? The European Common Market had no traditional formats to follow and it seems to be doing rather well and maybe heading for new heights with the possibly decay of former Western Paint unions.

In Canada we have the advantage of not having spilled much others blood; a least not in living memory nor in the context of first-hand accounts handed down by our oldest citizens by the "grand parents and great-grandparents.

Sure there are enough people of good faith on both sides of the Quebec issue to find common cause unity and solidarity behind some form of government acceptable to all and within a social structure that recognizes diversity of language and heritage.

The play at Oberammergau

ERNESTLY *June 7 1990*

"For a professing Christian the Oberammergau Passion Play is a religious experience

That spoke a member of our group of 38 Canadians at the Amsterdam get acquainted evening, before we set out on a two-week trip by bus as a "heart of Europe tour focusing on a day at the World German Alpine town of Oberammergau to witness the Passion. Play enacted every 10 years by the citizens of that community.

Okay Pair enough The speaker was a retired missionary who had spent most of her life in China and who had witnessed the event on one past occasion a number of years ago. It would have been surprising if she had said she was there only for kicks, and that the whole thing meant nothing to her.

That s where I left it, and didn't worry much about my own reasons for being there — an excuse for an extra ve tour of Europe with a gh-something label. To say one is simply touring Europe seemed asking or purpose a trip to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau has the resonance of a crusade for the Holy Grail. So the no tat on even a year ago from a tour company offered just the excuse I have and I had sough for years and we went for it

We knew the Passion Play was an all-day affair but we didn know that there was a break at noon and that if we found it a too boring we could always lie to drive up for the afternoon session.

The morn ng it the appointed day dawned cold and rainy and my first and topmost worry looked true we reached the Amphitheatre. Right then I would not have be on my be ng around in the afternoon and would not have accepted even video on sticking it on until noon I should explain that the audience the orchestra and the backstage area (I believe) are enclosed, but the stage is exposed to the elements. And the three goes on rain storm or sunsh on. Although protected from rain viewers may be exposed to chilly drafts.

From the moment the performance opened how ever I had a feel ng that I would hard ly be aware of the room break and perhaps even into the afternoon. A well-trained choir of about 50 voices blows warmths into the stage at the opening, before each of the 14 acts and again for the conclusion. The music is moving; I found it and it very part of the whole performance is executed with professional exce lence and dignity although the entire cast is drawn from residents of the town (some more than 5 000) and dozens and numbers between 1 000 and 2 000 depending on whose estimates to believe. Only a few lead roles are played by paid performers although all participants rece ve we were told, honoraria to compensate for time lost from work.

Crowd scenes are truly fine and those representing Christ's triumphal entrance into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday and the one where the angry mob demands the life of Christ have hundreds if peop e and a few animals onstage at the same time. I noticed one I did get not more than time or four years of age holding her mother's hand while unself-conscious ly sucking the thumb of her other hand and gazing wonderingly at the scene unfold ng around her

It is one thing to read about a crowd, and children altogether to see crowd scenes me sterio ly and emotional y criticized. Whether portraying the adoration of the Palm Sunday scene, or the blood-thirsty hatred at Pontius Pilate s court, with crowd soldiers restraining

the mob, the throne seems to make the wearer almost a journeyman!

Another striking element of the pendulum are the honours: such lasting perhaps a minute or two which in an O & T testament reveals analogues or significant to the scenes as proposed individuals are caught in dramatic dynamic poses and seem to be earlie was and the ocean mail flicker of an eye or tension of a mob contracts in fist. They combine with drama and music to keep the viewer entranced to the suspense moves toward the familiar and biblical climax and glorious conclusion.

The Passion Play dates back to 1633 when the village was still cut by a plague which was taking a deadly toll of its inhabitants. It was initiated in gratitude for the passing of prayers for relief. Passion Plays are held up to the literature, were a much loved and widespread re ligious activity of the period and general locale.

As mentioned, the play is presented every 10 years but no doubt there have been occasional amendments and certain zone or more changes in the cycle.

Some of the parts require more than average physical fitness. Some playing the roles of Jesus and the Two Crossmen crucified for example must be prepared to hang from their crosses for about 20 minutes, several scenes demand that players be partially clothed on the stage for periods long enough to get thoroughly chilled in weather such as we drew many wished barefoot or wearing only sandals on the frigid stage.

Needless to say, or perhaps necessarily to say in view of my ong nal expectations, we stayed to the end. Looking around even a few minutes before the close of the performance I detected no empty seats although there must have been some

A final assessment: "For a profoundly Christian the Oberammergau Passion Play is a religious experience

Land of the Lovelies

ERNEST Y *June 14 1990*

One year ago — g ve or take a month — when we signed up for the Oberammergau tour now evident in memory we didn't look too closely at the itinerary We were satisfied Itself even slightly apprehensive) and the tour would show us a bit of Europe The wisdom of the exact routing and mode of travel we promised to the expertise and imagination of those who planned the tour

It was only when we received data led Itineraries of the adventure that we learned that the last four days would be spent on a Rhine & ver cru se up which would took us up to Basel Switze land and drop us at N ymegen, Holland not too far from the mouth of the Rh ne For my own part, I wasn't keenly sold on the idea, although I was aware of a balance of pros and cons of a cruise

On the pro side, having enjoyed a bus trip along the beautiful Rhine valley about 20 years ago I admitted to myself that I could think of worse ordeals than a sing back and see ng that picturesque part of the world unfold before me. Also, as the every I tour evolved with a bus an train to be caught every second day, the prospect of four n ghts in one hotel began to develop attractive aspects. And everyone naturally has heard of the luxury of shipboard life — and we are not, at that point, talking about eight years before the mast

The four pros said, nonetheless, that a river cruise ship might not offer the comfort or ca se of ocean-going vessels and the sailing in a dock chair for hours on end, even viewing the beauty of our surroundings would become tiresome. I consoled myse f that I was becoming physically weary anyway and can d probably use the rest before the inevitable flight home and that I and a good book for a change from sun s splendors

Embarking on the M S Austria in Basel I found a long, tiring bus ride from Oberammergau West Germany via Austria and Liechtenstein — a tiny kingdom with a loose Swiss association — and languishing on deck waiting for our cabins to be read nd for occupancy I felt my confidence ram ming up The prospects, I told myself were not em ty promising

Entering the cab n to our room, together with baggage, my heart sank It was difficult to imagine enlarging a suit e this little ce l Jim alone "enjoying it as a base for four n ghts A tasty buffet served to the dining room that evening put a heart fas on us I and glass our state of fatigue we decided it would be possible to get some sleep given o our cramped quarters

Well surprise The bed and been prepared for us by the time we returned to the cabin a sofa turned into one bed and another bed folded out of the wall Our large window had an overhead transom that opened to the fresh, cool river air We fell as leep and remained that way until we by the sh p s motor n ul sustained — punctually — by the ringing of wake-up call

The wake up call was to get s up in time for one of the shore tours scheduled to break up the days. On this first day we were picked up by a tour bus not far from Strasbourg, France, and drove through the verdant Alsace farming country to Strasbourg the eastern and historic city wh ch has for centuries occupied the north-south and east-west crossroads of European commerce We were given an hou or so to view the cathedral a cathedral reconstruction began in the 11th century and to visit the abundant shops n the area On one of the streets of the c ty trunks lined be garded to geodet ick symbols n that part f the world. To look upon them I believe enhances fers ity We quickly booked the other way but alas, too late When

we returned to Weyburn we discovered that history had given birth to 5 Her smaller but finer proofs; we also retrieved other analogous things

It was on a Simsbourg street that our guide suddenly called out "Look" and pointed to a commercial building on the left. Click click click went the cameras including mine. Suddenly I noticed that "Look" was the name of the store and presumably because it was locally well known the guide and sundry pointed out to me

While we were touring the Austria and made its way to the Ky and was waiting for us to re-embark, a tone for the Fes Hotchkiss sailing. The regular Strasbourg tour guide had called a sick that morning and was replaced by the Hebbe beer guide. What the bus driver's problem was I know not but I know we were half an hour or more locating the dock at which the Austria was moored. An exasperated captain awaited us with arms akimbo, accompanied by a smiling Scotch chief steward not visibly happier

Shipboard meals were everything we could have wished for. Breakfasts started with rolls, juice and coffee set before us when we sat down and we were then given brief to select entree such as eggs, meat and pancakes from the menu

Lunch was a full-course meal as was supper both permuted choices for the various courses usually soup or salad for starters and veal or fish for the main course. Waiters were faultlessly polite and attentive and the food was excellent.

There was no difficulty confining the beers spent travelling through the indescribably beautiful Rhine valley with its hills and miles of vineyards along the steep slopes ancient castles and churches every few miles, and neat pretty villages and busy inviting cities that dotted the banks I use the subject ve "indescribable" and that says it all At least words fail me and fail my attempt at a detailed or comprehensive description.

Another stop on the cruise was at Heidelberg to view the famous castle overlook ng what has been called Germany's most beautiful city and for supper in a downtown restaurant. We stopped also for shopping in a village whose name escapes me and at Cologne for a quick peek at the ornate ancient cathedral that lends fame to the city

Our cabin as already suggested, was quite comfortable considering its diminutive area and beside the scenery there was almost constant music. I was entertained on the lower deck

And yes we passed and copiously photographed the fabled Loreley Rock but were not lured by any nakedness I can show I make reference to it in the head up only to evoke the mystery romance and beauty associated with the name, and truthfully to appeal to the amateur scenist

Meech Lake revisited

EDITORIAL *June 14 1990*

Many times over the last three years thousands of Canadians have asked themselves how the Meech Lake Accord ever could have happened

It was a bit easier to understand Saturday evening when the nation witnessed something of a repeat performance albeit after several long days of acrimonious negotiations, and with the difference that premiers of three provinces — Newfoundland, New Brunswick and Manitoba — must assent a final decision of their legislatures or a referendum.

Seeing their tired faces and listening to them at some length on once more as it did three years ago that it is all about Canada, and whether there's hope for survival as a nation — something most of us did not seriously question until a few years ago.

So what was gained by this new marathon trip if Meech Lake is to stand as origina ly endorsed?

For one thing we have proved to ourselves and to the world that however flawed the document was and still remains it has stood the test of another second thought as a political solution arrived at in good faith. It also has engendered a fine commitment — and not just a vague promise — that Senate reform will be seriously addressed in the near future and that some of the concerns of several provinces will be spelled out

So having joined the chorus of laments, are we prepared now to exult that it's well in our world and that our ship of state has now been set on a safe course? Would that it were that simple

Some doubt and double remain about Quebec's distinct society — a condition most Canadians have long surrounded and accepted in thousandfold forms — and just how distinct it can be and still be part of the Canadian fabric. Perhaps we must simply trust the good faith and good sense of the people of Quebec and their concept of and dedication to those things that are fair to all and contributory to a greater Canada.

The continuing rumb ings of he joist few weeks included disquieting warnings from high places that failing to adopt an unabridged Meech Lake Accord could give Quebec an excuse to save confederation. The makes one wonder whether the Canad an experience has really been so bad for Quebec that all that is needed s an excuse to go over the edge And I think, on the document core all that?

Old World vignettes

DIARIST *June 28 1990*

On arriving in Amsterdam, we were thrown into the pool of sightseeing immediately upon arrival without so much as testing the water with our toes. Having used enough suspense to hotel rumours to leave

that checkout in myself y nearest room. I had vaguely wondered how the vast hotels had managed to secure even able rooms early in the morning for 38 homeward travellers. We had lost eight hours on the overseas flight and while we were able to catch a nap on the during the short night, for most of us sleep just post resp ctable. By our two cups of coffee and we were look ng forward to col spe ng and soft beds on arrival. That's when we learned that our rooms would not be avail able until about 1 a m. and that to save us from the boredom of several hours in a hotel lobby several I fe sightseeing tours and home ar ranged for us.

I have been trying ever since to figure out a reasonable way in wh ch this might have been avoided by the tour company, but I honestly cannot. So we filled some time driving through the beautiful Dutch countryside, visiting a private cheese factory on a dairy farm a large windmill saved as a heritage building and taking a look at a nursery where wooden shoes are made.

The *wooden shoes*, a trademark of the Netherlands to all of the world, are fashioned in two or three minutes or often not unlike the devices on which toys are cut. Blocks of Canadian poplar (locally grown) are clamped into one machine to shape the exterior and another to scoop out the interior. A bit of handfinishing is then required after which the shoes are shelved for several weeks of drying. Finally they are presumably varnished or whatever and decorated.

Most of these shoes are so d as souvenirs, but we are told that they are sti preferred by many farm workers. Evidently they are much more comfortable than they appear to be, keep feet dry when walking through puddles and mud, and of prime importance on slurry farms leave human feet unharmed when stomped on by cows.

In fact, we didn't notice any wooden shoes worn "around t" until our last morning leaving Schiphol International Airport for the flight home. Driving through the farmlands we espied a young man chewing across the highway in his wooden shoes to the pasture on the other side.

Naturally in a land of canals reclaimed from the sea hundreds of years ago we were treated to a boat tour of Amsterdam, the country's largest city through a network of canals that took us past many historic points of interest. We were engrossed to excite the tongue-twisting phrase acht-en tachtig k gunchtigen gracht sedering o Amsterdam s ss beautiful or pernicious anxiety. My spelling is not necessarily correct, and tongue-wagging is not really the right word; throat-twisting is more accurate. Dutch "ch" and "g" sounds resemble nothing so much as a Scotsman saying "macedlicht nicht" while gargling and the "r" is not like those of a Frenchman.

Speaking of languages, which it is fairly easy to get by with English throughout western Europe in the Netherlands it's a ne arly for virtually everyone. Almost all English S ses the country has only 15 m llion inhabitants and its own language. I was the impossible to learn as everything — such as magazines, books television and radio — no Dutch. It is simpler to teach everyone a second language, which is done in Dutch schools at an early age. German or French would be logical alternatives, but when you cons der that the country is almost as close to England, that English has become the world's leading international language and he amount of English language material piped in almost from across the ocean. English is a logical choice. In any case, I sensed that it would be all but difficult to get by with either French or German either.

Having mentioned that Ho land has an y 15 million people, it bears mentioning that they are squeezed into an area of 12,000 square m es; n t ocal perspective you would be able to fi 2? Hol nds into the province of Saskatchewan. This gives it a popula on density 300 times greater than ours. It is not surpris ng that it s and of Amsterdam and only half as pe that it has a population of 600 000 and that there are 400 000 bicycles (figures from memory and pos ly a-correct). They are everywhere driven by rets to teenagers to bedridden g ildmers

Old World vignettes, Part 2

EXHIBIT *June 27 1990*

Having changed from the hinterland of the Rh ne valley to the ore ports of Germany s la fair to and that if in beauty it surpassed by anything I have ever seen it has to be Switzerland. Valleys ak s vil ages highways mountain passes rivers and waterfalls tumbling down the s ages of the steep A ps isolated churches and castles atop commanding promontories electric trains darting in and out of tunnels, lumberlands, vineyards and pastures gave almost every mile of landscape picture-postcard qualities.

There is more than beauty since this easy country — comparable in size to the Netherlands — prov des a high standard of living to about eight m llion people on almost every inch of space is given useful purpose. Wherever possible, mountainsides are tiered to accommodate agriculture and every resource is carefully but extensively exp ited.

Although Switzerland has for several centuries held that f aced from European conflicts, it has done so through maintenance of a proportionately large well trained army that stands ready to defend the nation's independence as fiercely as it was once gai ed. Needless to say the rugged country provides excellent ter n a ground for soldiers. Al able-bodied Swiss men are required to serve in the military at an early age and to serve in the reserves for some years thereafter.

Switzerland has three official languages — Ger-

mish, French and Italian — to well as the Schweizerdeutsch (Swiss German) spoken in most Germanic homes. This does not mean most public signs are entirgnal. In the half-dozen or so of the country's 26-odd cantons (like provinces) that are almost autonomous) that are French this is the predominant language on highway shrdes and commercial signs. Where German and French cantons meet signs are apt to be in both languages. But as one moves deeper into the German-speaking signs are German only. In most of the country French German or English will get the traveler by pretty well, but in the s ngle Italian canton one senses a stubborn attachment to the local language and some reluctance to respond to other tongues.

I was surprised, near Lucerne to see my name leap out at me from a highway sign d ecting traffic to a suburb by the name of Neuhfld. The hus dreyer told me there were also farm ies in the area by the name of Neuhfld. If some of my ancestors were Swiss peasants, however they passed along prec one little musical skill to me.

In Switzerland one senses a growing awareness of fin e resources, pollut on and the need to encourage discouraging needs for avia ible space and facilities. In a country the few resources opportunities of vehicles to turn off their motors when stopped for traffic lights. Throughout the part of Europe where transports make up a large proport on of highway traffic they are not allowed on the highways on week-ends and holidays. If naught at more mockery must put into a field ag ainst to was small they may once again promised. In many gest a washrooms flight automatically turn off after a few m nutes leaving only an il uminated sign awash for occupants caught in the dark.

While we to Canada with our vast e xpanses have rejected train travel in Europ ans a ot very much in vogue, and anywhere you look you may glimpse it in gh-speed train. We travel ed by a l from Amsterdam to Paris and it was quite pleasant to s in a comfortable spacious seat and watch the pretty (and sometimes not-so-pretty) vistas of rural and urban Hol land Belg ium and France hurt ng by our step window at about 100 mph. Eating lunch on the train is during our trip most of about an hou and a half enjoyable de icious y and fairly reasonably

Seven days later we t ravelled from Paris to Zurich Switzerland on the m ainsie y new French main-line TGV (Tres Grande Vitesse, or very great speed) train. This carried us across the nation at an average speed of 220 kmh, and se fins as 260 kmh. It was not our just a few months ago at something, the 300 kmh. The ride was smooth one night as well be travel ing on an mountain.

When the Seven Wonders of the World were designated, the compiler obviously overlooked the building of Venice certainly one of the world's wonders of today and for more than a mi lennium since it became a haven for refugees from the marauding Huns.

Built on a low delta on fairly s easy coast, the city is supported by thousands of p les driven into the loose sand and up streets so everyone knows are canals (almost 200 of them) except for walkways connecting the various re sed public squares and accessing buildings. It is l ke be ng taken backward in time to be transported on the two-mi le Grand Canal (the city's "main drag on water main ne to be propelled at night by singing gondo liers along narrow canals with commerce-old buildings cu ng on either s de. Venice an independen c ty state until conquered by Napoleon about two centuries ago, also boasts the famous San Marco Square a huge common where people pigeons and cats vie for superiority as numbers. It is dominated by the a ncient Palace of the Doges the ancient city-state s seat of government and lo nger by shops selling everything under the sun that will ma rmanent a good price.

It is impossible even in several columns to overdose every join of interest visited on a two-week European tour but I would be criminal to fail to ment on Versailles France sist of the Versailles Palace from which the country was heavily ruled. It was be lt as a hunting lodge by Louis XIII and was such a favorite with Louis XIV that he enlarged it extended the grounds and moved the government there from Paris. In reva nt here was the French Revolution, when Lou s XVI and his famous and beaut ful Austrian wife Marie Antoinette were sent to the guil lotine. The pa lace grounds are now a beautifully maintained and fountained park of hundreds of acres

Suddenly, it's happening

EDITOR A *June 27 1989*

What seemed a year ago to be a remote possibility by some here, a the distant future is now moving forward to a remarkable pace: the reunification of the two Germanys.

What this signifies for the rest of Europe and indeed for the world, remains to be seen but it seems to offer a lesson for Canadians. While too many — be Quebec and outside — are a most unwilling, for a reason to separate the Germans despite half a century of enforced separation — socia pa ntical and economic — I do not even have to make a great deap s to see reunification once the proper impediments were removed. They a mply moved toward an end that seemed to them as natural as night s nceded

Perhaps Canadians have not shared enough adversity to recognize a fundamental identity that transcends lingu stic and cu ltural d fferences

Say a little prayer

EDITORIAL *June 27 1990*

On Sunday we are celebrating Canada's birthday.

It falls this year coincidentally just one week after we began to observe the nation's wake. "We" being those of us who took seriously the dire predictions of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and most of the provincial premiers that Canada as we know it would be doomed if the Meech Lake Accord were not ratified by June 23 by the hold-out pro vince. So till four of us were fully prepared to wake up last Sunday morning to black crepe draped over the proof-cricture faces of political leaders who had given their all but had failed.

Suddenly we are faced with the fact that the end has not come and that we have simply moved from one stage of seeking accommodation with Quebec into a new one for which the script has not yet been written. At least has not been revealed to us. I also become clear that a war by design rather than by accident that the marathon first ministers' conference several weeks ago was held at the eleventh hour rather than an hour as it became apparent that, under democratic ground rules, the hold-out provinces — New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Manitoba — were not good as committed to withholding ratification.

Having failed to endorse a unilateral blueprint which would have made provisions committed to least and policies to which Quebec would be co-author while living in a world of its own and refused by rules not at its liking, we find ourselves back in the world of negotiation and political give and take.

One reality of course less we be tempted to be smug is that Quebec remains a key p ace as the national puzzle a piece without which much of the image is lost.

Perhaps the term has come to take a serious look — something the Review has suggested before — at exactly what the people and politicians of Quebec mean by sovereignty-association and if it might not offer a solut on acceptable to most Canadians although not necessarily to the political establishment.

And there is still our birthday to note Sunday. If you think of it, and haven't forgotten how say a little prayer for our country.

A major league presence

EDITORIAL *July 4 1990*

So many nice things have been said about Ross McMurtry – the year few weeks, it is like piling on the icy to add to them. But 30 years as pastor of one of Weyburn s largest congregations and as an outstanding member of our community deserve to be recognized upon his retirement which officially took place at the end of June.

A word of caution is in order for the church committee that called Mr. McMurtry to Weyburn in 1960. At the time Grace United Church had been served by a man whose sermons and input into community life although interesting, intelligent and humorous were often pointed and caustic and sometimes tended to be directed both inside and outside the church. Whether or not what he said and did worked to Weyburn s benefit, at the long run s not at issue here. But given the numbers of ruffled feelings and bruised egos that exist in those situations the call for a replacement might have been forgiven for getting upon a more Milquetoastian succession.

Instead they invited call Ross McMurtry who a man not afraid to make h mself heard on any subject — or agnus s seen as — and a guy forum also interesting. In el greatly and humorous y. His criticisms however have rarely been scathing, as he tends to allow comic exce and common sense to guide listener or perpetrator alike having had fact and reason del vered in straight-provoking manner.

Mr. McMurtry's interests have been as wide but he has been a formi ar figure at any community event, said his comments and opinions on any matter concerning the public would have been welcomed and sought after. Indeed his contributions have been such that in January of 1989 the Weyburn Chamber of Commerce considered i fit ng to name h m as the sixth recipient of the organ zation s annual Golden Spike award. As that time it was said of h m that he had been "involved s anything that affects people and that he "has combined the knowledge of Saskatchewan s unique social cultural spiritual and political life at work for the betterment of all. It could s ay no finer y better."

While most clergymen leave s community after having offered their wisdom and advice for two or three years Ross has remained on mag his harvest although many must have shown the stress of rust drought and insect rot.

Of course, just because he has quit his job as pastor of Grace United, and presumably began to draw his pension who is to say that he has really retired? Perhaps he s on s ummering until the last hunt and his long-suffering wife Frances will let he hard-pressed to keep him a check. As long as they remain here, Weyburn certain y w ll continue to look to Ross for leadership and just cipration.

His presence s Weyburn has certain y been of major league calibre so perhaps one might be forgiven for expecting he is a major league chum, to wit that he s the first lefty to have pitched sisters and Branch Rudis for the same team — in four d fferent decades. With that final "k ck at the can " the Review joins thousands a wishing Ross and Frances s happy retirement — or whatever

Epilogue

Chapter 13 was really intended to be re the nature of an Epilogue filling in, as noted the eighteen months between the collection al reprint materials and final press deadlines So much however seems to be in a state of change that like the compulsive speaker who never finishes but prattles on until interrupted by the telephone the nipper will ni a rude butcher who abruptly excuses himself I find it necessary to add this afterthought to an afterthought and acknowledge these phenomena or conditions as of July of 1990

The world is incredulous at the sight of the Soviet Union now imploring for economic aid after attempting for almost a century to impose its model society on a largely unreceptive planet Canada after the failure of the Meech Lake Accord appears to be moving toward a regional federation Weyburn s drought of the 1960s was brought to an abrupt and spectacular end on the 2nd of July when three and one-half inches of rain fell in one hour followed by more heavy rains on the following night throughout the week and a month of record rainfall For one strange afternoon all manner of watercraft including a catamaran were sighted on Weyburn streets While Weyburn mops up and repairs damage the district and the province dare to anticipate a bumper crop as a result of the bounteous moisture and possibly a turn around in the economy that has been chronically gloomy of late

Such a reversal is probably the Progressive Conservative government s only hope for a return to power in the general election almost certain to be held before the year ends.

On the personal front as this is written we have just returned from an interrupted Inside Passage cruise to Alaska wondered with a national newspaper convention in Whitehorse Yukon The excursion ended for us with the death of Irene s sister Anna Rosenfeld, bringing sadness and a reminder of life's realities Meanwhile several alternate expectations recently darkened reaffirm life s constant renewal

As these last paragraphs are penned, the premature tripping foot signals his impatience and as I launch this vessel with a final toast "God bless you and all who sail in you!"

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Reviews

Ernestly!

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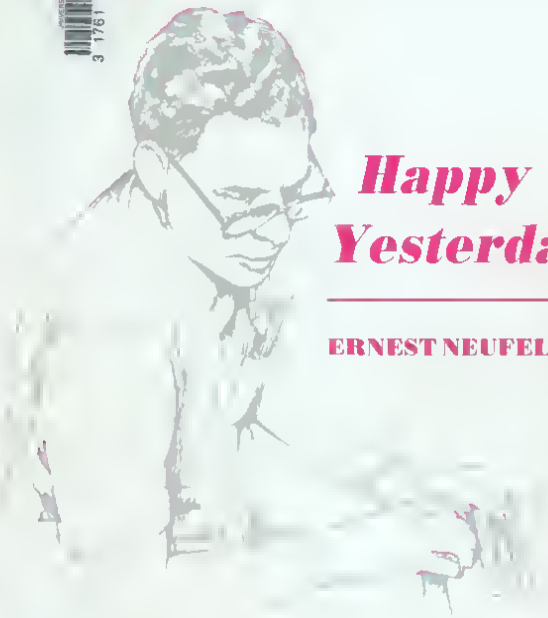

Happy Yesterdays

ERNEST NEUFELD

The outside back cover:

First row: *A Dutch windmill sketch of an early Mennonite preacher Poland and environs, Catherine (the Great) Tsarina of all the Russias.*

Second row: *The Hammer and Sickle of the USSR, Saskatchewan partial front page of the Steinbach Post c 1943 the Union Jack, a California typecase.*

Third row: *Silhouette of Westman & Baker platen press; Bloor-Bay district downtown Toronto c 1945 facsimile of an ITU slugboard typesetting machine matrix in silouette the Weyburn water tower.*

Fourth row: *Premier T C Douglas at opening face off Weyburn Colosseum Saskatchewan s provincial flag Cross Community press at the Weyburn Review Neufeld coat of arms, the Canadian Flag.*

Fifth row. *Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in Weyburn CCNA prize-winner s plaque above Weyburn Review logo; tradional "30" of printing and publishing to end all.*

Ernestly!

Happy Yesterdays

By ERNEST NEUFELD

Ernestly!
Happy Yesterdays

By Ernest Neufeld

Published by Neufeld Publishing Ltd
and Ernest Neufeld
Box 460, Weyburn, Saskatchewan, Canada, S4H 2K4

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Printed in 1990 by The Weyburn Review (1987) Ltd.
Box 460 Weyburn, Saskatchewan Canada S4H 2K4

for Irene

who made it all possible

Acknowledgments

The author gratefully acknowledges the kind assistance of Dr. John Archer, O.C., Regina, on the chapter on Saskatchewan; Phil Farnell of the Weyburn Review for cover artwork; Derksen Printers Ltd., Steinbach, Man., for the loan of photographs and art from "Reflections on Our Heritage" and other publications; the Audit Bureau of Circulations, Chicago, for the sketch used on the front cover; and for the past decade on the header of the Weyburn Review's "*Ernestly!*" column; the Weyburn Public Library and staff for a variety of assistance; the Toronto Transit Commission for photos supplied; the Communications Workers of America for background material on the International Typographical Union; to the authors of publications cited in Chapter 6 as reference sources; and to all on the staff of the Weyburn Review, who have suffered material for this volume manifesting itself in every department and usurping unreasonable blocks of computer memory; and finally to Irene, for patient and tactful assistance.

Foreword

When one has spent nearly half a century in one industry I suspect it is almost inevitable that thoughts turn toward leaving a record of events, experiences, people encountered and challenges addressed, of successes and disappointments. When three decades of that period have been devoted to publishing a community newspaper, it is obvious that much of the record — from comments on personal experiences to pontifications on the larger scene — has already been noted as it evolved, while memory was fresh and perceptions current, if not necessarily valid, and that the components have been preserved on now-brittle pages and microfilm.

My first impulse after succumbing to my own temptation, and the initial direction of my activities, was to gather a representative collection of editorials, columns and features, classify them under broad headings and publish the result with a minimum of comment. It quickly became apparent that personal background and many experiences that have affected attitudes, biases and convictions, and which have contributed significantly toward the whole of one's recorded experience, are either missing entirely or only hinted at vaguely.

The logical next step seemed to be writing memoirs on the various phases of my life and the times and places of its evolution, and to use the recovered items to enhance, clarify and punctuate, or to take the place of new narrative.

Next, where to start? The beginning is always a logical place, but since I deemed it appropriate to reach back to religious movements and ethnic migrations going back to medieval Europe, this seemed too far removed from the main thrust of my anthology and experiences; the latter two-thirds (more or less) of the twentieth century. As most of our lives — my wife's and mine — have been absorbed with the Weyburn Review, as a business, a community institution and a personal calling, the newspaper became the obvious place to start.

The first and longest division of the book, then, is our three-decade absorption with creating a better newspaper, a profitable one, and to have fun and fulfillment in the process; this is followed by progressively briefer perceptions of Weyburn, the province of Saskatchewan, Canada and the world of our time, amplified by editorial comments made from time to time. After this I backtracked to family origins, my memories of a childhood in a Manitoba village, through my entry into the newspaper and printing world as a "printer's devil," and the several stages that ultimately brought us to Weyburn, Saskatchewan. Following this, a collection of features and columns on visits to places of interest, and closing (I believed) with an assortment of columns and editorials not readily classified under existing subtitles.

Because the editing and production processes consumed eighteen months, I could not resist adding a final chapter of columns and editorials printed in this very significant period in our world, in our nation, and respecting an important Southeastern Saskatchewan initiative, the Rafferty Alameda Dams project.

If one need defend the presumption to publish memoirs and an anthology of personal writings, I offer the following. Firstly, if I were told that an ancestor of mine had spent half a century in the

communications business at any level or in any medium and had left no record of it, that person would incur my scorn. Secondly, the twentieth century has been the most astonishing in history, both politically and technologically, and surely there cannot be too many records of the transition from a horse-and-buggy world to a universe of space travel. Finally, my personal experience and background does have uniqueness: there are probably ten thousand or more living individuals in North America who are or have been weekly newspaper publishers, confine this group to Canadians, and you are down to one or two thousand, reduce this once again to those with a Mennonite background, and it must shrink to less than one hundred. Further limit the category to those who grew up in an almost totally Mennonite community and born to a family of refugees from the Russian Revolution, and the atmosphere becomes pretty thin. The *pièce de resistance*: I assure myself in that I worked for a year or two as an itinerant printer.

In a Neufeld genealogy I received recently, it was recorded of Herman Neufeld, the family patriarch who migrated to Russia from Prussia in 1803 or there-about, that he had the following possessions: one wagon, a fifty percent share in a plow, two harrows, seventeen head of cattle, fifteen sheep, 145 measures of corn, and twenty seven loads of hay.

I believe this cataloguing was not so much an effort to establish his means, as a way of saying more of him than that he was born, married, begot and died. I have none of the foregoing commodities to report, but three hundred and some pages of memories may compensate.

Selecting a name for this volume presented an elusive challenge, and I finally settled, for openers, on "Ernestly!", which has served as the hammer or slug for my weekly column for almost a quarter of a century. The subordinate title is a marriage of a phrase used by English poet William Wordsworth, to an expression common I was told, in aviation circles. In Wordsworth's *"The Excursion,"* mention is made of a "man of cheerful yesterdays." "Cheerful yesterdays" appealed to me as an apt description of largely pleasant memories, but the word "cheerful" seemed a trifle bubbly. Aviators are said to refer to a good landing — obviously with tongue in cheek — as any landing from which one walks away. Patterned on this, survival of the extremes of the twentieth century, solvent and of sound mind and body, could reasonably be described as a good — or happy — landing. Put it all together and we have *"Ernestly! Happy Yesterdays."*

Some of the experiences central to a lifetime and a career are reversals and encounters with adversary forces. Describing them unavoidably characterizes some individuals less than flatteringly. I have tried in these instances, to screen identities to the extent that chances of embarrassment to living persons are minimal, for it is not the purpose of this book to embarrass or defame.

It bears stressing at the outset, as it is stressed at several points in the text, that this is not a history, and while I have not deliberately misrepresented facts or events, neither have I undertaken exhaustive research. My memoirs are just that and may rely on flawed memory, misinterpretations or even downright ignorance on my part. Even columns and editorials reprinted here originally may have been the products of limited understanding of, and bias toward, the circumstances, conditions and events commented upon.

With these strong caveats, I invite the reader to find herein something of interest and of redeeming social or literary value.

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1. A community newspaper

A publisher at last

The sense of uneasiness mounts as the first wave of staffers heads nonchalantly for the door two or three minutes before quitting time. A few minutes later the more scrupulous ones exit: those who wouldn't dream of leaving the premises one second before five p.m., no matter how much foot-dragging this entails. Finally the desertion is completed, as those who will not leave until the job at hand is in some state of finality, walk toward the door, with perhaps a deferential nod in my direction.

I am overwhelmed by the realization that I am all alone in the building except for a young clerk capable of doing no more than answering the telephone, taking a want ad at the counter or renewing a subscription. Almost panicking, I fight the impulse to run into the street and shout after the departing staffers: "Hey, fellows! Fellows! Don't you know you're leaving me all alone, and there's so much to be done even though it is five o'clock? Please, please come back!"

It is at this moment that the full weight of my new status slowly sinks in. I have finally reached the last path that inches me irrevocably over the line that divides employee and employer, wage-earner and entrepreneur.

So this is what it feels like! By the clock, my first day as a publisher has ended, but I know that I will be working as long as my wearying body and benumbed mind endure. As if this realization isn't enough, I am haunted by mocking memories of paydays, holidays and other privileges taken for granted without a thought of appreciation or sympathy for the movers and shakers who had made them possible. This was even before I had fully reassessed the well-left-of-centre political orientation and near fanatical trade unionism I had developed in my years in big city composing rooms in Canada and the United States.

But more of that later.

Change of ownership

PAGE 1 EDITORIAL *July 3, 1958*

With this issue of the Review the paper will pass into new hands.

It is with a great deal of regret that I make this announcement for after having been the editor and publisher for more than 22 years the paper has become enshrined in my heart almost as a child and its care and growth almost a part of me.

But there comes a time when friends must part. For every game there is an end—for every undertaking a time when it is desirable to let others carry on the work. And having spent around 60 years in printing, and more than four decades editing and publishing papers in western Canada I well realize that sooner or

later the work must be handed over to others better qualified to handle it.

The decision has not been an easy one to make and seems like the parting of heart strings but the head must rule the heart and like a good general knows there is a time when retreat is more important than an advance

I hope the decision will turn out for the advantage of the paper and in turning it over to the new owners I feel that this will be so. In turning over a newspaper consideration must be given to qualifications of the people conducting it. While a private venture it is nevertheless a community enterprise voicing the opinion and promoting the interests of the people Both the senior partners in the new firm are men well qualified in both printing and newspaper publishing having had long experience in Steinbach, Manitoba

Mr Neufeld who will be editor and publisher, was born in Manitoba and started in printing when only 15 years of age in 1942 working with Derksen Printers until 1945 when like many other printers he succumbed to the fascinations of wanderlust and travelled extensively for a few years during which time he worked in many major newspaper offices in the United States In 1950 he returned to his home town of Steinbach and married Irene sister of Bruno Derksen, the other principal partner in The Weyburn Review Ltd He then went to Toronto for six years working on the Toronto Star Returning to Steinbach two years ago he joined the Derksen family again taking over the sports page and other duties He has two children a boy and a girl

ERNIE NEUFELD

Mr Derksen is a son of Gerhard Derksen who went to Steinbach in 1932 taking over the Post there in 1936 bringing up a family in the printing and weekly newspaper business He founded the Carillon News in 1945 and this paper is also published in the office along with the Post Bruno was brought up in this environment and together with his two other brothers and two brothers-in-law form the Steinbach company During the war he served from 1943 to 1946 with the RCAF

I would like at this time to thank all Review subscribers advertisers correspondents purchasers of printing and others with whom I have done business for their loyal support and co-operation and to bespeak a continuance of the pleasant relations with my successor

E G QUICK

On the morning that our takeover of the paper was announced to the staff, I called a little meeting and declared my intention of turning the Review into the best weekly newspaper in Canada I am sure my voice rang with sincerity I think the staff thought I was talking about doing it within a year and I caught the incredulous looks exchanged Actually, I was modest enough to expect the transformation to take two or even three years By "best" I should explain I meant winning the national Better Newspapers Competition for our circulation class

Even my inexperience did not blind me to some of the salient facts about my new circumstances, and I was soon struck by the realization that I was facing challenges beyond my experience and proven abilities that it would require all the new skills I could hope to absorb to carry out the considerable task ahead of me The shop had fallen into mechanical disrepair the staff had slipped into unacceptable practices, and the combination of the two had reduced profitability to zero at best Sales would have to be increased hath to turn around these deficiencies, and to improve the editorial quality to an acceptable level, let alone that envisioned by the ideal I had tried to share the staff And all this would have to happen in a community to which I was a complete stranger

The dizzying problem of priorities had been solved for me by Bruna Derksen, my absentee partner A salesman both by calling and instinct he had told me before wishing me luck and giving me his blessing, a dozen times if once, that there was nothing wrong with the Weyburn Review that couldn t be solved by more advertising sales, and that this must be my first undertaking

Accordingly, in my maiden speech to Review staffers, I had also informed them that until circumstances permitted the hiring of an ad salesman, I would be making sales call myself and that this would entail many hours of absence from the office. My unspoken message was that I expected everyone to work as diligently as though I were there myself to supervise.

Under the old management advertisers had been expected to bring in their own advertisements, except that Mr. Quick made personal calls on a few accounts that demanded this consideration. The passive sales policy probably harked back to a long-gone era when national advertising constituted a major portion of advertising revenue, and it may have been considered a compromise of an editor's integrity and/or dignity to go around soliciting revenue from local merchants.

As well, until after World War 2, few weekly newspapers in Canada had competing local media. It came as a shock (one of many) to me when I learned that Weyburn not only had a radio station, but that it had been established less than one year earlier. My mortgage, wages and any improvements, I realized with dismay, would have to come from a fount that now must be shared with a competitor.

The competitive situation reinforced the wisdom of Bruno's judgment as I went forth and sold. Boy, did I sell them! Barely recovered from the trauma of the discovery of the radio station and its recent genesis, I next learned that the owners were a group of about 20 of Weyburn's leading businessmen, many of them naturally heavy advertisers. They now had a strong incentive to spend their dollars with radio. A few chain stores were managed by individuals who were shareholders in the station, and most of them had little difficulty convincing themselves that it was in the best interest of their employers to spend the advertising dollars of the latter with the station.

The non-advertisers to be won over fell into three categories: those who had decided a long time ago that they need not and would not advertise, and were not about to change their minds; those who had low sales resistance and agreed to advertising without fully realizing the cost; and those who had long since exhausted their credit and were only too happy to buy advertising space for which they had no intention of paying.

The first group, of course, I was unable to touch. The second approved modest-sized ads, agreeing that they probably had been overlooking this aspect of business to their own detriment, then exploded and withheld future advertising when they received their first billings; the third helped boost the first month's lineage well above the corresponding month a year earlier, and helped raise my spirits for the moment, although not a nickel was ever received from these deadbeats.

If the foregoing sounds like an unfriendly reception, I must stress that there were many people, honourable merchants and community leaders, who went out of their way to offer encouragement, make me feel welcome and to compliment me on my improvements and efforts. Both negative and positive reactions were essential components in my business training. In retrospect I can think of nothing worse than if I had received immediate advertising support from the entire business community. I quickly learned that I would have to improve the product in order to increase sales, and that it would all require hard work, long hours, imagination, salesmanship, integrity, craftsmanship and everything else that goes into a community newspaper worth its salt.

Another challenging experience, to use the kindest possible term, was my introduction to the staff through which certain end results must be achieved. Having never been responsible for even a small department, nor hired or fired anyone, my credentials for taking control of a group of sixteen people for any purpose were most conspicuous through their absence.

The Review of 1958 had several dedicated, competent and hard working individuals who would have been a credit to any organization anywhere. There were also a few promising learners, plus a handful of ragtag individuals paid above their ability and performance, mixed in with a few more paid at a rate guaranteed to encourage performance at the level of mediocrity.

There must have been a time when Mr. Quick, an intelligent, shrewd, thrifty and cautious individual, had staffs comparable to any in the industry, but the years and conditions had taken

their toll. He had given up on training and relied on tradesmen recruited from the marketplace — and in 1958, in Saskatchewan, it was a seller's market.

Over the years the crew to which I had fallen heir had developed work habits for which "slovenly" is not too harsh a word. Typesetting machines were not lubricated until a part started squeaking, metal shavings created by the trimmers would be allowed to accumulate until the piles interfered with the operation of the machines or the melting pots were short of metal, type was left unwashed after it had been inked for proofing, with the result that all the compositors worked with hands and arms that were sticky and black. Waste paper was thrown on the floor even if there was a wastebasket only a few feet away. After all, there was a janitor coming in at night.

Some of these practices were corrected through repetitive insistence. With some, I came in at night and did the neglected jobs myself — sweeping up shavings, washing inky printing forms, picking up discarded, balled-up proofs — until my point had been made. Others never changed until we switched to offset printing in 1965. Habits die hard, and bad habits can be almost indestructible.

My initial naivete was such — nurtured by my union background (acquired, not inbred) — that I told a retailer who stopped by during my first week, and who may have subtly suggested that staff changes might be an early priority for me, that I hoped I would never have to fire anyone. His look of sheer astonishment is etched in my mind forever. "Lots of luck!" was all he said.

This particular retailer was another example of what initiation into the business world may entail. Murray operated an office supply and furniture store a block away, and he came around a few days after my arrival, wished me a heart warming welcome, and launched a sales pitch for new furniture for my office. He was nothing if not a good salesman, and would have succeeded in a handsome sale except for two factors: first, I didn't have one cent to spare; and I knew it, secondly, for all my innocence I know that my first priority as funds became available, would have to be modernization of the Review's machinery.

However, I assured him that the points he had raised were valid, and would be remembered when the time came to beautify and modernize the office. Then I added with what I hoped was just the right touch of business savvy, my expectation that he would also remember that I too was in business. His jaw dropped, and he said in a defeated voice "Oh, I suppose you know?"

While I was still wondering what it was that I was supposed to know, he stammered out the admission that he was selling printed matter in competition with the Review. In those days local printers tended to regard their towns as sacred territories, theirs almost by fiat, and not fair game for competition. They lost thousands of dollars worth of printing to salesmen from the larger centres, but could not stomach a local stationer selling printing and farming it out. Murray's doing so had caused bad blood between him and Mr. Quick; he was absolutely certain the same would happen with me, and he had struck quickly in the hope of making a big sale before I became his enemy.

But back to staff.

When I visited the Review office to negotiate the purchase about a month before taking over, I spent a few minutes in the Review office. A handsome young man about my own age, and obviously a tradesman, came in from the back shop. He glanced at me, made a quick assessment, and gave me a knowing little smile.

I have always told Hector Bouvier that at the moment I had promised myself that this smart aleck would be the first to go. I really didn't, given my general views on firing, but I did resent that knowing look and vowed to get even in some way. I'm glad I didn't, because Hector became my first foreman, an always dependable fellow worker of prodigious energy and many skills, a treasured and true friend, and the Review's sales manager for many years until he retired just a few months short of thirty years later.

Hector was one of the fastest line operators I have ever met, and I have met hundreds. He was also a self-taught machinist who could always coax a broken typesetting machine to keep producing until the paper was out and permanent repairs could be effected.

Hector would do everything willingly except work evenings. At a time when Tuesday night

overtime was an accepted part of weekly newspaper life, Hector rejected it for himself in favor of coming in early. He might work grudgingly an hour or two after five, but mainly he would assign evening work to others and repair to the beverage room for a few brews before going home for early retirement. He would come in as early in the morning as the week load required — and I mean as early as four — and pound out type at unbelievable speed. By the time I came in at eight, all news and ad copy had been converted to type, proofed, and was waiting to be proofread.

Another real asset was Ray Winters, a young press apprentice working for near-minimum wage. When the "cataclysm" came and half the staff resigned, Ray was promoted to journeyman status. He was soon pressroom foreman and two years after that became plant foreman at about the same time that Hector became sales manager. Twenty years later he was still holding this position, competently, calmly, dependably and fastidiously, a word you can only understand if you have visited a printing shop run by a slob.

Yet another legacy of the Quick administration was Phyllis Kataky, a short, plump, cheerful, lively and quick-witted English war bride, who assumed the duties of office manager without the title or commensurate pay.

The Review of 1958 was located in the Mitchell Block at Sauris Avenue and Second Street, in premises about twenty feet wide and 100 feet deep. Office and composing room were on the main floor, and the press room and bindery in the basement. The generous-sized office was separated from the composing room by a swinging door cut down at about shoulder level to prevent collisions.

Whenever Phyllis had a demand, request or complaint for Hector, and this might be a dozen times a day, she would head for the composing room at quick-march pace, calling his name in a long, high-pitched octave — "EHHHHHCCCCCCH TAAAAAAH!" — that began the moment she turned her back to the counter and ended when she reached the knee about thirty feet into the shop.

A year after I took over, Phyllis became my first sales manager and held this job for several years until she and her husband and son moved to British Columbia. She was good at the job: persuasive, cheerful and intelligent — and sometimes unbelievably audacious. We had one major advertiser who could never be depended upon to have his ad copy ready. He might phone on Friday and ask us to hold a full page for him. On Tuesday we might still be waiting, and calling his office, only to learn that he was out of town and no one knew when he might be back. He might breeze in Tuesday afternoon or even Wednesday, and work out the ad with Phyllis or Hector — or he might not show up at all, leaving us with a big hole to fill. Phyllis, several times when she was desperate, would go to the advertiser's house while he was eating breakfast and have him dictate the copy to her between mouthfuls of eggs and toast. He still speaks highly of her.

It was Phyllis, also, who set me on the right course on some fairly basic financial policies that can make or break a new enterprise with minimal capitalization. Left to myself, and uncomfortably conscious of a shrinking bank account, I might have fallen into the common trap of putting off the paying of bills until the financial situation improved. Phyllis, schooled in Mr. Quick's high business ethics, never asked me if I wanted to pay an account at that time. She checked out invoices, wrote out cheques and brought them to me for signing. She looked terrified when she brought them, as though afraid each time that I might shout at her, refuse to sign the cheques or simply break into tears. Much as I might have been tempted on some occasions to put off signing a cheque that would almost wipe out the bank account, I couldn't bring myself to destroy her trust, however tenuous. The upshot was that I learned to solve or prevent financial difficulties with my banker instead of abusing the trust of my creditors.

Would that every rookie entrepreneur had a Phyllis to set him straight.

Three first class people on a run-down paper isn't that had a legacy, I suppose, and there were also a few apprentices who became employees of various degrees of value at the Review and elsewhere. What brought down the average was a handful of journeymen below average in competence or energy, and above average in wage rates. Mostly they had been hired in exceptionally busy periods and stayed on when work slackened off. Unfortunately, a few of these

can through example instill bad work habits that remain to haunt the establishment long after they have gone their way

Among these was Ed, an ancient tradesman who could get malfunctioning machines to fail completely, and talk your ears off with excuses and wise suggestions. He was also a "string collector" and kleptomaniac, and had more curiosity than a Siamese cat. There was an area behind the downstairs washrooms filled with treasures he had "found." This included a section of four or five theatre seats, so positioned that they could be taken for a waiting area for the lavatories. Ed had many cans of unusual printing inks which had been "given" him by previous employers. I have often wondered what I "gave" him when he left.

On one of my first evenings at the Review, I was sitting in my office going through piles and piles of news releases, correspondence and just plain junk that completely filled the room. The desk drawers were crammed, there were foot-high piles covering the entire desk except for a tiny working space, there were piles two feet high lining the walls. I set aside every possible minute to skim through this material for the occasional document or letter that had to be dealt with, and to create some badly needed working space for myself.

Ed stopped at the door of my office to see what I was doing, and remarked companionably on the job cut out for me. I agreed, and held up a broken door knob that had been hoarded in one of the drawers.

"Just look at that!" I exclaimed! "Now why would anyone want to keep that?" Ed clucked his tongue sympathetically and vouchsafed that Mr. Quick would keep anything. I tossed the piece of junk into the wastebasket, whereupon Ed said: "If you're throwing it out anyway, do you mind if I take it? Might just come in handy some day."

Thursday was party time

Drinking on the job was another bad practice that had to be addressed. I don't know how I would have handled it, but fate and Bruno's greater experience in dealing with people turned this problem around for me before I could even think about what I was going to do about it.

It was common knowledge in Weyburn that once the paper had been put to bed, it was party time at the Review. From Thursday noon until the weekend work had been performed in a pleasant alcoholic haze. This was so well known that we were warned about it even before we took over.

It happened that on Thursday and Friday of the week before the takeover, Bruno and I were there to do preliminary work such as stocktaking. At one point, Bruno went downstairs for one reason or another, and was just in time to see one of a cluster of journeymen taking a swig from a bottle. I don't know how Bruno might otherwise have handled it, but one of the journeymen played into his hands by offering him a drink.

Bruno accepted the bottle, took a healthy pull, smacked his lips appreciatively, and said, "Thanks, that was very good. But for God's sake don't ever let Ernie catch you. If he does, that's it right there." There wasn't very much anyone could say to that. Bruno hadn't threatened anyone, and wasn't even going to be around. I hadn't said anything, so they couldn't hold the warning against me. But they knew they could never say they hadn't been warned. I never saw a bottle around except for the occasional "grog-down" I authorized myself on special occasions.

Years later, Hector and I got into the bad habit of sharing a mickey in my office on Wednesday afternoons after the paper had been put to bed and the shop staff had gone home. Once or twice we lost count of whose turn it was to treat and both came "armed." After several such unhappy developments with each arriving at home and hearth three sheets to the wind, we reluctantly agreed to forgo our little indulgences.

Having mentioned some of the shortcomings of staff I inherited, I must confess that my own introduction to staff recruitment brought disasters of its own. It hadn't taken me very long to realize that I could not single-handedly increase advertising revenue, write news stories and

editorials take pictures cover news events, sign cheques and handle all the surprises associated with management and work on the layout several evenings a week. Admittedly, it was with some relief that I decided to lure someone to do the selling, not only reducing my workload (really freeing it into other avenues) and my time away from the office, but also relieving me of a duty that was not really my strength.

My first (and probably only) applicant was one Ernie M., who supposedly had sold advertising and/or printing somewhere. He was a tall, balding, stout individual, with a stained smile frozen to his face. He brought in very few ads, spent hours in his little corner studying the mat services (books of advertising illustrations), then proudly brought handfuls of advertising layouts to show me. Trouble was, they were not layouts for the retailers from whom we were soliciting advertising; they were all "house" ads advertising printing and advertising. I couldn't seem to get through to him that I expected him to sell space to others, not to design filler ads for the paper.

Every evening I would see him standing motionless inside the window of the Soo Hotel, where he had taken a room, smiling his smile and for all the world looking like someone expecting unwelcome company. Perhaps that is handsome because a day or two after I summoned the courage to let him go I read a Leader story about one Ernest M. who had been charged, convicted and sent to prison for defrauding an employer by holding two jobs at the same time, concurrent shifts, not moonlighting.

In late fall I hired Mike R. and I thought I had it licked. He was young, good-looking, pleasant and intelligent, and looked at you with clear eyes that bespoke almost childlike honesty.

Mike was so interested in the newspaper business that he even asked if he might write some news stories. Assured that this would be most acceptable, he soon brought in an excellent story about a farmhouse fire near a neighboring village, where several people had been saved by the heroism of one individual.

Mike was always on the go, which was encouraging, even though he did not bring in very much new advertising. With Christmas approaching, I suggested he contact not only our regular advertisers for greetings, but the mayor and aldermen, and merchants in nearby towns and villages. It was gratifying to see the Christmas advertising list grow, and particularly the success he was having in selling modest sized ads to the small town merchants. He told me a friend had lent him a car to go to these towns.

Then one day the radio station manager, Keith Baker, came to see me, and asked me in private if Mike R. was no longer working for me. I assured him he was, and he suggested I do some checking, because Mike was also driving for the local taxi company. He had made several deliveries to the radio station and when asked if he had quit the Review explained he was only making the delivery as a favor to a friend.

Before I had time to look into the matter, the local police visited me and informed me that Mike was appearing in court on sixteen charges of theft. He had been stealing merchandise from our advertisers when calling on them and selling it to a second-hand dealer at reduced prices. The officer asked me if we were missing anything, and I honestly told him we were not.

Mike's father (from a small village some distance from Weyburn) was in court next day and agreed to make restitution, so Mike was handed a suspended sentence.

About one day later Phyllis Katsky, my bookkeeper, came into my office with a troubled look on her face, and showed me the accounts receivable ledger card of a recently opened furniture store. This was the single new account Mike had developed locally. The card showed charges entered by Phyllis, and a payment entered in someone else's handwriting. Phyllis asked if I had made the entry. Of course I had not.

She then explained that Mike had asked for the card because the furniture store manager wanted a statement before month-end, and he intended to prepare it himself. This bothered Phyllis and a few days later she checked the receivables ledger card and found a "payment" entered that did not show up in the cash or anywhere else.

Naturally, I went straight to the furniture store to get to the bottom of things and was shown a Review statement bearing typewritten instructions to make payment directly to Mike. I briefly wondered about this merchant's honesty or intelligence, but decided he, like myself, was new to

the business world, and I'm sure Mike had told him a plausible fairy tale in his clear-eyed, credible way.

Mike was back in city jail next day, but the magistrate decided to consider this felony as part of the original list of offences on which sentence had already been suspended, and had him released. No restitution was necessary this time.

Earlier I mentioned the fire reported by Mike. I recalled it months later, and with burning face decided this too had been the product of an over-active imagination. When I put this on paper thirty years later I finally decided to go for broke and I telephoned a Review rural correspondent who had lived in Froude — scene of that fire — most of her life. She remembered both the people and the fire, so Mike must have gotten something right for me. I did not, however, check out the details, such as the heroics reported in our account.

It also turned out, after our Christmas issue had been printed and billed, that none of the ads "sold" in the small towns had been approved. Even a number of local advertisers refused to pay for their Christmas ads because Mike had placed them without approval. I have often wondered how many local businessmen suspected me of a policy of running unapproved ads. The owner of the taxi company, for whom Mike had been driving on Review time, actually had the nerve to approach me for payment for Mike's use of his taxi.

After a few more "salesmen" who sold nothing but were simply marking time and earning a few dollars between more suitable jobs, Phyllis offered her services, and I quickly realized that here was a solution handed me by a gracious providence to make up for some of my other woes, self-inflicted or otherwise.

A hard look at reality

In late summer of 1958, about two months after my ascendancy to the ivory tower of owner, manager, publisher and editor, I took off my rose-tinted glasses, looked at the situation in the production departments in its stark reality, and committed myself to solutions that were sure to bring about a staff crisis, and indeed a personal one.

Edward Quick had done a fine job of taking over the Review during the depression, had worked hard through the war years, which had brought increased business but had been accompanied by chronic shortages of labor, materials and equipment. In the earlier years of post war growth he had expanded mechanically to meet increased demands, but, as was the custom in weekly newspapers, he bought mostly used equipment. Each second hand press or linecaster purchased brought problems characteristic not only to the machine's genre, but those developed in each in the process of years of use and abuse.

By the time I arrived on the scene, Mr. Quick had given up on one or two fronts. Wishing to enjoy some of the fruits of his years of labor, he was reluctant to overspend on modernization, which would not only reduce his cash reserves but might drive up the price of the business beyond the means of a potential purchaser. He also began to take a few extended trips, and his family having opted against remaining in the business, had had to rely entirely on hired help. In the labor market of Saskatchewan in the late 1950s, this meant he had to pay higher than going rates to marginally competent journeymen.

A sincere dream of mine, when fantasizing about the weekly newspapers I expected some day to acquire, had been that I would walk in and grandly announce raises for all. A grateful and dedicated staff would then dig in and double efficiency, and join me enthusiastically in turning out, within a few short years, the finest weekly newspaper in Canada.

That isn't the way it worked out.

Without taking the reader through the mental mazes and anguish of the decisions I made in order to survive, the upshot was that my rate adjustments were mostly downward. Coupled with traditional resistance to new management, and overtures from an understaffed Leader Post and an expansion-minded Estevan Mercury, about half of the staff resigned *en masse*, and I was left

to march into the golden future with a handful of veterans of the Review workforce, a few apprentices who decided to stick it out, and newly recruited employees nearly inexperienced

While the dream never quite died, it went on the backburner while a few of us worked long hours to keep the leaky boat afloat

Coming to grips with the condition of the back shop was an adventure in its own right During the 1930s and later, for economic reasons and because of the growing supply of typesetting machines being replaced at daily newspapers, it had become common for weeklies to install used machines, and with them all the problems that went with equipment that had seen many years of heavy use and varying levels of maintenance

Two makes of linecasting machines dominated the North American market, Linotypes and Intertypes, and looked identical to the layman In the trade, however, it was customary to refer to them generically as linos, after the original of the two In references herein, too, "lino" will mean either Linotypes or Intertypes Many of the operators of these linos had only on-the-job training, and varying degrees of proficiency Some excellent operators came out of weekly shops, and on the other extreme, there were some who flailed at the large keyboard with fingering systems of their own invention, and somehow managed to coax type out of the machines

Breakdowns and minor mechanical failures were commonplace, since each lino had literally hundreds — more likely thousands — of moving parts. Dirt and lack of lubrication could cause stoppages or poor performances, and the distributor, which sorted matrices back into their individual channels, might stop dozens of times in a day (Matrices are brass molds of individual typographical characters, from which the lines of type are cast.)

Minor emergencies were the responsibility of the operator If stumped, he would seek help from the in-house, self-trained expert, in many cases the publisher, who had seen such a variety of breakdowns that there was little he hadn't faced before A broken part might be welded by the local machinist if no spare was on hand. In any event, most weeklies had several old linos and could limp along somehow if a part had to be ordered

A frustrating and time-consuming annoyance was the metal flash, referred to in the trade as a squirt or a splash

A lino's function is to cast lines of type A lead alloy is melted in an attached pot at a temperature of 550 degrees F As each line of matrices is assembled, it is mechanically wedged between two steel jaws at the pot pours the molten metal into a mold that has been moved flush against the line of matrices The metal solidifies almost instantly is allowed to cool while the mold disk swings around to the ejection position, at which point the finished slug of type is ejected by a narrow steel blade, into a metal "stick" (a tray-like container) in which the lines are assembled until the stick is full or the piece of copy has been typeset

The melting pot has heating elements both at the bottom and in the mouthpiece, and they must be kept at temperatures within a tight range Variations will cause the metal to solidify too quickly or not quickly enough Either condition can cause a flash or squirt of molten metal all over the front of the machine—and even on the operator himself if he doesn't throw himself out of the way in time

Squirts may also be caused by lines of matrices assembled too tightly to fit between the jaws, or too loosely to be justified, that is pushed to either side by wedge shaped space bands dropped between words to fill the space between the jaws Another culprit can be dirt in situated that it impairs lockup of the mold disk at the casting stage The metal squirted over the front of the machine, and into the mechanism sticks and solidifies, and must be chipped away before production can resume This may take anywhere from five to fifteen minutes If metal is left somewhere where it can affect lockup, another squirt may be only minutes away.

A line may operate weeks without a squirt, but one squirt often leads to more of the same, particularly if the operator begins to suspect the temperature settings and makes adjustments A squirt-filled day can be extremely frustrating and most unproductive

Cleaning up a squirt was the individual operator's responsibility in weekly shops unless help was needed in adjusting thermostat settings Then the in-house "expert" would step in, and if a new element had to be installed, the local electrician would be brought in

On the day Bruno and I came to effect the take-over, George Coghill was in the Review shop installing an electrical part on one of the linos. It was clear that he was very much at home there and when he learned we were the new owners, did not hesitate to let us know we could expect to get to know him quite well. He was right!

One of the two Review linos had so many distributor stops that one man was kept stationed behind the machine to clear and restart it. The distributor bar was so worn the matrices dumped regularly into wrong channels. This created so many typographical errors that no amount of proofreading could catch them all.

It was during my second or third week that one of the store managers with an investment in the radio station stopped me on the street and showed me a copy of the Review which he had gone to the trouble of proofreading. It looked pretty bad.

This once more, was one of the negative experiences, but like most of them, it was offset by the encouragement received. Readers and advertisers—generally speaking, went out of their way to encourage me and to compliment me on every little improvement in the paper, sometimes even on non-existent ones.

For instance, an early improvement I was able to implement without any financial outlay was setting news type on a nine-point base instead of the eight point base that had been used in the Review for many years, thereby reducing the number of lines of type per inch of depth. This improved legibility by adding a bit more space between lines. A spin-off of this improvement was that less type was required to fill the news hole, and we were able to eliminate a lot of boilerplate — canned columns offered free of charge by individuals or organizations with axes to grind. Immediately people stopped me on the street to express their appreciation for increasing the local news coverage. In fact, there was no immediate increase, simply a reduction of non-local content with which they had become familiar.

The proofreading incident may well have been the catalyst for a long-overdue solution. We heard of a reconditioned machine available from a Winnipeg printing machinery company, and made a down payment on it. While waiting for delivery, I simply ordered the malfunctioning (really the more malfunctioning) machine turned off. Instead, I staggered the hours on the one machine and put in a number of hours nightly myself.

The Review had on Ludlow, a machine which cast lines of larger sizes of type from hand assembled brass matrices. Story heads were set, as much as possible, from the largest font available on the lino, in our case, 24-point Cheltenham Bold Condensed. This would be about one-third of an inch in height, from top to the bottom of descenders. Anything larger had to be handset, and the Review had dozens of ancient cases of foundry type for this purpose.

An assembled page of type, weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred pounds, contained hundreds of individual pieces and the form, when locked, had to fit so snugly that not a single piece could be depressed by probing fingers. This was necessary both for transportation to the press area, and so that the forms would withstand the stress and movement of thousands of printing impressions without coming apart.

Because the pressroom was in the basement, someone had overcome the inconvenience and drudgery of carrying heavy forms up and down stairs by installing a home-made lift. A platform could be raised and lowered through a square hole in the floor; block and tackle and pulleys were used to ensure, supposedly, both easy raising of the loaded platform and lowering at a slow speed. Someone, however, had miscalculated the balances and with a load of four pages of type, the lift would plunge down at a speed that guaranteed disaster.

Although every apprentice was warned of this, and a sign cautioned the operator of the lift always to wear the heavy mitts provided whenever lowering forms, every apprentice made the same error: he would load on the fourth page and, panicking when the lift plunged downward, grab the rope (with bare hands; the sign having been ignored) to arrest the lift's disastrous plunge. It was a mistake each made only once, because the resulting rope burns were extremely painful, and usually resulted in the victim being off work for several days while hands healed. When one apprentice was actually hospitalized I shut down the lift and insisted that the printing

forms be carried up and down stairs. It was a decision not graciously accepted but I couldn't bear to see those wounded hands.

I have mentioned the building's dimensions, but not that it was one of the oldest business blocks in the city. The Review's part of it had been occupied by the paper for fifty years or more. The work areas were illuminated by naked light bulbs hanging from the ceiling, the plaster walls and ceiling had not seen a repair in decades.

Beside adding to the plant's air of antiquity, the building, through the leasing arrangement, offered another dimension in my education as to what a neophyte businessman may expect. There was no written lease, which meant, as I discovered on an occasion when I misjudged my prerogatives, that I could be flung out on my ear on short notice, but I was otherwise fully obligated to the three and one half years remaining on the "lease."

Despite shortcomings of staff and machines, and disappointing sales, what made the first year not only bearable but memorable in the best sense of the word was my introduction to the role of a small town publisher in his community, something that in itself is rewarding to a degree that offsets many deficiencies. Needless to say, these positive experiences extended through the years and typified the weekly newspaper publishing experience.

One of the characteristics of city life that had eventually brought me to Weyburn had been the growing realization, when we lived in Toronto, that I wasn't really a part of the world around me. Riding to and from downtown Toronto daily I had not only been frustrated by the knowledge that several hours daily were expended merely in being taken from one place to another like a head of cattle or a load of coal, but by the feeling that everything happening was happening in spite of me. Wherever I travelled in that burgeoning city of the 1950s I saw highways, bridges, interchanges, apartment buildings and skyscrapers under construction, and it was all happening as though I didn't even exist. In Weyburn this feeling certainly disappeared as I came to understand the community and identified with its aspirations and dreams.

It was a heady experience to be automatically a part of everything going on in the community, and as editor of the local newspaper, accorded privileges and considerations that I had not enjoyed in my backstop years.

No more than two weeks after coming to Weyburn I covered a meeting at which Premier Tommy Douglas was guest speaker. Someone introduced us and he almost bowled me over by remarking, "Oh–yes, you're from Steinbach, aren't you?" (or words to that effect).

This ability to remember things about people and surprising and charming them with this knowledge, was one of the acknowledged strengths of T.C. Douglas. In any case–since Weyburn was his constituency, it is hardly surprising that he made it his business to know about a change in the ownership of the local paper, and to acquaint himself to some extent with the new publisher's background. For me, however, who had never been exposed to anything higher in the political hierarchy than a candidate glad-handing for votes, it was a milestone to be addressed in almost familiar terms by the premier of a province.

It was on my first weekend following the takeover that I learned that a number of villages, towns and rural municipalities in the country south of Weyburn had signed an agreement to establish Dr. Mainprize Regional park on the Souris River near Midale. (Dr. William G. Mainprize was a pioneer doctor who had served the area for many years.) I drove to Midale that Sunday to interview George Motherg, secretary-treasurer of the R.M. of Cymri and an officer of the park board. I also interviewed Dr. Mainprize although "interview" is a malapropism when applied to the Doc. He was most reluctant to answer any questions if the answers to them were likely to show him in a favourable light. However, I did photograph him in his back yard in the shade of a tree, and the photo was still being used on park literature thirty years later.

A year later, almost to the day, I was to attend the official opening of the park–where thousands gathered to honor him. A brief but heavy downpour interrupted the ceremonies, and not a person left the plank benches to run for shelter. I have never seen anything like it in my life before or since. Asked to say a few words, the Doc got up and mumbled that as always Mrs. Mainprize would do the talking, added "thank you," and yielded the mike to his wife.

Eight years later I took a photo of "the Doc" and a baby he had just delivered — one of

thousands he had helped into the world. What made this one unique was that he had also delivered not only both of the infant's parents, but at least one of the grandparents.

Covering the events that reflected the life of Weyburn accounted for many different circumstances under which I met my fellow residents of city and district. None, however, was more memorable than my introduction to Monty Adolphe at the wedding of the cow and the duck.

In late 1958, or perhaps early January of 1959 the roof of the Moose Jaw hockey arena collapsed, leaving that city's junior hockey franchise, the Canucks, homeless for the rest of the season. All Weyburn had to offer was the old Arena Rink with its natural ice and leaky roof, but it was better than nothing, and it was decided to play the rest of the team's home games here.

A campaign to herald a rink and bring junior hockey to Weyburn was going into high gear at the time, so hockey promoters decided to use the presence of the Canucks to attract attention to and create interest in junior hockey.

One event planned for one of the earlier games in Weyburn drew on old rivalries and hockey lore. Back in earlier years when Weyburn and Moose Jaw teams competed in the same league, Weyburn players and fans had derogatorily referred to the Moose Jaw rink as a cow barn, while Moose Jaw folks retaliated by referring to the Weyburn facility as a duck pond.

The friendly exchange of insults had progressed, and climaxed with Weyburn fans taking a large cardboard cow to a Moose Jaw game, taking it onto the ice and "milking" it between periods. This was recalled in 1959, and with a Moose Jaw team now playing out of Weyburn, it was deemed fitting to end the old feud in a marriage of the cow and the duck at a hockey game. Live creatures were brought to the rink, with ex-pros Roman Dreis, Gizzy Hart and Buzz Boll officiating.

Naturally, I was on hand to take pictures, and was backing away from the "wedding" scene to increase the camera range. Behind me, Adolphe, a district farmer and acknowledged character I had not met before, was walking across the ice pulling a sled — for reasons I forget — with a high narrow box on it. I backed into the sled, the box caught me right behind the knees and I fell into it. I was wearing slip-on rubbers, and as I jackknifed into the box, my feet kicked suddenly upwards and both rubbers soared about ten feet into the air.

The collision was so well timed that the crowd believed it to be staged and roared its approval for a neatly executed feat. I couldn't even get out of the box without Monty's help, and was lucky to get out of the incident unhurt and with my camera intact. But that's how I met Monty, and many a time we told the story in years to come.

Speaking of pictures, it was during my first summer in Weyburn I backed into taking a picture which was to be reprinted in Time Magazine about a year later. I came to Weyburn with no more knowledge of photography than Bruno had been able to drill into me in several short sessions. Bruno himself took most of the pictures at the Carillon News, a paper noted for its liberal use of photos long before the switch to offset printing. Bruno had been a hobby photographer since high school, and even in later years supplemented his income by photographing weddings. It was a dream of his to have a photo published in Time and whenever he took an unusual picture, or photographed an event he considered uncommon, he would rush a copy to Time with appropriate information. He never made it.

In summer of 1958 I covered the flame-lighting ceremony held downtown to mark the coming of natural gas service. Political rivals Premier Tommy Douglas and Weyburn Mayor Jim Staveley together turned a wheel symbolizing the turning on of the gas. It was almost dark, and I had never before taken a flash photo outside in this type of lighting. I asked Leader-Post reporter and bureau representative Pete Wenger what settings to use. He suggested, I set the camera, aimed it and shot.

Just over a year later Time sent a reporter to Weyburn to write a story on Weyburn's handling of the economic consequences of the oil industry. While researching the story Time reporter Ed Ogle became interested in the continuing political feud between premier and mayor. He asked if I had pictures of them and I proudly offered the flame-lighting shots of the two men together.

He accepted them unenthusiastically, mentioning that Time was not too keen on using year-old pictures with current stories. As it happened, both Douglas and Staveley were speaking at a

meeting while Ogle was in town, and he was able to take a number of pictures, both posed and candid, of them during the evening. That dashed my hopes that to my surprise, when the Time feature ran a few weeks later, it was graced by my lucky flame-lighting shot.

Premier Douglas and Mayor Staveley

Earlier I mentioned Pete Wanger of the Leader Post, with whom I was to enjoy a long and mainly pleasant association, that one which got off to a rocky start. Pete's office was across the street from the original Review office, in the Soo Hotel. While he worked long hours, his schedule permitted him to spend a lot of time at the Review, chatting with staff and keeping his ears open for anything that might be happening in the community.

Many people had told me within the first few weeks that there was little point in reading the Review because anything in it had already appeared in the Leader. In those days the Leader had a policy of covering communities where the paper had representatives, as it did in Weyburn, almost as thoroughly as the local weekly. Most Weyburn stories of any import ance had, indeed, found their way into the pages of the Leader before they appeared in the Review. In addition, I discovered that Pete and the Review reporter shared information on stories, but of course the Leader came out every day and was able to print most stories before the Review.

The Review reporter and Pete also took turns at the less-than-exciting job of covering the weekly meetings of city council, and writing a story to be used by both papers. Again, regardless of who had written the story, it appeared first in the Leader, and the public took it for granted that the Review was simply copying the daily's report.

I ended this arrangement by taking over council coverage myself, and working hard at using local leads that would be different from Pete's. I also discouraged sharing information on which we might have an exclusive. Soon thereafter there was a difference of opinion about the release of certain information we had received at council. The misunderstanding imposed a further strain on our relationship, and for a while we were barely on speaking terms. The months and years softened the edges of our discord, and we worked together comfortably both in reporting the news and in serving on community organizations such as the Chamber of Commerce. However, there was never again even a hint of the cozy arrangement of the past.

A few years later, when we were back to a reasonable level of co-operation, I almost cooked Pete, and myself in the bargain.

It was a hot August afternoon and Pete and I were in the same place when we learned that a garage in Macoun, about 35 miles southeast, was on fire. We decided to save on gas costs and drove to Macoun in my car. Hot? It was probably the hottest day of the summer, and it was several years before air-conditioning became common in cars. So we opened our windows and turned the vent fans on full blast. Nothing helped, and the hot air blowing from the vent felt like a desert wind. In fact, it turned out that someone had turned on the heater, and most of the way to Macoun the near 100-degree temperature was getting a boost from this source.

Photo journalism, if I may so dignify the pictures I took with little previous experience, played a strong part in getting recognition for our efforts to improve the paper. This was at a time when a few daring weeklies were beginning to use photos, but the plate-making process was still slow and costly. Our films were developed at the local photo studio, Charnell's, then sent, marked and accompanied by an explanatory note, by bus to Derksens in Steinbach. They would have prints made, burn plates and return them to us a few days later, also by bus. With all these steps and the

long-distance transmittal, a news photo was not likely to appear in print until at least ten days after the event. No matter—local pictures were new to Weyburn readers and they ate them up.

Sometimes the consequences were embarrassing.

Mistaken identity

One evening I took some pictures at a teen dance, and selected for printing a photo of a particularly good-looking young couple. I asked someone who the pair were and identified the photo accordingly when it ran in the Review. A few days later the father of the girl stormed into my office in a rage because, according to him, we had incorrectly identified the boy dancing with his daughter.

It turned out the father had forbidden his daughter to see the young man. When confronted with the evidence—the girl got out of it by saying it was the Review's error—that the boy she was shown with in the photo (his back toward the camera) was another boy who looked remarkably like the not-to-be-trusted admirer.

On another occasion my candid photograph resulted in problems with the police for the subject. Wandering around one winter Sunday afternoon looking for a suitable photo to flesh out a blank week, I snapped a shot of a local man giving his youngsters a ride on a sled drawn by his car. This is illegal, and although I took the picture without malicious intent, the police were able to read the car's license number, and as a result either charged the driver or issued a warning. He wasn't at all happy with the Review.

It still smarts when I remember the farmer who invited us for supper to get some publicity. He invited me to bring my wife and children to his farm home for Sunday supper, adding mysteriously that I would find it worthwhile to bring my camera. It turned out he raised cattle, including show animals which he took to various fairs and exhibitions throughout the province. He had all his medals, trophies, ribbons and other memorabilia on display with the obvious expectation of a news story.

While I knew I had been used, I admitted to myself that his achievements probably deserved some publicity. So I ran a story and a photo. What hurt more was that I discovered later that the farmer was telling people that if you wanted publicity in the Review, the best way to get it was to feed the editor and his family a meal.

Of course, as long as there are newspapers there will be individuals who try by devious means to steer the newspapers' attention toward themselves or their interests, or in the opposite direction. A rather insignificant instance often comes to mind because it was so ridiculous. The city was planning to acquire land on which to build a library. A man entered my office, closed the door, and with a conspiratorial grin told me he would make it worth my while if I wrote an editorial favoring a particular location. He owned land in one of the areas being considered, and thought the right decision would enhance the value of his property. I'm always wondered what my "while" was supposed to be worth: $50? $100?

Much more common, of course, were instances of people seeking to have happenings, particularly offences, omitted from our coverage. Often those seeking exemption on behalf of someone admitted that the culprit deserved both the legal penalty and the publicity, but there was always a dear old grandmother who could very well take a heart attack if she learned of her grandchild's misconduct. I usually countered with the assurance that grandmother hadn't lived to a ripe old age without experiencing a lot of shocks and disappointments.

I've tried not to permit myself to feel patronizing toward people reduced to pleading on behalf of an errant loved one. Scorn, ridicule and contempt are not easy to bear for anyone, and the fates and circumstances can be very selective as to who is exposed.

Once when I was still covering the court beat myself, I received a phone call from a young man who had been convicted of a number of burglaries. After telling me the particulars he insolently

demanded "What does a guy do to keep his name out of the paper?" "Stay out of trouble," I replied, my sympathies not extending to bold miscreants

He started to argue, and deciding he wasn't getting anywhere, demanded to speak to the boss. He was incredulous when I told him I was the boss. "Do you mean you run the paper and go to court and write stories too?" I assured him that I had also been known to sweep the floor.

Once a young (but older than she would like to be) matron telephoned me the day after the Review was out and demanded what I meant by telling the whole world her age. I stammered something about not knowing we had done so and she read back: "Twenty years ago Sixteen year-old Mary Jones" " (not the real name) " 'Saturday was awarded (whatever)'

Do you suppose people can't add sixteen and twenty?" Then, after allowing me to suffer for a few moments, she burst out laughing at my embarrassment and at the joke on herself.

I felt more than a bit intimidated one morning when seven or eight young toughs walked into my office looking to see who was obviously their leader to speak for them. I knew the gang had been up for a fairly serious offence, and while I was not familiar with any of them, had no doubt that they had dropped in to let me know that printing a story about them would not go unpunished.

Realizing that the leader was putting on a show for his pals and couldn't afford to lose face, I had to use more tact than I am usually noted for. I asked him if the offence was as serious that he couldn't live with the community's knowledge of it. He admitted with a grin that it was serious enough. I asked if he thought no one would know about it if I did not print the story. He allowed that that was unlikely.

"So," I asked, "if some people know about it, do you think what they will say about it will be better or worse than the truth?" He admitted that rumor conceivably could be worse, and he and his friends trooped out without so much as a threat.

Just a year or two ago, a young women telephoned me, identified herself, explained that she had been convicted of shoplifting, and wondered if it was necessary to mention it in the paper when it involved a "nice person" (her words) like herself.

Some of the newspaper's own sins of omission or commission also add gray tone to the publisher's hair. Probably one of the worst in my experience was a report on the conviction of a man who had — under the influence of liquor or drugs or both — driven his car through a tent at Kenosee Lake Provincial Park. Our story mentioned the name of the "accused" — a very unusual name in these parts — at least half a dozen times. The matter was brought to my attention by the head of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment at Carlyle, who was so angry I was grateful he was seventy miles away. Our story was correct in every detail except a very important one: the name we had used as that of the accused had, in fact, been the name of the arresting officer. To add insult to injury, the officer had done a lot of work with Carlyle district young people in drug and alcohol education. To add further irony, the story had been placed right next to a graduation story sure to be read by teen-agers, and in a final touch, the officer was, at the time, in Ottawa on a seminar on relations with the press.

We placed apologies in the Review and several newspapers in the Carlyle area. By sheer happenstance, Irene and I were seated at the same table as the officer at a banquet in fall of 1969 and were almost afraid to identify ourselves when we heard his name. Fortunately he was a man with a sense of humor and any wounds we had caused originally had healed well. He told us that when he had returned from Ottawa to Arcola — where he then lived, people there had believed he was in prison. He had a whole scrap book relating to the matter, including a photo of himself with bars drawn over it, furnished by thoughtful fellow officers.

In a category all its own is the time we offended some readers with an April Fool's joke. It was 1961, with the first of April falling on a Wednesday. The new dam had not yet been completed, and in so often in the 1950s the water reservoir had fallen to a dangerously low level. As a result, council found itself casting about for ways to alleviate a serious water shortage that seemed imminent.

Our Ontario-born editor of the day, Don McCahill, was inspired to photograph a number of railway tank cars on a siding near Weyburn. The picture was run on page one with a caption

explaining that they contained water being brought in from Lake Erie. We thought Lake Erie would tip off our readers to the joke, but to be on the safe side, closed with the credit "Photo by April Fool."

Reacting before thinking it over, indignant readers deluged city hall with phone calls berating officials for bringing in water from far away, polluted Lake Erie, with thousands of clean lakes available in Saskatchewan and neighboring Manitoba. When told it was just a gag — and after simmering down — most thought it was a pretty original joke. A few, nevertheless, let it be known that they didn't appreciate falsehoods, even as an April Fool's joke, in their local newspaper.

Fairly early in my editorial career I made a mistake for which a person I was trying to help paid rather painfully.

A reader who farmed near a village not far from Weyburn came in with a Letter to the Editor he wanted me to publish. He was on bad terms with the rural municipality's snow plow operator who, to torment him, wouldn't open the road to his farm. He thought exposure of the man's infamy might change his ways. Reading the letter, I found it loaded with libel, but because a municipal government was involved as employer of the plow operator, I felt he probably had a case that deserved airing. His knowledge of English was limited, and his frustration great, so I decided to be a hero and help him. So I rewrote the letter on the spot, scrubbing out all the libel and unprovable accusations, yet giving readers a good idea of what the man was being subjected to.

I proudly showed him the finished product, which he signed happily and gratefully. And that was the way we ran it. That was the end of it, as far as I was immediately aware. However, New Year's was soon upon us — perhaps a few weeks later — and I had to go to the hospital to take a picture of the New Year's baby. While I was waiting at the reception desk for permission to go to the maternity ward, I noticed, standing beside me, our rural letter-writer.

I bade him Happy New Year and asked him how he was. "Pretty good now," he conceded, but added that things had been pretty rough.

"You've been sick?" I asked.

He looked at me strangely, as though he expected me to know of his illness, then reminded me of the letter I had written for him. The next time he had visited his village, the snow plow operator had parked his machine in such a way as to box in the farmer's vehicle. He had then dragged the farmer out of it and beaten the daylights out of him. He was just now being released from hospital. Later I learned I had also been on the snow plow operator's hit list, but he had made known his intentions at the local beverage room and had been talked out of it.

Ever since, I have been very careful never to assist anyone with a Letter to the Editor to any extent that might identify me with the authorship.

Commercial printing

Job printing has been a traditional economic staple of the weekly newspaper industry, since it steers productive work toward existing facilities on the slow days immediately following publishing day. Since the advent of offset printing, many weekly newspapers use centralized printing plants and quite a few, as a result, have found it uneconomic to maintain commercial printing departments. In the days of hot type, however, anything that helped pay the compositors' and linotype operators' pay on Thursdays and Fridays was a boon. Although printing letterheads or sale bills is not a hilarious exercise, like any other facet of life, work and human relations, it provides its light moments.

It still tickles me to think that I was once able to hold on to a printing order by raising the price.

This was back in the days when wedding invitations were still, customarily, printed by the local printers. A selection of beautiful embossed wedding cabinets was stocked and the text was handset in Old English or script type, from type cases that tended to be badly depleted. Given the

cost of the cabinets, the makeup and the time-consuming process of typesetting, lockup and printing the final product was fairly expensive

One day a psychiatric nurse from the mental hospital, planning to marry a psychiatrist, came in with a simple invitation she wanted her own modeled after; it was obviously a *piece de resistance*, from her point of view, and she was uneasy about entrusting it to a small-town establishment

All it amounted to was a hand-torn sheet of construction paper, with the text printed on it in ordinary sans serif type available on our line She had even bought and hand-torn the construction paper, expecting us to have difficulty finding anything as exotic The whole order would entail only five minutes on the line, another five minutes to lock up the form and perhaps fifteen minutes on the press

She asked if I thought we could handle the job

"Of course " I replied and out wanting to offend by pricing it too low quoted eight dollars (This was at a time when standard cabinets would have cost twenty to thirty dollars)

"Eight dollars!" she almost shouted "I am not having cheap invitations " She put out her hand for the sample, obviously intending to leave

The real me would have explained how simple a job it was, but a higher (or possibly lower) power whispered in my ear that if I wanted that job I had better smarten up and fast

"Oh my goodness!" I lamented, "I'm afraid I forgot all about the — uh, uh — the . . ." and without finishing the sentence, but pantomiming a series of mental calculations, I quickly apologized for misquoting, and told her what she wanted was really more complicated than I had first supposed, and that it would cost $21 50

"Well, that's better!" she exclaimed, and although still obviously questioning my competence, mental and otherwise, entrusted me with the job

It is a dishonest dollar I have never regretted

One printing order that still comes close to drawing tears was the two-color job for an itinerant evangelist — another experience of my first weeks in Weyburn People like that must have just recognized me from a mile The evangelist, who was holding revival meetings in Weyburn, came in with a young male companion Together they designed the letterhead, arguing amiably over details, and placed an order for ten thousand sheets printed in two colors That, from an unexpected source, in the doldrums of July, was a bonanza They even came in a few days later to okay the pre-press proof, but never picked up the completed order — nor paid for it

And that's the last we ever saw of them

Printed on the letterhead was the Texas address of a religious organization with which the itinerant claimed some sort of affiliation I sent the billing to this address, and failing to receive payment as acknowledgment, fired off a letter that must have arrived in Texas still warm This drew a reply advising that the party in question was not, in fact, affiliated in any way with the Texas organization

Having corresponded with the Texans, however, my name automatically went on their mailing list, and every few months for the next few years I received from them tracts and offers of religious literature I didn't really need those reminders

Some years later I drew the wrath of a customer by being party to a name change that didn't exactly tickle him

Local entrepreneur Wilbur Thompson purchased the El Rancho Motel in Weyburn at about the time public dining rooms were first being licensed for the sale of liquor with meals. Wilbur came in with his manager, Tom Dixon, and between the three of us we designed a handsome menu for the Ambassador Room, as the dining room was to be called

Liquor licensing was still a touchy matter in Saskatchewan, and everything associated with it, including the printed price list or menus, had to be approved by a representative of the provincial liquor board. Wilbur was out of town, presumably away with his stable of racehorses, when the time came for the okay on the menu, so Tom Dixon came in with Shad Wheeler from the liquor board

After he had satisfied himself that everything about the menu was in sync with regulations,

Shad said, "There's just one thing that bothers me. The motel is called the **El Rancho**, and the dining room is the Ambassador Room." He thought the two names were incompatible, and asked where "Ambassador" fit in anyway.

"I dunno," said Tom, and asked what Shad would suggest.

Wheeler volunteered that Ranchero Room might be more appropriate, and I seconded the suggestion. Asked if this would hold up the licensing, Shad assured Tom that he could change the name on the form right there, and I too agreed the name could be changed on the menu without delaying the printing.

So the Ambassador Room became the Ranchero Room — and when Wilbur Thompson returned to Weyburn, he blew his stack. I've mentioned he had a stable of racehorses. He had one particular favorite, a horse by the name of Ambassador.

A relic of a passing era in the job printing department was the "funeral press."

In communities not served by radio or daily newspapers, and before economical and quick photocopying techniques were available, it was customary to publicize deaths through cards placed at strategic locations, such as the post office, throughout town. A form of type was kept handy, and when a death occurred, the name, time of death and funeral particulars were changed. Several cards were printed and taken out to the various locations.

The Review had a small platen press with a printing surface too small to be useful for anything else. Our funeral card form was always kept locked into a chase (a metal frame) of the right size, and guide pins left in position on the press platen, so cards could be printed as quickly as possible. Inevitably the little press was dubbed the funeral press. We charged $4.50 for printing and distributing half a dozen cards, with fifty cents brazenly added for a full dozen. Funeral directors delighted in bringing in a card order or two on Friday afternoon just as the place was being locked up. The loss of funeral cards to the revenue of the weekly newspaper industry has caused few tears.

Rebuilding the plant

The depletion of the Review's staff soon after our arrival resulted, as already suggested, in an early introduction to the joys and surprises of staff enlistment. I made some hasty decisions that I find incredible to this day. Once I learned, only through bitter experience, not to hire hodies when I needed people; to check out references, and to ask pointed questions, my record improved. Hiring is always a dicy business, but for all the disappointingly bad choices I still managed to hire in the first few years people like Mary Greer, who became my first news editor, and Henry Aldrich, the Review's head pressman thirty years later. Many others have come and gone on to respected careers in writing, printing and in other businesses.

And while the staff was being rebuilt, so the physical assets of the plant gave way to new, state of the art replacements. Using the words "new" and "state of the art" is no overstatement, as it might be if applied to acquisitions not many years later. In the postwar era, and until the great conversion to offset printing, equipment in the newspaper composing room — the key production department — did not change significantly. With a few bells and whistles added, the linos in daily newspapers were not very different from the typecasting machines produced decades earlier, in fact, many parts were still interchangeable. The linos in weeklies were similar to those of the dathes except, as noted earlier, they tended to be hand me-downs from larger plants.

However, many time-saving devices in use in daily newspapers for many years simply had not found their way to the shops of their country cousins. This is probably due, at least in part, to the fact that in the weekly shop of the depression years, money was not readily available for capital expenditures. Family and staff worked evenings without overtime pay, and wages were low. As a result efficiency didn't count for much in the scheme of things, and this recession cut deeply into profitability when higher wage rates, overtime pay, paid vacations and other employee benefits became part of small town life, even if at a lower level than in the large city.

It would be satisfying to say that I had come to Weyburn with a bold vision of modernizing. Although I had worked in modern printing shops in many parts of the continent and had every hope of streamlining, I thought of these machines to some extent as frills to improve working conditions, the quality of the product, and the appearance of the plant. Oh, I knew efficiency was a factor too, but not how dramatic a factor, and we didn't have the money to lay out. Anyway, I was willing to work extra hours to offset plant inefficiency. I believe I had some vague goal of beginning a replacement and modernization program in about five years after the mortgage had been substantially reduced.

It was a request of Hector Bauvier's that made me accelerate the program. I had insisted on the use of larger type for news and advertising headlines to improve the appearance of the paper, and the larger type (hand set) had to be assembled from our dozens of type cases. Most fonts were depleted and a lot of type was tied up in standing forms, saved for subsequent re-use. It was not uncommon to set a line in a particular font of type only to find a letter short of a few letters. This left the choice, aggravating and time consuming, of distributing the line back into the case, and switching to another font (with possibly the same results) or scrounging through piles of standing forms to find the letters required in the appropriate font.

So one day early in 1959 Hector approached me with a resolute look on his face, and a long list of type needed to replenish our type fonts. I sputtered and protested that this would cost over one thousand dollars, and provide only temporary relief. Hector was unmoved. "If you expect us to use large type, we've got to have type to use, especially with the busy spring season ahead of us."

With knees shaking and a numb mind I retired to my office to consider this latest bombshell. Suddenly the realization struck me that if I could afford, indeed if I could scrape together the wherewithal to pay for the type demanded by Hector, I could afford a down payment for a Ludlow machine which would alleviate the problem forever.

A Ludlow was a machine with which large type could be cast up to an inch in height and perhaps larger, and in line lengths of up to eighteen inches (in about four inch sections). The lines were hand assembled from brass matrices and cast from metal identical to that used in the regular linecasting machines. Blank lines could even be cast for spacing, and, as with type from lines, the metal could be remelted and reused.

My pleas to a representative of the Ludlow Corporation representative must have been heart rending because he agreed to supply the machine for a down payment of one thousand dollars. The improved production was nothing less than astonishing, and the higher quality was phenomenal, as I had hoped it would be.

It wasn't much later that we bought a photo-engraver of a sort. I've already mentioned the emphasis I had been taught to place on local news photos, and local appreciation of them, in spite of the time lapse between the event and the published picture because of our reliance on plates produced in Steinbach.

People are quick to accept improvement and also to recognize inadequacies in them, so it wasn't long before people began to wonder out loud about the lateness of our pictures. At about the same time, a revolutionary engraving process made it economical for large and medium sized weekly newspapers to install in-plant engraving machines.

While the process used in Steinbach and in other engraving plants required costly special cameras, acid baths, plate emulsifiers and all sorts of complicated and costly procedures (and produced excellent products), several companies now were offering small electronic engravers that scanned photographs and punched holes into plastic plates in inverse proportion to the density of the corresponding area of the photo. (Dot patterns of various density on printing surfaces are the basis for printed photographs.)

Quality was much inferior to acid-etched zinc plates, but at a rental of about $130 monthly, requiring a space of only a few square feet and able to turn out an engraving about eight inches square in twenty minutes, it was a triumph of technology. Brochures advertising the machines — ours was a Klischograph — invariably showed a young, pretty, smiling girl standing beside the

machine. The message was clear: if a young, pretty, smiling girl was capable of running a Khachograph, no one need feel inhibited.

Temporarily, a new owner of Channell's Studio was persuaded to develop and print our films, but a more permanent solution was not far away. In fall, construction was begun on our bungalow on Woodlawn Crescent, complete with a darkroom in the basement. Shortly after we moved in in late winter, we bought a darkroom "package," and with a few days of instruction from a tutor who had had only a few days of instruction himself, Irene became our professional photo lab expert.

This arrangement lasted for four or five years, through three babies that managed to survive lengthy sessions in a 60-degree basement, or to sleep through Irene's sequesterings, on photo days.

Like everything else, the home studio added a few highlights to my store of memories. I remember with particular vividness a provincial election night, perhaps in 1964. Saskatchewan elections are held on Wednesdays and the Review, at that time, went to bed Wednesday nights for Thursday morning printing.

After the election returns were in, perhaps an hour after the polls closed at eight o'clock, I took pictures at the office of the winning candidate, drove home to deliver the film to Irene, then returned to the office to write my stories, set them on the line, proofread and correct them, and drop them into the front and jump pages, allowing a rectangular space for the photo to be engraved easily in the morning.

By this time it was after midnight, house lights were out throughout the city, and all was still. I parked and left the car running while I trotted to the house to pick up the photos waiting for me on the kitchen table. I had noticed the car door swinging open because I hadn't closed it properly, but at that time of night, and for one minute, it wasn't worth going back for.

So I entered the house, grabbed the photos, and dashed back to the car and was about to get in when my heart almost stood still. There, sitting in the driver's seat, was a tall figure. I must have let out some sort of distressed sound, because with a frightened yelp the figure sprang out of the car, crashed past me and disappeared into the night.

The Jennings, who lived across the street, had a black Labrador retriever, and I learned later that he just loved to sit in cars. My car, with its empty seat and open door, had been too much to resist.

The cylinder press

So far, I have said little about the press.

Before I had even taken over the Review — that is, in the few days I was in Weyburn before the key was actually turned over to me — I quickly was told by more than one smirking native that the Review was printed on an old piece of junk that broke down regularly, and that as a consequence the paper was often hours late.

This turned out to be entirely true, except for the part about the press being an old piece of junk. It was a wonderful, well-built piece of equipment that was being forced to work under impossible conditions.

At this point, just a bit of printing history is in order — unresearched, but as I have learned to understand it perhaps imagine it.

For hundreds of years after Johannes Gutenberg's invention of movable type, this in itself was sufficient unto itself as a wonder of human ingenuity. If you consider the alternative of copying Bibles and other documents by hand, wasn't it great to be able to hand-set a page of type and then print as many copies as desired? What matter that the form probably had to be inked with a hand-held brayer, a sheet of paper carefully positioned on it, and a platen hand-screwed down to press the paper evenly against the form of type?

Naturally, this wasn't good enough forever, and inventors eventually developed presses operated by manpower, by horsepower, and by the early 1900s, by steam power. Proliferation of printed matter fed literacy, which in turn fanned demand for more printing. Either in the twilight of the steam power era, or in the years that followed the invention of the internal combustion engine, the press industry must have decided that improvement had gone about as far as it could go and the trade was sold a quantity of sturdy steel printing presses built to last a hundred years — at maximum speeds at which sheets of paper could be hand-fed into them.

Time came when even these mechanical miracles were succeeded by web presses and mechanically fed cylinder presses, and the new orphans often became the work horses of the weekly newspaper pressroom. There were new presses offered to the weekly industry, but for two to four short press runs per week, this was a pretty costly route compared to picking up a low-cost used press being replaced chiefly to make way for faster presses coming on the market. These used presses gave years of service, ran under unbelievable conditions, and were very undemanding in terms of maintenance and repair. If a part broke, every town had its mechanical genius who was able to get the press running long enough to get the paper out and until replacement parts could be brought in.

Such a press was the Review's Optimus. It was larger than most presses found in weeklies. Four broadsheet newspaper page forms locked onto the press bed looked almost lost. The entire machine was about fifteen feet or more in length. The press had been installed in the Review's basement on a cement floor and should have lasted forever, had it not been for Weyburn's highly alkaline soil. Over the decades the alkali had eaten away at the concrete base, causing the steel chassis of the press to warp from its own weight.

Imagine a steel slab weighing a ton or more hurtling first in one direction, coming to a stop assisted by a cylinder ramming into an air chamber, then reversing itself and heading in the opposite direction to have the process repeated at the other end. This whole cycle was repeated over one thousand times in an hour of operation.

The press broke down often and in unexpected places. This would cause delays, late delivery of the paper, costly repairs, and overtime pay while the entire crew waited for our local mechanical wizard, Floyd Trulson, to get the press going again.

When the press was started, it sounded like a locomotive roaring through the basement, and when a sheet of paper got caught in the ink rollers, the first person to notice it would let out a banshee-frightening roar, in which he would be joined by others until they gained the attention of the press feeder. Thereupon the press would be brought to a stop with further gnashing of steel and gears. All this was happening on a base that was no longer true.

My office was located directly above the pressroom, separated from this dungeon by a not-very-substantial floor. My stomach flipped with every rotation of the press cylinder, and my heart would lurch every time I heard the distress cries, and I would perspire copiously until I heard the press rolling once more.

A most creative ambience!

The repairs were costly, eating up a good share of the meagre margin that might otherwise have gone into the profit column. And as if the inherent problems of the press and its bed were not enough, the electrical system's cables became corroded by alkali. The costly repair job was completed while the press staff was out for coffee. Suddenly there was the sound of the press being started, followed immediately by an enormous crash.

We rushed downstairs and found the electrician standing beside the press looking sheepish — and deservedly so. He had finished his repairs and had decided to start up the machine to see if everything was in order. So he pressed the starter button of a machine he knew nothing about. The press must have had a safety clutch to prevent accidental starting in this way, but either the electrician found it, or the press had been left engaged. At any rate, it happened. The press bed had on it many loose pieces of metal and wood furniture (spacing material used for locking forms into position on to the bed). These pieces were thrown off the bed when the press started, some of them landing in the compression chamber in which they were jammed by the returning

compression cylinder machined to fit tightly into the chamber now filled with pieces of wood and metal

The result was not beautiful to behold

Insurance covered the cost of this major repair and we were operational again for the following week's paper. Insurance, however, did nothing for my nerves, my ulcers or my dreams, nor...for that matter, for the lifespan of a much-abused press.

It was becoming more obvious every day that the only answer was a new press. At the time the Goss company was offering a web fed press suitable for medium sized weeklies. It was capable of printing and folding eight broadsheet pages at a time, at a speed of several thousand impressions per hour. These Cox-o type presses had already been installed at Stumbach, Estevan, and a number of other weeklies in the west.

The spirit was willing, and it made so much sense, but I was faced with two major obstacles. One was the price tag of $50 000 or thereabouts; and the second was where to put the press. Considering the condition of our leased premises...and my ambivalent relations with the landlord, I was not exactly anxious to install an expensive press in the crumbling basement with its disintegrating floor. Several years also remained on the existing unwritten lease, and installation of a press would hardly leave me in any bargaining position for a renewal. Somehow, a new building as well as a new press did not seem within the realm of possibility.

In any case, I went to see the landlord to see where I stood in the event of a move, and he told me to do whatever was best for the Review, that the Review had always been at this location, and would always be welcome. He added that Woolworth's, next door in the same building, had been eyeing our premises covetously for years, so there would be no problem in getting a new tenant. This was very reassuring, but it didn't come close to covering all relevant considerations.

The decision was made for me on the last Sunday of April in 1960.

Western Wire and Cable Co. at the Weyburn airport had expanded its operation into an additional hangar, and was holding an official opening and reception to celebrate and publicize the enhancement. We had been asked to print a special section of the Review to commemorate the occasion, and to provide several thousand extra copies of the section. With our limit of four pages per run on the old Optimus press, with each section handfed into a folder after printing, plus the longer press run, it was necessary to work through the weekend to print the special.

We were halfway through the last run of the special when the press seized and wouldn't run. Floyd Trutson again left whatever he was doing on a Sunday afternoon and tackled the mechanical monster. He adjusted settings, swore mightily, made more adjustments and swore some more and declared that there was just no *goddamn* reason why the *sonofabitch* shouldn't run.

In the meantime I was saying silent prayers and promising God that if He got me through this one press run, I would never bother Him for another favor in my whole life. Naturally, it is a promise many times broken but it was made sincerely. I console myself that the Almighty is probably more favorably disposed toward individuals who demonstrate frequent dependency than toward those whose self-sufficiency fails them only once in a lifetime.

If you wander about the urgency of completing the run, it was this: on the old flatbed presses, four pages were first printed on one side of the sheet. The sheets were then turned over and printed on the other side with another four pages. Metal and storage space were usually limited, so the first four pages of type were disassembled and melted down before the next run was completed. Had we been unable to complete the run, it would have been necessary to reset the first four pages and take the eight pages to Estevan for printing, because no shop within a reasonable distance had a press compatible with our page size.

In any case, between God and Floyd, it was possible to coax the press, at slow speeds and with signs of heating up, to complete the press run. Then I ordered the press turned off and never started again, making arrangements with the Estevan Mercury to print the Review on their Cox-o-type until alternate arrangements could be made.

Calculating how much money could be saved annually by not having constant and costly press

repairs, a more efficient operation and roll newsprint at a substantially lower price than sheet stock. I wrote the Goss company entreating consideration for reasonable terms for a Cox-o-type press of our own.

The building to house the press and the Review, I concluded, would have to be built by someone prepared to make an investment for long term rental. Again I almost despaired when prospective investors, accustomed to treating the Review as a joke, found equal humor in the thought of risking good dollars on its future. None, certainly, demonstrated any sense of urgency in considering the proposal.

A new building

Somehow, I was steered to the Porter brothers, Jim and Chuck, whom I knew only casually at the time. They not only gave me a sympathetic hearing, but, being temporarily unable to make this sort of commitment, undertook to find an investor. It was through them that I was brought together with Gordon Russell, a downtown retailer, who agreed to look at my needs. The Goss people, by the way, had conceded to my pleas for easy terms, and my order was already "in the works" before we even had a place to put the press. Gordon made quick decisions after studying a proposal seriously, and within weeks, ground was broken for a cement block and brick building, built to my specifications (modified by Russell's greater experience in these matters), on Second Street between Sauris and Coteau Avenues.

This marked the beginning of a lengthy relationship that would be envied by anyone who has ever occupied leased premises of any kind. The Review was in the building for over seventeen years, and in all those years there was never once occasion for me to complain about anything concerning the arrangement. If Gordon Russell ever had cause to be dissatisfied with us — a possibility, since maintenance was the lessee's responsibility — he was kind enough never to tell me about it. Over the years we had occasion, twice, to make additions to the building: adding first a small warehouse and then a second storey in 1967. On both occasions Gordon was out of town when I identified my need, both times I contacted him wherever he was, and on both occasions he gave me a verbal okay, leaving the legal details and rental adjustments — always fair — to be completed after his return, usually after construction had begun.

Completion of our new building was targeted for mid-September of 1960, and for the intervening five months, we took our page forms to Estevan for printing — one trip for each press run, but in those days sixteen pages (two runs on the Cox-o-type) was our limit. We were unable to move our deadlines forward, so instead of having the printed product available fairly early on Thursday mornings, as our readers were accustomed, the papers did not reach our office until the truck returned in mid afternoon or later. We lost readers, temporarily, and advertisers were not exactly thrilled.

With the co-operation of Sterling King at the Mercury, the months of printing at Estevan passed almost without incident, except for the occasion when a new pressman put his knee through a page while putting it on the press, scattering type and spacing material all over the neighborhood. Fortunately we kept page proofs, but I had to drive to Estevan with it (fifty miles), then help them sort the lines, rules and spaces to match the proof. The Mercury's type faces were different then ours, so we were unable to reset some parts of the page, which would have been faster and easier.

About the most difficult aspect of having the paper printed in Estevan was the unnatural atmosphere of the office after closing our forms; it was weird, this sudden transition to something like weightlessness, from frenzy to a zombie state.

In a weekly, when all the pre-press functions merge and the press begins to run, there may be a sense of finality for most of the staff, but there is also a new progression that meshes with what a newspaper is all about. The first impatient readers have been waiting restlessly at the counter to

get one of the first copies (there are always a few regulars who do this). Then comes a steady trickle of advertisers and readers who come as soon as they can be reasonably sure the paper is available. Bindery workers are imprinting and bagging papers for mailing and counting out piles for the carrier boys; others are taking bags of papers to the post office for distribution and mailing; carrier boys march into the office and through to the shop to fill their bags, and money is being collected from the youngsters, who are responsible for collections from their customers. Ad salesmen hurry out with tearsheets. The phone starts ringing with the earliest reactions to the paper hitting the streets: an occasional complaint (compliment or query). When you go downtown you see people in restaurants — friends, acquaintances and complete strangers — reading your paper: the words you have written, or edited, and printed. It is the culmination of what the week's work has been all about: not just a pile of printed matter but a collection of information going out to, and being absorbed by, the community.

It is a feeling that always is both new and traditional, but it disappeared for months while we printed in Estevan. The public quickly learned that there would be no paper until some indeterminate time after the truck had returned and the sections collated. So after the truck left, loaded with page forms, there was only silence. No customers, no carrier boys, no ringing telephones...no complaints, just a heavy silence that felt like disapproval and embarrassment at our shame. We had worked hard at producing something and had nothing to show for it.

Even when the truck showed up with the finished product, it was not as though time had amply been suspended for a few hours. There was just no excitement about the paper being out and available, at this late hour it seemed simply irrelevant.

But it was the nadir of our early years in Weyburn, the final purgatory before our glorious entry into the compassative paradise of a new building, built to our needs, and with a brand new press.

Business as usual

PAGE ONE STORY *September 8, 1960*

This week's issue of the Weyburn Review was produced under circumstances even more confusing than those which usually exist.

The reason is that the big move to our new premises began last week, and with the building on Second St. still under construction, the office remained at the old location, while the composing and stereotype departments were in operation in the new quarters early this week.

The pressroom was totally "blacked out" for a few days, with presses either awaiting re-assembly or electrical hook-up.

A one or two-week delay would have been better for all but this was made all but impossible by the advance arrangements which had to be made in connection with the move.

As it was, the Goss Cox-o-type printing press on which the Review will be printed in the future arrived a week before the scheduled delivery date and the 12 tons of machinery parts had to be stored until the floor of the building had set. On Tuesday of last week, as had been arranged earlier, Al Cunningham of the Goss Co. Chicago, arrived to begin erection work on the eight page web-fed newspaper press.

Another factor which contributed to the on-schedule move was the size of the back door at the old building. Because the opening was not large enough to accommodate the large pieces of equipment required in the production of a newspaper, a number of machines had to be stripped to size, and re-assembled in the new plant.

This too required experienced mechanics. These were provided by Toronto Type Foundry of Winnipeg, with Vince Webster and Frank Bluen seeing to the presses and Don Green in charge of the typesetting machines. Mr. Green was one of the machinists who installed the Intertype machine in the Review office two years ago.

To move six printing presses, stereotyping and bindery equipment out of the basement of the premises which have been occupied by the Review as long as most people can remember, it has been necessary to remove the staircase, so that the machines may be raised through the stairway opening.

By last weekend most of the heavy equipment had been removed from the basement by the movers, Heavy Equipment Haulers.

Moving of the remaining equipment was deferred until later this week, so as not to interfere with the production of the paper — already hampered by temporary electrical hookups and lighting, the usual problems associated with moving, and tradesmen finishing off the building — and to give things a

chance to adjust at the new building before the balance is brought in. The office staff and fixtures also removed in the Mitchell Block so as not to interfere with finishing work in the new office.

It is hoped that by next weekend the entire move will have been completed and that production will settle down to normal shortly thereafter. Business, of course, has been carried on as usual during this time with very few printing orders affected by the temporary shut-down of the presses.

One thing which may be attributed to the move is the scarcity of pictures in this week's paper. This was partly due to the staff being occupied in moving and partly because the engraver had been crushed for moving making it necessary to have plates made in Regina.

This week's issue is still being printed in Estevan.

The move into the new building seemed to write "finis" to the era on which we gropingly attempted to establish ourselves in Weyburn, and to restore the newspaper's image as the mirror of the community, turned out in a modern plant. While the years ahead were not free of problems, as could not have been expected in any business under a novice's management, we had soon bought most of the equipment then considered appropriate for a weekly plant the size of ours.

The Cox o-type press seemed like a miracle, printing four, six or eight pages at a time at a speed of over two thousand impressions per hour, simultaneously slitting and quarter-folding, thus eliminating what had once been an extra step. The printed image, especially photos, was of a lower quality than that of the old sheet-fed presses, but at such a saving in time and money, it was easy to wink at some sacrifice.

To further increase type production, we bought a brand new Comet Linotype capable of turning out eight lines per minute instead of the traditional six. Within a year we had this typesetter hooked up to teletypesetter equipment, with the Linotype producing type from tape-fed commands. The tape was punched in the front office on a separate keyboard with a standard typewriter configuration, and operated by a typist.

The big advantage was that while a manual line operator's top speed averaged about five lines per minute — speaking now of a first-class operator — and about three lines or slightly more for the average operator, and still less for a learner, the tape-controlled machine could run at full speed except for short stops to change tapes and remove "sticks" of type. It was not without disadvantages, but these were well compensated for by faster and less costly production.

Beside the press breakdown which forced me into replacement of both press and building, most of the modernization came about deliberately and systematically, based on cost-effectiveness and the availability of a down payment.

One of the changes that came at least as precipitously as the press was new furniture for my office. I had decided that cosmetic changes could not be undertaken until all our production equipment was top-line. So I made do, even in the new building, with a rickety old desk with drawers that jammed, and a vintage swivel chair. The chair had armrests supported by wooden spindles rising from the seat. The chair's height was adjusted by spinning the chair and then tightening the vertical screw at the right height. The screw had become worn over the years and the chair would gradually sink so low that I could barely work at my desk. Then I would have to stop whatever I was doing and bring the chair up to working level again. The spindles were also loose and occasionally would slip out of their holes, also requiring some delicate restoration.

When Phyllis Kateky took over as sales manager her bookkeeping duties were taken over by a young man by the name of Don Forbes. Don had a keen sense of humor, but a very old-fashioned approach to business relationships. While almost everyone in the shop called me Ernie, I was always Mr. Neufeld to Don, and he always addressed me as respectfully as though I were Lord Thomson.

One morning he came into my office and asked me a question that required some thought. As I addressed myself to the problem I leaned back and placed my arms on the armrests.

This is difficult even for me to believe, but at this point the screw failed completely, the chair sank to its lowest level with a burp and a thud, and every individual spindle, and all the crossbars at the chair's back, fell apart and tumbled into a heap on the floor. It was like a scene from a cheap western or a second-rate farce. Total destruction.

Even Don's sense of dignity and decorum could not sustain him. He not only laughed, he howled, doubled over and holding his belly with both arms. I laughed too, but not quite as heartily.

That day I bought both a new chair and a new desk.

The Estevan Mercury

Another major change came in 1963 when we were offered the Estevan Mercury on a silver platter.

In the middle 1950s or thereabouts the Liverpool (England) Echo organization expanded into Canada, buying a weekly in Midland, Ontario, the Estevan Mercury, the daily Red Deer Advocate in Alberta, and three weeklies in British Columbia's Fraser River Valley.

We had no sooner taken over the Review — my family hadn't even joined me in Weyburn — when I received a letter from the Echo's top executive, suggesting that I might be open to an offer. I replied that we hadn't bought the Review just to resell it, but admitted that everything probably had its price. Not long after that, the Echo executive, on his annual visit to the Canadian holdings, dropped in to see me and to feel out my amenability to an offer. He expressed serious concerns about my financial ability to handle the necessary rebuilding of the Review.

Once again, I declined to negotiate, thereby adding to the worries of our first year in Weyburn we secretly feared the Liverpool group might be as ruthless as some of the newspaper chains then feeding on their neighbors in the country. As it turned out the English, as we called them, always behaved like good neighbors, and I don't know how I would have survived without their co-operation during the press crisis.

It developed, however, that not everything was peaches and cream in the Echo's overseas operation either. While the Red Deer and Fraser Valley operations were thriving, the same could not be said for Midland, and even less for the Mercury, which reportedly was losing money hand-over-fist.

Long-distance supervision was obviously one of the problems in the Mercury's case, and another was a United Kingdom policy that did not look favorably upon money losing foreign investments. There were also a few local problems, but they would have been surmountable taken out of the framework of the other two.

The upshot of all this was that one day I received a visit from Cecil Hacker of Abbotsford, British Columbia, manager of the Echo's Canadian operations. The visit purported to be neighborly and fraternal, but sensing a less casual underlying purpose, I was tense and stand-offish.

Having heard of difficulties at the Mercury, and being close enough to see and sense a few more, I cheekily asked how things were going in Estevan. I was surprised when Hacker replied quite candidly that things weren't going well at all. Still more brazenly I suggested that maybe Liverpool ought to be offering the Mercury to me. I almost fell from my chair when he replied, with a pained expression—that such might not be the worst solution, and suggested a figure well above anything I could have managed, or than would have been reasonable in view of the Mercury's fallen state: a steadily decreasing circulation and reduced advertising sales in the face of stiff shopper competition. I countered with an offer about half of his — also unreasonable — and was not surprised when he seemed offended. He left, but left the door open by suggesting we might meet in Calgary some weekend if I could bring myself to think in terms of a more reasonable price.

Until that moment I hadn't really believed he was serious, and the enormity of it all left me almost speechless. I had long held that the Mercury and the Review were near enough to each other to operate out of one shop, cutting out a lot of duplication in expensive equipment. It had never seemed likely that the Liverpool group would consider a production partnership, and we,

of course, were not inclined to sell out. Now, suddenly, a joint operation was possible, under circumstances I could not have imagined until that moment.

A short exchange of letters ensued, and a few weeks later Cecil Haeker, Irene and I met in Calgary and at the moment Harvey Lee Oswald was shooting John Fitzgerald Kennedy in Dallas, we were shaking hands on the transfer of the Mercury at a price about halfway between the two extreme figures mentioned at our Weyburn meeting.

The opportunity to acquire the Mercury came at a time when we were hardly in a financial position to assume new obligations. However, my conviction that the Mercury and the Review were legitimately a single operation from a production point of view, compelled me to seek backing. Again I tried the Porter brothers who had helped me find an investor for the Review's new building. I am certain Jim and Chuck, men of wide business experience, realized that realities would fall somewhat short of the enthusiastic picture I painted for them, but generously decided to chance it anyway. They agreed to participate on any one of several arrangements — at my option — and thus became financially involved in the Review, an involvement that continued for about twenty years. I have nothing but good memories of the association. It was another one of those that fostered faith in human nature.

Papers were signed in mid-December, and a few days before or after Christmas I presented myself to the manager of the Estevan Mercury bearing a letter announcing the change in ownership.

Another moment to treasure, however unworthily.

Mercury managers had never mistreated me, but their courtesies were usually extended with the patronizing air that well paid executives of large corporations find difficult to shake in the presence of humbler colleagues who must constantly make ends meet without head office subsidization when such can be justified.

When I entered his office, the manager was sitting back in his reclining chair, with one foot on the desk, and was speaking into the telephone to a close friend about some shared activity. He waved me into a chair, which I took, while laying the folded letter on the table in front of him. He lazily acknowledged the letter with one hand while continuing his companionable telephone conversation.

His mind seemed to have difficulty absorbing what he was reading on the first pass, particularly with the distraction of the telephone call, the second time around his eyes glazed and he suddenly hung up the receiver with a terse "Call you later."

For a few seconds he looked as though he was still unable to make sense of it all, until suddenly he gasped, "My God, you're my boss!"

Thus began a new phase of our newspaper career, one with almost as many surprises as entering the business initially in Weyburn. I had long visualized the merger as a solution to many problems. It was, but it also added new ones. I discovered it was one thing to direct an operation personally, and quite another to accomplish change from a distance. This holds true particularly when the staff has become accustomed to absentee ownership by a large corporation. Since not a single individual's livelihood depended on a profit, little was done to avoid unnecessary costs that could be justified or had been budgeted.

In short, it was like a bureaucracy.

Shortly after the acquisition, we brought the mechanical production of the Mercury to Weyburn, while all our job printing equipment and business was moved to the Mercury plant. To accomplish the first, we leased a direct telephone line between the two offices. News and advertising copy were punched on tubetype tape at the Mercury, and transmitted to the Review office to be run off on our tape-controlled typesetting machine.

Earlier I explained how loose or tight lines of matrices may cause "squorts" on typesetting machines, cause damage to machines and matrices, or all of these. A beginner quickly learns to avoid this error, because a squirt can be physically painful, and is always a time-consuming nuisance.

A clerk punching tape in an office outside the composing room is a bit harder to teach because

she is faced with neither the danger nor the inconvenience. Even when the indicator tells her the line is full or loose, all she has to do is hit the "return" key, and the problem becomes that of the person supervising the typesetting machine. Even then, if she is conscientious, and is brought face to face with the chaos she has caused, and treated to some choice language by the foreman, she soon adapts. At a distance of fifty miles, however, the telephone lines have to become pretty hot and blue to fully convey the production department's displeasure. It was a battle never really won, but fortunately offset printing was not too far off, less than two years, although we didn't know it.

Estevan folks had resented absentee ownership by the Liverpool group and I had cherished the hope that they would be tickled to see the paper taken over by a Saskatchewan resident. Not a chance! Weyburn and Estevan are and then were about the same size, often competing for markets, industries and government offices, and I discovered Weyburn just wasn't a good word anywhere in Estevan. We never really got the Mercury turned around until several years later, when I brought George Derksen, the youngest of Irene's three brothers, in as a shareholder and manager of a separate company operating the Mercury. Several years after the advent of offset, and taking several other factors and developments into consideration, we sold our interest in the Mercury to George, and following his death a few years later — after bringing the operation back to profitability — the Mercury was again taken over by strangers.

Once, chatting with one of several managers who preceded George, I tried to explain one of the effects of a backshop background on my approach to management when I had first come to Weyburn. I told him that because I had been accustomed to performing assigned work, with each job having an identifiable beginning and end, I was out of my element faced with competing demands on my time and concentration, and with handling intangibles. Given the backshop situation at the Review in my first few years, I had often found it necessary to spend evening hours on the lines setting type. Because I was a skilled operator, and because I knew I was producing something tangible, my mind relaxed and I was able to sort out some of my business problems, I explained.

When this manager left the Mercury's employ, he filled his successor in on some of the particulars of the position, and especially the vicissitudes of working with me. "Why," he said, "that man's idea of relaxation is running a line."

The pre-offset Mercury period, while not quite the nightmare of the early Review years, was a two-year stretch of unprofitable and unrewarding frustration, two solid days of work in our composing room every week to put out twelve pages of the Mercury, then putting together sixteen to twenty pages of Review in one day, weekly trips to Estevan to put out bush fires, try to motivate staff and interview prospective employees. Meanwhile, one day a week had been taken out of my own schedule at Weyburn, adding to the extra hours I had to spend catching up.

Too late I discovered that the Estevan staff was able to meet delivery demands for Weyburn job printing by putting off Estevan work. Naturally, the absentee Weyburn management got the black eye for this, and commercial printing from Estevan sources dwindled to a trickle. Inevitably Weyburn service also suffered since two days were almost inevitably lost in sending the order to Estevan and receiving shipment of the finished product. The experiment failed, partly because of some of the factors mentioned, partly because of the difficulty of staffing in the Saskatchewan labor market of the 1960s, and I must confess that I miserably failed to measure up to the imperatives of absentee management.

At about the time of the Mercury acquisition I was also becoming increasingly involved in community and newspaper association activities. I was president of the Weyburn Chamber of Commerce during the year of the Mercury purchase, also the year of Weyburn's 50th jubilee celebrations. I served on the city-appointed Jubilee Committee, charged with co-ordinating activities in the city jubilee, the 1965 provincial 60th anniversary, and the 1967 Canadian Centennial celebrations. I was also on the board of directors of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association at the time.

All the extra activity turned out to be for the good, because it forced me to learn to delegate

authority in the news department. With trained young reporters non-existent — at least unavailable to weeklies — and few high school graduates interested in learning newspaper reporting, I had relied during my first two years in Weyburn — after several disastrous hiring errors — largely on my own writing and reporting, which was additional to management, some selling and some mechanical work.

It was a streak of luck that about 1960 Mary Greer presented herself in my office and announced (probably in reply to an ad) that she wished to apply for a reporting position. She was a mature woman (from my point of view), had some typing experience, was a native of Weyburn and had been active in a number of organizations.

My experience to that point had been that applicants expected to be paid on the basis of age, education, financial need and just about anything except background in the type of work being sought. Therefore I asked rather skeptically what sort of salary she would expect. I was dumbfounded when she declared, with dignity, that since she knew nothing about the business she expected to start at the bottom.

This brought to an end one of the nightmares of my initial years at the Review, for Mary brought to the job intelligence, a natural talent for writing, humor, knowledge of the community from a pioneer-family perspective, integrity and love for her work. By the time of the Mercury purchase I relied heavily on her assistance, and with new duties demanding more of my time, I made the obvious decision and appointed her news editor, a position she held ably until near the end of the 1960s, when she and her husband, Jack, decided to move to British Columbia.

Switch to offset printing

Only a few years after the Mercury purchase came about what can only be termed a complete metamorphosis in the production of weekly newspapers: offset printing.

Until the 1960s, it was simply a given that newspapers must be printed by the letterpress process, a process that had hardly changed in decades at the level of technology available to a small plant.

Letterpress printing is the process through which printed matter is produced by imprinting paper from inked metal type or plates, with printing areas defined by raised surfaces. The only major changes for weeklies had been the web-fed presses such as the Cox-o-type we had recently installed — introduced, for a variety of reasons, two decades too late — and tape-driven typesetting machines. Both had evolved naturally as improvements to the letterpress process, but neither was startlingly innovative. For that matter, neither was available to most community newspapers because they were too small to manage the capital outlay.

To describe the offset process I won't try to improve on an article I wrote for the Jubilee '80 special edition I compiled and edited for the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association in 1980. It follows:

A northern trail-blazer

When relief finally came from the mechanical nightmare that dominated life in the weekly newspaper industry about two decades ago, it came neither as a major technological breakthrough nor as the blinding flash of revelation experienced by Saul on the road to Damascus.

For several decades, us weekly newspapermen throughout Saskatchewan — or elsewhere, for that matter — sank wearily into bed late on publishing night, each at one time or another groaned to himself "Isn't there an easier way?" By next morning, however, the discipline of an accepted order of things reasserted itself and life went on as usual.

Here and there however maverick printers in different parts of the country found themselves drawn to the advantages of a relatively established process known as offset lithography. In Saskatchewan it was Al Mazur, now a 25-year veteran of the new order and as publisher of the Hudson Bay Post Review.

Lithography itself is not new. It is a technique accidentally discovered in the mid 1800s, whereby a grease base image can be transferred with high

fidelity onto paper or other materials. Early lithographing presses were at least as cumbersome as printing presses, and because they required water and chemicals as well as ink, probably more temperamental. Their chief advantage lay in the faithful reproduction of art work impregnated on special stone slabs.

Later, when it was discovered that zinc and aluminum would serve as well as stone, and that images could be photographically imposed onto these metals, printing speed became another plus for thin plates could be affixed to rapidly rotating cylinders. Because positive images were used, printed onto a rubber blanket, and offset onto the paper from the blanket, the process became known as offset lithography today simply offset printing.

Still neither advantage held any great attraction to the country newspaper. Printing speed was not a great factor in the publisher's catalogue of problems; nor was high fidelity. The major problems lay in getting the written word into printed form along a path well sprinkled with hazards.

Photography was still an alien discipline to the small printing office, and if the thought of offset printing ever even crossed a publisher's mind, it was quickly rejected as an invitation to adding new skills, new woes and new impediments to an already-beset pursuit.

If this sounds backward, it should be borne in mind that, aside from hand-lettering, the only practical way to transcribe language into form suitable for photographing, was to typeset it, carefully pull a proof, and then allow the ink to dry so that the proof might be handled without smearing. Manual typewriters with conventional ribbons did not provide type of suitable quality.

Then, in the years following World War 2, came several developments which turned the minds of a few publishers toward offset:

1. A simple, vertical camera, occupying little space and easy to operate, took the magic out of the photographic process involved in offset.

2. Pre-sensitized offset printing plates and a simple plate-burner turned another highly specialized skill into a quick and easily mastered operation.

3. Electric typewriters with one-time carbons (ribbons) offered sharp, consistent camera-ready type.

4. A burgeoning lithography industry was still quite specialized, and presses had no place to go from there but to the "boneyard." A few press salesmen and their employers began looking wistfully at the thousands of weekly newspaper offices where tradesmen might find a few more useful years.

5. Electronic engraving machines had introduced photo-journalism into the office of the weekly, but too often the publisher found the time and effort it took to take a picture, develop and print it, and then engrave it on costly plates, went almost for naught when the final product was a hardly recognizable likeness of a person or an event.

These five elements ought to have offered sufficient incentive for a mass switch to offset right there. Change doesn't come easily, however. Heavy investments in conventional printing machinery could not lightly be written off, and the very problems of the trade had cultivated an "immune mechanism" against fundamental change.

The tyranny of the process had eliminated most publishers who were not trade-oriented. Thus publishers were, with a few exceptions, persons to whom the trade was a primary discipline, and journalism a secondary interest.

So, for all the wishful thinking about a better way, when Al Mazur established an offset produced newspaper in the mid-50s at Hudson Bay, a small town where a succession of letterpress publications had failed, the news was greeted with emotions that included hostility, suspicion, ridicule, contempt, horror and fear.

Far from being regarded as a leader who was blazing a new path through the jungle, he was initially seen as a threat to the status quo, a rebel, an apostate profaning all that had been revealed and sanctified by Guenberg and Meigenthaler. But Mazur, engrossed in the day to-day challenges of pioneering, and far from the beaten track, stuck to his guns, improved on his product, and wherever he met his colleagues at conventions or workshops, enthusiastically preached the new gospel of offset.

Despite their hostility toward the alien process, fellow-publishers envied Mazur his beautifully printed photos and clean-cut snappy-looking paper. Within a few years Tom Kearns at Kipling, the late Merv Willoughby at Milestone, and Alex Sharp at Assiniboia, had become practising converts.

The switch to offset had slowly begun.

About the time I realized that most of the machinery involved in the Review's production process was due for early replacement, I attended a Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association workshop where the main speaker was one John Ellison who spoke convincingly about offset printing as the 20th century alternative for weekly newspapers.

A big, innocent looking individual who could probably sell sand to Arabs, Elhson was quickly dubbed "Honest John." He certainly sold me, and I asked him to come to Weyburn and suggest an offset solution. To fairness to him, he looked at our circulation figures and our normal number of pages and quickly counselled against going offset.

Our two alternatives in switching to offset, he pointed out, would be to install one of his presses and print four tabloid pages at a time, and then fold or collate all the sections, or to install a Goss Suburban press, a webfed offset press just on the market at $75,000 plus. The former, in his opinion, would break us by creating an impossible workload and deadlines problem, and the latter would break us through the capital cost.

Once again he sold me and I went the route of retooling our letterpress operation and then turned right around and switched to offset.

Little interest in offset

ERNESTLY *August 4, 1977*

On several occasions I have mentioned in this column the rate at which technology is moving in the newspaper industry.

Cleaning out correspondence files the other day I ran across a letter I received in 1959 which bears this out and afforded me a little chuckle as well.

When I came to Weyburn in 1958, most of the equipment at the Review office needed replacement and I was desperately attempting during the first year to reconcile priorities with available credit.

In that winter (early 1959) I attended a workshop of our provincial newspaper association where several speakers were holding forth enthusiastically on offset printing as the coming thing for weekly newspapers.

They really got to me and I went home infected with the concept. Since we were faced with a complete replacement program anyway, why not go modern right off?

I discussed the matter with my chief supplier for information, and here, with minor deletions, is the reply I received:

"You will no doubt recall on our last visit to you that we discussed the consideration you were giving offset for the publication of your paper.

"We wrote D —— I —— to see if he could get some information for us and we also discussed it with the ink man when he was in to see if he could give us the names of anybody you could get in touch with.

"Frankly, both of the opinions of these men were that only two that they know of were putting out their papers by offset, which was, of course, in tabloid size, which would be of no interest to you and they both do not feel that offset printing has any place for the publication of a newspaper such as printed by the Weyburn Review.

"These, of course, are only personal opinions and the reason we are passing them along to you is that both these men have quite an inside picture over quite a large territory and for that reason we think you might be interested in their reaction.

"It would appear that there hasn't been a great deal of interest shown by the weekly publishers as yet in this method of producing their papers and consequently we were not able to get a lot of information."

Armed with this and similar advice we modernized along traditional lines only to find out six years later that our offset theory had been right in the first place.

In 1965 the Review became the first weekly in Saskatchewan with its own in plant web offset facilities. Since then all but perhaps one or two weeklies in this province have switched to offset printing, with most of the presswork done in central plants.

What made the switch feasible in the mid-1960s, at least to us, was a package offer by the Goss company, the newly introduced Community press — a more modestly priced sister to the Suburban — and a darkroom and platemaking assembly that would give a publisher all that was necessary to print an offset newspaper. A generous trade-in was offered for Cox-o-type presses such as ours.

Considering my enthusiasm when I had fallen under the spell of Honest John, I ought to have been immediately interested. It is pretty hard, however, to convince someone who has completely refitted an operation that what he has done at great cost, is almost obsolete. Our foreman at the time, an outspoken printer by the name of Bill Adair, kept telling me that in the United States and in British Columbia a decided switch to offset had begun, bringing the benefits of lower production costs and high-fidelity reproduction of photos.

Perhaps in five years, was my reply. Then one day I was discussing the trend toward offset with another publisher who, with a modern lettershop plant, held views similar to mine. I decided to play the devil's advocate...and played it so well that I convinced both of us.

Within the next week I had contacted Goss, learned of the package offer described earlier, and made my decision. Adair was on vacation at the time and on the Monday he returned, I called him into my office and joyously told him of my decision. He stared at me in amazement, slowly shook his head, and fervently declared: "You know, Ernie, when we were coming home last night, just when we reached the sign that said 'Welcome to Weyburn,' I said to Joan, 'I wonder what that hairy bastard has thought up now.' "

But as I said, was outspoken. And I hadn't really disappointed him, I had only gone a step beyond anything he had expected from me.

However taken aback he may have been from that point on he was all co-operation and even enthusiasm as we proceeded to plan and implement changes that would lead us into this new wilderness. Fortunately we had installed a small offset job printing press a year or two earlier, although this had done little more than introduce us to the mysteries of a new craft. Seeing a magic show doesn't really equip one to step on the stage and do likewise.

All we could do was clear an area adjacent to the front office for a 12x12 darkroom, order two light tables, and prepare another area in the middle of the shop for the offset press. We sent a young employee to another newspaper that had recently converted for a crash course in the darkroom work on which the offset process depended.

It probably would have made sense to make sure the new press was fully installed and reasonably understood by our pressmen before we jumped into conversion for the Review proper runs, but no, as soon as the Goss company's erector set up, bined up and grouted in the press, and got the darkroom operational...nothing would do but switch right then.

We even set back our annual Fire Prevention issue one or two weeks so that we might print it in two colors. It was printed on Sunday afternoon, under the reluctant supervision of the press erector, Al Cunningham, whose cheek began to twitch as he watched me redoing the separations for the run a number of times before they were — barely — usable. Naturally, I had made it all much too complicated, kept confusing the red and black images, and ended up with many black and red areas reversed. One dilnetration ended up with black-tipped red matchsticks.

"Bet you don't see that often — using color on the first issue!" one of our staffers exclaimed proudly to Cunningham.

"Ever' sumbutch has to do it," replied rural Missourian Cunningham through clenched teeth.

Our real baptism in fire, however, still lay ahead. Cunningham stayed around a few more days to dismantle and crate the "old" Cox-o-type press, and was available for support when we produced our first fully offset editions of both papers, but we were on our own in learning to do the pre-press work with inadequate equipment.

Instead of simply locking up forms into pages, as we had been accustomed to doing all our lives, we now had to pull proofs on an unfamiliar proof press—and wait for the proofs to dry before we pasted them up. We tried to speed up the process by holding the proofs near light bulbs—but it was still very much like watching pots come to a boil, as too often we handled a proof prematurely, smeared it and had to pull a new proof.

Our ears were already ringing from the imprecations and complaints of the Mercury manager. He was always sure he was getting the dirty end of the stick, and of course, he couldn't possibly believe that it was worse for us, having, as we did, to handle the same problems as he, plus the darkroom, platemaking and offset press. Tension ran high and tempers flared, and there was almost a rebellion when the lad who had received the crash course in the darkroom of another offset newspaper complained that he hadn't seen a hockey game for over a week, and might take a few hours off that night to see one. He was probably kidding, or trying to have his importance

acknowledged because we were able to prevail upon him to forgo hockey for one more night while we got out our first offset issue But he sure had us worried!

There were moments during the first month, and certainly the first week, when I questioned my sanity in making the conversion In this I was not alone However even at the worst times there were glimmerings of promise, when I could sense, without really putting my finger on it, that we were heading for sweeping changes And indeed we were

Another factor that guaranteed an interesting metamorphosis was that there really were no guidelines and each plant was its own laboratory and testing and training ground Where the letterpress weekly had learned from and imitated daily newspaper production methods to the extent permitted by economics and common sense this was not possible with offset because there was no model to follow

Again, an article I wrote for Jubilee '80 tells the story more fully than memory permits after still another decade

The big switch

A full decade passed in Saskatchewan between the tentative groping switch to offset printing by Al Mazur at the Hudson Bay Post-Review and anything resembling a serious industry-wide conversion to the new process

While publishers today tend to ask "What took us so long?" there did not exist in the mid-1950s the infrastructure for a viable offset-produced newspaper industry The process existing at that time started with the photo-ready page and ended with a press — a used one for all practical purposes.

Cold composition which includes any typewriting method not employing type cast from molten metal was primitive Photo-composition was in its very infancy, and with no market for these amazing but complicated machines they bore price tags that placed them well out of the reach of the country printer There was really nothing but an electric typewriter with a face reduced in size and modified in size to resemble standard news faces All the letters were the same width which was enough to offend the eye of the printer and horror of horrors there was no way of aligning the columns on the right Trade-oriented publishers could not conceive of their readers accepting a printed product with ragged columns

Furthermore where the linecaster offered at least some variety as to sizes and styles in keyboard-generated type the offset process offered nothing between typewriter size and hand-assembled larger sizes

Even the first linon-operated photo-typesetting display machines while offering variety and more speed than hand-assembly resembled nothing so much as the little toy typewriters children get at Christmas On one popular model the type images were imbedded near the outer edge of a large- circular plastic disc which had to be swung into position for each character exposed by activating a switch controlled by one hand then moved to the next letter This process created a long narrow strip of photo-ready type which then had to be cut and pasteuped carefully on the page — assuming it did not have to be redone because it had become fouled in the developing step

Even affixing type to pages was a major problem If the adhesive dried too fast the image stuck before it was properly positioned and any later alterations or corrections entailed tedious patchwork The answer to this problem finally came in the form of molten beeswax which allows paste-ups to be positioned so they are secure enough for working purposes, but still easily movable or removable

The press was another deterrent. Machines available within economic limits were used commercial presses accepting a maximum sheet size of about 17 by 22 inches — the equivalent of two tabloid newspaper pages Thus the offset operation was limited to a two-page (tabloid) press run and four-page sections which after printing had to be folded and gathered

Even the small newspaper was accustomed to a four-page press, producing a single eight-page section

The root of the problem was that the normal industrial evolutionary process was reversed Normally the giants of the industry are the innovators and perfectors and the changes seep slowly down to the smaller plants In newspaper publishing the reverse held true in the conversion to offset

Printing and publishing had boomed in post-war North American and millions had been spent on expanding printing plants along conventional lines Union agreements defined jurisdictions along lines that had existed for a century or more Conversion to a new process promised little but the confusion of retraining, sacrifice of great investments and almost-certain industrial strife

So leadership had to come from the bottom. The small offset weekly, ridiculed at first, then tolerated, but always envied its sharp photographic reproduction and the simplicity of assembly, failed to disappear. It might have perished, had it existed in a complete vacuum, but the commercial offset industry was also thriving, and improvements gradually were introduced.

The medium-sized and larger weekly newspaper, meanwhile, was flourishing. That is, it had found a new acceptance in the role of spokesman for the commerce-oriented community it now served and for the increasing local mix of news and comment that was in stock in trade.

Plants were enlarged and became more mechanized, but publishers found themselves on a treadmill. As rapidly as people were trained to operate the complicated machines, they joined the trek to the big city and had to be replaced by new trainees. The machines themselves suffered from constant use by half-trained help and lack of expert maintenance, causing costly breakdowns.

In addition, photo-journalism and simple electronic engravers had come to the weekly newspaper. However, the engravers seldom produced good engravings in the hands of non-professionals, and the newer web-fed presses, designed for speed and at least twenty years behind the times, took what was left of the original photo and imprinted it on the newspaper page as a barely recognizable smear of ink.

In the early 1960s, a major press manufacturer introduced an offset press designed for the large weekly. It was web-fed and capable of producing four, eight, twelve or sixteen-page sections at a speed of almost 10 000 per hour, and folded in the same process.

Meantime, a subsidiary of a sewing machine company brought relief in the typesetting area. Tape could be punched on a typewriter like machine which computed the necessary space between words to fill out the line, and immediately fed into a 'slave' unit which produced columns of camera-ready type with neatly aligned right hand edges as clear to printers hearts.

Word came of conversion to offset by larger weeklies and small dailies in British Columbia, the western states, and some other isolated parts of the continent.

In 1965 the Weyburn Review, then one of the most modern letterpress plants in the province, made the switch. There were a few gasps, but nothing in the order of the horror that had accompanied the Hudsons Bay experiment ten years earlier.

The big switch was on, and within a few years, all but a few holdouts had "gone offset" part of the vanguard of a continent-wide revolution.

This new market spurred the development of relatively simple, computerized photo-typesetting machines, and while the metropolitan dailies were still working with venerable linecasters that had hardly changed since the turn of the century, even small weeklies were installing these technological miracles, and replacing them as better, faster, and more flexible generations of typesetters were developed.

Today, even small weekly shops own typesetters so sophisticated that they might have been equated with black magic just a few years ago.

More important than the fact that the drudgery had been taken out of printing, offset has given weekly newspaper readers a vastly superior product, has enabled papers to survive that might by now have passed from the scene, and has even increased the number of weeklies being published.

Most important, it has developed a breed of publishers who are able to spend more time and effort on content, and are totally adjusted to the inevitability of constant change and improvement, and committed to meeting the challenges of the years and decades ahead.

Cold composition

Very quickly machine manufacturers became aware of a vast new industry with needs and demands of infinite proportions, and not many years passed before offset weeklies were assembled, photographed and plated from sophisticated equipment designed, in many instances, with the medium-small-sized weekly plant in mind.

In fall of 1965, the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association invited an American newspaper expert to critique Saskatchewan weeklies of the winter workshop. To enable him to study the subjects he was sent, by the SWNA office, a copy of each Saskatchewan weekly printed that week. "That week" happened to be our very first offset issue, a textbook specimen of inexperience with an alien process, and a few choice samples of Murphy's Law thrown in!

Come the workshop in February or March, and the visiting expert threw enlarged facsimiles of our newspapers onto a screen.

When he came to the Review's "example" he gazed on it for a few meaningful moments, and muttered something about no comment being necessary. Since at least half of the weekly printers were still not persuaded that offset was the way of the future, our sorry first issue — of course, they didn't know it was our first — confirmed their opinion and they greeted both the blow-up and the accompanying comment with a gale of laughter.

What could I say? I shrank in inverse proportion to the enlarged image of our disgrace.

One manufacturer in particular took advantage of the weeklies' needs and rode a march that may be unparalleled in industrial history. The established manufacturers were busying themselves, as they had for some years, with the prospective needs of the giants of the industry in an approaching age of photo-typography. As a result, there were available photo-typesetters in the 1960s at prices of $75,000 upwards.

A new company, Compugraphic, rode the show and the market by producing a computerized photo-typesetting machine capable of setting "straight" matter from "idiot tape" at about 14 to 20 lines per minute. ("Idiot tape" is keypunched tape without operator-designated line endings, and straight matter is type of one typeface and size produced in a column of one width.) The Compugraphic grew rapidly in sophistication, quality and versatility, and became a household word within the industry virtually overnight. In 1975 I was told on good authority that the only weekly in British Columbia without at least one Compugraphic installation was the one holdout letterpress operation.

Beside improving the production and esthetics of the weekly press, offset also ushered in the centralized printing plant.

In letterpress days, the sheer weight of the printing forms all but dictated that each community had to have its own printing press. In fact, this condition was almost a comfort to those publishers whose ownership of a paper might reasonably be termed as a printing position purchased, almost in the sense of the old master printer working independently rather than as an employee.

There were outstanding exceptions, of course: publishers who ran small newspapers that were distinctive and highly regarded for their journalistic content. Many small publishers, however, seem to have regarded themselves as tradesmen assembling and packaging ads and news matter that came in through the mail or over the counter.

With the first waves of offset conversion, publishers were inclined toward one of three options: installing their own web offset operations (still only feasible in larger plants), installing sheet-fed presses and maintaining the independents which, to many, was almost synonymous with personal integrity, or staying with letterpress and taking advantage of all the late model letterpress equipment (including Cox-o-type presses) flooding the market at incredibly low prices.

It wasn't too long before those who chose the third course found that their products suffered in comparison with the rapidly improving quality of the products of their converted brethren. They junked the letterpress equipment they had bought so jubilantly and at such bargain prices, and joined the majority.

Since second-hand sheet-fed presses on which the "independents" relied were almost invariably in the 17"x22" range, their number of press runs (and deadlines) were immediately doubled, without even allowing for increased demand for pages which often was generated by a better-looking product. Each section also had to be folded and collated. Driving (or sending) pasted-up pages (referred to as flats), negatives or press-ready aluminum plates to a central plant was a far cry from carting heavy page-sized lead forms. The saving in capital cost of presses and perhaps darkroom equipment provided an additional incentive, and within ten years of the earliest conversions — not counting the original pioneers who toughed it out on sheer cussedness — all but one in two weeklies had gone offset, and most were located in central plants on web offset presses.

One early conversion to offset, together with several other sets of circumstances, led to the Review winning an award I have prized above most journalistic achievements in my career.

Having received my weekly newspaper training with the Derksens in Steinbach, who were noted, among other things, for their excellent special editions, I naturally came to Weyburn determined to excel in this area as well. It wasn't long before I discovered that not too far beyond the horizon three important anniversaries were approaching, and with them three opportunities and three challenges to excel.

Weyburn's 50th birthday as a city would be celebrated in 1963, the provincial 60th in 1965, and the Canadian Centennial in 1967. So I was faced with three important anniversaries at two-year intervals. Each merited, indeed demanded, a special edition, but running so close together there was a built-in danger of duplication.

To give each a flavor different from the other two, I decided to base the first one solely on Weyburn's history, the second on the Weyburn district's past as it related to the provincial scene, and the final one a reflection of the Weyburn area within the context of Canadian history and development. It didn't work out quite like that, but at least there was an overall plan, however loosely shaped.

The Weyburn special was produced successfully. While the scores of Klischograph engravings didn't do justice to the subject, Review readers had never been treated to such an aggregation of local pictures. Mary Greer collected pictures, Phyllis Katsky and I sold the advertising space, and Mary and I wrote copiously. I am certain both readers and advertisers were happy with the result.

It also took some of the wind out of my sails, when with the provincial special only twenty-four hours away on the calendar, I was this one I left it to Mary to gather pictures and write articles, we had stories and pictures (where possible) of every member of the Legislative Assembly who had served the constituencies in our reading area since Saskatchewan became a province. Advertising sales was delegated completely to the salesman of the day — Phyllis having left for British Columbia — as I was deeply immersed in the wars of the Estevan Mercury. Mary did her usual workmanlike job and our readers were well served by the resulting product. The salesman simply did not have the instinct or conviction required to sell a special, and it was a financial disaster.

A special issue is neither a bonanza nor a labor of love. At least it shouldn't be. The week and month in which it is billed usually look good on the financial statement, but that is because many of the costs, including much of the labor, have found their way into the expenses of several earlier months. A good special ought to reflect enough work, effort and imaginative material to give readers a bonus, advertisers the opportunity to take advantage of the extra interest and to identify with an important milestone, and the editors and writers pride in the authorship of material of lasting value. But unless there are enough ads to pay for it, the special isn't carrying its weight and inhibits future undertakings of a like nature.

That was probably where I stood when the provincial jubilee flopped as a revenue-generator in summer of 1965. I looked toward the approaching Centennial year without too much optimism and wondered just how much effort that special would be worth. Any thought of not producing a Centennial special would have been dismissed as unprofessional and unpatriotic, but my heart wasn't in it.

Then fate stepped in.

A Centennial Commission had been set up by the Canadian government, and a lot of hype was building up about the event and its observance across the nation. Through the efforts of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, the commission was persuaded to sponsor a contest for the best Centennial edition published by a Canadian weekly newspaper.

To encourage participation by members papers, a session was reserved on the agenda of the 1966 convention, held in Saint John, New Brunswick, on the production of a Centennial edition and how to approach it.

In those days, conventions in cities located at Canada's extremities tended not to draw large turnouts. Irene and I had decided early to go, and made our reservations early in spring, as soon

as registration forms were available. The convention chairman, faced with filling panel and moderator slots for the various programs from a limited but of publishers committed to attending, pounced on early registrants and prevailed upon them to participate. That is the only reason I can think of for having been asked to conduct the Centennial session.

Reluctantly I accepted, and having done so, plundered the ideas I had earlier developed about a Centennial issue, and spent some hours developing them into a presentation suitable for my distinguished peers, who really were, for the most part, my elders and more prestigious than I. Particularly I stressed the need for starting early — six months and preferably longer before the publication date.

The session drew mild interest, and a number of the publishers, who to that point probably had given little thought to their Centennial issues, complimented me on my early start.

That's when pride set it, and sometimes it cometh before achievement.

Vanity I confess to, and also boastfulness, and all associated evils. But they have to have some basis in fact, even if that basis tends to become exaggerated in my mind. I have never claimed to be a good athlete, dancer, raspberry picker or host (thinner, and I cannot draw or sing worth a hoot. But having tacitly represented myself as something of an authority on the subject, I went home from Saint John with the heavy knowledge that I must now produce not only a good Centennial edition, but one that would make publishers across the country sit up and take notice. We would either win that prize or come mighty close — and cost and hard work be darned.

We were a year into offset. We were beginning to feel at home with the process and our readers were still appreciative of local photos of good quality. Thus, Mary Greer and I decided, would be a special edition relying almost totally on pictures to celebrate Canada's 100th birthday, and the participation of Weyburn and district in the nation's first century.

We decided early on five sixteen-page tabloid sections, pages to be sponsored by advertisers individually or jointly, with myself to do the selling.

The first section was titled "Weyburn and Canadian History," and dealt with such subjects as the building of the railroads, settlement of the area, two world wars, the drought and the depression, and personalities of national or international prominence — such as T.C. Douglas and Irene Salemka — with Weyburn beginnings.

"Canada's People" the only section with a lot of "words," was devoted to pictures and stories of families representing the many national and ethnic groups that settled the area, individually or in groups.

"Weyburn Today" was a pictorial representation of Weyburn as it was in 1967.

"Remember When ..." was a photographic potpourri of nostalgic and historic scenes of the city and area over the years: the royal visit, minstrel shows, prize-winning athletic teams, and so on, as well as spreads on a few area towns wishing to be included.

"The Second Century" concentrated on young people and the institutions and activities dedicated to their advancement: education and fulfillment.

Sponsors were offered a small section of the page for photos and stories relating to their own business. The whole issue would be enclosed in a process color cover or jacket with a Weyburn scene on each page, and again with a smaller color picture on each of the four pages relating to the sponsor of that page.

We started gathering photos and information in fall of 1966 (one of Mary Greer's undertakings) and the stories on the settlers were written over the winter months. I don't know how many thousands of pictures we received, but over 500 were used on the special. Also over the winter months, I sold sponsorships and wrote the stories and captions associated with the sponsors. By early spring I started to assemble the pages and sections, completing them (more or less) according to a schedule, releasing one section weekly to the pressroom as publication week approached. I personally wrote all the captions and did all the typesetting on the Justowriters that had replaced the hot metal linecasting machines. I did this, in part, to eliminate errors. So naturally, I omitted the name of Alderman Gordon Miles from the city-sponsored front cover, and made another conspicuous error on the first page of the first section.

So much for perfection!

The color-cover was printed in Manitoba

The special was sent out with the May 4, 1967, issue of the Review, and in early September, after we had all but given up hope, learned that we had indeed won the national competition. A few weeks later, at the CWNA convention in Ottawa, I was presented with a bookcase containing 100 books by Canadian authors. The presentation was made by Mr. Centennial — John Fisher, chairman of the Canada Centennial Commission.

We were a pretty proud staff and family.

Quite a place

EDITORIAL *September 21, 1967*

Two weeks ago in Ottawa, the publisher of the Review was presented by Centennial Commissioner John Fisher with a library of one hundred Canadian books — complete with bookcase — as a reward for publishing what has been chosen as Canada's best Centennial edition in a competition open to all weekly newspapers throughout the nation.

Pleased as we were with receiving such a valuable prize, we were equally gratified by the closing paragraph in the comments of the competition judge: "If the Weyburn Review Centennial edition evokes the atmosphere and personality of the community, Weyburn must be quite a place."

We are proud that we captured "the atmosphere and personality" of Weyburn in such a way as to evoke the comment from a far-away judge who probably has never visited our community that Weyburn "must be quite a place."

It was a great period in weekly newspaper publishing. Offset printing gave us respectability and prestige that had been lacking, and this was reflected in more advertising revenue, more pages, more subscribers and even, to our surprise and gratification, greater profitability. At about the time that we were producing the Centennial issue under increasingly crowded conditions, we decided to add a second storey to our building. George Derksen had come over from Manitoba to take over the Estevan Mercury as a partner in what became a separate company.

Press time growth

ERNESTLY *September 2, 1976*

The past two years since we installed our three-unit Community web newspaper press have seen such growth — our newsprint consumption has almost doubled — that we are adding a fourth unit which has just been shipped out of Chicago.

What will this do?

Each unit makes possible the simultaneous printing of four pages, or an additional color to four pages being printed on another unit.

Thus we will have the capability of printing 16 pages simultaneously in black and white, or 12 pages with four of them in two colors, or eight pages in two colors, or eight pages with four pages in three colors or four pages in four colors.

A full color photo will still be a rarity in the Review but if demand continues to grow as it has in the past decade who knows what the next five or 10 years will bring?

When I came to Weyburn the newspaper had to be hand fed in four-page sheets through a vintage cylinder press, then turned around and fed through again for the back printing, and finally hand-fed through a folding machine. Our maximum capability then was 2,650 printed and folded pages per hour, compared to 234,000 printed and folded pages per hour after the fourth unit is operational.

George was doing an excellent job of rebuilding the Mercury when he suffered his first heart attack in late 1968 or early 1969. He was just recovering when following the visit to Weyburn of the travelling tuberculosis van, I was summoned to Fort Son at Fort Qu'Appelle to check out an x-ray that wasn't satisfactory.

How I remember that day!

I had gone to Estevan for a conference with George, and had expected to stay in that city all day. Instead I found myself back in Weyburn at noon and half reading the Fort San summons. With an unexpected half-day on my hands, and a beautiful late spring day to spend it on, I decided to drive to Fort Qu'Appelle and satisfy the incompetents who obviously didn't know how to operate an x-ray camera.

The elderly Scotsman who received me took me into the lab, showed me a number of x-rays, pointed at clouds and smudges that meant nothing to me, and said, as tactfully as possible, that these anomalies were what had caused them to suspect that I might have TB. He must have been too tactful because even then I asked, with a touch of impatience, I'm sure, just when they expected to make up their minds.

He looked me in the eyes and pronounced that "as of this moment I am diagnosing tuberrrrrculosis until prrrrroven wrrrrong."

This was on a Thursday, and on Monday morning I was delivered, with suitcases full of books, a typewriter, and other management paraphernalia, to the San, sentenced to remain there for a period to be determined by my progress.

Not having kept up with the medical advances in the field of tuberculosis, and remembering only the meaningful looks exchanged by adults as my youth when telling of someone being sent to the San with "consumption," I believed at first that I had received an almost certain death sentence. Dr. Macpherson quickly informed me that I was very fortunate that with modern medications they might well have me out as two months or less. Only twenty years earlier, he said, it was not uncommon to admit a patient with only the smallest spot — like mine — and still have him there six months later with a hole the size of a half-dollar in his lung — and worsening.

As it turned out, my TB tested out inactive — I was not a carrier — and in good health otherwise, so I was discharged with several sacks (literally) of pills, and upon my promise to modify my work hours and pressures.

Just before entering the San I had accepted the vice-presidency of the Weyburn Rotary Club, the campaign chairmanship of the Weyburn and District United Appeal, and the southeastern zone chairmanship for Saskatchewan Homecoming '71. I was also a director of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association. Something had to give. Mary Greer had, by this time, moved on to British Columbia; so I increased the size of the news staff to take myself off the irregular hours and evening obligations of the news beat. Hector Bouvier became sales manager, a position he was even more suited for than he had been for the foremanship. Ray Wauters, whom I had upgraded from apprentice to journeyman when we acquired the Review, became foreman.

Hector held the sales position until his retirement early as 1988, and Ray was still competently managing the shop when this was written. Press foreman for the last ten years or so had been Henry Aldrich, hired as a bright-eyed apprentice as fall of 1959. Without as any way disparaging numerous others who, over the years, helped us build a newspaper respected, I believe, both in the community and the industry, that much of it was made possible through the dependable stewardship of these three men.

In the heady 1970s, when it seemed prosperity would last forever, we found ourselves again outgrowing our factory, and with an room for practical expansion. Our lease still had several years to run, but when the building of a downtown shopping mall was announced, I contacted our landlord, Gordon Russell, then living as London, Ontario, and explained the circumstances. He decided to terminate our lease without penalty, leaving us free to build a new building at the edge of the city. We moved into it in May of 1978.

Print shop "characters"

ERNESTLY *November 9, 1978*

Offset printing, or more correctly photo composition has done away with some of the "characters" that used to hang around printing offices.

No doubt typesetters of today, when they become oldtimers, will have their own tales of woe to reminisce about, when technology removes some of the problems which today are simply taken for granted as part and parcel of the operation.

One of the gremlins that has disappeared from the scene is the "type louse."

The type louse was the mysterious, invisible little creature back in the hand-setting days, that placed type into the wrong cases (compartmentalized drawers used for storing type) or into the wrong compartments.

Thus the typesetter trying to assemble a "stick" of type in a hurry might find himself picking up letters of

the wrong size or typeface...as p s instead of q s

It was traditionally the apprentice's job to distribute used type back into the proper cases and compartments, and it was no secret that they sometimes had difficulty telling one typeface from another—correctly identifying 14-point type at a glance, and differentiating between...p's and q's, or b's and d's, read upside down.

It was suspected, but seldom proven, that the apprentices had goofed in "dis ing" the type, but as no apprentice was ever known to admit to the sin, the jumbled fonts were blamed on type lice.

In the linotype's heyday the wrong font became the nemesis of the print shop, particularly on publishing day when haste tended to take its toll.

The lines cast type from individual matrices dropping into the assembler from a magazine containing about 1,000 mats for a font. Mats removed from the assembler because the wrong keys had been struck were placed into a little container called the pi stick ("pi" if you know your cross words) or jumbled (type).

When the pi stick got too full, or before the operator changed to another type font, the pi was run back into the magazine. It was not unknown for an operator to run into the magazine a matrix of the wrong font.

One mat wrong in 1,000 may not seem like much, but remember the magazine had room for no more than 21 mats for each character. Thus if the wrong mat was an "a" and you didn't catch it, you might typeset a column or two with a very 21st "e" in the wrong typeface or size before the sin was discovered by the office girls checking the proofs.

To this day I am told that you can give a former linotype operator nightmares by whispering into his ear when he's sleeping that he's got a wrong font "e" in his machine.

I tried it once on an ex-operator in our office when he was wide awake, and even then I thought I detected smoke coming out of his ears and nostrils.

Also gone from the scene is the hellbox.

Since printing was done from lead forms, corrected lines or forms no longer needed were not thrown away but tossed into the hellbox.

Why was it called the hellbox?

Bearing in mind that the next step for its contents was a melting pot heated to 550 degrees Fahrenheit or higher, the connection is obvious.

"Etaoin shrdlu" has also disappeared, although with a name like that it wasn't often discussed.

The letters constituted the sequences of the first two rows of linotype keys, and to fill up a line of "pi," the operator usually slurred his fingers down these rows.

Sometimes he would forget to throw away the resulting line of type, and when you opened up the paper, the first thing staring at you would be good old "Etaoin shrdlu," along with the wrong fonts, type face and other gremlins.

Still alive and doing well, however, is old faithful "30," and it still means "the end."

Changes continued in the trade, but probably our greatest challenge in the 1980s from a technical point of view, has been the quantum leap into computer technology. We were introduced to this 20th century miracle in two fronts — typesetting and accounting — in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Mentioned earlier was Compugraphic, which swept the typesetting market with a simple — that is to say, people or fundamental in terms of the product produced — typesetter to produce photo-ready columns of type. A computer calculated the width of each letter, decided where to end lines, with or without hyphenation, and photographically exposed the line, one letter at a time, from a rapidly revolving film strip. This may sound slow, but at about ten exposures a second, it was still faster than anything we had ever seen in the weekly newspaper industry.

Godsend that it was, it was still, compared to what lay only a decade or two away, what the Spirit of St. Louis was to the supersonic transports in aviation. Line measures and leading could not be changed without stopping the machine and manually making new settings; changes in typefaces and sizes required changes in film strips. Type size range was limited from five to fourteen points (one point is 1/72nd of an inch, newspaper text usually runs from eight to ten points). Improvements to this machine came faster than we could cope with them, and planned obsolescence became an accepted part of technological progress. By the mid-1970s, area composition — typesetting in varying measures, type faces and sizes, with keyboard controlled spacing, entered on cathode ray screens — came into standard use, and by the early 1980s this technology had advanced to include management of editorial material.

Out of date, suddenly, was hunt-and-peek typewritten copy handed to truculent typesetters with much after-the-fact criticism about typographical errors and poor proofreading. Suddenly, reporters became authors, in every sense, of the product that found its way into the pages of the newspaper. They didn't always appreciate the ones, but before long they became used to keyboarding their stories directly from their notes or memories onto a screen, reading it for

errors, then storing it in the memory of a computer disk. The editor then called it onto his or her own screen, edited and refiled it, assigned typesetter parameter codes, let the computer justify the matter, and sent the story (electronically) to the typesetter, which (without so much as a filmstrip) photographed the story through laser beams onto sensitized paper in any one of dozens of type faces and hundreds, indeed, thousands of size and line length configurations at incredible speed.

Complex as the application may be on its totality, it was relatively easy to master since the typesetting aspect proceeded on manageable mouthfuls from the earliest Compugraphics, through the various improved models, to the laser beamed systems now in use. Adjusting to the consoles and memory banks entailed instant retraining for the news department, but because the programs are tailored for and confined to editorial and typesetting needs, the system does not have the ongoing mystery and challenge of the general office computer.

By the late 1960s everyone knew about computers, although the art had not yet reached the state where this technological miracle affected almost every aspect of our lives. Somewhere in the ivory towers of industry and government huge machines costing millions of dollars performed tasks once held to be impossible, and made errors formerly believed to be beyond the gift of the most imaginative incompetent. Stories trickled down to us performing our tasks in traditional ways on *terra firma*, together with promises of how the technology would change our lives and simplify our work.

Why, I began to wonder out loud, especially in the presence of our accountants, if computers were changing everything, were we still doing most office chores as they had been done since typewriters and adding machines appeared upon the scene. The Review had an old posting machine on which new charges and payments could be posted to accounts receivable cards, but monthly statements were created by typing this information to the statements. Invoices were typewritten or written by hand, newspapers were imprinted with mailing addresses from metal stencils, carrier route lists were hand-corrected on dog-eared sheets that had been originally typewritten, procedures that were vintage 1940 or earlier.

It should be possible, I proposed, to take batches of debit and credit items coded to ledger accounts, deliver them to a central computer-equipped depot, enter the data and have the office work performed in seconds or even minutes. I made inquiries and found that such services were available to some large accounting offices—but at costs far exceeding our budget.

Then—in early 1970—our old posting machine showed unmistakable signs of giving up the ghost, and looking into replacement costs, I was shocked at the cost of these devices. Again I looked into centralized data processing—again was discouraged by prices, and was about to give in and pay big dollars for a function not directly related to the printing process—a cardinal sin in my eyes on those days.

By sheer coincidence, someone mentioned that a local garage was using datacentre services offered by IBM in Regina. A visit to the garage confirmed this, and the dealer's satisfaction with both the service and the cost. I contacted IBM, a representative called on us soon, and I was quickly convinced that this was our solution.

So, about as fast as we could restructure our ledger configuration to suit standard general ledger and accounts receivable packages offered by IBM, and print new office forms to accommodate compatible data entry, we were on datacentre services. This happened in summer of 1970. Every month-end we would fax our encoded documents—cheques, invoices, cash sheets and journal entries—to the IBM datacentre in Regina, and a few days later we would get back the documents, plus updated monthly customer statements, an aged accounts receivable report, and a general ledger journal from which we might compile balance sheets and statements of profit and loss. The transition to this system was virtually painless, thanks to careful and thoughtful supervision by our IBM rep. And the cost was unbelievably low—since there was no minimum charge and we had managed, through a few departures from IBM recommendations, to cut the number of transactions to almost half of what had been initially estimated. One transaction, as almost everyone knows nowadays, is a single debit or credit entry.

A new word: turnaround

ERNESTLY *December 2, 1976*

I learned a new word a few weeks ago and pass it along in case you run up against it in a crossword puzzle or...heaven help you...in reality

"Turnaround."

Our printouts from a computer centre were late getting back to us...so I finally telephoned to find out what was the problem.

"Well," explained a hesitant voice at the other end of the line, "we had a turnaround problem."

I didn't want to sound too dumb...but overcoming my embarrassment I asked, "What's turnaround?"

The party at the other end hemmed and hawed a bit in the manner of a person trying to explain one of those questions coming from a youngster too young to be given the answer. Finally he said something about work loads, time factors and man-hours."

I still didn't understand and said so.

He was quiet for a moment, took a deep breath, then put it to me in simple language that even I could understand.

"We were busy and didn't get it done."

That's "turnaround."

So if your car isn't fixed in time, your printing order not ready when it's supposed to be, or your mail order doesn't get to you until after Christmas, and someone tells you the problem is "turnaround," you'll know what is meant.

As time went on, rates went up and a minimum charge came into place. I am guessing that this happened because computer prices were coming down, and major datacentre users were making their own installations. Relatively few small businesses were, at this point, using the datacentre or making their own installations.

There is no telling how long we might have settled for this arrangement. It was not without its little problems, and allowed none of the little home-made programs and short-cuts made possible by in-plant computers. But it was comfortable, reasonably reliable and required no cash investment.

After about ten years of this arrangement, changes in the computer world about which I speculated earlier began to seep down to the client level. First we were told of increasing difficulty in getting keyboard operators in Regina, and it was suggested that we buy a keypunch and send punched cards to IBM.

By way of emphasizing the desirability of in-plant keypunching, there began to be delays in returning our processed material. Naturally, we soon acquired a keypunch. This reduced our processing costs only slightly, and added the nuisance of a new operation to our office. However, it was still not hard to live with.

The next step was the closing of the Regina datacentre, making it necessary for us to ship documents to the Calgary datacentre for processing. This removed the personal touch, since, over the years, we had often found it necessary or convenient to hand-deliver our documents to Regina. Consequently the datacentre people and we were not strangers to each other. This may seem a minor consideration, but someone who knows you is more inclined to pick you up when you make an obvious error, rather than letting you stew in the juice of your own mistake.

The second disadvantage was that connections were frequently missed in Regina — coming, going or both — adding another day or two to what I have since learned is called "turn-around time." Courier services were just coming into their own and did not make regular stops in small centres, so busing was still necessary, hence the missed connections. It was not unusual, either, for the couriers to drop our documents in Saskatoon instead of Regina, and occasionally even in Winnipeg or Toronto.

The loss of a day in two may seem trivial, but it is very unsettling to set aside a day to wrap up the month-end, and then find yourself empty handed. Many customers also found it unsatisfactory to receive statements and invoices later after having become accustomed to getting them promptly.

All the time, of course, computer technology was making giant strides, and a few seminars and demonstrations at IBM in Regina convinced us the day was not far off when we would have to make our own installation. We were given another powerful nudge in that direction when, in 1979 or 1980, we were notified that after a certain date, about two years ahead, all data-processing for western Canada would be done in Vancouver. We accepted this as the proverbial handwriting on the wall.

At this time Irene and I began to take a serious interest in the IBM computer seminars, and to try and understand what we were getting into. Our arm's length experience with computers helped us, probably more than we realized, and we were in real from investing in computers that did not have the storage capacity we knew we needed.

If-then-or-else

ERNESTLY *December 10, 1980*

If the heading sounds like either a vague threat or an equally vague promise. It is probably a bit of both.

It is an expression used in computer programming a world that is rapidly closing in on everyone in business, industry, government, organizations, farming, housekeeping and you name it.

The speed with which computer technology is advancing has been expressed in a number of interesting ways, but two of my favorites are comparisons with air travel.

One expert has figured out that if air flight costs and efficiency had improved as rapidly as computer costs and efficiency in the past two decades, it would be possible to fly overseas now for a fare of 25 cents.

A fact sheet issued by the University of Saskatchewan about two years ago expressed it thus: "It is said that if the technology of powered flight and advanced at the same rate as the technology of computing, the first manned landing on the moon would have taken place eight months after the Wright brothers flew the first plane."

My first awareness of computers affecting my day-to-day life came about 15 years ago when I started receiving statements and invoices from some of the larger suppliers then grappling with little but faith and determination to guide them with computer accounting.

Receiving invoices on which keypunch errors had caused a charge 100 times in excess of the value of the goods or invoices sent to me instead of perhaps the Wynyard Advance because one digit in the customer number had been misp unched, hardly inspired great confidence in the computer as an efficient business tool.

These problems began to straighten out however and not many years went by before the idea of using a rented computer began to have greater appeal.

About 11 years ago I began half-seriously to scout around for data services but found the costs so high, and the product so complicated and slow, that I was prepared to leave the problem to the next generation.

Then along came one of the acknowledged world leaders in the computer field with a package deal so suitable, and at an affordable price, that I was soon sold.

Our system too has managed to misdirect a few charges and astound us with its ability to make stupid errors, but I would dread the thought of going back to manual entries into ledgers.

The computer incidentally doesn't make stupid errors. It makes hardly any errors at all. The errors are human, but the computer, being stupid, accepts mistakes that would not easily escape a human being.

A payroll clerk, for example, is not likely to pay an employee 10 times the weekly rate, or make a health plan deduction of $663.00 instead of $6.63. Given a misplaced decimal point or input into the incorrect column and the computer will issue extra (or insufficient) pay, or make shameful deductions without batting an eye.

Since going on the accounting system we have also availed ourselves of the bank's payroll system and computerized typesetting systems — both bringing solutions and new sets of problems.

With computers coming down in price, decreasing in size, increasing in speed and allegedly improving in simplicity of programming, we are seriously considering a computer of our own within the next year or two.

Thus I find myself attending seminars, listening to sales pitches, reading texts and brochures to further acquaint myself with the wonderful and frightening world of computers. Just when I think I am beginning to understand it, a new term is hurled at me, or a new problem is posed.

So I retire at night with bits and bytes, microseconds, CRT's, intelligent terminals, if-then-or-else's, and do-while's dancing through my head instead of the sugarplums more appropriate to the season.

Don't laugh. If you're not there yet, you will be before you know it.

(P.S. If-then-or-else is a routine whereby a function is performed as long as a certain condition exists and another function when the condition ceases to exist.)

(P.P.S. I think.)

Computer salesmen began calling on us regularly, exuding breathless exuteement with each advancement. The gap between obviously affordable but inadequate hardware and the needs of our configuration remained wide, until we were introduced to the IBM System 23, a model, by the way, that was considered a dinosaur only a few years later.

It did have the advantage of using diskettes (floppies) with 2.1 million bits, with two slots in the

computer and another two in a little box nicknamed the "toaster" because of its resemblance to the kitchen appliance. Also available were "off the-shelf" general ledger and accounts receivable programs developed especially for this computer, and a program called BRADS — Business Report/Applications Development System — with which a computer illiterate like myself might write additional programs. This was important because I still had not been able to find standard programs for advertising invoicing or circulation control. IBM also had a hotline in Toronto to give assistance (over the telephone) required in mastering the programs.

We bit!

As I write these lines, over eight years later, the System 23 printer is still rattling away in the next office, and giving yeoman service; although slated for scrapping in several months. So we weren't cheated. Indeed, with it we have developed many programs we may not be able to afford with custom programming.

Once we got over our horror at discovering that both the training and familiarization with hardware and custom software were do-it-yourself sessions, we found the system to be user-friendly, with diskettes taking us step by step through the daily, weekly, monthly and annual cycles of Accounts Receivable and General Ledger applications.

Although it all worked out, for pure generation of terror, computers ought to have been sold to the pre-reform Soviet Union for installation at Lubyanka Prison as extreme punishment and torture devices.

We had hoped — assumed really — that our second computer installation somewhere in the distant future would be a piece of cake, with all the software needed for our business available "on the shelf." In fact, we signed a contract in April of 1989, received the hardware in June or so, and after giving up on a company that was unable to have a single program running by the end of the year — when it finally went into receivership — we are optimistic that the new system will be fully operational by June of 1990.

Doing it yourself

ERNESTLY *January 13, 1982*

Last week I promised (or threatened) that my experiences in the computer world would probably be chronicled in future columns.

That epistle ended with the first disappointment: the computer did not arrive New Year's Eve as promised. That ended not too badly: the delivery people simply massed me by five minutes—and brought the machine first thing Monday morning.

Soooo: naturally I telephoned the computer sales office to let the folks there know that the hardware was here and ready for installation. They were very interested in this information, but pointed out that this was a do-it-yourself proposition—and that I would find detailed instructions in one of the packing crates.

When I stopped trembling I checked the sales contract and there it was: installation is the customer's responsibility.

You are rightfully wondering about my naivete in not getting this straight in the first place. However: in our industry it goes without saying that new equipment is checked out first by a qualified technician.

My next surprise: considering that I have been known to have difficulty turning on a simple screwdriver was that the instructions really were simple. I'll admit I had help, and it entailed two phone calls to the Toronto hot line, but we actually got it hooked up and making noises.

I am now anxiously waiting for my wife to learn how to operate the beast, so that she can teach me. That sure beats reading all the manuals myself.

Irene did battle with the A/R and G/L programs, while I grappled with the mysteries of programming. I won't attempt to describe all our frustrations and anguish, but imagine learning to cope with machines that ring bells and flash messages — all intended to assist, but which tend to frighten — and doing it all from volumes and volumes of manuals that seem to have been written for professionals. Then, when at your wits' end, you phone the hotline, you learn that your helper is attending a seminar in Montreal or Atlanta and will not be available until after the weekend. So you blunder on, sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire, or you bring everything to a halt until after the weekend, awaiting the benefit of professional advice.

We learned, too, that for all the vaunted speed of computers, there are some things that simply take time. After a while, we learned that some functions took a few minutes, some an hour, and

some even three or four hours. But it is an invitation to insanity to stare at a computer screen hearing the bland message, "Posting, please wait," and expect to wait five minutes and it turns into a three-hour wait.

One memorable weekend when we were loading our aged accounts receivable, we posted a large batch Friday afternoon, then waited for the computer to absorb the new data and return to the data entry mode, enabling us to go home for the evening. We didn't know that once in a while we had to instruct the computer to reorganize indexed files to speed up the process. One of us returned to the office after supper to check out the program and found the screen unchanged. A problem with the software on our system was that on runs that did not generate printouts, there was nothing to indicate how far advanced the run was—half finished, 70 percent, or whatever.

Not wanting to sit there and watch the kettle come to a boil, so to speak, and unwilling to leave it for the night, we sat down and consumed a bottle of wine, believing that the computer couldn't possibly outlast us.

It did.

We went home and to bed—and on Saturday morning I rushed to the office and was relieved to find a screen message confirming that the chore had been successfully completed. So we spent the day entering a few hundred more customer data files into the system. Knowing now that the computer took a lot of time to achieve the posting—and perhaps wondering, uneasily, how the computer would work if things took that long—we simply went home and let the computer work out its problems overnight again.

Sunday morning I dashed confidently to the office, and the message on the screen was only slightly funnier than an empty gas gauge, at midnight, one hundred miles from civilization.

It told me that the computer had found the demand upon it beyond its ability to cope, and had simply given up and aborted the mission at some undetermined point. This message was accompanied by error references which, had we been professionals, might have solved the problem. Instead, we spent an ulcer-aggravating Sunday and a sleepless night wondering what might have gone wrong. Naturally the IBM hotline wasn't even warm on Sundays.

The problem was really quite simple.

Let us suppose you gave a librarian an empty building, a pile of five thousand books, and instructions to place them on the shelves consecutively (as opposed to alphabetically), and to ensure there must not, under any circumstances, be two copies of the same title—and all this without making any index of books so stored.

The first few armfuls would be pretty fast, and then the process would become slower as it became necessary to check out each title against hundreds of stored titles. Then imagine three thousand books in place, and the librarian still attempting to add more, checking each title against three thousand.

At some point there could be only one logical reaction from the librarian: "I quit!"

That's what our computer had done. It quit.

All that would have been necessary was to run the data files through an indexing function every hundred entries or so, as that memory would tell it that new entries were not duplications. However, having pushed the computer over the edge, getting out of it wasn't that simple. The hotline people tried, after the weekend, to get us on track without losing data. The result, however, was another error which made it necessary to run the machine an entire day to print an endless (and useless) report.

While Irene was familiarizing herself with the canned programs, I was having my own little struggle accomplishing things with BRADS, that wonderful program designed to allow an amateur to build reports with little familiarity with programming.

In case this sounds far-fetched, let me say that I have used BRADS to build scores of excellent (my assessment, admittedly) and helpful programs, without even learning one-third of its capabilities. Again comparing with something in the every-day world, let us suppose you were given a box capable of freezing, heating, baking, broiling, hairdressing, showing films, playing music, floating, flying and just about everything else, if only you learned the right abracadabra

to feed onto its receptors, with these commands to be gleaned from a book written, in part, in a foreign language.

Somewhere you might, with intense concentration and cerebral overwork, discover how to make the device fly and float. At this point you might, in exhaustion, settle for flying and floating and rely on traditional sources for the other functions.

That's the way it worked out with BRADS.

It was very simple to design report forms activated by data files, also simple to create. Even generating totals was a fairly simple step taught in the elementary training (self-training) exercises supplied.

The trouble was that as I built my report configurations, I would run into a statement in the BRADS manual explaining that to do such-and-such it would be necessary to write statements or appropriate places in the report program, and to accomplish this it would be necessary to learn a bit about System 23 BASIC — the computer language of our system.

Soon I would find myself between the devil and the deep blue sea. To complete my programs, and make them practical, I had to learn some BASIC as well as the mechanism of the BRADS report program. Tackling BASIC, however, I quickly learned that if I tried to learn it all before putting it to use, it would take years to build any functioning and practical program.

So I would turn to the BASIC manual whenever stumped, but go back to programming as soon as a problem had been solved. The result was functional and useful programs that might have been much more efficient if I had first learned all of BRADS and BASIC — but which then might never have happened.

Without regretting any of it, a highlight in a nightmarish sort of a way of my thirty-plus years of publishing, will still be the year or two dominated by programming, the frustration of finding solutions and trying to overcome errors or malfunctions; evenings spent brooding about alternatives and dead ends, near-sleepless nights with my mind trapped or computer loops. Sometimes the roadblock was or simple as a typographical error. The experience really was far from totally negative. Few things are so satisfying as finding a program statement or manoeuvre that accomplishes what for hours or days seemed impossible.

Admittedly, I sometimes wondered whether I had become a computer nut instead of a newspaper publisher. In my defence, I never played computer games or wrote programs just as exercises.

When we made the installation, I was confident that by the time it had to be replaced all my BRADS programs, or programs performing like functions, would be right there on the shelf like popcorn and razor blades, but here we are retooling more than eight years later, and all the programs except A/R and G/L still have to be custom designed.

But this time professionals will do it.

Little triumphs

With so much space and so many words devoted to the mechanical and technical challenges of the weekly newspaper industry the reader may wonder whether there is any excitement or creating and collating the components that comprise the newspaper itself.

There is, but it is, at least or this era of technological revolution, more subtle and difficult to quantify. Our pages reflect our quiet communities, the lifestyle, spirit and excitement of which usually lie below the surface, and are not regularly exposed to violence and upheaval.

In our thirty years here there have been only two murder trials in our courthouse, which serves a considerable radius, neither of them were overly sensational. There isn't a major fire or the average year, automobile accidents are chiefly fender-benders, a local strike is big news, and in weeks when city council meets, the report of that tends to be the lead story.

There are little news victories, like the picture mentioned earlier, of Premier Douglas and

Mayor Staveley turning on the natural gas, and later making Time magazine. In 1959 on October five during the night burned down Weyburn Hardware, a fairly large establishment by local standards, and I was on the spot because an employee who roomed in a nearby hotel was wakened by the commotion and had the presence of mind to call me.

There was the New Year's baby that almost let me down. This was back in the days when Irene operated the darkroom in our home basement, and printing plates were produced on the Klischograph. New Year's Day was on Wednesday, and we "closed" page one on Tuesday, having a front page hole for the baby that surely would be born the following day at the latest. I called the hospital a dozen times on New Year's Day, and by evening they told me I might as well forget it. There wasn't even a prospect in hospital, and it being a cold, blustry night, anyone anywhere near term surely would have come in.

I didn't even have anything else ready for the page one hole: it is not a hot news time in the weekly newspaper cycle. So I set my alarm for about six in the morning and crossed my fingers. When I got up and telephoned, "Maternity" jubilantly told me that an expectant mother had been brought in at two in the morning, had been delivered of a baby, and would be ready for a photo in fifteen minutes.

So I rushed to the hospital, photographed the hours-old infant and mother at seven, got the basic facts for my story and rushed the film home to Irene. By the time the staff arrived at the office, Irene had printed the photo. I had written the story directly on the linotypeboard, and the photo was being scanned on the Klisch.

Today's technology would not lessen the suspense of waiting for a birth that might not occur before time ran out. But with tray development of photos, Klisch engraving and hot metal typesetting it was a feat to have a picture and a story on page one and on the street that had only been available two hours earlier.

Once in the early 1960s someone telephoned to suggest that we go out and get a picture of a ditched car on Highway 13 (then still with a gravel surface) - a few miles east of the city. I don't know why a ditched car should be remarkable enough to merit a picture, but I drove out, decided there was nothing newsworthy about it, and returned to the office.

This was on a Thursday or Friday, and I didn't pursue the matter further until phoning the RCMP for an accident report about Tuesday of the following week. Since there was nothing about a mishap on Highway 13, I asked the detachment chief what the story was on the ditched car. There was complete silence for a few seconds; then the chief demanded to know, in a voice that conveyed controlled rage, just what I knew about that car. I told him and received a severe dressing-down for not having reported it to the police.

Earlier during the week in which I had gone to look at the ditched car, an elderly farm couple living near Weyburn had been kidnapped and locked up for many hours in a small granary. The ditched car had proved to be one of several stolen cars used by the kidnappers and had not been discovered by the police until a day or so before I had called. Had I telephoned immediately, it might have put them on the trail when it was still warm.

I received that day a stern lecture on my civic duties.

Once in my zeal to localize a national news story I probably put my life on the line.

It was in 1960, and Hazen Argue, former national leader of the New Democratic Party, had been defeated by Tommy Douglas in a contest for this position, and subsequently had crossed the floor of the House of Commons to join the Liberal party. There was much conjecture about what this would do to his popularity in his Assiniboia riding, and even in the Kayville area he came from.

He announced that he was going home to Kayville to explain his decision to his constituents, and an Argue friend telephoned me and urged me to attend a welcome planned for the Argues at their Kayville home.

It was a November Tuesday night — city council night — and bitterly cold. I am talking about forty below with a slight breeze blowing. I attended council, wrote my news story and headed out at about nine for Kayville, over an hour away in a sparsely settled region. It was so cold the car,

just months old, did not even warm up inside during the drive...and ground-drifting was building up small drifts across the highway. I had to charge through them at full speed, heart in throat and hoping for the best. I arrived at the Argue home in time for the end of the party. I remember sharing a sofa with a large farm dog, and an exuberant guest offering me a drink of home brew in an unwashed glass. Everyone tried to talk me out of driving home that night, but my work schedule did not permit such dalliance.

It was a frightening drive. The drifts were deeper, it was a moonless night, yard lights had been turned off...and there was not a car on the highway. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if I had car trouble and had to walk any distance. I knew I couldn't last half an hour out of the car.

Next morning, the car wouldn't even turn over.

I have since made it a point to advise reporters not to venture out in that type of weather. Some stories just are not worth it.

The Saskatchewan Hospital fire in 1961 that took the lives of six elderly patients, was one of the major tragedies of our Weyburn years, but I may be forgiven a degree of satisfaction over fate's intervention in our coverage of it.

The fire broke out early on a Tuesday morning, and Mary Greer and I got there in time to take dozens of good photos. It was unquestionably the biggest national-class story to have happened in Weyburn in years, and the Leader-Post sent a photographer in an airplane.

Irene spent all day making glosses for national television and eastern news services, which had to look to us when it transpired that the Leader's photos hadn't turned out. It was during the period when our relations with the Leader were still "cordial" and it was rather satisfying to allow the daily to use a number of our pictures on the strict condition that they be visibly identified as Weyburn Review photos.

There was the great Medicare controversy, when most Saskatchewan medical doctors withdrew their services, to use their euphemism for going on strike...and these were stories that were hard and important, but there was more tension than drama in the coverage. We kept our readers abreast of what was going on...as well as we could, and like everyone else on both sides of the issue, hoped it would be resolved without tragedy.

Visits by prime ministers — Lester Pearson, John Diefenbaker and Pierre Trudeau — and other prominent figures gave our pages national cux occasionally, a hailstorm that devastated several farms yielded us a collection of prize winning pictures (in a minor competition), occasional floods added excitement, as did tornados and unusually severe blizzards. Several major fires got us out of bed during the night, and there were local, provincial and federal elections that kept us up tabulating poll-by-poll results for the morning's paper.

The quality of the satisfaction of publishing a weekly newspaper lies not in big headlines and sensational pictures, but in the quiet excitement of being an integral part of a progressive community in a province we have learned to appreciate...a country we love, and a world we worry about. We hope the editorials, features and columns reprinted herein reflect our involvement and define the constant challenge better than would a rambling history of the city, the province and the world.

One of the most interesting editorial challenges of my career, rivalling even the prize-winning Centennial edition, came when the directors of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association commissioned me in early 1979 to compile a jubilee section to be placed in all Saskatchewan weeklies in early summer of 1980, in observance of the province's 75th anniversary.

Given a free hand as to style and content, I used excerpts from most Saskatchewan weeklies to reflect the changing times from 1905 to 1980, and stories submitted by fellow publishers and myself to introduce the readers to our industry and its progress through, and participation in, Saskatchewan history.

I spent scores of hours at the Saskatchewan Archives in Regina reading old weeklies, and with

stories and anecdotes submitted by my colleagues in the industry, particularly Bert McKay of Moosomin, put together what I like to think of as a fairly acceptable special.

Another source of satisfaction has been the prerogative of using one's position and privileges to have some good clean fun, such as writing an apology for a relatively harmless typographical error in such a way as to place it in a humorous perspective, having fun with a government news release, replying to a patronizing article about Saskatchewan in a large California daily, poking fun at Canada Post's merchandising plans or writing a column on just about anything that seems good for a laugh. Sometimes, admittedly, our humor was not fully shared by the target, but mostly our intentions were honorable.

An apology of sort

ERNESTLY *June 3, 1976*

The Review owes apologies to several parties for an embarrassing typographical error which appeared in the account of the Creelman graduation ceremonies in the May 13 edition of the Review.

Mrs. Retta Loucks, our Creelman correspondent, had correctly written the *account* of the event, and in our news office, one paragraph was edited down to read, in part "Andrew Goeres, school superintendent Weyburn, addressed the graduates and sang two solos."

Naturally we owe an apology to Mrs. Loucks for distorting her story. We also owe an apology to Mr. Goeres who tells me he has since had three requests to sing at weddings.

And of course, we owe an apology to those responsible for planning the graduation, because of the impression left that they might be guilty of asking Mr. Goeres to sing two solos.

I am willing to swear to many sterling qualities on the part of Mr. Goeres, but having stood shoulder to shoulder at Rotary with him on many occasions and belted out "O Canada!" I can say with some authority that on one is likely to ask him to sing two solos. One — maybe. But not two. Not even in consecutive years.

Tips on teaching

ERNESTLY *August 2, 1979*

Saskatchewan Health has come up with 10 tips on how to teach young children to speak.

This advice was prompted by the case of a four-year-old brought in for speech evaluation because she did not speak clearly, but understood everything said to her. It turned out that neither of the parents talked to the little girl until she was three years old because they did not think she could understand what they were saying.

Here are the tips, followed in *italics*, by the child's possible comments in her (or his) memoirs two or three decades later:

1. Talk to your child long before she is able to speak. The child will "store" the information that will be helpful to her later. *I sometimes felt that I was born with 200 episodes of "Another World" programmed into my subconscious.*

2. Demonstrate what you want your child to do then ask her to do the same thing e.g. "clap hands!" clap your hands and say "I am clapping my hands, one you clap your hands?" *My parents expected applause at the end of every meal. By the time I was six, nothing short of standing ovations satisfied them.*

3. Encourage your child's efforts to talk and reward her with a smile or a hug. *I became a very quiet child because it was impossible to say a word to my parents without getting slobbered over.*

4. Listen to your child talk. The best reward you can give her is your attention. Stop whatever you are doing, especially if she has difficulty expressing herself and look at her when she speaks. *If I speak not softly, it is because both of my parents were lip readers.*

5. Do not rush to supply the missing words. Give her time to find the words she wants to use. *Many a time I went to bed hungry or in pain because mother pretended not to understand any word that could not be confirmed in Webster as to usage and pronunciation.*

6. Use all the senses. Children learn by hearing, feeling and doing. New words should be introduced by using them in different ways. For example "the table is smooth—rub your hand on the table and feel it. Rub your hand on the brush and feel it. It is smooth, so it is rough." *Other kids were told the stove's burner was hot. My mummy parents put my hand on it and said "Hot, hot."*

7. Explain new words in short sentences and speak clearly. *I was taught early that pointing was not once I pointed at a corn flakes box once and got a bilingual sermon on the subject made up of dozens of short sentences using the words "corn flakes."*

8. Discuss events such as holidays or a trip to the cleaners. *An early disappointment in life was my first*

trip to the cleaners. A one-hour build-up was my parents' way of setting me up for a drive down the block to drop off some dirty clothing. My second greatest disappointment when they went into a similar spiel and I grabbed a table leg and wouldn't let go. So they left me with a babysitter and went to Disneyland without me.

10. Help by repeating the child's awkward grammar correctly. For example "Us are going away" can be repeated by saying "Yes, we are going away." *My parents made a great sport of confusing me under the pretext of correcting my speech. Once I hollered "me wanna banana" and mother said "No dear, say 'I would like to have a carrot.'" I obliged and got a carrot. Lordi how I hate carrots!*

Saskatchewan Health closes with the admission that these are only a few hints and that the variations are endless. *When I came of age, my parents told me they had been guided by a 10-point guide from the provincial government. I thought they had taken an honors course in child abuse.*

Making muskrat stew

ERNESTLY *July 9, 1970*

Having received more than a few unkind letters to be published for all to see, I unconsumed last week to the urge to write one myself.

What provoked me was a clipping from the Los Angeles Times, brought in by a thoughtful reader making us in Saskatchewan look like a species scraped out of some cave in the Ozarks.

Based on a cooking and household hints booklet issued by the Saskatchewan department of public health for the northern Indian population, the Times story—giving facts a slight twist—was headed "Needy Told How to Make Muskrat Stew" and read as follows.

"REGINA, Sask. (AP) — To help needy country people save on food bills, health officials in Saskatchewan have put out a cookbook listing such specialties as stewed muskrat and roast beaver.

"The book, entitled 'Recipes for You,' is published by the nutrition division of the department of public health. Among other things, it recommends salads made from pigweed and jam concocted of rose hips (the pods on wild roses after they bloom).

"For those who really need to save pennies, the book recommends taking the neck bones of beef, moose or elk and simmering them for two hours then adding carrots, onions, potatoes and seasoning the last 30 minutes to make the dish tasty.

"Turning to greens, the book advises 'go out into the fields in quest of dandelion greens, pigweed, ferns, wild onions or whatever else is edible, nonpoisonous and in season.'"

The foregoing prompted me to pen the following letter to the editor of the Times.

"Dear Sir:

"A reader today brought to my attention the enclosed news item, 'Needy Told How to Make Muskrat Stew,' which appeared recently in your paper.

"I immediately secured a copy of the booklet, 'Recipes for You,' which is giving you all the belly laughs, and find it is written for our northern Indian population, and is devoted to hints on economical eating, bearing in mind the commodities readily available to these people, their financial resources and their traditional way of life.

"If you will take the time to glance at a map of Saskatchewan sir, you will find that there are only a handful of incorporated communities north of the geographical centre of our province. In that great northern expanse — roughly 100 000 square miles — of rocks, virgin forests, and cold, clear lakes, live a few thousand Indians. They live there by choice, but since they are hours away from even a small general store, and perhaps a lifetime away from such delicacies as chitlins, hambocks and hominy grits, they receive advice on the preparation of foods available to them — such as beaver and muskrat stew.

"But just so that these may be at least equality of merriment, how about translating into Cree and sending us a supply of pamphlets on smog control, pot control, kicking the dope habit, dealing with molesters, how to keep your cool in a traffic jam, and other typical California topics. Our native people would enjoy them immensely as they eat their northern pike — with dandelion greens — on an open campfire beside a lake not yet polluted.

"I must admit, of course, that I hope the editor of the Times has never heard of the mercury pollution in our northern waters. He might just take me down a peg or two if he knew how far "civilization" and advanced in that respect in our unspoiled northland.

Alice in Governland

ERNESTLY *May 23, 1984*

Alice was weary.

After her adventures first in Wonderland, and then in the strange land Through the Looking Glass, she had awakened (thus time) not in her own snug bed with her cat Dinah curled up beside her, but on the hard bench in a huge rotunda that reminded her for all the world of a railway station with all its wickets, and visored attendants.

"I wonder where I am," she said to herself. "I hope I'm not too far from home."

She looked around her, and her gaze fell upon a

huge neon sign with two-foot letters blinking the words "Canada Post."

Underneath this, in slightly smaller letters, was the legend, "Where Profit is Not Just a Word."

"Why?" Alice said. "I'm in the post office, but it's only a few blocks from home. I can walk it in a few minutes."

She looked for an exit sign, and soon found one, but trying the door underneath, found it locked.

"I guess it's an emergency exit," she explained to herself, looked around, and soon spied another exit. She arrived there, only to find that it too was locked. She had just found the third exit, and tried it (it, too, was locked) when she felt her arm being firmly grasped. She looked up to see a stern-faced security guard.

"And what, if I may ask, are you up to, young lady?" demanded the guard.

"Please sir," said Alice, "I'm only trying to get out of the building."

"That's what I suspected!" snarled the guard. "And just what business do you have leaving the building at 10 in the morning — eight hours before quitting time? Do you have a maternity leave pass, or a sick leave voucher, or a time in lieu of sick leave slip, or a vacation visa, or a compassionate leave pass, or a ..."

Alice couldn't help giggling at the thought of her, a little girl, being a postal employee.

"This is an laughing matter," said the guard.

"I'm sorry," said Alice. "I didn't mean to offend. But I don't work here. I'm a member of the public and I'd like ..."

"You're a member of the public and you'd like!" exploded the guard. "Don't you know that members of the public are not allowed to leave the premises for any reason before quitting time? Do you think Canada Post can make any profit as people who go flitting out of here moments after they arrive? For that matter, what have you bought so far?"

"Nothing," admitted Alice. "But then, I haven't any money."

"Nothing, indeed," replied the guard. Then, realizing she was only a child, he used in a softer voice. "Credit cards will be fine. The kiosks scattered on the floor of the rotunda have catalogues for just about anything you can pick. You simply make your selections, fill out the order cards, then take them to the appropriate Canada Post wicket and place your order. The merchandise will be mailed to you promptly within a reasonable time after the order is received by the direct mail house."

"What is a reasonable time?" asked Alice timidly, remembering that shops of all kinds sold merchandise of every description within blocks of home. "And don't letters sometimes get lost?"

"You impudent little creature," shouted the guard. "One came remark like that and off you go to the Purchases of $1 000 and Over section. And there," he added ominously, "you get no choice of merchandise, and there are no refunds. Profits, mass, are the name of the game."

Again, in a more kindly tone, he whispered, "There are also other government departments represented here. Perhaps you'll find some services there within your spending range."

Gratefully, Alice wandered off through the rotunda, until she came to wickets marked "Metric Canadianization," "Veterinary Services," and then "Weather Bureau."

She stopped at the Weather Bureau wicket, thinking, "At least I can find out what the weather's like."

She stepped up to the attendant and asked, "Please sir, what's the weather like today?"

"You poor addled child," came the reply. "The weather, of course, is just what you want it to be. What would you prefer?"

Pleasantly surprised, Alice said, "Well, lots of sunshine, of course."

"Tickets to Nassau, Waco, Miami, Tahiti — you name it — at Canada Post wicket 37. Next please."

"What a scam!" thought Alice, and went on to the next wicket, marked "National Film Board." She decided she might see a movie or two until quitting time.

"Can you suggest a movie?" she asked.

"Of course I can. That's what I'm here for. Soft and hard porn: Canada Post wicket 45, violence, wicket 72, and there's also ..."

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Alice, and marched quickly to the wicket designated "Justice Department."

"I want some justice!" she demanded, with more than a little spirit.

"Of course," said the attendant, who wore judicial robes as well as the visored cap. "And whom would you like or to hit?"

"Hit?" she asked puzzled. "What do you mean, hit?"

"Hit," he repeated. "Get rid of, deep-six — whatever you want to call it. Isn't that what justice is all about? Reasonable — but profitable — prices. Canada Post wicket ..."

"Outrageous!" Alice said to herself. "Why, if I can't get out of here, I'll just send a letter home and tell them where I am. Maybe they'll come and get me."

So she walked up to the Canada Post Stamps counter, and put a handful of change on the counter.

"For that chicken feed," said the clerk, "maybe I can get you a Togo 17-banana stamp, or a used Egyptian ..."

"All I want," interrupted Alice, "is a Canadian 32-cent stamp."

"A Canadian 32-cent stamp?" asked the clerk incredulously. "Nobody collects those."

Near tears, Alice retorted "I don't want to collect it. I just want to send a letter to my . . ."

"She wants to send a letter!" screamed the clerk, and soon everyone was screaming. "She wants to send a letter! She wants to send a letter!"

Shouted the Justice desk attendant. "Off with her head!"

Things grow curiouser and curiouser.

(The foregoing was written in response to Canada Post plans to add mail order and other profitable lines to existing services.)

Oh yes, that early ambition to produce the best newspaper in Canada!

Over the years we learned to accept the reality that competition was stiff and that worthy opposition abounded in the country. While we never lost the dream, and assiduously studied the merits the Review was awarded in the annual Better Newspapers Competitions both provincial and national, we contented ourselves with frequent provincial awards the Centennial edition victory, and an occasional second or third place in one category or another in national competion.

And then it happened!

We were almost on the eve of a staff banquet observing our 25th anniversary in Weyburn, and honoring Hector Bouvier and Ray Winters as in their twenty-five years with us, when we received word that the Review had won the triple crown of the competition — Best All Around Newspaper, Best Front Page and Best Editorial Page — in our circulation category. It seemed almost as though a benign providence had rewarded us for a quarter-century in the business, and had iced the cake for the staff party.

Whether it is human perverseness, or the notoriety that comes with age and experience. I'm not sure — perhaps it is a bit of both — but where we used to look at our competition entries and wonder why they hadn't merited higher placement, now we looked at our entry and wondered who in the world had granted us first prize for it — and why.

In the next few years, we won the Best-All-Around twice more, as well as several other awards. It was never the same, however, as the one that crowned our twenty-five years.

A dream come true

ERNESTLY, June 15 1983

We all have our dreams.

Sometimes dreams remain dreams. Sometimes they become goals. Sometimes goals turn into dreams.

Before coming to Weyburn I was with a weekly which once swept the national newspapers association for awards for its circulation category — best all around, best front page and best editorial page.

Naturally, that's what we had our eyes on when we came to Weyburn. At the time it wasn't simply a dream but a goal which given the confidence and naivete of youth, seemed right around the corner.

Over the quarter-century the Review has won at least its share of awards in the Saskatchewan competitions. Few years have gone by that didn't see us bringing home at least a second or third prize, and as often as not a first prize in one or more of the key categories.

The national awards have been more elusive.

Our biggest plum came in 1967 when we received the award for the best Centennial edition in Canada, regardless of circulation. This carried with it a library of 100 books by Canadian authors.

Once every five years or so, we picked up a second or third prize in front page or editorial page competition, and one year our Christmas edition was judged best.

The first 10 years or so, we went to conventions confident that this was the year we would find ourselves near, if not right at, the top.

A quick look at the list of winners would establish that ours was not among them, and we would then sit down, add up the marks, compare them with those of competitors, and determine where we stood in the field. It was not heartening to find that we were usually somewhere in the middle of the pack. There was a temptation, as in any contest, to blame the judges, to question their impartiality or even their qualifications.

But as time went by, we realized that different judges, with different backgrounds, did not vary all that much in their assessment. So that excuse went out the window. We developed the philosophy — the one the competition is designed to foster — that its importance lies in enabling us to see how, in the eyes of impartial arbiters, we compare with other community newspapers of similar size, and to do so not for the sake of winning the big prize, but in order to give our readers and advertisers a better product for their money.

As years went by, we found ourselves creeping up

in the standings...but as our readership increased we rose into the greater competition of the higher circulation classifications and we would find ourselves back in the middle ranks of the new threshhold

The dream never quite died but as a goal it became secondary to the more important consideration of proving to ourselves that we were somewhere up there among the better newspapers of the country

For the past few years we found ourselves just below the leaders in the 6,500 to 10 000 circulation class and considering the high quality of some of the weeklies in this group we didn't feel we were doing too badly It became obvious however that the years were slipping by and that the dream might have to await fulfillment by a future generation

Thus I didn t allow myself to get too excited when...

The role of the press being so obviously fundamental to our free society, and so diversely understood, it is natural that I found it necessary or expedient, from time to time, to deliver myself of a preachment on the topic and my interpretations of it. A few examples seem like an appropriate end for this chapter...

Commission on publications

EDITORIAL *July 6, 1961*

It is heartening to see the position of the Canadian press on recent recommendations by the Royal Commission on Publications which are aimed at killing the Canadian operation of U S magazines such as "Time" and "Reader s Digest "

Those publications which insist on seeking this type of protection if successful may discover to their sorrow that they have traded their birthright for a mess of pottage For government protection is also government control and this could be dangerous in the field of news media

Half a century ago with only half the population of today Canada had almost twice as many weekly newspapers as exist today Weyburn, with a much smaller population had two newspapers The weekly was the only medium through which the rural population could be reached and as a result national advertising outweighed local retail advertising in both papers

Then along came national and farm publications with their large circulations and consequently more economical rates for some forms of national advertising With the loss of this revenue weeklies or two-paper towns were forced to merge and so many smaller communities dropped out of the picture altogether Competition was stepped up again with the advent of radio particularly in the days when it was confined to large centres and huge listening audiences, and now with television The increased rural circulation of the daily press also had its effect

Fifty years ago the weekly editor a chief news source was the nearest daily newspaper from which he cut and rewrote the most important national and world news stories Local and district stories while they must have existed received secondary consideration and local pictures were simply unheard of

But this was what was expected of the paper and everyone was happy, until competing media forced the weekly to reassess its function in the community

Today the weekly press all but ignores the national and international news stories of the day and confines itself to more comprehensive local coverage, local pictures and editorials concerned with local problems. The result has worked to the advantage we believe of readers and advertisers alike Circulations have climbed and many papers have developed reputations for community service which go far beyond their immediate circulation area.

If the weekly can meet competition through drastic revision of policy surely it is not too much to expect the mighty national publications to do the same

Freedom of the press

EDITORIAL *August 2, 1962*

Lately we hear people express themselves on the subject of freedom of the press in a manner that suggests their understanding of it is very much like Congolese conceptions of independence

Freedom of the press of course, is simply an extension of the principle of freedom of speech which we accept as the right of any person to voice his opinions without regard for how they may sit with anyone else

Newspaper editors exercise this freedom through the editorial columns of their papers and being human personal bias prejudice ignorance and even vindictiveness may be reflected in their writings To

the extent that they do so over a period of time the prestige of the paper's pronouncements inevitably suffers in an informed society

Anyone disagreeing with the editor has the right to submit a letter or a statement to the newspaper, and the editor, exercising his own rights may refuse to publish it. If this occurs (and it seldom does) the person may purchase space in the publication to circulate his own opinion and thereby reach the same people that are reached by the editorial

The idea of paying for the space might come as a shock to those who think of freedom of the press as a guarantee of free newspaper space — something like unemployment insurance or social aid — and to whom it never seems to occur that the newspaper too must pay for the space it uses to present an opinion

If the newspaper refuses to accept the advertising (now we're really getting hypothetical!) any individual still has the right to print a circular and distribute it in any way he sees fit. This is what freedom of the press is: the right to publicize opinion or fact without fear of prosecution, not an onus on someone to provide the medium

It should be remembered that freedom of the press — like democracy — is no guarantee of perfection...but simply one of the safeguards which help prevent a people from being enslaved by its own mistakes

Confessions

EDITORIAL *June 16, 1966*

In a "Viewpoint" published a few weeks ago in this paper, a local minister (at our invitation) levelled a barrage of criticism against modern merchandising and advertising methods. He questioned the morality of many current practices such as manipulating small children playing upon hidden weaknesses and encouraging wastefulness

Factual articles exposing evils which exist in advertising as in everything else are good: for they create a warier, better informed public, better equipped to withstand advertisements which should never have been written.

As public resistance to undesirable advertising and merchandising practices develops, both will be conducted on a higher plane.

Retail merchants, particularly those in communities like Weyburn, learn quickly that honest advertising is important if they are to remain in business in an area where they must depend on the same customers to patronize their stores week after week, month after month, year after year. This is at least one of the reasons why (plug) most local businesses find their advertisements in the Review effective and a few do not.

This, of course, is the crux of the whole debate on advertising. The responsibility to educate is in delicate balance with the consumer's ability to avail himself of this knowledge, and it is true that whenever the motivation of advertisers — the sale of their products — tips the scales, advertising becomes the villain.

Self-policing by the advertising industry seems to be indicated, but the best and most effective policing of all will be done by consumers who, through their reactions, dictate what type of advertising will be successful.

Press freedom, NDP style

EDITORIAL *July 16, 1970*

According to press reports of the recent Saskatchewan New Democratic Provincial convention in Regina, a resolution was passed advocating, under an NDP government, establishment of a commission to study setting up community controlled radio and television stations and regional publishing facilities.

One of the reasons advanced for the resolution, according to the report, was because the NDP "has historically found it difficult to present its views and to educate the public in the face of the united, hostile mass media controlled by Liberals and Conservatives." (Ironically, the same convention which finds it difficult to get space or time for NDP views had to deal with a resolution which would have barred the press from the convention.)

One wonders what is meant by 'community-owned regional publishing facilities." The press now operates without franchise, and there is nothing to deny an individual or a group the right to organize a publishing enterprise, either under the companies act or as a co-operative.

Obviously this has not been found financially practical where publishing facilities exist, and the NDP-proposed publishing house could exist only with heavy government subsidization, which in turn would eliminate the private competitor and eventually leave only the state-controlled and financed medium.

That is press freedom?

Voice of the state?

EDITORIAL *June 3, 1971*

A list of projects approved recently by the Canadian secretary of state for funding through the Opportunities for Youth program includes a $6,925 item "to enable seven students to publish 12 issues of the Prairie Fire during the summer, allowing organizations of tenants, the unemployed, Indians and Metis and anti-pollution groups to express their problems."

We wonder what yardstick was used by the

government in deciding that it was important for these individuals to peddle their viewpoints on public funds

And then there are the groups whose problems the Prairie Fire proposes (according to the release) to express. Why are they so special? Who has decided, and on what authority, that their problems are not sufficiently aired by the Leader-Post and other publications, provincial and national, available to the people of Regina? And are these groups not represented in city council, the provincial legislature and the federal Parliament as other citizens are?

We're getting a bit tired of the seldom-challenged assumption that the problems of these groups outrank those of others.

Why is it right to subsidize the point of view of the unemployed, but not the thousands of employed persons who help foot the bill for the former? Why is it more important to publicize the view of the tenant than that of the landlord, who, heaven knows, has lots of problems? And how do we know such a newspaper will actually dedicate itself to the causes stated, or whether this is only a front to enable them to express certain political views at the expense of the taxpayer?

The sum involved may seem like a small thing to gripe about, but it is only a short step from a small subsidy to state-owned, state-controlled newspapers and the end of press freedom for all.

Danger in press privilege

EDITORIAL *March 15, 1973*

Freedom of the press is not and should not be the privilege of those who happen to be in the publishing or broadcasting business, but a simple and logical extension of freedom of speech, that is to say that if it is lawful to make a certain statement of fact or opinion to friends, acquaintances, a stranger on the street, or to the policeman on the corner, it is and ought to be lawful to say the same thing in print, whether through a circular delivered to a dozen people or through a news medium reaching millions; it is and ought to be lawful whether disseminated by the publisher through his prerogatives, by the individual citizen writing a letter to the editor of a publication, or by an individual or a group of individuals using a paid advertisement.

In our opinion, special privilege simply invites the next step, the licensing of persons who may gather and disseminate information, and that would be the end of freedom of the press and eventually freedom of speech.

Freedom of speech and of the press are indeed in jeopardy, but they are best protected by safeguarding existing rights with a logical base — not through special protection of the media.

Dangerous to us all

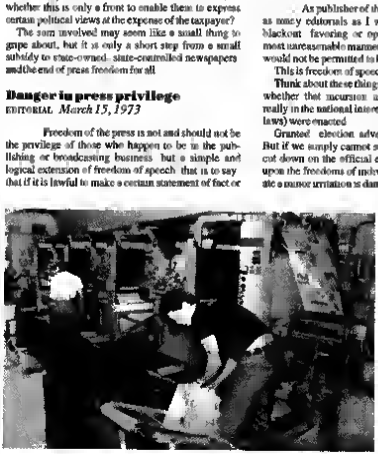
EDITORIAL *April 12, 1979*

As publisher of the Review I am free to write as many editorials as I wish during the advertising blackout favoring or opposing any candidate in a most unreasonable manner. But the affected candidate would not be permitted to buy space in which to reply.

This is freedom of speech?

Think about these things carefully, and ask yourself whether that incursion upon freedom of speech is really in the national interest, and how sincerely (these laws) were enacted.

Granted, election advertising becomes tiresome. But if we simply cannot stand it for nine weeks, let a cut down on the official election period. To trespass upon the freedoms of individuals and groups to alleviate a minor irritation is dangerous to us all.



The Goss Community web offset press on which the Review and about eight other southeastern Saskatchewan weekly newspapers are regularly printed

2. Weyburn, Saskatchewan

A disheartening beginning

For a few seconds I could cheerfully have killed the little old man smiling — leering, I thought — at me across the booth table at the old Naughty Pine Restaurant.

It was fall of 1958, with the dust blowing as I had never seen it blow (but had heard it described many times by the oldtimers who had lived in Saskatchewan during the Dirty Thirties). I had only been in Weyburn for a few months, and had come here in spite of dire warnings from Irene's brother, Eugene Derksen, that we were going straight to the dust bowl.

It was a busy Tuesday morning, and as if the unbelievable dust wasn't hard enough to take, Edward G. Quick, my predecessor as publisher of the Review, had chosen this morning to come in and asked me to join him for a cup of coffee across the street. I had protested that I didn't have time, but he had insisted it would do me good. Not wishing to offend the quiet, mild-mannered gentleman, I had agreed.

But like the proverbial horse led to water, I couldn't be coaxed into the comfortable, carefree mood one associates with coffee break. Instead I looked gloomily out of the window at the gray blizzard which almost obscured the buildings across the street.

That's when Mr. Quick smilingly asked: "Well, Ernie, what do you think of it now?"

That's when I genuinely hated him for a few seconds. That's when I could have strangled him. It's all right for you to sit there smiling, I felt like saying. You've unloaded the Review and I'm stuck with it and this godforsaken little burg that gets lost in dust storms.

I replied in what I hoped was a measured tone: "Mr. Quick, if I had ever seen anything like this, nothing could have induced me to come here."

He gave a little chuckle and said with a twinkle in his eye: "That is nothing. You should have seen it when I came here."

For the first time that day I took my thoughts off my troubles and did some thinking and calculating.

I knew Mr. Quick was 72 years old. I knew he had owned the Review for 22 years. I knew he had four children. I knew Mr. Quick had been dusted out of a little town called Youngstown in Alberta. And I mean dusted out. He hadn't even been able to sell his little weekly newspaper. He had just closed the door, presumably after selling his old press and typesetter for what little they might have been worth, and left with his family for an obscure somewhere.

This transplanted Englishman, a journeyman printer, had operated the Youngstown Plain-dealer for almost two decades before being forced by drought and depression to close his doors. He was 50 years old, had a wife and family and little else, and the year was 1936—still the depth of depression and drought in Weyburn—when he took over the Review from an Ontarian who had seen enough and wanted to get the paper, Weyburn and Saskatchewan off his hands.

Unable to reconcile this madness, I asked, "Mr. Quick, whatever made you do it?"

Still smiling his little smile, he answered in his soft voice, "I knew this was good country. I knew it would come back."

I suddenly saw this man in a new and awesome light. Here was a man who had taken his chances on Weyburn and Saskatchewan after his own setback, at age 50, with a family to feed. And I also realized at that moment that it was no coincidence that he had invited me going for coffee with me on this dark morning.

This kind, compassionate man had realized what doubts must be assailing me, and had gently led me to the lesson of his own experience. I have thought, gratefully, of the incident so many times in our three decades in Weyburn; decades that have been kind to me and mine, but which inevitably have seen their share of drought, low grain prices, crop failures, grasshopper infestations, overproduction and the many other reverses that come up to bedevil dryland farmers and those whose living depends on their fortunes.

After 17 years

ERNESTLY *July 10 1975*

This will always be a very special time of year for me, for July 2, 1958, was the day I took over the Weyburn Review.

Even in an unusual year such as this, the first week of July comes through with some pretty hot days, so the weather itself serves as a reminder of my first days of trying to fill the role of editor in a community where I didn't know a soul.

That was a hot, dry summer, 1958, with lawns and ditches turned yellow and unpromising even before I arrived. Streets were repaved, except for two or three of our downtown blocks, and even on days without a breeze, gravel dust hung heavily on the air.

I had left my then-small family behind to dispose of our Manitoba home before joining me in Weyburn, so it was a pretty lonely young man (in those days you could be over 25 without being counted in with the aged and infirm) who woke up on his first Sunday in Weyburn in an oven-hot, airless hotel room to the dull prospect of having to seek out a place to eat breakfast—instead of down in the kitchen with bacon and eggs waiting.

The first few days earlier had left me with the impression of Weyburn as almost a carnival-type of place, and the reality of this city on the first Sunday in July, with one-third of the population away on holidays and another third at the lake, was a bad let-down. I confess to a Mr. Tweedy-like feeling that I had moved into a ghost town after most of the population had moved out.

I might very well have cut and run, had I not been slightly buoyed by the enthusiasm for Weyburn I had found in Allan Moffet, whom I chanced to meet during the first week. Allan still has that enthusiasm, and I sometimes wonder how many people discouraged by first impressions of a new home, find their spirits lifted and hopes restored by the home town loyalty of the Allan Moffets.

If anyone anywhere reads this and happens to be embarking on a new venture, and is as discouraged as I was 17 years ago this week, take heart. Keep at it and things will work out.

Of course, Mr. Quick was right. This is good country, and it does come back.

The foregoing will establish, I am sure, that my affection for Weyburn could not be called, by any stretch of the imagination, a case of love at first sight. Weather conditions and the air of pessimism engendered by them didn't help, nor did the feeling of strangeness at being in a community quite different from my previous experience.

Growing up in a small town should have prepared me for Weyburn, and in many ways it did. Yet there were fundamental differences between Stenberh, Manitoba, and Weyburn, Saskatchewan, that did not make for quick assimilation, of course, ten years of living in big cities also had left their effect.

While Steinbach had a unique nature within the context of the overall Canadian scene, Weyburn, in contrast, always strikes me as a microcosm of Canada, more particularly, Western Canada. The Manitoba community, a village sixty years after it was settled, prided itself then on its isolation — culturally, religiously and ethnically — from its host environment, discouraging

its young citizens from seeking fame and fortune. Weyburn, by contrast, drew first and foremost from North American people and confidently thrust itself into this society and offered its young to the building of the young nation.

Weyburn was a product of what has been described as the greatest migration in human history, the settlement of the North American west. Like most Western Canadian towns, it grew at the turn of the century around the commercial magnet of railway depot and grain delivery point, and in a few years — in 1903 — qualified for and was granted a charter as a town. Only ten years later, fed by the boom of western settlement and the general prosperity of the times, it was ready to be chartered as a Saskatchewan city. Whether Weyburn actually had the required 5,000 inhabitants has been questioned and likely would not have stood close scrutiny, but the people built well upon this foundation, and the community has always been respected among Saskatchewan's group of small cities.

Granted, the establishment of a large provincial mental hospital here in the early 1920s, its dominance as a local industry, and the stigma then attached to the presence of such an institution, did affect how the city was perceived elsewhere in the province. Many people imagined life in Weyburn to be a virtual and constant bedlam.

However, the hospital also contributed very substantially to Weyburn as a community integrated with the Canadian level of sophistication. Innovative programs introduced and developed at the Weyburn hospital earned it respect in the North American psychiatric community. As well, the hospital's need for professional help and the transient nature of imported professionals, exposed the young community to greater diversity of culture and opinion than is common to small towns. The associated training school for psychiatric nurses also brought in students from many backgrounds, many of whom remained here as hospital staff, or married into local families.

If mention of innovative programs seems presumptuous, I'll mention two that have been felt throughout the continent, and indeed the world — for better or far worse. Witness that the first experiments with the hallucinogenic drug LSD were carried out here by Dr. Humphrey Osmond, administrator of the Saskatchewan Hospital, Weyburn, in the late 1950s, together with his wife and his brother-in-law and colleague, Dr. Ian Clancey. Another was the resettlement of the Weyburn hospital's population into halfway houses in their own communities in the mid 1960s. My approval of these particular initiatives may be qualified, but it must be admitted they were not little parochial efforts, they were world class.

World War 1, with its drain on both human and material resources, slowed things down temporarily, as it did throughout the nation. The Roaring Twenties ushered in a decade of optimism, opportunity and progress, only to be brought to an abrupt halt by developments on New York's Wall Street, which precipitated a continental depression that effectively took care of most of the 1930s. In the Palliser Triangle which surrounds Weyburn the depression years were accompanied by a severe drought with effects that went well beyond the decade.

The advent of World War 2 quickly drew the people of Weyburn into a partnership with the rest of the country in the prosecution of the bloodiest war in history. Local men and women quickly responded to the nation's call and served, often with distinction, in all branches of the Canadian armed forces.

Two things probably enhanced Weyburn's credentials as a closer partner in the war effort than the average community. The establishment of a Secondary Flying Training School as part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan just outside the city gave the people of Weyburn direct exposure for much of the war to hundreds of young men whose families were experiencing war at first hand. This exposure could not have helped but fine-tune the city's natural identification with the war.

Then, on a fateful day in August of 1942, units of the South Saskatchewan Regiment took part in the Dieppe Raid which has variously been described as a colossal strategic blunder, as a necessary prologue to the eventual opening of the second front, and as a tactical probe with a

secret mission of great sensitivity. Whichever it was it took a heavy toll, since the SSR consisted largely of men recruited in Weyburn, Estevan and other communities in this corner of the province.

Yes, throughout Canada, and for several years once Canadian forces were drawn into action, the telegraph of regret became all too familiar in Canadian communities large and small. But few small centres were introduced so suddenly and tellingly to the realities of war. There was probably no one in Weyburn who was not personally acquainted with a number of the men who died, were wounded, were captured or who distinguished themselves at Dieppe and nearby villages. On the seven seas, in the skies over Britain and Germany, and in the battlefields of France, the Netherlands and Germany, men from the Weyburn area distinguished themselves as well, and too many did not return to enjoy the rewards of the triumph of freedom and democracy.

'Green Beach'

ERNESTLY *August 5 1976*

One of the most fascinating books I have read in many years has to be "Green Beach" by James Leasor.

It was brought to me by Rev. Jack Jones of Weyburn and I have to confess that I wondered until I got into the book just what the exercise was all about. Ministers, in case Mr. Jones doesn't know it after half a century in the service, are always suspect as to their motives and this instance was no exception. He knows it, of course and knowing laymen far better than I knew clergymen probably took it for granted that I would read the opening and closing chapters and would then tell him on the first appropriate occasion that it was wonderful and inspiring and that if only the Lord had more such people in His service the world would be a better place.

Well—surprise. It wasn't that kind of a book and I read the whole thing, with fascination. I pondered that description for a long time because my first chosen "enjoyment" seems slightly out-of-place in 1976.

The book was a blow-by-blow account of the Dieppe raid on August 19, 1942, where so many Weyburn Estevan area boys lost their lives in World War 2 — a raid which many have justified as a trial run for the Normandy invasion two years later, but condemned by as many others as a wasteful slaughter.

But all that aside a few years ago a news feature in the daily press revealed for the first time that the Dieppe raid — at least the Pourville portion of it, and this is where the SSR was involved — was tied in with a cloak and-dagger mission that would defy the imaginations of fiction writers today.

The story was confirmed in "Green Beach," which, while taking into consideration and fully explaining the broader purpose of the raid, also gives an intimate account of the personal adventure of one Jack Nissenthall, an RAF radar expert who donned a Canadian uniform and went ashore with the SSR to get what information he could on German radar expertise.

What made his case so bizarre was that he was accompanied at all times by a detail of SSR men assigned to protect him and assist him in every way, but to make sure that he did not fall into enemy hands under any circumstances because of his knowledge of British radar technology. The fact that he was Jewish at a time when this distinction wasn't exactly an Iron Cross qualification in Germany did not make the mission much easier for the RAF flight-sergeant.

Beside the drama of the whole story, the fact that the tale included so many names of people that I have since met or read about in back copies of the Review — Empringham, England, Kohaly, Mathers, Merritt, Orme, Osten, Pack, Stumm — gave it almost a personal significance, even though I never saw Weyburn until Dieppe was already etched into the city's history as deeply and as painfully as it was in the history of World War 2 itself.

Nissenthall came to Canada a few years ago to help the author research the book and an experience noted in the epilogue is its own commentary on the way lives cross.

"... we were in Regina, Sask., roughly 1,400 miles west of Ottawa, to meet SSR veterans and Jack and I hailed a taxi to take us to our first appointment. As we climbed into the cab, the driver heard our accents and asked if we were English. We said we were, and he gave us his name — Eric Empringham — and explained that he had landed with the South Saskatchewan Regiment at Pourville.

"'You know one thing?' he went on. 'There was an English guy there, a radar expert. Now some of our people were going to shoot him if there was any risk of his falling into German hands. I have often thought about that. I wonder what happened to him?'"

Well, the book tells the whole story.

A Royal Canadian Navy frigate, the HMCS Weyburn, further attuned the city's identification with the war. There were numerous contacts between the ship and the city, and there was a real sense of loss when the ship went down with heavy losses of personnel, even though none of the ship's crew came from Weyburn.

Having represented Weyburn as a microcosm of Canada and particularly Western Canada, I must qualify this with the seeming contradiction that Weyburn was not a typical western Canadian settlement.

A high percentage of prairie towns were settled by people from one ethnic background or another who were dedicated, consciously or otherwise, to isolating and insulating those groups and their traditional lifestyles. Weyburn, by contrast, was settled first by Saskatchewan people from settlements along the CPR main line, then by a large contingent of eastern Canadians, followed soon by an insurgence of American settlers lured here by the available free land and other incentives. Europeans who migrated here directly from the Old World tended to come in families or as individuals to homestead, to hire out as farm laborers or housemaids, or to work on the railway. Often they joined relatives already living here. While there surely must have been little ethnic pockets, they were generally too small to be noticeable, or to have manifest leadership and independent political and social directions.

Churches, which often draw aprons of sparseness around distinct ethnic groups, may have done the opposite here because the major ones were not dominated by individual ethnic groups. The Roman Catholic Church, for instance, had parishioners of French, German, Polish, Dutch, Hungarian and other backgrounds including some of the American and Ontario settlers. The Lutheran Church ministered to German and Scandinavian immigrants, as well as to English-speaking Americans of the same origins. The United Church of Canada, formed through union of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches shortly after World War I, became a catch-all for many Protestants whose religions were not represented here strongly enough to build their own churches.

So this is the Weyburn to which we came a baker's dozen years after the end of World War 2. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that this is how it is imprinted in my mind out of original impressions tempered by the hindsight of over 30 years of exposure to the community and its evolution, perusal of local histories (sometimes as quasi-editor, proofreader and even typesetter)–personal involvement in numerous historical sections, and reading countless stories in back issues of the Review.

World War 2 had been over long enough to permit confidence in agriculture, the long-range weather picture and in a strong national economy that might even impact this part of Canada. All this was tempered with some caution and distrust on the part of the ubiquitous pessimists, but there was no gainsaying the dollars from the recently discovered Weyburn oil fields beginning to find their way into local coffers through diverse routes.

District residents still included, in 1958, a strong sprinkling of the rugged individuals who had settled the area, and whose characteristics helped to shape the community. A book just on these personalities would have been a challenging undertaking for a local writer. I have been able to touch on just a few of them.

He sold Southeast Saskatchewan

A FEATURE *April 9, 1959*

You can say Pete Hand sold Southeast Saskatchewan, and you'll only be exaggerating the slightest bit for if there's anyone in this corner of the province to whom this witty garrulous — and shrewd — auctioneer hasn't sold something there's a good chance that he's sold something for him.

Seventy in July, and with probably more than a thousand auction sales behind him, Pete has sold everything there is to sell, and a lot of things that usually aren't — like hundreds of rotten fish which he claimed their owner, a good Liberal, had kept for sentimental reasons.

It is said, and Pete admits it, that he can spot a bid before it's out of the bidder's mouth, and runs a successful customer even claimed that all he had done was cock an eyebrow at Pete, and the next thing he heard was "Sold!"

Calvin H. Hurst, who is known as "Pete" by nearly everyone in the territory, is justly proud of the popularity which he traces back to a lifetime of fair dealings with clients and bidders alike.

"Friendship stops when the sale starts," he declares, "and highest bidder takes it. I've never played favorites."

The secret of auctioneering, says Pete — and he can give it away without fearing a flood of competition — is to keep things moving with a flow of chatter, and a quick answer to a disparaging comment. "And you

have to hold your temper if you can't control that you can t control a cow! "

But the greatest factor in the success of a sale he maintains is the popularity of the owner

"I can tell with the first bid " he avers "how the whole sale is going to go and how well liked the owner is If he s popular it s a good sale if he s not it isn t "

While Mr Hurst recalls fabulous daily commissions he can remember equally well countless sales especially during the dirty thirties when he didn t take home a cent With always a soft spot in his heart for people down on their luck he refused to charge widowed mothers or others whom he considered down and out

Recalling the first such sale he says it was for a woman whose husband was sick in hospital "I went to the man and he asked me for advice on the terms I said cash was the only thing and he just shook his head "

The canny auctioneer after learning his client expected to get only $2 000 out of the sale persuaded him to agree to the cash sale After the sale he returned to the hospital put on his saddest expression and went into the man s room

" Well how did the sale go? he asked me Not very good I told him Not good at all That s what I figured " he told me, and asked how little he d made

"Why he wouldn t believe me when I told him it had brought him $3 500 — $1,500 more than he d hoped for " chortles Pete And was my phone ever busy Every auctioneer in the province called to ask me how I d made out with the sale

Pete s love for auction sales dates back to his early boyhood and is very much responsible for his migration to Saskatchewan from his native Barrie Ont.

He used to play hookey from school to go to auction sales and the old auctioneer who taught him some of the tricks and let him auction off the buggy whip and odds and ends used to tell him to go west

His chance came before he expected it for his sins caught up with him Tired of expelling him three times in a week for playing hookey the teacher made it stick and Pete found himself at loose ends

Undaunted although broke he decided to go west and was beckoned to the municipal secretary s office by a sign that said "Loans "

"It meant farm loans," chuckles Pete "but I didn t know that and anyway I talked the secretary into giving me fifty dollars That took me to Weyburn where a number of local folks had moved I got a job on a farm and was able to send him back the money at the end of the summer "

Pete worked at whatever came along until the first war when he enlisted in the 46th Battalion He went overseas but never reached France as a severe attack of influenza hospitalized him for months He underwent two stomach operations before finally being sent back to Canada.

After the war his brother the late R O Hurst until a few years ago dean of the University of Toronto College of Pharmacy introduced Pete to a well known phrenologist

"I had my head read " he recalls, "and the man said I would have made a good lawyer but I was too old to start studying law He suggested I be a comedian or a travelling salesman but neither rang a bell

" What are you interested in doing? he asked me and I told him I had always wanted to be an auctioneer Don t ever change your mind," he told me and I never have "

After officiating at a few box socials and a small auction sale in Ontario "just so I could call myself an auctioneer " Mr Hurst returned to Weyburn hung out his shingle and has been following his trade ever since

The biggest job of his career came when the federal government engaged him to sell a quarter million dollars worth of crown lands in Saskatchewan at a fee of about $300 per day

Here too like almost everything in his life there was more than met the eye for it was a Liberal government and Hurst always was a strong Tory ("Why I was once the only Tory in Weyburn ")

After having been assured by local Liberals that he had very little chance of getting the job Pete related he wrote to Ottawa described himself as a man who thought the right way and should get the job and signed the name of a local Liberal He got the job

Beside being the only auctioneer in Weyburn for many years Pete s faculty for keeping up a steady chatter won him many a job as commentator such as at the livestock parade at the Weyburn fair Knowing each farmer within miles he would add a comment about the man himself and his farm as he passed with his prize winning stock

In the days before radio and television brought the news into people s homes daily it was the Review s custom on election day to hook up with a wire service and set up a public address system outside around which huge crowds would gather to hear the latest national and local returns

In the basement, the telegrapher would hand the bulletins to Pete who would read them over the loudspeaker

He won t soon forget the time when contrary to his hopes the Liberals showed an early lead and he

unable to contain himself roared into the mike "Don't tell me the g——d—— Grits are taking it again!"

As a man whose life and livelihood has always been closely interwoven with that of the farmers, it was natural that he should show a deep interest in their fairs such as that of the Agricultural Society. He was on the fair board from 1923, has been its advertising committee chairman, auctioneer for the stiff cloth for ten years and is still an honorary director.

Meeting his Waterloo later in life than most Mr Hurst married Berthe Tube in 1926. Their three daughters are all in Weyburn, although the youngest 13-year-old Brenda inherited an artistic bent, may go to Vancouver in summer for training in figure skating. The elthe two are Hazeldean (Mrs John Evans) and Birdie Lea (Mrs Merv Dees).

With the end of this year, Mr. Hurst hopes to retire from the wearing business of auctioneering. At 70 he is certainly earned the rest—but those who know him will believe it when they see it.

A brochure brought him here

AFEATURE *April 16, 1959*

Early in March as the Regina bus neared Weyburn a tired heart quickened as an old man watched the passing landmarks that were as familiar to him as the palm of his hand as he was borne nearer to a place where his name is synonymous with "pioneer" and "community builder."

For George Beischel—among the first settlers of the region and associated in the years that followed with every major project which made Weyburn what it is today) it was the end of the road for at the age of 88 and after eight years of retirement in the kind climate of Nevada he had decided that the city which he had helped to mold was the place where he would like to spend the twilight years of his life.

And with every familiar turn and every familiar contour of the country he passed on the way home came a memory of the joys sorrows, triumphs frustrations, smiles and tears that are an integral part of a long life in a new city a new province—and a new nation.

Born at Jefferson, Wis.—the son of one of the best blacksmiths in the state Mr. Beischel spent most of his early years on an Iowa farm as the elder Beischel had to give up his trade for reasons of health when George was only six and moved to a farm in the Hawkeye State.

There he might have stayed helping his father run the farm and managing a threshing outfit of his own but for a railway trip to a nearby town in 1901 that altered his own life and may have altered the history of a good deal of our province of Saskatchewan especially the city of Weyburn.

Sitting in the coach his eye was caught by a printed pamphlet lying on a seat. He picked it up read it and was immediately sold on the western Canada and its undeveloped expanse which was described in such glowing terms in the real estate circular that closed with the immortal "Go West Young Man."

"I'm going to Canada" he announced the same day to a friend who managed a bank at the town he had travelled to.

"When?" the banker wanted to know.

"Just as soon as I've finished two or three more threshing jobs I have to do." Mr. Beischel told him and immediately won an enthusiastic partner for the trip.

As he had planned, Mr. Beischel completed the fall harvesting stored the threshing outfit, wired his friend that he was on his way and together they came to Weyburn and bought several pieces of land in the Fillmore district.

Mr. Beischel stayed here for several months to see what the Saskatchewan winter climate was like then returned to Iowa to prepare for the move. In spring he came back to Weyburn bringing with him a herd of 30 white faced Hereford cattle believed to be the first of the breed imported to this area.

Mr. Beischel cannot recall this part of his life without pondering for a moment on the mystery of the two dogs which seems destined to remain unsolved for all time.

It seems that he brought with him from Iowa his dog a mongrel collie which was so well trained that he was Mr. Beischel's pride and joy. However—no sooner had the dog been put on the train, when he began to act strangely shivering and whimpering and refusing to eat.

The minute the door of the boxcar was opened at Weyburn he dashed out crawled under a house not far from the station, and hours of coaxing failed to bring him out.

Mr. Beischel gave up finally deciding that once he was half a mile out on the prairie the dog would come bounding after him. He didn't and the cattle sensing the absence of the dog did everything but co-operate and after a few frustrating miles Mr. Beischel was fully prepared for a nerve-racking trip.

Suddenly out of nowhere a dog streaked by him got the herd in line and came back for a sign of approval. Mr. Beischel thought at first it was his own dog but when he came closer discovered it wasn't.

He gave the animal a pat on the head as well as a more material reward in the form of a sandwich and a new partnership was formed. He had the dog for years often wondered what had come over his own dog and where the new dog had come from but never found out.

"And I wasn t trying hard to find out " admits Mr Beischel He believes the dog was accidentally left behind when a tranful of settlers made a stop at Weyburn

All that summer, Mr Beischel hauled lumber and supplies from Weyburn to Fillmore over what later became known as the Beischel Trail and by the time the first snowstorm came in fall had e house finished and ready for plastering and e cellar full of potatoes

After several years Mr Beischel moved to Weyburn Saskatchewan where as horse trader realtor and farm implement dealer he fast became one of the town s leading businessmen His first shop was built where Weyburn Motors now stands and he later moved across the river to the present Hinme-Johnston location

Dealing in everything in the machinery line Mr Beischel recalls having e stock of 60 2½ horsepower outboard motors in 1912 and selling every one of them

Mr Beischel was more than e businessman he was a community builder whose support and talents were volunteered for every worthwhile project undertaken during his active life

When the old hospital (now Mount St. Mary) was built Mr Beischel who owned the land left the council chambers and asked the aldermen to name their own price on the parcel and whatever they decided would be okay with him

When the race track at the fair was built, Mr Beischel s said was sought again as he recruited two helpers hitched e steamer to two graders and in two and a half days Weyburn had a race track

He was official starter at the first races held there and at fairs for many years thereafter He was also on the fair board for numerous years

Long a member of council Mr Beischel strayed from local to provincial and federal politics although unsuccessful in both attempts

His defeat in the 1908 election on the Conservative ticket was certainly not for the lack of support from the press for the old Weyburn Herald came out with two-inch headlines urging the electors to "Vote for Beischel " and almost every front-page story was on his opponent ranging from pointedly critical to downright libelous

One story was headed "Liberal Candidate e Dismissed Official", another"———— Deserves Goose Lake People!" and a third "An Attempt to Steal the Seat " One story which sounded as though it might have been borrowed from the Calgary Eyeopener accused Mr Beischel s opponent of having four planks in his platform "1 Vote against Beischel because he is an American, 2 Vote against Beischel because he is e German 3 Vote against Beischel because he is a Catholic 4 Vote against Beischel because he is e Protestant "

Mr Beischel s second attempt came in the 30s when he joined countless other Bennett fellowers in defeat under a Liberal landslide His comment on his political career rebrief "I was e fool "

Of the long eventful life behind him Mr Beischel wistfully says he would love to live it all over again but quickly adds "knowing what I know now "

In spite of his eight-year absence Mr Beischel finds h mself anything but lonesome for old friends have not forgotten him When he arrived he was greeted by a group of acquaintances who had appointed themselves as a welcoming committee and now in his room at the Royal he re ceived dozer neighbor to several of the oldtimers who were here with him when the Soo Line country opened up

Weyburn has changed since the day when George Beischel took his white faced Herefords off the train but it will always be home and will always welcome back the men who built it

Western Wire and Cable had been here a year in the hangars at the airport, vacated when the war wound down Western Christian College had moved into airport buildings at about the same time There was optimism that other industries could be attracted into other available hangars, and a few individuals—notably Tom Laing—worked indefatigably toward this end

On the civic scene council had approved a long term program to pave most of the city streets, but found a prerequisite was the replacement of many of the water and sewage mains still in place from pioneer times The short term consequence was a lot of mud on the rare wet days, and a lot of dust on the more common dry and windy days

Negotiations were underway to sell the old power plant operated by the city and sorely in need of modernization, to the Saskatchewan Power Corporation This was accomplished in the following year amid political turmoil that resulted in the resignation of Mayor Jim Staveley The city received $2 million for the electrical facility Not only was the city relieved of further concern with the operation and modernization of the utility, but what was then still considered a princely sum could be set aside to finance future capital expenditures

A few weeks after our arrival in Weyburn the city police force, headed by ex Mountie Jim McCardle, observed its first anniversary For years before then community policing had been handled, under contract, by the RCMP

Until the mid 1950s the education of Weyburn's children was handled by the three original elementary schools, Assiniboia, Souris and Haig, but the city's growth demanded expansion and a fourth public school, Elgin, had been added as well as St Domonic Savio School for the recently organized Roman Catholic school district. About this time, too, Queen Elizabeth School was built for rural children, reflecting a growing trend toward centralized education. A private kindergarten was introduced in the early 1960s and in a few years this became part of the elementary school system.

Product and victim of the century

AFFATURE *November 12, 1959*

Fifty years ago the newly-built country schools of Saskatchewan stood as proud symbols of the progressiveness of the 20th century — a progressiveness that demanded education for the children of the pioneers, whatever else had to be sacrificed to obtain it.

Today sinking into a weed-choked neglected background the deserted little red schoolhouse is a victim of the same century's pace, which builds then quickly destroys in favor of another step forward.

Within living memory, these schools were built by farmers, whose horses drew the lumber over muddy trails to donated building sites and made happy gath erings out of days of hard work.

Such a school was Marmora, five miles east of Weyburn, and the recollections of its former students and the people who built it would be like the story of dozens, indeed hundreds of little schools in the province which have faded from the sphere of usefulness.

Built in 1904, it was named after Marmora, Ont. where many of the district's pioneers came from, and classes were held almost every term from that year until the centralized school district was introduced. At one time there were as few as seven students enrolled and as many as 30 at another time.

It started with an elected school board, which had the burden of all the decisions, such as where to buy the lumber, and where to borrow the money to finance the building until enough money was raised within the district. Later, after the school was built, the trustees had to find a teacher, and to decide on his or her salary.

The school was, in a sense, a community centre, as it was used for business meetings, socials and sometimes as a church. Christmas concerts and other projects were put on frequently to raise money for a worthwhile project, and everyone in the community joined in and gave a hand.

Most of the work of cleaning in the days of the country school fell to the teachers and students. Teachers had to do their own janitor work, such as making fires, washing windows, sweeping floors and burning trash.

One of the happiest times for students was the annual preparation for the Christmas concert. No school work would be done for at least two weeks, and there would be lots of laughter and gaiety.

Streamers just had to be hung from the ceiling, and the daring "big boys" would climb on the piano to do it.

If you asked any of the oldtimers of the district to tell of one incident connected with the administration of the school, they probably would mention the time the trustees made a motion that "O Canada" not be sung at school. It seems he argued it was a French hymn, therefore unsuitable as a Canadian national anthem. His motion was not seconded.

It wasn't all fun and games at the school, however, and several near-tragedies resulted from lack of proper equipment or from work done by unqualified people.

In 1935, a faulty furnace gave off fumes which nearly asphyxiated pupils and teachers. School was closed for several days while the furnace was repaired and the victims recovered. There were no serious after-effects.

In 1954, a fire started in the school when one of the students built a fire in the furnace. Unable to get the fire started, the lad soaked it with gasoline. The can started to burn, and fire spread to the building when he was unable to get the can upstairs and out.

A passing motorist noticed the students pouring from the school and he saw the smoke. He rushed to the nearest neighbor to phone the Weyburn fire department, which soon had the fire extinguished. There was little damage to the building, although the beams were badly charred.

The school had quite a turnover in students, as a family moving even a few miles would be in another school district. Often new families moving in would be European immigrants, whose children spoke not a word of English.

Ex students remember wonderingly that despite the language barrier they never had any difficulty playing local games, and conclude that 'hide-and-seek' prisoner's base, and light and other children's games are international.

All grades were taught in one room by one teacher, so it was no wonder that the students felt like one big happy family. Birthday parties and the like were not complete unless the whole student body was there.

To the younger children, the visits of the school inspector were something to be dreaded, as he always looked in work books and text books to see if they were neat. And he always sent students to the board to

do drill work. The older students enjoyed his visits — if their books were in order and they knew their work.

But the entire class was always on best behavior on these days.

Everything related to the operation of the school was looked after by the locally elected board of trustees until the larger unit came into effect in 1945. Many people thought the change was a good idea, but there were many against it, although as one actually put up a fight.

The main objection was that they felt the school built by their forefathers should belong to them.

School terms have seen a change from the first year the school was opened. At first the term was from April 1 to December 1, with two weeks' holidays in July. Gradually changes were made until the school reached its present September to June schedule.

Another thing that changed was the teacher's salary. In 1905 wages were $50 per month. Every year they climbed a little until the 30s when they dropped sharply, almost reaching the 1905 level.

The larger school unit is an issue decided long ago and although accepted with misgivings, is now preferred by most.

But people of the district must wonder, as they pass the empty schoolhouse, whether something precious was not lost when they changed over to the easier, more practical modern methods.

The Weyburn Collegiate Institute, opened on the day of Weyburn's inauguration as a city, still coped with the community's secondary educational needs, although with some additions to the original structure. Two junior high schools, school additions, and a comprehensive high school serving a larger area than just the city, were not too far in the future.

By the time of our arrival, the automobile had fully taken over as the standard mode of transportation. Hitching rails had disappeared from city streets, and livery stables were no more. A last reminder of the horse-and-buggy days were the horse-drawn milk wagon operated by Gordon Miles, then a city alderman, and a future mayor, and Herman Kuchanik's familiar dray drawn by a mismatched team of horses.

Television was slowly creeping across the nation and with the opening of a Regina station, antennas began to find their way onto Weyburn rooftops to pick up fuzzy signals of wrestling matches and puppet shows. Distances between urban centres being what they are in this part of the country, it was only a few years later that a cable television company erected a receiving tower almost 1,000 feet high on South Hill, improving the quality of reception, increasing the choice of stations available and removing the jungle of antennas from the rooftops.

Also tying Weyburn into the 20th century ascendancy of instant communications, a local radio station, CFSL, had been on the air for just a year. References to the station in the opening chapter almost as a villainous rival should be read as reflecting mutual groundless fears on my part. The Review and CFSL have been competitors but complementary to each other, have enjoyed excellent relations at all times, and have worked together in many ways for a better Weyburn. The founder and president, Tommy Laing, commanded my deepest respect, and he taught me many valuable lessons to my initiation to the business world.

A number of local organizations had joined forces in an initiative to establish a park on the perimeter of the water reservoir formed on the Souris River southeast of the city at what was then known as Seven-Mile Dam. A lot of work had been done with much of it not visible, and for a while it looked as though the whole project might be abandoned. Certainly the council of the day was pointedly unenthusiastic about it. I like to think that the Review had a hand in keeping it alive until the provincial government's regional park incentives gave the recreational area a new name — Nickle Lake Regional Park — and a new lease on life. Today people of the area could not imagine being without it.

The horse isn't having any

EDITORIAL, September 12, 1963

"You can lead a horse to water—but you can't make it drink." The old adage goes—and we must confess that the union of the city, the R.M. of Weyburn and the R.M. of Lomond for the purpose of improving the Weyburn Community Park reminds us very much of a horse that won't.

Although the Review has been campaigning for a regional park agreement for several years, we have never expected miracles from the arrangement. Neither, however, were we prepared for a completely negative approach.

When the city first reluctantly explored the possibility of joining with rural municipalities to form a regional park authority, council showed its enthusiasm by appointing as its representative the alderman

who had expressed the most opposition to the park

When finally in spite of themselves the three councils agreed to proceed (we use the term loosely), the six men appointed to the governing body included only one person who had ever shown any interest in the park. The other five have fine records of community service and we have no doubt that we will receive full value and more, for every cent entrusted to them.

But unless they have become fired with enthusiasm since accepting this responsibility, we are not likely to see big things happening at the Weyburn Community Park.

Council of course, fumbled the ball when it failed to get commitments from district clubs and organizations which started the project before even agreeing to a community (regional) park.

But as we've said, if the nag won't, it just won't.

Another regional park which has become important to Weyburnites as well as to people throughout the Southeast was born about the week I arrived. The Dr. Mainprize Regional Park was established to honor Medale's pioneer doctor, who had been many things beside healer to the community.

Goals and rewards

EDITORIAL *June 16, 1959*

Men have set as their goal the acquisition of a million dollars — or a billion — and have reached that goal only to wonder whether it was worth the trouble, sacrifice and hard work.

Had someone half a century ago, when young Dr. William Graham Mainprize opened his practice in Medale, prescribed for him the course he has followed, and promised him in return a park named in his honor, it may be assumed that the doctor would have turned down the offer of a moment of glory in return for a lifetime of sacrifice.

A week ago, when southern Saskatchewan turned out, three thousand strong, to dedicate the Mainprize Community Park, Mrs. Mainprize, the woman who has been the doctor's partner in his dedicated existence, indicated quite sincerely that they had received their reward in the friendship of the community, and that the naming of the park was a glorious, generous bonus.

These were not empty words, just as the naming of the park was not an empty gesture.

To the members of the committee which planned the park, to name came naturally, and immediately won unanimous approval. It wasn't merely the genie of an idea which caught their fancy, it was a full, blown thought that needed only voicing to win enthusiastic approval. It had its origin in their grateful love for a man and his wife, which was the essence of what the Mainprizes considered their reward for their work.

Which brings us back to goals.

What was Dr. Mainprize's goal?

We can only guess that it was the knowledge that he was doing the very best he could, every day, and under all circumstances.

There were too many times when he might have said "No", and satisfied the sternest judge that he was being asked to do the impossible.

But being his own judge made it more difficult, and the thousands who saw him accomplish the impossible recognized a great man and loved him for it.

We believe, as you do, Dr. and Mrs. Mainprize, that you have your reward. But we doubt whether anyone knows how much of it there is.

It is difficult to impress on anyone today the dilemma faced every summer by parents in the days when polio was still a constant urban hot weather threat. Who wanted to deny a child the treat of an afternoon at the park just because there was an infinitely small chance of contracting the crippling disease? Yet who wanted to expose children to the dreadful consequences of polio? So children, for the most part, swam and took part in other group activities, while parents anxiously watched for the feared symptoms. Then in the late 1950s, along came Dr. Jonas Salk and the oral vaccine that wiped out the disease on this continent and removed at least one source of parental worry.

Tommy Douglas, who had used his pastorship in Weyburn's Calvary Baptist Church as a springboard to becoming, eventually, Canada's first Socialist premier, was still a familiar figure on city streets and particularly as community functions. He had first been elected in the old federal Weyburn riding to the House of Commons for the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), holding the seat until 1942, when he had resigned to take the leadership of the provincial party. In the 1944 general election his party was swept to power, and he never forgot the city that gave him his political start, and the people — his congenial personality and persuasive powers had gained him a large following — who had given him their unstinting support.

It was only a few years after our arrival that an old dream of Tommy Douglas, universal free medical care and hospitalization, was introduced amid great controversy. By this time Douglas had accepted the national leadership of the New Democratic party, successor to the CCF, and there was a commonly held belief that the Saskatchewan medicare plan — Canada's first — had been hurried along just a bit to strengthen the Douglas image nationally. A strike by the medical profession engendered acrimonies and hatreds that left their mark for decades, but the plan became the model for a national medicare scheme. Few Saskatchewan people today would stand for its removal, and politicians of all parties make very sure they are firmly on the side of the angels on this question.

Hockey and skating in Weyburn were still limited to several outdoor rinks and the old, leaky Arena Rink with its unreliable natural ice. The curling rink, also with natural ice, was attached to the Arena Rink.

It was also in the late 1950s that an organized effort was begun to build the Colosseum and a new curling rink, with artificial ice for both, on the fairgrounds. It wasn't long coming to fruition and brought junior hockey in the form of the Weyburn Red Wings to Weyburn.

Recreation was still uncoordinated in towns and small cities in the 1950s. It was in 1959 that Al Heron was hired for a one-year trial period as Weyburn's first recreation director — at a salary of $5,000. When you look at the recreation department empire today, it is difficult to see how anyone ever managed to have fun in less organized or co-ordinated times.

Rev. Shaun Herron, who later left the ministry in favor of writing newspaper columns and fiction, was making United Church and downtown life interesting in those days with his fiery sermons, laced with humor and scorn. Instead of sin, his favorite targets were the 'money barons of Main Street," Weyburn's power establishment. Between his sermons and his brief outry into the political scene as a city alderman, he probably opened some cans of worms that needed opening, but he didn't choose to stay long enough to savor the results, if any, of his crusade. His successor, Ross McMurtry, was pastor of the church for almost thirty years, and was also known to raise some hackles, but he hung on, either totally confident in the advice he was passing along, or in his ability to come up with new sermons suitable for the times, and guaranteed to provoke thought.

Speaking of characters, it seemed that the small town business world in those day was dominated by characters. A book could be written just about the individuals who ran the butcher shops, drug stores, garages and machine shops of a few decades ago.

Although gravel highways were still very much the rule in the late 1950s, Highways 39 and 6 between Weyburn and Regina had received some sort of surfacing — perhaps oil — about in 1948. This may have been a plum for putting Tommy Douglas into the premiership. When I arrived these highways had already been blacktopped, and Highway 13 east to Stoughton was being prepared for surfacing.

Traffic between Weyburn and Regina was still relatively light — probably in part because people still tended to equate the trip, in their minds, with a two-hour drive on dusty gravel. The two-car family still wasn't the norm — and even single-car families had not quite developed the compulsion to eliminate walking which, for a period, seemed to be part of the North American psyche. In the two years that the Review remained in the Mitchell Block after we came to Weyburn, for instance, I was the only staff member (out of sixteen) to drive a car to the office. A few others owned cars but used them only sparingly during leisure hours. Twenty years later, when the second Review move was made to the East and Ninth location, we provided a parking lot with spaces just about equal to the number of staff members, and even then a few always parked on the street.

Some time during the next twenty years blacktopping of Highway 13 from Stoughton to Carlyle was completed, giving Weyburn residents easier access to their resorts at White Bear Lake and Kenosee, the same highway was soon also regraded and surfaced from Carlyle to the Manitoba border, providing all-weather access to Winnipeg.

The International Parks Highway Association which promoted a one-numbered (385), good-quality highway from northern Saskatchewan (through Weyburn) to the Mexican border and beyond, probably helped bring about oiling and blacktopping of Highway 35 from this city to the U S border, and later some form of surfacing north to the Trans Canada Highway The 385 organization faded away, somehow, but more recently has been replaced by the Ameun Highway Association, promoting a north-south highway system better geared to existing traffic patterns and roadr

In the mid-1970s the Red Coat Trail organization was founded to establish an alternate route from Winnipeg to British Columbia following Highway 13 through Saskatchewan. This group helped bring about straightening of Highway 13 west of Shaunavon to the Alberta border, and connecting it with a new stretch of highway on the Alberta side. This, and construction of the Weyburn mall, also led to blacktopping of Highway 13 west beyond Trossachs, and oiling or surfacing of other western sections

Easier access to distant cities has been a mixed blessing. The good roads are a boon for the traveller, but less so for the small town merchant who sees his customers making off to Regina and other cities. Weyburn's mall, a product of the late 1970s, was a countermeasure to this trend, purporting to offer district people one-stop shopping under one roof without going to far-off cities. That battle, of course, has yet to be won.

The local airport, a legacy of World War 2, also affected Weyburn's contact with the world, bringing in small aircraft from cities throughout the continent

Oil fields developed in Southeastern Saskatchewan in the 1950s gave a new dimension to the economic base of the district and the city, and again injected new blood into the community

This, perhaps as "through a glass darkly," is a glimpse of the Weyburn we found in 1958, and I hope the editorials, columns and features reprinted herein and hereafter offer an insight into the Weyburn of the 1960s through the 1980s the people of the community, and their collective aspirations and motivatives

What's happening?

EDITORIAL *March 23 1961*

"What s happening in Weyburn?"

About eight thousand people asked themselves this question last week after learning one morning that the city police force had been manhandled by a mob of youths whose utter contempt for constituted authority left witnesses to the incident aghast.

It was difficult to believe that this was a prairie agricultural community — a town by the standard of any province but Saskatchewan — for the attitude of the gang was that of a group which had enjoyed immunity for so long that its members were enraged by the interference of the city police

It is doubtful too, whether the cause of law and order was helped by the fact that a score of civilian adults simply looked on while those appointed to protect them were fighting a losing battle

The situation was finally brought under control when members of the RCMP appeared on the scene But it is interesting to note that the Mounties didn t come empty handed They carried night-sticks — and didn t even have to use them

Strangely however the youths were anything but subdued after they had been locked up in cells at the police station They continued to laugh about and gwear at their captors and what the morrow might bring appeared to be the least of their worry

Even in police court next morning, they were hardly the picture of wayward youth contritely facing punishment. The courtroom was filled with their buddies and until the moment of judgment none seemed to be unduly worried

It was brought out in court that most of the youths involved had previous convictions that they were continually causing disturbances and that the work of the police force was constantly being hampered by the fact that they were constantly having to check the same persons at all hours of the night Raids on dances in neighboring villages disturbances in restaurants and extreme misconduct at local town dances have also come to light

Sentence has been passed and the case is now closed — except in the minds of those of us who are wondering at what sort of community our children are growing up One father was heard to express relief that his son is away at university it used to be the other way around with the small town father worrying about the evil that might befall his son in the city

The police and the court have served notice that this sort of thing will no longer be tolerated Night-sticks have been ordered for city policemen and Magistrate Mitchell in handing out prison terms to last week s defendants warned members of their gang that this should give them a picture of what to expect

But the police and the courts can do only so much They can enforce the laws but they cannot alone

create true respect for law and order. For this they need the support of the public, and especially the house.

For instance, we are doubtful about how much good the nine months' sentence — or any other sentence — will do the youths whose parents are already going around repeating the gang's nonsense that the police are picking on them. What law abiding citizen finds the police picking on him? They've got too many things to do. Magistrate Mitchell disposed of this argument very ably when he remarked that "the police have every right and it is their duty to question any minor who continually is out of his home between midnight and 6 o'clock in the morning."

Of course, we can expect a hue and cry the first time a member of the police force uses his night-stick. This will be labelled promptly as "police brutality," but it is up to us to stand by the police in their effort to effect a clean-up.

And, incidentally, we might suggest that the police should feel free to ask for assistance.

Experiments and the public

EDITORIAL *October 1 1964*

During the past year or two, the Saskatchewan Hospital in Weyburn has been engaged in a rehabilitation program which has drawn the attention of the psychiatric profession across the nation.

The net result of the program — which will be more competently explained in an article by a hospital staff member — is that the patient population has been reduced by several hundreds. The discharged patients whose condition is considered to have improved to a point where they are temporarily or permanently capable of getting along without hospital care are at large in the community although still under observation by hospital staff.

This has led inevitably to an increase in the number of minor incidents to which Weyburn has been hea since the establishment of the Saskatchewan Hospital here some 40 years ago. But which citizens generally have received with good grace.

Possibly because of a lack of communications between the community and the hospital administration a certain amount of animosity has been building up, particularly in recent months, over the nature and number of these incidents — or alleged incidents.

If the present program turns out to be unbeneficial to patients or unfair to the community or both we have no doubt it will be stopped or modified in the findings suggest.

We need not permit ourselves to be imposed upon, but let's be fair in our criticism, helpful by reporting conditions which may have escaped the attention of hospital authorities and the police, co-operative in helping to assess the merit of the program, and let's give full marks to those who are doing their utmost to break down formidable barriers in the fight against mental illness.

Baffling

EDITORIAL *December 17, 1964*

We were most disturbed by the attitude displayed by two or three members of city council at last week's meeting, with regard to continuing to underwrite the Weyburn Festival of the Arts to the extent of $1 000 per year.

One alderman was of the opinion that the festival was of interest to only a handful of people, and another obviously sharing this view came zealously to the defense of taxpayers' money, which he felt should not be used to finance "pussywillow" clubs.

The entire question of government involvement beyond necessary administration and legislation is often at issue and we too are frequently frightened by the degree to which the several governments and their agencies think for us, plan for us, demand from us, give us, promise us and provide for us.

But within the context of existing trends and philosophies the negative attitude toward the festival strikes us as bewildering.

In our jubilee year, the provincial Festival of the Arts was brought to Weyburn and proved such a success that a local group decided that a regional festival would be both feasible and desirable.

A municipally sponsored arts council was established by a city bylaw last year and specifically charged with the responsibility of holding an annual arts festival. To this end city council guaranteed to underwrite the 1964 operation to a maximum of $1 000 (an amount matched by the Saskatchewan Arts Council).

Starting from "scratch" the new organization, working against a demanding deadline, produced a festival which was also hailed an outstanding success.

To say that it appealed to only a handful may reflect a lack of interest on the part of some aldermen in the program for which they had authorized funds.

The arts and crafts exhibition had 500 exhibits and entries were turned back because interest exceeded the arts council's fondest expectations. There were hundreds — and perhaps thousands of non-exhibitors who visited the exhibition.

Hundreds of people were introduced to ballet through the visit of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, a group which probably never would have come to Weyburn except for sponsorship through the arts festival. The Regina Wind Ensemble provided another treat for hundreds, and attendance at several annual events such as the fall seed fair probably was increased through being tied in with the festival's promotional efforts.

Most of these things it might be added were self-supporting but sponsorship might have been difficult for any organization without some guarantee from a central organization In fact the city grant can fairly be said to have been used chiefly for expenses involved in initial organization and in promotion of the fest val as a whole rather than on the subsidization of special interest projects The fact that the council survived its first year on this limited assistance speaks well for its potential

Beside bringing stimulating experiences to this "handful" of several thousand Weyburn people the festival brought many visitors to Weyburn as participants and spectators armed the city more publicity throughout the province than $1,000 could ever hope to buy and provided encouragement to people in every walk of life to put increasing leisure time to creative use

We do not believe council is obligated to guarantee an annual grant to the festival for all time to come A year or two of experimentation may guide the arts council to some venture so profitable that it takes care of overall operational and promotional costs

But to pull the rug out from under a fledgeling city-created organization which has done so out standing work is as unreasonable as it is baffling

Like a glove

EDITORIAL *May 28 1970*

Not surprisingly the Weyburn Ministerial Association has submitted an "Viewpoint" for this week s Review which is not 100 percent enthusiastic about the new industry which is coming to this city

Indeed the most hard headed supporter of the distillery would probably find it strange if local churches held special thanksgiving services to mark the advent of a factory which will turn out a product which admittedly has done more harm than good through mass flirtation with it

The people who set out a year or so ago to bring new industry to Weyburn were not looking for a distillery in particular but for any industry which fitted our community s needs and resources This as the Ministerial Association must be aware was what was meant when it was said that the distillery "fitted Weyburn like a glove" The industrial development committee and city council would have been equally elated if they had succeeded in bringing to Weyburn a Bible publishing house or church pew manufacturer and to say that these industries fitted Weyburn like gloves would not imply that the people of Weyburn are more pious than the people of other communities

On Weyburn's death

EDITORIAL *June 13 1974*

In this space last week we reprinted a Saskatoon Star Phoenix article by Eric O Burt a resident of Weyburn many years ago who expressed his dismay at the pending death of Weyburn and other Saskatchewan communities

While we would agree that bus depot facilities in Weyburn are a far cry from what the travelling public might reasonably expect — if the bus company hopes to tempt more of us to use this mode of transportation — we would ask Mr Burt to take heart. if there are symptoms of death there are also symptoms of survival

The very corner from which Mr Burt adds his glum appraisal testifies to a measure of progress, at least Built in the optimistic years of pre-depression boom as a business block the Holder Block didn t see a business until the past decade when the downtown area expanded in that direction Today the block houses a number of businesses including a restaurant next door to the bus depot where bus travellers can and do stop for a snack or meals

While Mr Burt s closing sally about the "holy trinity — the co-op store the credit union and the NDP" — is attributed to an Estevan source as the major cause of the ills in that city the content is such that one senses that in that summation is included the root of the problem in other towns and cities mentioned

The NDP Mr Burt might be reminded governs not only Weyburn Estevan Melville and Wynyard, but is the government of the day for all of Saskatchewan — even Saskatoon.

The co-op and the credit union are indeed strong and thriving in Weyburn but they still leave room for three supermarkets three chartered banks (with a fourth more than slightly interested in moving in) and a host of other privately owned outlets providing competing services There are also thousands of co-op and credit union members who will resent the insinuation that membership in these institutions brands them as socialists

Perhaps one day when Mr Burt s personal fortunes enable him to visit Weyburn under circumstances that will permit him a wider view than that afforded by a 15-minute bus stop he will discover that Weyburn if dying will be survived by schools churches skating rink curling rink library playgrounds swimming pool museum and many other modern facilities built since the days of Mr Burt s gallant striving for a "Weybetter Weyburn"

His efforts may not have been completely wasted

Or somebody n

'Injured' stray dog

ERNESTLY *December 4 1975*

During intermission at the Weyburn Junior High School band concert last week I was attracted to the entrance hall by an air of excitement that transmits itself so unmistakably

A group of students was clustered around a reclining middle sized yellow dog stroking him gently and making comforting sounds One of them explained that the dog had broken its leg and that a veterinarian had been called

I thought about this later and something about the whole thing didn t look right From what I have seen of injured dogs they are more inclined to snap even at their owners when touched rather than lie so complaisingly while a dozen strange youngsters however well intentioned are pawing him

This dog also had a blissful look on h s face that seemed inconsistent with the pain of a broken leg and the shock of the accident which must have caused it

I finally decided that it was one of the first cold nights of the winter and that the dog had come seeking warmth hopping on three legs as dogs will when their feet are cold and found sympathy beyond his due and was simply basking in the warmth and tender care heaped on him so generously by the Good Samaritans of the junior high school

I couldn t let the matter go without testing my theory so I called Dr Nicholson next day to ask if an injured dog had been brought to him from the junior high school the night before The dog had been brought in all right but I gathered it was the healthiest dog he had ever treated

So I guess my theory wasn t far out

But in an age where people pass by injured and dying human beings it is good to see our young people show concern for an injured stray dog even if he is shamming

'Who has seen the wind?'

ERNESTLY *November 10 1977*

Finally made it to the local theatre Friday night to see W O Mitchell s "Who has seen the wind?" It s been a long time since I ve spent two hours so enjoyably

Admittedly I'm prejudiced By the time you have lived 20 years in the town where the author lived as a boy when you have met the author personally as well as the director and some cast members are familiar with the movie s setting and have visited the location while filming was in progress you would have to have a chip on your shoulder not to go to the movie with the intention of enjoying it

I had an eerie feeling of being part of it during the funeral scene, for I was in that church once less than two years ago for the funeral of a good friend of mine He was the publisher of the Arcola Star-Standard whose building provided the backdrop for a number of scenes

Even the congregation had a familiar look about it probably for the very good reason that since the extras were Arcola people many of them probably had attended Chris Leibel s funeral

The gopher drowning scene was another that brought back memories as it will for most fellows who grew up on the prairies That penny per tail looked pretty good especially in winter when you permitted yourself fantasies about how many hundreds of tails you would harvest and the delightful things you would do with the resultant wealth

But summer came and with it the realities of the situation you had to be near a source of water and one gopher hole could hold an awful lot of water and the creatures do have back doors Anyone who tries to flush out a gopher without finding the back door and blocking it off isn t going to take many gophers I ve known them to have three exits and there was one smart rascal on a vacant lot across the street from my childhood home who had a drain leading into an abandoned well a few feet away We poured a lot of water down his front door before we got wise

I remember too getting sentimental about the little beasts and grabbing one to take home and raise as a pet My intentions were neither understood nor appreciated and he bit my finger sharply That was the end of that notion

Another scene that brought back memories was the birthday party

I was at a party like that once

My friend was the oldest of three children in an immigrant family His mother was stone deaf and never went out or had company The father was fluent in six or more languages but had suffered a serious head injury in World War I and was left b tterly eccentric and irritable and could hold on (sometimes) only to low-paying jobs offered as a kindness The family lived in a shack on a stony wooded piece of land at the edge of town

The boy wasn t really a close friend of mine but I went because our own economic niche on the totem pole didn t rate so many invitations that I could afford to turn any down

We spent the afternoon running from the house to the front yard gate to gaze down the road and wonder if the distant figures approaching were some of the other invited guests They never were No one else showed up

When the appropriate time came we all — five family members and one guest — sat down on the blanket that had been spread under a shade tree to

partake of the lemonade, sandwiches, cookies and birthday cake so lovingly prepared. Nobody ate much and there wasn t much conversation. Tears were just below the surface.

I don't think my friend asked his mother for a birthday party again.

But back to the movie.

It may not win an Oscar, but it was well done...with good acting, especially on the part of the youngster who played Brian, and anyone with a prairie background should enjoy it — if you can put up with a few cuss words used not by every member of the cast, but by a few "characters."

Ladies 1, Shamy 0

EDITORIAL *November 24, 1977*

The speaker was a man whose powers of persuasion have swayed judges and confounded opponents.

But last week in Weyburn, when he attempted to postpone the cleaning of banquet dishes he met his Waterloo: the ladies in the kitchen.

"Couldn t you wait just a few minutes until I conclude my remarks?" implored the speaker.

"Take a 10-minute break until we re through," was the suggestion from the kitchen.

"What a more important" countered the speaker "10 ladies waiting 10 minutes or this whole audience?"

"We've been here since early morning and we want to clean up and go home," came the final verdict.

The speech went on and so did the noise.

Ladies in the kitchen- 1. Dr. Shumatscher- zero.

We have every sympathy for a speaker who comes from a distance to entertain or instruct only to find himself interrupted by the dish-cleaning clatter.

But let s see the point, too, of the ladies who make our various banquets possible. They are volunteer workers doing their bit for their organization and their community, and they work at it harder than most of us suspect.

The secret to avoiding this type of collision may be scheduling.

Officer and gentleman

EDITORIAL *September 15, 1982*

When the word "pioneer" is used in connection with Saskatchewan, it evokes an image of men and women tilling the soil behind oxen, fighting the elements in inadequate shelters, and laboring long hours to provide for their children freehold and freedom in an emerging Canadian territory.

Such an image is apt—and every week we become poorer as from churches throughout the province the dwindling survivors of that era are buried and our living links with that period of time are further diminished.

Not only farmers however were required to open the prairies. Merchants, tradesmen and professional people were needed to make life viable for those who worked the soil. The organizations and institutions which are an important part of life had to be created and developed, the innovations of new technology had to be mastered and brought into service.

Those who were the prime movers in bringing these necessities to the frontier — and fought, when necessary, to preserve them — were also pioneers in every sense of the word.

Last week, with the passing of Harold Kempton, Weyburn and Saskatchewan lost a giant among such pioneers.

Coming to Weyburn the year before Saskatchewan became a province, Mr. Kempton, with his brother, established the book store that still bears their name.

A bold and daring young man, his courage in fighting fire and flood became part of Weyburn lore.

Excited by the flying machines that began to appear in the skies, he soon became an aviator, and served overseas in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I, at a time when a pilot s life expectancy was a few weeks. (In the next war, he was to become commanding officer of the Sixth Saskatchewan Regiment, although he was not permitted to accompany it to Dieppe.)

A few years later he became the first amateur in Saskatchewan to make a free-fall parachute jump.

In the mid-1920s, intrigued by the wizardry of radio, he was involved in slightly illegal broadcasts from Radio Station 4AI. Kempton Bros. an activity the authorities quickly brought to a halt.

His dedication to public service guided him to charter membership in the Weyburn Rotary Club, and to membership in many other organizations devoted to community betterment.

For all the derring-do of his youth, Mr. Kempton matured into advanced age with dignity. Those who knew him for the past few decades will remember him as a person of erect bearing, dignity, courtesy, decorum, thoughtfulness, intelligence and integrity, but in his eye there was always the sparkle of humor and mischief that told of the youth in his heart.

Col. Kempton was an officer and a gentleman.

Those sweet onions

EDITORIAL *November 16, 1983*

A few days ago I chanced to have a lengthy and informative conversation with area pioneer Sheridan May, still pretty chipper after over four score and ten years on this earth.

That s no typographical error. The gentleman is several years past his 90th birthday, and he recently moved into Pioneer Place more to satisfy his family than because he felt he could not look after himself.

Among the reminiscences Mr May shared with me on occasion in World War I was that he was serving with the Canadian army in Europe

Presumably the end of the war was nearing and rumors were flying about the imminence of armistice

Can't blame the boys for becoming optimistic but in the eyes of the commanding officer this attitude evidently did not make for vigilance So he called the entire camp on parade and told the men in no uncertain terms that the war was not over and until he was notified that it had ended, he was taking the attitude that "we came here to fight a war and that's what we're going to do "

The reaction of the troops was disappointment, and to express it, some of them booed the O C

This didn t sit well with the O C so he ordered the men on a route march with full pack

Coming at a time when most of the men were convinced that hostilities were about at an end, this discipline did not find favor with the men, and they decided that if on one showed up for the route march why was there to make them do it?

The ploy worked to the extent of cancelling the route march but of course they didn t get off scot free...For his part in the shenanigans, young May drew two weeks of confinement to barracks with two hours of extra duty every evening before retiring

The extra duty consisted of peeling two boxes of onions every night

As he told me about it, I thought Mr May was going to complain about how hard onion-peeling was on the eyes But instead with an exultant mischievous look in his eye he said "We had lots of onions in our hut those two weeks," then realizing that the statement was not self-explanatory to one who had not known the deprivations of war he added 'Onions sort of add flavor to food you know "

I thought about this afterwards.

Having read more than a few novels about recent conflicts I've read about a number of incidents where soldiers found great satisfaction in purloining — sometimes at considerable risk — "delicacies" which civilians back home take for granted not as delicacies but as staples

But here almost 70 years after the fact a veteran could still remember the onions so well that he could almost taste them as they added delightful flavor to the simple monotonous food they were allotted

So it s one thing to read about treasured moments in life regardless of how seemingly insignificant but another to hear and see someone savoring them decades after the fact.

Once again there s no substitute for experience although there are a lot of experiences we can cheerfully do without

Last Friday I imagine thousands of similar episodes and escapades were exchanged with some embroidery by veterans reuniting on Remembrance Day to honor fallen comrades and to renew acquaintanceships with comrades of a youth none of them will ever forget

Are you blushing, Weyburn?

EDITORIAL *January 29, 1986*

Two to three decades ago when Weyburn s first subdivisions north of First Avenue N (Highway 13) were being developed many of the families moving to what was then considered the boondocks did so with the assurance that by the time the family s toddlers or at least the gleams in father s eye had reached school age they would trudge off to a facility built on land set aside for that purpose north of Douglas Road

That was back in the days when the human tendency to multiply was considered about as sure a bet as death and taxation and it was considered prudent to set aside land for expanded school needs particularly in communities with ambitions for growth

Then came the pill and city fathers and the school board of the day in their pessimism or optimism depending on your point of view decided new schools for future generations were about as needless as blacksmith shops and livery barns The result was that the land reserved for the school was subdivided and sold for residential construction

Even when Assiniboia School was demolished to make way for a supermarket, there seemed to be little concern for declining enrolment (or diminished expectations) at the junior high school left ample room in that facility for the displaced Assiniboia students

Something must be happening either the pill is not as effective as expected or the trend s progressive instincts are stronger than had been credited

Whichever the case the Weyburn Public School Board recently took steps toward procuring land, and heaven help us, the construction of a new school for Weyburn's north end

If this sort of retrogression continues we may even begin to speak coyly again of "blessed events."

Weyburn loses a homer

EDITORIAL *September 9 1987*

A community must have people

A good community must have good people and strong leaders

Once in a while a good me amunity strikes it lucky and is given an outstanding leader one whose vision courage determination and energy inspire confidence respect support and action

Such a person was Thomas George "Tommy" Laing former mayor of Weyburn president and one of the founders of the Soo Line Broadcasting Co Ltd (CFSL and CJSL) and president of the biggest private bottling company in Canada

Ever a fighter for causes he believed in — his community, his business, his province — he wasted little time on self-congratulation when one of them failed. He simply set new goals and priorities, and came back to work.

Tom could be courteous or blunt, as the occasion demanded; he was friendly but not overweeningly so; he praised generously or criticized sharply, depending on what produced the desired results. He drove a hard bargain but listened to the views of his adversaries; he was a keen competitor but not blind to the rights of others; he was an ardent sports enthusiast with an instinct for knowing when it came not mix with business or when the interests of the two intersected.

A product of the depression, Tom might have settled in years ago at a level of success envied by most, but the driving force in him demanded that he go on to greater challenges.

To the end, he was an unabashed "booster," not out of a narrow parochialism which often characterizes such people, but as a world traveller who had made his own comparisons and found they supported his instinctive loyalties.

Tommy Laing, who died last week, will be missed.

Parade of attributes

EDITORIAL *January 6 1988*

Many attributes come to mind to describe the pioneers who built our community, if one allows the mind to consider what faced them in the treeless wilderness and the particular spot they chose for the dedication of their lives, the investment of their meagre means, the expenditure of their energy and the dedication of their progeny.

A few that come to mind are courage, optimism, patience, perseverance, durability, dedication, hope, stamina, love, integrity. there are probably quite a few more.

If this sounds like a gilding of the lily, put yourself in their places.

You have probably seen, in past weeks or months, scenes on television from miserable, destitute, hopeless settlements in the Third World, and have asked yourself how anyone could time to face a lifetime in these living horrors.

And the answer that offered itself in your mind probably was that those people didn't know better, so they had no bases for comparison, — except perhaps better years with a bit more food in the stomach.

For the most part, the majority of those who built our community knew better in the sense that they came from some part of established civilization where already existed most of the amenities they would have to build through hard labor.

So imagine them standing here in treeless Saskatchewan, with summer heat scorching the earth, with fall winds stirring the world with dust, with winter gales and Arctic temperatures showing them Saskatchewan's grimmest face, or with spring's seas of mud making a joke of cultivation, yet saying, "Here we shall build our city."

They built, and it came easy.

Like ourselves, they did not come naturally endowed with all the proud words attributed to them above. Many yielded to their limitations, went back to where they came from, or pressed on to seek simpler demands that perhaps never came.

Others remained and developed or enhanced the qualities that brought them encouraged and sustained them.

All this we have inherited, and as we prepare to celebrate Weyburn's 75th anniversary as a city — one of the earlier milestones of accomplishment — we humbly acknowledge that most of this our legacy is assumed.

Humility is appropriate, but it is not sufficient to serve our community today or in the future.

The problems, challenges and opportunities that lie ahead demand of us many of the same qualities that gave us our fair city.

They exist, often dormant, within us, waiting to be summoned by the same spirit that lived in our forebears and which we must also accept as our legacy.

Ceremony was symbolic

EDITORIAL *May 11, 1988*

Every ceremony is inherently symbolic, in that it invites the participant or the onlooker to look beyond what is obviously taking place, and to consider it in the perspective of the past, the future, the nation, the greater community, or whatever the event significantly touches upon.

Thus when a handful of adults and a fairly large number of children gathered Friday on the banks of the Souris River, near Government Road, to take a significant step toward beautifying some banks and making the Talagwa Parkway a parkway in fact as well as in name, there was really more than a bit of symbolism involved.

First of all, there is strong symbolism in the fact that the project includes the landscaping of the dykes to which Weyburn has fallen heir through the long-term flood prevention program dealt us through federal and provincial initiatives generally regarded by most of us as more than slightly far-fetched.

But rather than pointing with revulsion at the questionable inheritance, Weyburn is using the dykes to enhance the overall beautification program, making, in effect, a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Secondly, there was an important message which the participating children may look back on when they recall that the ceremony took place during words so strong that they threatened to blow everyone away.

When the children grow into adulthood, the memory of Friday may impress upon them that it is not only during serene times that a progressive community is built, but that even during the windstorm — climatic, political or economic — we must continue to build for the future, and that building includes not only the functional but also the esthetic.

Meet a statistic

ERNESTLY *September 7 1988*

Highway safety campaigns constantly warn us not to become a statistic. We know what is meant, of course; carelessness or even a momentary lack of caution can cost us our lives, and for the world at large we are simply calculated into the cold statistics, the number of fatalities for a particular day, week or year.

Even so, we tend to think of the term as an anomaly. "How," we ask ourselves, "can I become a statistic when the only life I have had to deal with, surely to family, friends and acquaintances I cannot become just a statistic!"

That's true, but it isn't always the total picture. Take the fatal accident that occurred several weeks ago at that hazardous intersection just west of the city. We have been complaining about it for years, and predicting that sooner or born it would claim more lives.

Let us suppose that the victim had been a local young woman. Her death would have sent a shock wave pulsating through the community, and wheels would have been set in motion that would have kept the fatality a current topic for weeks.

From the minute the family learned of the death, impulses would have radiated out to relatives and friends, drawing them to the home to offer their condolences and altering hundreds of personal plans in order to accommodate attendance at the funeral.

Former schoolmates would have wept in each other's arms as they shared their sorrow over the untimely and horrible there of a friend. And wherever people met and discussed the tragedy there would have been expressed bitterness about the bad intersection that had, as predicted, robbed yet another member of our community or life.

Now most of these things happened, but not in Weyburn. They happened in the little town of Churchbridge, where the victim's home was. All that is, except the bitterness about the intersection because people there didn't know about it, and simply wondered how it could have happened.

But in Weyburn, shocking as it was, it was the death of a young woman from another world, a name, an age and a home town mentioned in news reports and a photo caption. Yes, there were conversations on coffee row and elsewhere about that terrible intersection, but they lacked the indignation that would have been triggered by personal loss. We didn't know her; so you see, she became, upon her death, a statistic.

So meet a statistic!

Meet Shannon Fern Mary Dressler, who met her death just outside our city in the early evening of Friday, August 12, less than two weeks before her 21st birthday, and who was buried a few days later in the town in which she had been born.

Russell Harchuk of Yorkton, Shannon's brother-in-law, sent me a copy of the order of service and obituary prepared by people attending the funeral service at Trinity Lutheran Church in Churchbridge.

Shannon grew up on the family farm, received her elementary and high school education in Churchbridge, and was enrolled in the University of Saskatchewan College of Education, training to be a special education teacher. She enjoyed working with children, and had given much of her time to teaching Sunday School and vacation Bible school, and to working at the Kinsmen Children's Centre with children experiencing communication disorders.

She was interested in music and studied organ for many years, and taught at the Academy of Music in Saskatoon in her spare time.

Shannon was described as a well-liked person with quick wit, strong willed and determined. She probably had to be strong willed, because she was born with a congenital heart defect and had to undergo open heart surgery when she was eight. Her strong will helped her overcome the difficulty, and her health blossomed.

Shannon's family and friends have established a memorial trust to be presented to the Saskatchewan Heart Foundation "in memory and gratitude for Shannon's life made possible by corrective heart surgery."

On the day of her death she had worked all day at her summer job at international Mineral Corporation at Esterhazy and then had left for Radville to visit her university chum, Helen Larsen, recently returned from a year in France.

Helen, who described Shannon as her best friend and confirmed all the good things mentioned about her, said Shannon had been very excited about the year ahead and about the career she was soon to pursue.

Listed among the honorary pallbearers was Kirsten Jewitt, whom many of our readers met last winter. She was the tall, friendly blonde journalism student who interned at the Review in early 1988. Kirsten said she had been surprised to see the mourners wearing bright, happy colors at the funeral — until she remembered that Shannon had always told her family that in

the event of her death she did not want people to attend the funeral in dark sombre colors They remembered and honored her request

Perhaps I have taken the whole thing a bit more personally than I might have because through sheer happenstance I was at the accident scene taking pictures as police and ambulance people worked frantically to free Shannon from the wrecked vehicle I saw her limp body broken and bleeding carried on a stretcher to the waiting ambulance.

So there is your statistic

Only I cannot think of her as a statistic but as a warm friendly human being whom I could have admired, respected and grown fond of I hope some of you now feel you know her a bit and that you too will feel indignant about the bad intersection that has cut her life short and which now silently awaits its next victim.

By the way, Shannon probably did not drive through the stop sign at the intersection without stopping as originally reported. An eyewitness driving a few hundred feet behind her told me she came to a full stop then crossed when she saw a van eastbound on Highway 13 crossing from the other side

I guess neither the nor the van driver saw the approaching semi The van made it Shannon didn t

A fitting finish

EDITORIAL *September 14 1988*

It s finally over!

After two years of planning by the city s steering committee and others, months of work and preparation feverish last minute adjustments and perhaps more than a few silent prayers the celebration of Weyburn s 75th anniversary as a city culminated last weekend with a birthday party that offered something for almost everyone

There were many features of the various events that were particularly fitting and merit comment

It was fitting for instance that our new lieutenant-governor — the representative of our sovereign — consented to come to Weyburn to make her first official public address since her installation last week

It was particularly fitting that, in view of her stated commitment to working for the betterment of children, her address was to hundreds of Weyburn school children gathered in Jubilee Park, and that in her remarks she reminded them that they too might aspire to the highest offices of the province and the nation Her reminiscences about seeing King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in Melville during their 1939 visit to Canada reminded almost all of us whose memory goes back half a century of being tracked off to the nearest centre where it was possible for us to get a glimpse of the royal couple

While on the subject of Her Honor it bears mentioning that she seems to be not only a fitting choice as representative of the crown but will serve as a fitting representative at Saskatchewan people for the fessional half of the population for the thousands of people of Ukrainian origin who have given so much to our heritage in every possible area of activity and achievement and for the Saskatchewan scientific community whose contributions to our nation have been substantial

It was also fitting that the survivors of the HMCS Weyburn held their reunion in our city over the weekend. No doubt during the war many of the crewmen resolved some day to visit the small city after which their ship was named and surely many Weyburn people hoped some day to meet the heroes who represented us so directly in taking up our quarrel with the foe

By the time the war ended however everyone a first thoughts were of a return to peace and normalcy and there was little contact between city and crew until several years ago

The 18 survivors and their wives brought us a human dimension of history and it is to be hoped that they also left with new affection for their adopted and adoptive city

It was fitting that the Octavius Singers whose musical excellence is making them a legend in their own time took guests at the anniversary banquet through the decades with costumes dancing and especially song

It was fitting that our agricultural roots were remembered with the old time harvesting demonstration at the Ron Metheral farm that our religious heritage was observed with special services for all at Knox Presbyterian Church, that the performance of the Canadian Armed Forces stage band reminded us of the warm and friendly relationship that can exist in a democracy between military and civilians

It was fitting that the afternoon tea at the Legion emphasized the importance of simple informal relationships and customs in our community life.

It was fitting that the Young Fellows Club a product of our city and the contributor of so much toward a better Weyburn, made its presence felt both in the sponsorship of the anniversary ball and as serving at the dinner

All in all the event was a fitting finish to a wonderful summer of celebration.

The birthday party

AN ADDRESS *September 9, 1988*

It was my honor and privilege to address Weyburn's official 75th birthday party. I include my remarks herein because I sense that in them I caught something of what I feel about the community in which we have spent the better part of our lives

Your Honor, Madam Lieutenant-Governor, etc

I am touched and privileged to be able to say a few words on this important occasion in the history of the community most of us fondly call home. Ad-outted,y there have been times for all of us, such as when the sky was gray with dust or the grasshoppers crunched underfoot, when the relationship became a bit strained, but genuine affection is not built upon good experiences alone.

Mayor Shields asked me to say a few words about the history of Weyburn...and I had to ask myself where does it start...and how does one condense into a few minutes something about which volumes have already been written?

Since the community was only settled around the turn of the century, and received its name about that time that seems to be the logical place to begin. If you want anecdotes about dinosaurs cavorting on the slopes of South Hill or tales of what the natives were doing when the walls of Jericho came tumbling down you might contact James Michener.

Much of what is usually called history...Weyburn shares with other prairie communities...settlers came to live here, they and their descendants saw bumper years and hard times, the railways came, two world wars were fought, depression and drought were endured and survived, schools and hospitals and churches and rinks and parks and libraries were built and the technology and prosperity of the past four decades changed all our lives.

That just about sums it up, doesn't it?

Without demeaning the many facilities we are so proud of...I suggest that if we take this scant description, subtract a mental hospital — or an extended care facility — and add a coal mine and power generating station, we might as well be talking about Estevan — heaven forbid!

So, however profound the influence of national and regional events on our lives and our communities there have to be other powerful ingredients else our communities would be as alike as peas in a pod, and the very notion of that is offensive to most of us.

Then what is the difference?

Tommy Lang, who left us just one year ago, and who was the dynamic mayor of our city of several terms and generally recognized as an unabashed Weyburn booster, was fond of saying that people make the difference.

One thing that sets Weyburn apart from most Canadian and even Saskatchewan communities is its fundamental racial- cultural—national- religious mixture — or whatever you prefer to call it.

Pierre Trudeau, when he was prime minister of Canada, used to talk about the Canadian mosaic, and indeed you don t have to travel far in most directions before you encounter the pattern of communities with distinct ethnic flavors. Belgian, French, German, Scandinavian, Polish, British, Romanian, Hungarian and so on. Individual racial groups even divided into separate communities based on religious differences.

Weyburn s earliest settlers...however...were a group of families from the main line settlements around Indian Head...where presumably homesteading land was becoming scarce. They were soon followed by fairly heavy migrations of Ontario families — especially from Grey and Bruce counties — and joined just after the turn of the century by hundreds of settlers from the United States.

It was probably the racial-cultural mixture of these Americans and eastern Canadians that set the tone for Weyburn s make-up, and as immigrants came here from Europe and elsewhere, and from ethnically identifiable communities throughout the Southeast our city never seems to have been divided into ethnic solitudes. Instead...it has been the type of melting pot usually identified with the U S.

Even the French-Canadian condition fundamental to Canada seems to be most conspicuous in Weyburn through its absence. If you check the telephone book or city directory you may be surprised at the generous sprinkling of French names. Yet, if there is an identifiable French-Canadian community in Weyburn, I've never been aware of it. Whether this is good or bad may depend on your own individual attitude toward bilingualism and biculturalism, but regardless of that, that is how things are.

But even if we take it as a given that Weyburn s ethnic mix somehow makes it different, I believe what really makes it special is the individual people who have lived here, and whose character and nature have become a part of our legacy.

Let s just remember for several minutes about a few known to most of us, at least by reputation. I make no attempt to name them in any particular order.

Remember Ed Cugnet?

By now, there are many of us who never knew the man, but there are very few here who have not heard of Ed Cugnet s famous weather forecasts.

Whether he got the formula from a native chief or a Hungarian priest has become a bit murky over the decades...but it is generally accepted that by studying the weather and other natural phenomena in a certain

12-day period in December he was able to forecast the weather month by month for the following year

How right were his predictions?

Some people swore by them and planted their crops accordingly, but then there are even people who believe Environment Canada. Most importantly people throughout southern Saskatchewan awaited the forecast every year, and they became an important part of Weyburn lore. Remove them, and Weyburn is lessened.

Consider Jim Warren, a former Weyburn mayor and a colorful personality about whom enough material could be collected to fill a book.

We arrived in Weyburn after Mr. Warren's time but ten years later, visiting Canadian Armed forces in Germany, I was sought out by a Canadian general who had learned there was someone from Weyburn in our group.

His purpose? He just wanted to hear stories about Joe Warren.

A friend of his had been a commanding officer of the Royal Air Force training school in Weyburn, and the Canadian had heard so much about Mayor Joe Warren that he wanted to meet someone who knew Joe Warren and could tell him more. He was quite disappointed when I told him I had never known Mr. Warren.

Imagine! This was more than ten years after Joe Warren's death, and more than twenty years after the RAF officer had been stationed in Weyburn.

Of the many Warren anecdotes I have heard a favorite of mine was told me by the late Lloyd Sharpe, for many years our city engineer. Lloyd was living in Yorkton and had applied for the advertised Weyburn position.

He was telephoned by Mayor Warren, who brusquely commanded Lloyd to present himself in the lobby of the Hotel Saskatchewan at a certain time for an interview. All the way to Regina Lloyd worried about how they would know each other. When he arrived at the Saskatchewan, he found the lobby crowded with people, and this did nothing for his peace of mind. Naturally, he had arrived early, so he had twenty minutes or more to bite his fingernails and study everyone in the lobby, wondering if it was Joe Warren.

At the appointed hour an imposing figure entered the hotel, strode to the centre of the lobby, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"SHAAAAAARP!"

So you see, there was really no problem at all.

Would Weyburn really have been the same place if there had never been a Jim Warren?

Only half a year after Weyburn's inaugural ceremonies there was born to the wife of Weyburn's pioneer druggist, a son William, now known internationally for the radio series "Jake and the Kid" and for many humorous television dramas, plays and novels.

Many of his stories have rural Saskatchewan settings humorously but sympathetically portrayed. In these literary works the name "Weyburn" does not appear, but it has always been accepted that the "Crocus" of "Jake and the Kid" represents Weyburn, and certainly any Weyburn resident who reads "How I Spent My Summer Holidays" feels very much at home in the 1930s setting of a little Saskatchewan community near the headwaters of a small river flowing by a mental hospital.

If you tell W.O. Mitchell fans anywhere in Canada that you are from Weyburn, they accept you as being from Crocus, Saskatchewan, or the other little towns of his Saskatchewan-based tales.

Thus, however the details have been altered, Weyburn surely served as the inspiration for the fictional town, and as fiction drew from Weyburn, so also the real city drew from the fictional one, and in thousands of minds one is inseparable from the other.

If it were not so, why would we have celebrated Crocus Daze in June...and in years gone by? Certainly not because we thought W.O. was writing about North Battleford.

Would Weyburn be the same if there had never been a W.O. Mitchell, inspired by the sleepy town and the characters of his childhood, and who preserved these memories and perspectives for countless others? I think not.

And then there was the Idaho Kid.

Was he real and did he ever shoot up the Waverley Hotel?

The story has been told so many times that we simply have to believe it. And anyway, who wouldn't want to?

According to Isabelle Eaglesham's version in "The Night the Cat Froze in the Oven," the drunken gunman shot holes in the ceiling of the hotel's barroom, threatened to shoot several citizens and announced that he was taking over the town. Can't you just see him?

A leading citizen suggested that the mayor arrest the man, since Constable Larry Lett of the North West Mounted Police was away in Halbrite.

"Why should I?" asked the mayor.

"Because it's your duty as chief magistrate and I can show you the act where it says so."

"Oh no you won't," replied the mayor, "because I won't look."

Mayor Shields, you are hear to proud tradition!

Anyway, someone wired Constable Lett, who flagged down a freight, came and arrested the Idaho Kid and locked him up in a room at the Royal Hotel.

It has been said the Idaho Kid settled down and took out a homestead, and that his descendants live here still. I knew it! I hear them roaring up and down our street almost every night.

But regardless of where truth ends in the story of the

Idaho Kid and where fiction begins. Weyburn wouldn't be the same if that arrogant Yankee hadn't invaded the town or for that matter if Constable Lett had not lived up to Mountie tradition by calmly stepping in to get his man.

Tommy Douglas

No one here needs to be told much about the young Scottish Baptist clergyman who arrived in Weyburn in the early 1930s, saw his destiny in the political arena, and went on to become first the Member of Parliament for Weyburn, then Premier of Saskatchewan for almost two decades — still representing our riding — and finally Leader of the New Democratic Party in the House of Commons. Above all, he was a pioneer of social reform in our province and in our nation.

When we came to Weyburn, T.C. was still premier of the province, and it was not at all uncommon to see him in town, because every organization with a special celebration would invite Tommy to be the guest speaker. He obliged whenever he could, and being a masterful orator with a sharp wit, he was more entertaining than any professional performer who might have been brought in.

When Tommy told his story about the fat cats and the skinny cats, you could see, in your mind's eye, those nasty fatties licking the cream off their whiskers and growing fatter and fatter, while the poor lean cats looked on sadly — and still kept sending the hard guys to Ottawa.

Historians may regard T.C.'s few years in Weyburn as an insignificant interlude, a casual stepping-stone on his march to history.

Had he accepted a pastorate in the city of Winnipeg, for instance, or in a small village, or had he come to Weyburn 10 years earlier or 10 years later, or had he come when he did, but as a tradesman or a salesman, I doubt if the name Tommy Douglas would have emerged.

It was in the early 1930s that drought, a world depression and 20th century agronomics collided, and where but in a small prairie agricultural city would a person get an understanding of the consequences to farmers, blue and white collar workers, small business men and even the bobsy who rode the rods throughout the nation? And who but a sympathetic clergyman would have been exposed to all of them?

And if it is fair to say that T.C. Douglas would not have been the same person without his sojourn in Weyburn, it follows that Weyburn would not be the same place had Tommy Douglas not ministered here and represented us in Ottawa and Regina.

I have to confess that when he was here, I was not among the faithful, but I strongly believe that if he were living today, I would be one of his ardent supporters.

At least I think so.

You see, I have it on the best authority that if Tommy Douglas were alive today, he would be a member of another political party! *(Tory Premier Grant Devine had been saying publicly that a resurrected Douglas would most likely be a Progressive Conservative.)*

Who in Weyburn hasn't known — or at least heard of — Sadie Bowerman?

Hundreds, more likely thousands, of Weyburn children, over a number of decades, learned respect for education and fear of the Lord under the guidance of Sadie.

By the time our own family was processed through the system, Mrs. Bowerman was officially retired, but I remember at least one time when one of our kids said, barely hiding a smirk, that the class would be having a substitute teacher that day. I could tell they were expecting a ball.

After school the child came in with a sort of dazed expression and said in a tone of reverence: "We had a substitute teacher. It was Mrs. Bowerman. *She* knows what she's talking about."

Although I didn't go to school in Weyburn, I too had the benefit of some training from her.

I had been in Weyburn for perhaps a week or two when a woman marched into my office, waved that week's copy of the Review under my nose and declared: "Young man, McGillivray is an old Weyburn name, and if you expect to run a *newspaper* in this community, you had better learn to spell it."

I had met Sadie McGillivray Bowerman.

I swear, Sadie, that I can spell McGillivray — forwards, backwards, sideways and upside-down. If I wrote it in French or German or Spanish, I would not need it up with any of those acutes or circumflexes or trendants. I would write it as you taught me and as God intended.

Would Weyburn be the same place if we had never had the benefit of the guidance of Sadie Bowerman?

And remember Bill Montgomery?

Bill was a machinist turned automobile dealer, and his combination of mechanical genius and homespun common sense helped many a person out of a bind. He also set straight a few misguided souls.

Bill could fix anything mechanical — even if it meant fashioning a new part — and it was not unusual for a harvesting farmer to interrupt Bill's Saturday night card game to get his help.

The story is told that on one occasion Bill made a new part and the customer felt the price was a mite high. "No charge," announced Bill [illegible] and tossed the part into the Souris.

On another occasion, it is said, Bill welded a part and the customer complained that $25 was too much to pay. "No problem," said Bill, took a sledgehammer to the part and restored it to the condition in which he had received it.

Once many years ago, I went to Standard Garage to

take photos of some used cars for on ad Bill took me across Third Street to the used car lot, and held me back when I failed to see a little foreign car bearing down on us

"Careful!" he cautioned "That guy looks like he wouldn t bother stopping for us Be sort of a disgrace to get killed by one of those little buggers "

Bill liked a nip now and then and I understand that when he was confined to hospital he was even allowed to bring in a mickey I have heard he got special dispensation from the pope Yes I know Bill was Anglican, but if he wanted something badly things got ecumenical in a heck of a big hurry

Bill too has unquestionably become part of the fabric of Weyburn

People individuals that s what it s all about isn t it?

When you feel nostalgia about or affection for our community you aren t thinking of buildings or streets or institutions but of individuals who had an influence on our city or on your personal lives

I ve mentioned just a few of the many people on my list I haven t even touched on hundreds of heroes such as the HMCS Weyburn crewmen, our own Weyburn boys who fought our battle in two major wars and countless others who made individual decisions to do important things to make ours a better city in a better province nation and world They are all our legacy and our history

You each have your own list of individuals who represent Weyburn to you and without whom Weyburn would be diminished. Each list is different, and I am certain that each one of you here is on someone s list — perhaps on many — as a vital part of Weyburn

But these lists must be renewed and updated for while some individuals have become a part of recorded history the memory of many unfortunately, fades as those who remember them pass from the scene

And this is our challenge in the years ahead, to continue to develop individuals — through our homes and schools and churches and organizations through the freedoms and principles we safeguard and enhance and through encouragement and example.

If we succeed in this many other good things will happen for Weyburn, and when people of our city foregather 25, 50 or 75 years from now as we do today perhaps someone will say about your children or grandchildren or of mine, "Weyburn just wouldn t be Weyburn if it were not for them"

Ladies and gentlemen I would like you to rise now and join me in a toast to our wonderful city and the people who built it and made it what it is today

A year-end reception at city hall was the final event in Weyburn's 1963 50th anniversary celebrations

3. Politics, drought and curling

The 'most Canadian' province

The community is not conceived and grown in a vacuum. The influences — human and other — that contribute to a city's or town's development and which in turn rely on its central resources and services, radiate outward from and converge inward toward the lines that define corporate limits.

Similarly reciprocal influences exist between the collections of communities and districts that constitute the greater divisions, the provinces and territories of our nation. In Weyburn's case, Saskatchewan.

So let us take a look at this Saskatchewan as we found it, or as we perceived it to be when we found it.

In truth, Irene and I came not joyously into our adopted province. Both of us the youngest of immigrant families which had settled in Saskatchewan in the 1920s, and had been compelled through personal or economic circumstances to move to Manitoba, we both had learned at mother's knee, and about in the same breath, the horrors of the Russian Revolution and the climatic and environmental hostility of Saskatchewan.

As for most Canadians of our earlier years, mention of Saskatchewan evoked three images: monotonous prairie with unkind weather patterns, the Dirty Thirties of drought and depression, and hotbed of North American socialism, not so much in the image of Tommy Douglas but as embraced by the pugnacious rhetoric of the Regina Manifesto. Accordingly, when early in marriage we set our sights on acquiring a weekly newspaper, we agreed to follow our ambitions wherever in Canada opportunity might take us — except Quebec or Saskatchewan. Quebec, of course, was eliminated because of language, and Saskatchewan because of the prejudices we had grown up with and which had been further fed by general Canadian prejudices.

Frank Mountjoy, a fellow employee of mine at Moore Business Forms in Toronto, probably capsulized our own opinion and one prevalent in postwar Canada, when he told me that in the army if a man said he was from Saskatchewan it was usual to ask him whether his parents were bohunks or worked on the railway. Aside from an assured pay cheque issued somewhere in the east, there was obviously an incentive or excuse for anyone to live in Saskatchewan, except if one happened to be a ragged, penniless bohunk — the term in this case, embracing any European not of British or French origin.

These then were the prejudices we had to overcome in designing to make a pile of our modest winnings and risking them at one turn of pitch and toss, heaven help us, in Saskatchewan.

Arriving here we were quickly disabused of our patronizing opinion of what we considered the ragamuffin member of the Canadian family of provinces. Wounded and still slightly wary, yes; but also proud, independent, politically sophisticated and assertive, and referring to itself part jocularly, part wistfully, but also with unshakeable confidence in itself, as "Next Year Country."

The Saskatchewan we have come to appreciate fondly, admiringly and even jealously, was recently described by Dr. John H. Archer, Q.C., as "the most Canadian of the provinces." This was an opinion I had formed myself, but which gained prevenance coming from this noted Saskatchewan teacher, historian, archivist, agriculturalist and humorist.

In describing the Saskatchewan we found I rely partly on opinion drawn on years of exposure to Saskatchewan lore as revealed by its natives and as gleaned from history recorded in Saskatchewan weeklies and elsewhere, but also as guided, confirmed, redirected and clarified by Dr. Archer in his introduction to a seminar moderated by him a year or two ago at a convention of the Saskatchewan Weekly Newspapers Association.

Some of the assessments here contained are my own conclusions confirmed by Dr. Archer and which I might have similarly articulated myself, more have been crystallized by his scholarly and lucid interpretations, and others are insights that I owe entirely on his studies and summation, although confirmed by everything I have seen, heard or read.

I have used *italics* to identify sentences or phrases taken, with permission, directly from Dr. Archer's remarks, but this does not exempt others from reliance on his findings. The reader would probably be safe in concluding that any error in fact or opinion is mine, while scholarly insights are his or reinforced by him.

The stock for the brew that makes Saskatchewan singularly Canadian was the early waves of immigration from Ontario and the United States, and, to a lesser degree, Quebec. These people were both schooled and steeped in the principles and practice of democracy and self-government. They *brought with them knowledge of the parliamentary process. Many were social reformers seeking to found a new and better society based on the old ways, cleansed and purified in the naturalness of the new.*

If anything, they found Ottawa's *distant overlordship* foreign and offensive, and their approach to politics was confident and assertive, in contrast with the apologetic entry into politics of people unfamiliar with the democratic process.

While soon roughly half of Saskatchewan's people were of origins other than British or French, many of these had their roots in provinces remote from central government in their native countries, and where authority tended to be perceived as protection of privilege and the status quo, rather than as an agency for the enactment and administration of just laws. "Caesar" to them was the power which taxed their meagre incomes, punished and deterred any independent initiatives, and took their sons to fight in distant, meaningless wars. For them, it was prudent to live as invisibly as possible on their isolated islands and archipelagos.

Their children and grandchildren, however, saw the elephant of democracy from the perspective of Saskatchewan usage, and assertiveness came to them naturally, further consolidating the provincial trend.

Overseen by the North West Mounted Police, early settlement of Saskatchewan was *peaceful and orderly*, not characterized by the Wild West excesses of the westward migration in the United States. *Settlers came into a region wherein the bases of law, survey, homestead areas and projected rail lines were known.*

Peaceful and orderly, and without the excesses of the United States? Undoubtedly so it was remembered by most pioneers of the Canadian prairie provinces, but while the early settlers were digging in and establishing the ways of the east on the new frontier, the indigenous people — Indians and Metis — were making a desperate attempt to seek redress for wrongs inflicted upon them by the encroaching Europeans.

Manitoba-born Louis Riel, who several years earlier had presided over a defiant provisional government in that province, came to northern Saskatchewan and assisted in the initiation of hostilities in what was to become known as the North West Rebellion of 1885, and which wrote names like Frog Lake and Batoche into Saskatchewan and Canadian history.

Today Riel, who was hanged in Regina after being convicted of treason, is widely regarded as a martyr. Yet the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, successors to the North West Mounted Police mobilized to put down the rebellion, still walk tall in the eyes of most Canadians, particularly Saskatchewan people who saw their fine performance as peace-keepers and dispensers of frontier justice in the pioneer era. The Saskatchewan soul has little difficulty with these somewhat anomalous conditions. It is still fair to say, in any case, that for most settlers of Saskatchewan, the process was peaceful and orderly to an extent that even today seems unbelievable.

In 1966 the Review proudly printed a diary never before published, written by Staff Sergeant Walter Hamilton of the NWMP, who chronicled the rare Canadian adventure in this province from the time of his enlistment in Ontario to the day of his discharge in Toronto after the conclusion of hostilities. The rare manuscript was lent to the Review by a grandson of the sergeant from Edson, Alberta, then a student attending Western Christian College in North Weyburn.

The steamer Northcote, one of several river boats deployed on the South Saskatchewan River in combatting the Riel Rebellion. The sketch was part of the Eatoche Journal printed in the Review in 1966.

The agricultural character of Saskatchewan settlement also honed natural rural instincts of neighborliness and co-operation. *One settler could not fight a prairie fire by himself — a community could. And neighbors together could build a farm, form a beef ring, set up a rural telephone company.* Working together for mutual betterment, they also viewed school boards

and municipal councils as a *personal delegation of voice and authority to do through* an *elected body, what was too distant to be done personally*, unlike the residents of the cities of the east, who often saw even local government as an unbenign or even downright hostile "they" *In the* same sense the provincial government was seen as a not-so-distant extension of local council powers

Drawn to the west and its thousands of eligible and potentially successful bachelors, female teachers added their soon noticeable influence on the developing society As they married and became mothers, they added sophistication, erudition and culture to homes that might in lacking these, have impeded social development As a result it is not surprising that Saskatchewan was among the leaders in fostering militant women's organizations..and one of the first provinces to grant the franchise to women.

While many aspects of the Saskatchewan social-economic thrust are credited to the CCF and NDP governments, the basic Saskatchewan character seems to have been reflected even in the 1920s by government activity in areas not then considered the traditional responsibility of government Underneath it all was a developing sense of responsibility for the unfortunate the rejected, the meek Such people as Matt Anderson encouraged, indeed brought about a system of municipal health Concern over T B , epidemic diseases, child mortality brought an emphasis on construction of hospitals, training of nurses, and provision of doctor care

Saskatchewan was Canada's fastest growing province, and probably the most promising in terms of potential prosperity and the good life, when it was all brought to a screeching halt by the great depression and the decade-long drought that compounded the misery of that era in Saskatchewan

The reaction to this major setback probably says something too about the makeup of Saskatchewan's population that chose to stay through this crushing decade, we had no other choice

Throughout history, regions have suffered severs reversals and their people accepted these without picking up and leaving for other parts Home, humble though it may be, seems securest in times of adversity The people of Saskatchewan of the early 1930s, however except for the young were the same people who had settled the province They had memories of other regions that represented home to them, and by the thousands they went back to places of their origins the United States, Ontario or Manitoba or went west to British Columbia Of those who remained then, and they were the majority, many must have had confidence that good times would return

Many had no real choice, but they had alternatives to entertain For most of the thousands of European settlers then living here there were often harsh political or economic reasons or both, that ruled out a return Even for the Anglo-Canadian American population in truth alternatives were limited as economic conditions elsewhere in the country were not inviting. What this left here was a people who had witnessed in their own lifetimes the rigors of pioneering the high of boom times, and the shattering losses of the 1930s They made the decision to stay, and this had to make a difference in their collective character

The war brought both an end to drought and an injection of revenue as all grain grown was absorbed by the war effort The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan brought flying schools to numerous Saskatchewan communities, and this also injected dollars

Even as times slowly improved, Saskatchewan people were not quick to forgive the perceived eastern cabal of railways, banks, mortgage companies—like elevators and machinery manufacturers they blamed for many of the ills of the depression Add to this the siren song of Tommy Douglas and his visions of a New Jerusalem here in Saskatchewan, and it is not altogether surprising that in 1944 voters here shocked the nation and elected the first Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) government

Innovative legislation, a concept neither foreign nor unwelcome to Saskatchewan voters, honest government, the Douglas charisma and postwar prosperity combined to entrench the CCF

in a way that made its opponents despair of ever removing it from office. Even trends such as upgrading of highways, common throughout the nation by then, were here seen — not without encouragement — as products of socialist policy. It was not uncommon to hear a rank and-file government supporter speak fervently at a political meeting of the day when all Canadians might enjoy such benefits of CCF imagination and achievement as rural electrification.

By the time we arrived, and particularly in the years immediately following, there were signs that the intense, almost religious loyalties were suffering some strain. Fears about Medicare, and the departure of Premier T.C. Douglas to lead the CCF's successor, the New Democratic Party (NDP), at the national level, set the stage for the first defeat of the party by Ross Thatcher's Liberals.

Also a contributor to voter-alienation, in some educated opinion, was the government's intuitive toward creation of the county system. The larger municipal units envisioned made enemies of hundreds of officials of the rural municipalities in danger of dissolution, and these rural mandarins, some say, helped bring about the 1964 defeat of the CCF. So when that rascally maverick Socialist-turned-Liberal Ross Thatcher swept through the hustings and exhorted listeners to join him in signing "that old Liberal song *'This Land is Your Land,'* " (long accepted as a CCF hymn in Saskatchewan), what could they do but sing it lustily and say like Ado Annie in *"Oklahoma!"*, "I can't say no!"?

Since then the province has gone to alternate NDP administrations and government by the traditional parties, with the provincial economy probably playing a greater role in the fortunes of incumbent governments than their political flavors.

In 1958, although oil had been discovered and was pumping millions into the Saskatchewan economy, development of the province's vast potash deposits was hoped to do for Saskatchewan what oil had done for Alberta. A decade or more of reasonably good crops had restored a degree of confidence, yet the Saskatchewan personality was still one of optimism restrained by great caution. I compare it to a lad who has been given a treat to compensate for a severe thrashing: it may taste ever so good but it does not purge the sting from the posterior, nor the moral lesson from the consciousness.

For agriculturalists, and those who depended upon them, the future had to be evaluated in terms of a new set of rules dearly learned in the 1930s. Pioneers who had come here and applied traditional approaches and their sons had to evaluate the future of their industry under rules not recognized in time that the traditional half-section could not be looked to as a viable economic unit in a mechanized world, that light soils and high winds must be seriously considered in land management, and viability itself must be evaluated against the probable drought cycles of the future.

Like the rest of the world, Saskatchewan has changed over the three decades of our life here, but looking backwards, what dominates is the constant fluctuation of economic, climatic and political cycles—and the constants of the rural nature of the province. These, and curling, mark the unique and singular nature of Saskatchewan.

The following reprints purport only to offer a glimpse of the Saskatchewan of our times.

Definitions

EDITORIAL *February 22, 1961*

Since the verbal duel in the Saskatchewan Legislature between Premier T.C. Douglas and Opposition leader Ross Thatcher we have wondered how many friends the latter made for himself and for his party with the statement attributed to him in the daily press that a socialist is a person who has lost all hope of becoming a capitalist.

Beside being an insult to many CCF supporters who have both the ability and the means to do as well or better for themselves under the free enterprise system, Mr. Thatcher's statement, by implication ridicules millions of people in the free world who have no hope or desire to become capitalists but who believe unswervingly in the free enterprise system and what it offers to every class in our society.

Mr. Thatcher's statement might almost be classified as self accusation for it could be construed to mean he was a socialist only so long as he saw for himself a role as leader of the movement and when the dream faded or when he saw an opportunity for personal gain with another party he conveniently switched politics.

No, Mr. Thatcher, we submit that the majority of

the Canadian people reject socialism without entertaining any real hope of becoming capitalists

They are simply convinced that the free enterprise system offers better opportunity for all through permitting the individual a maximum of freedom to achieve whatever may represent success to him

They do not even disagree, necessarily, with the conditions the sincere socialist hopes to achieve for all, but they believe more people can achieve these things for themselves in due course by setting a goal and striving to reach it.

In other words, they believe they will travel faster and farther by walking, than by sitting still and waiting for a free ride that may never come...and instead of regarding as enemies the fortunate few who pass them on bicycles they regard them as pace-setters and trail-blazers who will show the way to greater progress

In fairness to Mr Thatcher his address, on the whole, was in this same vein but leaders of parties supporting free enterprise should refrain from making statements which appear to give substance to the elements promoting class hatred

Death of the iron horse

EDITORIAL *April 21, 1961*

Less than a century ago, the westward probe of steel told the story of the great settlement of Canada's west Nowhere else in the world is the history of a people so closely linked with the miracle of the 19th century: the iron horse

Villages, towns and cities on the Canadian prairie sprang up in the path of the rolling link with civilization and there only Towns that were missed by the railway because of a change of plans by the railway or because of a wrong guess by the settlers died as quickly as they had grown

To be designated as a railway centre was a supreme entity a promise for a bright future And few tradesmen would have cared to take a chance on a community unless the coming of the railway seemed assured

How times have changed!

Last week the announcement by the Board of Transport Commissioners that discontinuation of passenger service on the Soo Line had been approved had few people chewing their fingernails

Perhaps the reason for both the discontinuation and public apathy is related to the news story of the week—the Russian man to space For it is not surprising that a railway line is unable to attract travellers when a man circles the globe in an hour and 48 minutes by offering the same standard of service that existed even before airplanes had been invented

However the time for argument is past The iron horse as a means of travel is need We can only salute its memory be grateful for the beginning it gave us and that its passing does not mean our end as it might have 50 years ago

Rebuttal

EDITORIAL *November 16, 1961*

In this issue, a Letter to the Editor from Mr Cecil T Bailey of Weyburn takes the Review to task for last week's editorial on politics in municipal government.

While Mr Bailey's views on the subject are ably intelligently and logically presented, the Review finds itself unable to withdraw substantially from the position taken in the editorial in question

The argument on semantics in Mr Bailey's first paragraph is not well taken Today's usage of the word "politics" obviously has as little to do with the Greek origin of the word as October 31 shenanigans have to do with the meaning of "Hallowe'en." We submit that when we used the term "party politics" every reader knew precisely what we meant even if he didn't know Greek from shorthand

As for "tacitly accepting as a good thing" party politics at a higher level we simply accept as a necessary evil a situation which leaves much to be desired

The only change we might have wished to make in the final paragraph is to qualify that "it appears to emanate from nothing more nor less than an insatiable greed for power."

While political parties at the grass roots level of government might be justified (if unlikely) as spontaneous movements originating from municipal problems this does not justify downward organization from the provincial level which we can see as benefitting only the party and not the local government. Furthermore we fail to see how the "left" and "right" principles apply on the municipal level although we confess to more apprehension at the thought

Mr Bailey suggests our editorial did a disservice to "honest men who would serve their communities within the framework of their political beliefs." We simply do not acknowledge that there is any need for their political beliefs to enter into many municipal issues and when there is there still is no need for any label—not even "independent."

"The investing public"

EDITORIAL *November 30 1961*

Last Thursday Premier Woodrow S Lloyd made his first Weyburn appearance since assuming leadership of the government in this province when he spoke at a political banquet to support CCF-NDP candidate Oran Roman

It must be conceded that even in a constituency represented for 17 years by Premier T C Douglas and exposed on countless occasions to his eloquence,

Premier Lloyd acquitted himself well. While Mr Lloyd lacked the evangelistic zeal of Mr. Douglas (which was beginning to wear fairly thin anyway) his straightforward sincere delivery left a favorable impression on most who heard him.

In fact Mr. Lloyd was so frank that intentionally or accidentally he neglected to use any of the usual clichés whenever referring to eastern financiers.

Relating an incident which occurred when Premier Douglas and he had made a trip to Toronto to sell a recent issue of Province of Saskatchewan bonds Premier Lloyd referred to the prospective purchasers as "representatives of the investing public."

This indeed, is what they are. Thousands of Canadian working people, business people and professional people convert their savings into investments which enable industry and government to finance their capital expenditures — to the benefit of both the investor and the borrower.

In between the two parties is another group which represents the interests of these thousands of small investors and sees to it that they receive a fair return for the money they are entrusting to the care of others. These men...depending on one's point of view...may be called either "flint-hearted Bay St. money-changers" or "representatives of the investing public."

For our own part we prefer the latter expression... and are gratified to see the term used by the premier of our province. Perhaps it is used only when the persons in question are buying Saskatchewan bonds and must appear to be tainted but it helps to know that Mr. Lloyd and his colleagues know in their hearts what the facts are.

Keep our doctors!

EDITORIAL *July 12 1962*

Saskatchewan is now into its second week without the normal services of the medical profession—and it is an understatement to say that annoyance and irritation are steadily mounting.

Anything at any time may produce a crisis for which the people of the province might have to pay for many years to come.

As perhaps never before in our province's brief existence, public opinion as reflected in the editorials of the nation's newspapers is much more divided on the doctors' stand than it is here. Perhaps the medicare legislation looks less ferocious to people who are not ruled by a government dedicated to the destruction of our economic system.

While their action is described as a strike — and we concede that this word best describes the situation — there are still a few outstanding differences. Not the least of these is the fact that any individual doctor still has the right to work under the plan if he chooses to do so...without fear of discipline from his association. We would hold that any disciplinary action taken against a doctor for exercising this right would be fundamentally wrong.

It must be remembered as well that at no time have the doctors refused to render services under the conditions which have proved satisfactory to patients and the profession for many...many years...and they served ample warning that they intended to take the stand they are now taking. It was the provincial government which refused to read the handwriting on the wall...or to recognize that until Canada becomes a police state certain fundamental rights exist which if invoked by a large enough or strong enough section of society...have the effect of nullifying despotic legislation without breaking the law.

The medical profession is charged by some of deserting its patients. Does this charge then...not hold equally true for the many doctors who fled political oppression to Iron Curtain or Fascist countries often desperately short of medical practitioners? And does it not apply to the doctors whom the government of Saskatchewan is recruiting from doctor poor Commonwealth countries with offers of higher wages?

The fact of the matter is that for centuries doctors have leant serving the public regardless of war...politics and economic or other crises and it came as a shock to all that they chose to reverse their traditional stands on a point of principle.

Perhaps the doctors' wisdom in taking this course is open to question — this depends to a large extent on one's point of view — but the fact remains that they did it for something they believed in...and at greater sacrifice than most of us can ever realize.

The only possible solution at this time is to remove the conditions which have forced them decision restore normal medical services in the province and permit the quiet negotiation of differences in an atmosphere less fraught with threat and counterthreat...and without the haste born of political expediency.

Rail lines

EDITORIAL *February 6 1964*

Considering the important role played by the railways in developing the Canadian prairies only half a century ago it is strange how apathetic most of us are to the rail line abandonment plans of the CNR and CPR. Provincial governments of the three prairie provinces and many of our representatives at the numerical level are deeply concerned...but by and large the rest of us treat it as though it wouldn't be happening unless it were inevitable.

Perhaps it is inevitable. An operation as far-flung and complex as a railway system, whose problems confound experts, is not easily understood by a lay

mum, and we would not attempt to dispute the claim that business economics indicate the abandonment of certain lines. That is unrelated to anything but pure business factors: the conclusions may be elementary.

The background of the Canadian railway system, however, is such a complexity of grants, restrictions, subsidies, monopoly control — every conceivable manner of artificial balance and counter-balance — that the industry is far removed from any semblance of the free enterprise bases of supply and demand. Some of these have probably been important factors in the railway dilemma today: subsidization has led to disregard for cost in some instances, and control has been the excuse for deterioration in others.

Whatever the reasons, today we are faced with the loss of several thousands of miles of rail line, and from the viewpoint of the prairie economy, it is a prospect with far-reaching consequences and ramifications. Bearing in mind again the history of the railways, and its relationship to the development of the west, we have not only the right but the responsibility to exert every effort toward finding alternatives to abandonment.

Subsidization is the first one that comes to mind, but might not be the only one.

One might be the outright purchase of marginal lines by the government. The lines could then be maintained by the government, and the railways charged a toll for actual use. In this manner it might be possible to separate investment in the national interest from the responsibility of the railways to operate at a profit.

With millions being spent on civil defence, an investment such as this might be justified simply from the standpoint of keeping lifelines open against a national emergency. Then on top of the savings in grain delivery costs to individual farmers, who eventually must recapture these costs from the consumer.

Undoubtedly the railways and governments have been seeking solutions—but they may look just a bit harder if we—the people—make it amply clear that we are demanding a solution.

A northern fishing trip

A FEATURE *July 21, 1966*

All my life I have been in love with the image of the country editor who, paper in hand, locks the front door and hangs out a sign "Gone Fishing."

In practice, such a philosophy has limitations upon which I shall not dwell. However, it is difficult to listen week after week, year after year to the tall tales of returning fishermen without developing a hankering to learn what it's all about. To make a long story short, I went and found it.

To go fishing with the particular group which I accompanied is an adventure long before the trip begins. Planning of the following year's trip starts when one trip ends, leaving a full 12 months to study maps, folders and aerial photographs of isolated northern fishing camps which promise catches limited only by the statutes.

The sense of adventure, which has peaked during the last few days of feverish gear-gathering and bore rewing, takes a sharp nose dive one fine night when the alarm summons you from your warm bed at about 3 30 — half an hour before departure time.

The reason for the early start is that we have an aircraft chartered to fly us out of Otter Lake, 50 miles or so past La Ronge, about mid-afternoon. While one learns quickly that nothing is guaranteed in the Canadian north, for the customer to show up five minutes late might well be considered just cause for cancellation of all reservations and arrangements.

If you are too young to remember the prairie roads of the 20s and 30s, a trip to northern Saskatchewan compensates very nicely. Blacktop now extends to Waskesiu, but from there on "Roads to Resources" seem designed to protect these resources at all costs. Five hours for the 150-odd miles from Waskesiu to Otter Lake was a good average for fast drivers this June. On our return trip we got stuck — in the middle of the "highway" — in a hole left by a tanker which had spent the night, unable to pull itself out of a soft spot in the road bed.

As I have already hinted, northern commerce had not yet dedicated itself to the proposition that the customer is king. Although our reservations and flying arrangements had been confirmed, reconfirmed, checked and cross-checked, we arrived at Otter at the appointed hour only to discover that our chance of being flown to our camp that day were between zero and 50 percent.

Lacking accommodation for us in Otter, the camp owner had an alternative but to plead our case with the local airline — and several hours later — well past suppertime — we were delivered to the custody of a seasoned bush pilot for delivery to our camp.

Did I say seasoned? Well, he'd been shaving for at least two years, and with one hand clutching a map of the area, and the other fumbling nervously at the instruments, he got us almost to our destination. (Turned out he knew an acquaintance of mine — an "elderly chap who flew back in World War 2.")

I say almost to our destination because he decided, for reasons never clearly established, to set down not on the lake for which we were booked. Instead he dropped us on the dock of a camp on a lake joined to our lake by a narrow channel several miles long.

Here we sat, loaded with gear under the coldly suspicious stares of a group from Colorado, who impressed us as the most hostile representatives of a usually friendly people we had ever encountered.

Instructions were for the Americans' guide to take a few of us to our camp in one boat, to fetch our own

boats and return for the rest of us and our gear. The Yanks couldn't part with their guide until he had finished filleting their day's catch, but catching our apprehensive glances toward the setting sun and otherwise not of a mind to suffer our company over night, they reluctantly agreed to let us use one of their boats and find our own way to the other lake. We didn't quite have to post a bond.

About 45 minutes later, when the guide had finished his filleting, he took the rest of us and the remainder of our gear. We arrived at the camp at the same time as the first boat, which had hit a dead end once or twice before flushing the connecting channel.

What was to be our home for the next three days was a tiny island cabin perched on a massive rock which sloped down and out into the lake. We quickly discovered that the camp operator, when he warned us that the stove wasn't "good for baking," was not lying. He hadn't mentioned, however, that it wasn't much good for anything else either. When we finally got a fire going in the old iron monster, the heat went straight up the chimney pipe, which was not equipped with anything so new-fangled as a draft.

The three boats that were part of the deal were there, and there was no shortage of motors, but by the time we had matched available fuel tanks with motors we had two usable boats.

Each boat was equipped with one lifebelt, presumably on the theory that if accidents must happen at least there should be a survivor left to tell the world what had happened.

We retired to our sleeping bags early the first night so as to be in shape for an early start. We woke, however, to a cold, chilly rainy day, and it took several hours to coax breakfast out of the stove with what little (and thoroughly soaked) firewood was around the campsite.

About half of us—hustled up as for an Arctic expedition—braved the elements and brought in the first fish of the trip and lunch for the day.

By noon wind and rain had increased to the point where any thought of fishing had to be put out of mind, and instead, our attention turned to keeping out the cold.

The area within easy reach of the cabin, it turned out, had long been picked clean of firewood and we had to chop down dead trees on the far side of the island. This was really only a few hundred yards, but some time—just for fun—try carrying an armful of six foot lengths of wood through trees about six inches apart, with rain pelting down on you and wet branches slapping you in the face. It is very relaxing, for it takes your mind off business problems completely.

As it turned out, we were confined in our 10x15 cabin from noon of the first day to mid-afternoon of the second, and that is when your choice of companions tells. You can be stuck with people who cry to high heaven about their misfortune, or people who make the best of it.

Our group quickly became engrossed in a dice game which combined poker hands with the ability to lie and bluff. Naturally I lost, but the game kept us happily occupied until the storm had died down and we were able to take to the boats.

It was still chilly on the water that afternoon, but properly dressed and with a few nibbles on the line, minor discomforts are quickly forgotten.

On the final day of the expedition we rose early to a day taken right out of a travel brochure. The sun, which barely dips below the horizon at that latitude in June, was already high in the sky; there was not a breath of wind and the lake was a shiny blue mirror, with the upside down world of reflections looking as perfect in detail as the real world around us.

The silence was broken only by the drone of the motor, the occasional shout from one boat to the other, the cry of the loon and the occasional splash of a gull pouncing on his prey.

That is when even the novice who has gone with tongue in cheek becomes an ardent fisherman in the wink of an eye—or the tug of a line.

That is when you come to understand how—if not why—it is possible to spend 10 or 12 hours on the water without tiring of the sport. There is the sharp sensation of expectancy as you find a little sun-baked bay where you just know a school of big northern pike will be sunning themselves just waiting for your bright Benny Martin to spin by them. Then there is either the exhilaration of having hit it right or the frustration of being dead wrong. Shouts of sheer joy as you reel them in, delight and determination as a spunky trout fights you every inch of the way—or a sigh of resignation as you turn the boat and your hopes toward the next bay or island shoreline.

That is when you savor the satisfaction of lunch on a rock far from camp—a pan of fresh-caught pike fried to a golden brown on a fire of twigs with beans and bread and cheese and a pot of strong coffee.

That is when your thoughts inevitably turn to the unbelievably rich heritage of ours that this vast north of countless lakes, billions of evergreens which manage to eke life out of little more than pure rock and hills of solid stone which seem to symbolize the hostility and challenge of the north.

That is when you find out what a northern fishing trip is all about.

Suddenly it's all over-time to head back for camp, pack your gear, clean the fish—and sit back and wait—one hour, two hours, three or four hours—for the plane which will carry you at the pilot's convenience back to civilization—a term which by then includes the rude comforts of Outer or La Ronge.

Unshaven, dirty, smelling of fish, you load up your station wagon and head for home way down south. Soon road-weariness takes over and you wonder if

anything can be worth the long drive and especially the bumps and ruts of the Lac la Ronge Highway

Is it?

Just try me next year!

Dedication of Gardiner Dam

A FEATURE *July 27 1967*

If federal politicians ever doubted that the South Saskatchewan Dam meant a lot to the people of Saskatchewan, the most distinguished assemblage which gathered at Outlook on Friday, July 21, for the dedication of Gardiner Dam and Diefenbaker Lake, must have been reassured by the sea of people who had joined them in the historical ceremony.

An estimated 25 000 brought to Outlook by thousands of private cars and scores of STC, Saskatoon and Regina buses, sat uncomplainingly for several hours under a blazing sun to see the fulfilment of a dream of men of vision the coming true of a desperate dream of their fathers and grandfathers who had watched for decades the runoff from the western mountains sweep through the prairies only to spill into Hudson s Bay, with hardly a drop diverted to relieve the parched prairies.

Leaders of Canada s three most prominent political parties were platform guests and speakers of the ceremony and for good reason.

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson was there naturally as the country's leader, to mark the completion of one of the biggest engineering projects in history ,with a ten-figure price tag and one which will bring economic benefits to Saskatchewan and Canada which stagger the imagination.

Leader of Her Majesty s Loyal Opposition, the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker was there to receive recognition as the prime minister whose appreciation of this province s problems led in 1958 to quick approval of the agreement between the governments of Canada and Saskatchewan for the Saskatchewan Dam projects.

Back too, and speaking with the eloquence and humor for which he is well remembered in this province was Saskatchewan s former premier, the Hon. T C. Douglas, now national leader of the New Democratic Party. Mr. Douglas not only signed, together with I C. Nollet, the 1958 agreement on behalf of the province, but seconded in Ottawa about 30 years ago the first resolution presented to the House of Commons with reference to the harnessing of this great river.

The Hon. Ross Thatcher, as present Liberal premier of Saskatchewan, also took part in the ceremonies, and couldn t resist putting in a plug for assistance for Saskatchewan farmers, who this year are experiencing the type of weather conditions that first caused the people of this province and their leaders to turn their eyes toward the mighty Saskatchewan River.

For such a gathering of old political foes, there was a lot of back-slapping and friendly banter, with generous recognition crossing party lines.

In the ostensibly congenial atmosphere which pervaded the occasion, even the weatherman seemed to want to join in the fun. When, at the opening of ceremonies, the chairman, the Hon. J.J. Green, federal minister of agriculture, asked for a real Saskatchewan welcome for the distinguished guests from all over Canada, the first response was a deafening clap of thunder from a black cloud overhead which till then had not emitted a crackle.

The spirit of goodwill carried on to the city and Chamber of Commerce-sponsored banquet Thursday evening at Saskatoon, where the same slate of speakers outdid themselves in banter and repartee, putting on a show for 400 appreciative guests which would have put to shame any floor show presented by the best comedians of Hollywood or Broadway.

Asked by Saskatoon s Mayor Sid Buckwold to invoke the traditional peace pipe with him, Prime Minister Pearson not only puffed away at the pipe but then, on impulse, stepped a few feet to his right to offer the pipe to arch foe Diefenbaker. Mr. Diefenbaker accepted it with equally good cheer.

The prime minister, commenting on his warm welcome by the people of Saskatchewan, said he had encountered similar friendliness in Edmonton the day before; his wife, however, had asked, "Then why didn t they vote for you?"

It can't happen here

EDITORIAL *May 22, 1969*

The people of Weyburn were shocked to learn last week that the body had been found in a nearby farm field of an elderly patient who had been missing from the Saskatchewan Hospital for over two months without a hue and cry being raised.

The situation was inevitable if hospital policy is still as represented to us several years ago by a person then in authority that after a missing patient has been absent for a certain period, he is no longer classified as missing--but rather as having rehabilitated himself. The theory, as we understood it, was that if a person had been able to get by in society for a while without getting into some sort of mischief or difficulty, further custodial care was contra-indicated.

Not only is such reasoning fallacious — particularly when applied to the hard-core type of patient now housed at the mental hospital here — but the whole procedure smacks of calculated policies of keeping the citizenry in the dark about possible shortcomings in the operation of a public institution, with utter disregard for the well being of an individual and for the public s right to information.

An isolated case might be written off as an error of judgment or an oversight (however serious) but we have experienced other occasions where the public right to information was ignored by the authorities

Some years ago an infant choked to death in its crib during the night shortly after being placed in a foster home We were at first denied any information about the death ostensibly out of consideration for the foster parents but more likely to avoid embarrassment on the part of the welfare department.

More recently a young woman died unattended in a farm home No inquest no information from the RCMP and our questions about it evoked unbelievable indignation

We are uneasy

Not many years ago in Texas a man declared by a coroner to have died from natural causes was later discovered to have been riddled by bullets

It can happen here?

It sure can. if we continue to pursue a course of keeping the public ignorant about such things as missing people sudden deaths and the related policies and procedures of the authorities

Fox Valley Hutterite Colony

AFEATURE *November 13, 1969*

I had some misgivings about how these simple isolated people would feel about five dozen newsmen gawking and pointing cameras at them but I soon saw that to most of them we were as big a curiosity as they were to us

I tried to pose two little boys in their old-fashioned garb with their dog the moment I got off the bus which delivered us to the Fox Valley Hutterite Colony The dog however would have nothing to do with a foreign-looking devil like me and in the few moments I tried to exercise the charm (with dogs that is) on which I pride myself the youngsters also had turned tail and fled

Equally shy, but finding courage in numbers a dozen or so of the colony's women and children peered at us from behind the long assembly hall building in which we were able to enjoy the hospitality of this strange sect They were obviously excited about the host of visitors with strange clothes and manners — perhaps they even felt reassured by the fact that a few of our number were also bearded But the moment a camera was pointed their way they would run for cover amidst shrieks of delight at their own derring-do, and with a flurry of ankle length skirts.

It became sort of a game for the few minutes it lasted with much less self-consciousness on their part than on ours But they won I didn't get any pictures of them

The visit to the colony of a sect which has clung to old traditions probably more successfully than any in the country, was part of a two-day tour sponsored by the Saskatchewan Power Corporation to familiarize the press with the extensive use of natural gas in several industries The foregoing sentence may seem self-contradictory...but let me assure you that however tenaciously these people cling to their customs for anything to do with production any mechanization that provides greater efficiency is acceptable

Now because of our heavy schedule and the fact that when we arrived at Fox Valley at 4 p m we were still four hours or more from the supper table...the SPC had arranged with our Hutterite hosts to provide a coffee break

I m sure our SPC guides were as astonished as most of our entourage to discover that "coffee" in old German usage goes well beyond the simple meaning of the word Coffee is a mid-afternoon meal by their standards probably a light one but nevertheless one from which a famished traveller can leave well satisfied

First of all though when we entered the communal dining hall in which the entire colony of 80 people share their meals we were served rhubarb wine This too came as a surprise to those of us not familiar with the Hutterites for they are noted for their opposition to the use of tobacco and strong drink As I understand it now—however strong drink does not include beer or the wine on which they pride themselves

Setting the pace for this dispensation however was the fact that our generous sized cups were filled by the colony administrator (who would also be the religious leader) out of recommissioned 40s which were replenished from gallon crocks in the kitchen I got the impression that this was a function that was reserved by him whenever the nectar was served I noticed too that the lounging looks and open hints of a handful of brethren were ignored

"Coffee!" when we sat down for it at the long tables...consisted of fried potatoes (shaped like French fries but not deep fried) abundant quantities of home-made bologna and boiled home-cured ham zwiebach (the German double-decker buns traditionally made for the weekend)- with huge kettles of coffee to wash it down

Sitting with us through coffee were Joe Mandel a talkative good-humored man of about 55-60 with the traditional beard, and Peter in his early 20s, as clean-shaven as a square in the outside world In fluent English spoken with a broad German accent and a curious lilt which seems to be another trademark of the sect they tried as best they could to field the many questions thrown at them

Everyone from the administrator to the lowliest hand on the colony...they explained is elected to the position for an indeterminate period

Joe, for instance was in charge of the chickens When asked if he had previously shown any special inclination for this type of work he looked puzzled

No, said he, he had simply been elected to do it.

"What if you that't do a good job?" I asked, and he explained with a shrug and a grin that in such a case you would be elected to some other job. Later, when I saw a member of the colony — as cheerful as the others — making the rounds of the barns with the honey wagon, I could n t help wondering whether here was a man who had been elected one of too many other jobs.

One of our group expressed surprise at the fact that Peter was clean-shaven, mentioning that it was a general belief that the beard, like the old-fashioned black clothes and hats, was an integral part of the religion. No, said Peter, it was entirely a matter of choice, but the custom was very strong. He compared it to the zweibach already mentioned, which they had enjoyed for centuries.

Asked whether young people are permitted to leave the colony if they desire higher education (government-supervised classes to Grade 8 are held in the colony) Joe said without batting an eye, that the question had never arisen.

"Kids that t like school," he explained. Give them a choice between driving a tractor or helping with the cattle, as against attending classes, and they'll choose the former every time. He refused to speculate on a hypothetical case as the whole idea of a child wanting to continue school was too ridiculous to entertain. That book was closed...but firmly.

In the modern, gas-serviced kitchen, which we visited after the meal, and where all meals for the colony are cooked, we were shown a mixer which would take 100 pounds of flour at a time. Everything else, including ovens and a walk in refrigeration room, was proportionate. Most of the equipment was made or assembled by members of the colony, as every purchase made is carefully scrutinized as to the most and possible savings if home labor can be utilized.

The brethren we met were openly proud of the progress made by the colony in its brief existence. The administrator, Joseph Entz, said 16 sections of land had been purchased about three years ago, and 14 months later 15 families moved in from the colony at Oyen, Alta. By this time the men had completed all the buildings, including the numerous barns that house livestock counted in thousands.

The colony keeps 7 200 laying hens, which yield 5,000 eggs daily. The hens are kept four to a small cage, in a barn which is never darkened. The creatures eat and lay eggs day and night, until their top productive period has been passed, after about one year. Then off they go to someone's supper table.

Thousands of hogs are marketed yearly, and about 100 cows are kept. Dairy products are kept for the colony's own use, as there is no convenient market. Fox Valley being literally miles from anywhere. Maple Creek is 40 miles to the south, and that is the only sizeable community anywhere near that close.

Wheat, oats and barley are grown, but Mr. Entz said 7 000 acres of land was not enough for the colony, particularly in that area of the province.

Everything in the colony is communally owned, of course, as has been the practice of that sect for centuries. Come income tax time, the year's earnings are divided (for computation purposes only) among the working members, and tax is paid accordingly.

My encyclopedia says about the Hutterites that "they have become highly mechanical in the conduct of their work, but the customs governing personal conduct, family relationships and community life have changed very little since 1528, when their ancestors were forced to flee southern Germany and Switzerland because of their belief in communal living, pacifism and anabaptist protestantism. After an odyssey of centuries through temporary havens in Bohemia, Hungary and Russia, the sect migrated to find freedom from persecution."

German, as well as English, is still taught at colony schools, and the former is the official church language.

Another interesting fact mentioned is that "few Hutterites have ever been institutionalized in mental hospitals, jails or required public assistance to meet personal, economic or social problems. The relationship of cultural and psychiatric factors in the mental health of Hutterites was the subject of a research survey sponsored in 1949-52 by the Institute of Mental Health of the United States public health service."

Where ghosts walk at night

A FEATURE *September 24 1970*

Ghosts walk at night from an island burial ground, across 300 yards of water which separates them from the white church that towers imposingly on a precambrian shelf jutting into the waters of the Churchill River.

They are the ghosts of Cree Indians — the number varies according to the teller of the legend, perhaps there were 30, perhaps 300 — who died in an influenza epidemic almost half a century ago, were buried in a mass shaft on the tiny river island, and now return to worship at the mission church where their fathers were introduced to the white man has ways and his God.

So two dozen news media men were told, anyway, when they visited last week the isolated Indian villages of Stanley Mission and Pinehouse on the annual press tour of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation: this year to tell us — and show us — the Northern Saskatchewan Story.

Perhaps you don t believe in ghosts, but I felt them. Not only the ghosts of the influenza victims, but the ghosts of a whole race reconciled to a changing world

living in ghost towns which are defiled littered imitations of what was once a culture but can today be described only as slums though miles from any cities and without road access to them

I would like to stipulate at the outset that a flying visit of a few Indian villages did not turn me overnight into an expert on Indian affairs and that I am not attempting to blame, defend, condemn or justify but simply to share with Review readers a bit of what I saw and heard during what was an unique experience in my life

As our twin-engined Otter aircraft taxied up to the dock of the village of Pinehouse children by the dozen were already lining the sturdy structure to witness what we were told was probably the largest invasion of strangers the settlement had ever experienced

One of the few white people who live there told us that Pinehouse with its 100 families totalling about 500 people is self-supporting and that only about eight families are on welfare The figures are impressive but not the standard at which the rest of the community supports itself through fishing and trapping

The only thing that saved the village from an appearance of absolute destitution and bleakness was the scores of brightly painted bungalows installed by the Department of Indian Affairs and which now house a high proportion of the populous Some of the residents it seemed to me, preferred the wigwam beside the bungalow While the near-looking houses seen from a distance augured well for the community s future the unrepaired broken windows seen in many of them at closer range foretold another destiny

Those not fortunate enough to have a bungalow lived in shacks so wretched that they defy description

But back to the children

I believe that every youngster under 12 and old enough to walk comprised our entourage as we walked about the village They were shyly friendly and inquisitive bashful when addressed individually in the tongue still strange to them but unabashedly familiar as they grabbed your arms while walking beside you as they might with a favorite uncle

The happy horde looked reasonably well fed, some were dressed reasonably well and some like scarecrows and almost all were dirty in a way that suggested not merely the natural affinity of children for all things grimy but a thoroughly unhygienic way of life Scars of disease were also visible

While every move we made was the subject of intense curiosity and conjecture on the part of the little people — I thought I would be crushed in the press as I kneeled on the ground to change films — adolescents and adults for the most part remained hidden indoors for the first hour or two venturing out only toward the end of the day

The main street of the community — a street sign erected by some civilization-oriented soul identified it as Pine Street — was a sandy trail that ran from the docking area to the fairly new public school It was barely the width of a car but since one truck constituted the village s entire automobile force (not counting motor toboggans) this creates no problem. Secondary rows of houses are served by meandering footpaths which may take you through the front yard of one house past the backyard privy of the next, and barely bypassing the outdoor camping fire of the third

This you might think might pose a garbage collection problem but it doesn t because garbage simply collects itself — accumulates that is — wherever it happens to develop I don t think there was a square foot in the settled area which the not have a high count of tin cans beer or pop bottles candy wrappers and the other blessings of our civilization with which nature cannot cope

Two buildings not many yards from the dock were obviously the social and economic centres of the village One was the Co-op store and the other (the old Co-op store and still sporting the familiar sign) had been turned into a pool room

The Co-op store was clean with the refrigerated meat and produce units familiar to all of us Though the selection of meat and produce was limited — understandable in a place where hunting and fishing is a way of life — the shelves were well-stocked with some of the canned goods and other commodities which we expect to see in our own stores Business at the candy counter was brisk as the day before and been mail day and cheques of some sort abounded

Next door the pool room s two tables were in continuous use Everyone looked proficient with the cues, from young adults to little fellows who could hardly see over the tops With not another recreational facility in the community this is perhaps understandable

The pool room as one of the two public buildings served as our lunchroom Though we were ravenous after our early start from Lac la Ronge it was difficult to enjoy our food surrounded by scores of envious eyes and watering mouths so for the most part we ate what we needed to sustain us for the rest of the day then handed out the rest of our box lunch sandwiches cakes and soft drinks to eager hands

It is noteworthy that through the entire two or three hours that we wandered through the settlement with our knee-high following not a mother came out looking for her three or four year-old Discipline within the group was administered frequently and generously by whatever child considered himself strong enough to hand it out with impunity

In all it was a fascinating and enlightening sojourn but I confess that I warn t all that sorry to see the plane that was to take us away from a prime example of what we complacently call the Indian problem and for which I defy anyone to come up with a pat solution

Our next stop, of course, was the visit to Holy Trinity Church, better known as Stanley Mission, which I have already mentioned, and which stands like a guardian angel on its woody promontory overlooking the settlement half a mile away by boat.

Naturally, we asked the obvious question. Why was the church built so far away? We were told the settlement had originally been near the church, but after the influenza epidemic to which I have already referred, superstition and fear drove the inhabitants to what they considered a safer site.

Construction of the church, Saskatchewan's oldest man-made landmark, was begun shortly after the Rev. Robert Hunt of the Church of England was sent to the area in 1850. Built by the Indians of whip-sawn lumber from nearby under the missionary's watchful eye, the church was completed in 1856. Hardware and the stained glass windows were brought from England through Hudson's Bay.

There is a new church now in the settlement, where a native minister, Rev. Phillip John Charles, holds two services every Sunday for his Anglican flock. Rev. Charles is 72 years old and served the parish as a lay minister until his ordination two years ago. Services are conducted in Cree.

The old church, although it is certainly serviceable enough, is rarely used now, except for the occasional funeral.

Back at the settlement, a group of us were invited to the well appointed trailer home of Morton and Marg Harbwicht, who have taught there for five years and are two of the nine white people who make their homes at Stanley Mission.

Population of the settlement is placed at 650, but Mr. Harbwicht estimated that closer to 1 000 people call Stanley Mission their home. But at any given time, there are hundreds away trapping, fishing, hunting and guiding.

Don Bossenberry, newsman originally from Froude, finds it easy to make friends with the youngsters of the Saskatchewan north.

The Hatfrichs felt progress was being made with the Indian people although at a rate which would exhaust the patience of those who expect to see a quick breakthrough I gather one of the problems is that there is not unanimous opinion by any means even among the Indians as to what is desirable

A case in point is a roadway to the La Ronge-Otter Lake highway only 16 miles from Stanley Mission It was begun a few years ago as a Winter Work project However when one worker suffered a badly frozen face construction was abandoned and the partially cleared road by now has again returned to nature

The real situation as I grasped it is that while a white community of the same size and similarly located would not rest until it had access to the outside world the Indian people are far from certain that they want to be so closely tied to our civilization

The Mission settlement also has a well furnished and stocked Hudson s Bay store

The purpose of the press tour of the northern villages was to acquaint us with the northern electrification program being carried out by North-Sask Electric Ltd a subsidiary of the SPC Since its incorporation 18 months ago North-Sask has built or purchased distribution and generating facilities at 13 settlements to serve more than 1 000 customers More power stations are planned

Before formation of North-Sask several of the isolated northern settlements had electric lighting plants to serve the school--a store and possibly one or two homes North-Sask enlarged the generating facilities and built distribution systems to serve all the population The new stations have generating capacities in the range of 50 to 200 kilowatts

Building transmission lines from one station to another is out of the question because of the distance and terrain Constructing the power stations was not without problems either of course since with no highways all machinery buildings fuel and materials are transported over winter roads or by lake barge

The most serious problem facing the company right now is lack of communications between head office and the remote power stations Various methods of emergency communication systems are being examined and there are high hopes of licking the problem before winter

Under the existing method of operation if trouble should develop at Patuanak for example the plant operator must travel 50 miles overland to Buffalo Narrows to reach the nearest DNR radio outlet If the plant operator is able to analyze the problem a mechanic at Prince Albert is then flown directly to the settlement with the replacement part If the operator can t pinpoint the trouble then of course two trips are necessary

In keeping with a policy of involving local people in the operation of the company North-Sask s board of directors includes people of Indian and Metis ancestry as well as (representatives of) government departments with special interests in the administration of the north and representatives of local industry

Proponents of the northern electrification program are quick to point out too that the project does not exist simply to bring low-cost subsidized power to the Indian people but that it is an essential preliminary to opening up Saskatchewan s vast and rich northland

Maybe some day if the efforts of North-Sask and people like the Hatfrichs bear fruit the Indians of the north may reap the rewards of technology and industry while still living in their beloved wild beautiful northland

A multicultural approach

EDITORIAL *May 4 1972*

As if we didn t have enough problems the Saskatchewan Association on Human Rights is now calling for "a multicultural approach to education that would enable parents to choose the language of instruction in schools "

According to an association release "a language and a culture are unable to survive without each other and that therefore it is immoral to divorce them for political convenience "

If the group were speaking on behalf of the Indian population here long before whites of any nationality there would be moral though not economic sense to the suggestion

The association claims to speak however on behalf of the 52 percent of Saskatchewan people of ethnic origins other than English and French

Most people of non-English or non-French origin came to this country with the full knowledge that they were migrating to a country with a language and culture other than their own While most ethnic groups understandably sought to perpetuate their cultures here as best they could and have not been denied that right government encouragement of our country s fragmentation would not only run counter to the social economic and political trends of the times but might indeed be considered by many to be discriminatory toward young Canadians whose participation in the life of the greater community might thereby be restricted

We would agree that it might be desirable to enable communities with large non English or non-French groups to encourage instruction in these languages for an hour or so a day In such classes standard textbooks for one particular language might be used across the nation

But to permit instruction of all or most subjects in other than the official languages could lead us into a frightening jungle of educational standards or alter-

tue vely impose on the province the cost of translating standard texts in all subjects into each of the languages of our many cultural groups

Fifty years ago when ethnic communities could and did exist in this country almost completely insulated against the world around them it might have been possible and even desirable (from the point of view of the times and without the benefit of a crystal ball) to permit instruction in their own language

To introduce such a practice today would create confusion that would make the Tower of Babel episode seem by comparison a minor problem in communications

When thieves fall out

EDITORIAL *November 28, 1974*

A battle royal is shaping up between the province of Saskatchewan and the federal government over the loot each may seize from the oil and mining industries in this province

But doesn t that bring us back to the provincial government s own announcement just a few weeks ago that it intended to siphon off 25 percent of the Saskatchewan potash industry s gross sales? Is that not also an invasion npon ownership and control?

There is an old saying that when thieves fall out, good men rejoice There is little rejoicing however, for the good man lying crushed up while the thieves are fighting over the contents of his wallet and arguing over the best way to dispose of the body

To the oil company or potash company it makes little difference whether the profits are being confiscated by the gang in Regina or the gang in Ottawa If there is nothing left for the company then the company ceases to operate

Successor to Mr. Klimax

ERNESTLY *June 9, 1977*

It must be about 15 years ago if memory serves when Mr Klimax the huge "walking" dragline went into operation in the Estevan coalfields

With a bucket capacity of some 40 yards it was thought of at that time as the eighth wonder of the world

Now, at Coronach where work is rapidly progressing on the Poplar River power project and the strip mining operation which will fuel the power station s dragline is being assembled which with a 90-yard bucket capacity will more than double Mr Klimax s payload

The dragline will have a twin boom 360 feet long The bucket will measure about 19x14x9½ feet and will weigh about 100 tons The suspended load on the boom will be about 231 tons

The dragline will be capable of walking at a speed of one-sixth of a mile per hour powered by four 500 hep electric motors In the walking process the dragline lifts itself on two rectangular shoes (each 72x14 feet in size) moves ahead eight feet and then settles down on the base This cycle is repeated until the monster reaches its destination

Like Mr Klimax the dragline will be used only for removing the overburden from the coal seam buried some 50 feet below the earth s surface Smaller machines are used to extract the coal itself

I spent most of Thursday afternoon browsing around the project where the steel for the power house is pretty well up, the dam and the spillway under construction, and mining operations scheduled to begin some time next summer

At the campsite the chef and cooks were working frantically to serve their first meal in a portable cooking and dining facility designed to serve 300 men (I should say "persons " but facts being facts, 499 men and one woman would be more accurate)

The Poplar River coalfields will probably be one of the first to go into operation with reclamation of land built right into the master plan A test plot has been planted to determine what type of growth will best be supported on the reclaimed topsoil, which will be reclaimed as soon as mining of an area is completed It is only right and proper that the generation using these resources return the land to a fruitful condition rather than leaving ugly areas of waste

It is difficult however, to escape the vagrant thought that, had the same policy prevailed during the depressed thirties people pinching pennies to meet fuel costs might not have acted altogether pleased with the idea of paying a few cents more per ton to preserve the aesthetics of some remote area

However that s something we ll have to come to grips with if times ever get that difficult again in the meantime I m all for the reclamation program Eventually I understand there will be four power plants at the Poplar River site

As the SPC man said as long as people expect lights to turn on when they press a little switch it s got to come from somewhere

The Poplar River system incidentally supplies water to Scobie Mere just across the line and there was some anxiety about pollution on that score This seems to have been settled by allowing one of the river s two branches to flow unimpeded into Montana, while the other is held back for power generation

Buried in Saskatchewan

ERNESTLY *April 19 1979*

Just finished reading "The Last Convertible " a novel which might be summed up as a very readable explanation to the young idealists of today of how their parents managed in spite of their own high ideals and intentions to let the world slip even farther into a mess

You may agree or disagree with the writer's pol-

stical and social views, and sympathize with or reject his guilt feelings but if you are between 45 and 60 years of age, you will find the book not only nostalgic, but reassuring in that it tends to confirm that things really were once very much as you remember them.

Some contemporary writers have almost succeeded in convincing us that except for a few preachers and all-around Bumpkins social and sexual mores were always very much as they are today and that what we remember is really the result of tunnel memory if I may coin a phrase

However I couldn't help chuckling about a passage in the novel

The story a protagonist a solid if liberal-minded citizen had succeeded in convincing a young friend that serving in the Viet Nam war would on the long run be preferable to some of the options such as jail or draft-dodging

The young man now back from the unpopular war is resentfully critical of the advice he had been given

Well rationalizes his advisor, maybe it wasn't the best advice but you'll have to admit it beat spending half your life buried in some damn place like Saskatchewan

Well, gee whiz thanks a lot, mister

As a transplant there have been times admittedly when I have wondered how carefully I had considered all the options, but after a five-month winter capped by a copious snowfall during the first week of April, I don't exactly need somebody telling me that slithering around in the jungles of Viet Nam with people trying to kill or maim you is infinitely preferable to being buried in Saskatchewan

We may be crazy to live here but people might leave us the dignity of ignorance

Fear of depths

ERNESTLY *October 7 1981*

In this age of flying, almost everyone has come to grips with the fear of heights that seems to be part of most earth-bound mortals People who turn ill when they have to look down from a height of more than 20 feet, sit back with complete equanimity in a jetliner travelling at an altitude of 30 000 or 40 000 feet.

Many of us still feel a slight rumbling in the tummy on a chill running up the spine at take-off but once the craft is airborne we're as comfortable as though we believe the ship is running along and held aloft by an invisible cable

So if you want a new kind of kick see how you make out with fear of depths

Aside from a few visits to scenic underground caverns — which gave me an eerie feeling and a sense of relief when the tour was over — I had never been lower than the basement level of large buildings so it was with a sense of adventure that I signed up at our recent newspaper convention in Saskatoon for an underground tour of a potash mine

The sense of adventure heightened with a touch of unease thrown in when at the office of the Cominco plant at Vanscoy we were issued coveralls belts power packs miners lamps eyeglasses and hardhats By the time I had snuggled into the cumbersome gear and learned that the underground temperature is a constant 89 degrees Fahrenheit (or something close to that), I began perspiring in anticipation Only pride kept me from resigning on the spot I knew my wife would never chicken out, so how could I?

Twin elevators take workers and visitors down to the mining level 3 600 feet — more than half a mile — below ground level When one cage goes down, the other comes up, one acting as a counter-balance for the other The trip takes only two or three minutes but that's a long time when you're wondering what it would be like if something went wrong and the cage dropped all the way

A Cominco officer explained later that the system and its three or four safety mechanisms are checked out every day and are just about foolproof I feel a lot better going up and down this elevator than on the ones in most Saskatoon buildings which are checked perhaps every few months "

Stepping out of the elevator at the mining level reminded me a bit of deplaning in Hawaii or Mexico as the first sensation is that of unexpectedly warm air hitting your face That, of course, is where the similarity with a holiday mecca ends

Once accustomed to the warmth, however, it wasn't all that uncomfortable down there Fresh air is constantly being pumped into the area, while the old had air is sucked out

I had heard of the miles of roads in potash mines and had formed a mental image of little underground cities probably complete with fast food outlets and drive-in movies

Well it wasn't exactly like that

The roads are actually drifts the square caverns created by the mining process and they run parallel to each other for up to four or five miles from the main shaft We were driven in a Landrover for a ride of nearly five miles to the end of the line where the mining machine was chewing away at the orebody

It was a rough ride for while the floor of the drift is perfectly smooth when it is not pressures from the side probably abetted by traffic cause considerable heaving If the heaving gets too bad the roadway has to be levelled but until the time the Landrovers scoot across the bulges at a fairly healthy clip We hung on to our seats with one hand and to hardhats with the other and I'll tell you that five miles seems a long way under those conditions

Except in the working area the only light came from our miners lamps and the headlights It was eerie Occasionally we'd meet another vehicle and one Landrover would have to pull in a widened

portion for the other to pass. By the way, there weren't any fast food outlets or drive-in movies in the wide-eyed portions either. Just potash, above, below and on both sides.

I'm glad they didn't tell us until after we were back on the surface that the drifts usually collapse within a few days after mining is completed. Actually this is to some extent, contrived because the cave-in relieves the stress on nearby drifts being worked and makes them safer. There are, in some instances, unscheduled cave-ins, but there are a number of signs — such as cracks in the walls or ceiling — that warn of this danger. These drifts are then abandoned long before the collapse occurs. The Cominco plant actually has had several hundred days without a lost-time accident, and most of the mishaps that occur really have nothing to do with mining or working underground.

All in all, it was one of the most interesting places I've visited in recent years, and I was never really terrified, but nevertheless relieved when I stepped out of the elevator and onto the surface once more.

And next summer, when similar tours are being put on for our national convention, and understanding that the mines can accommodate only a limited number of visitors, I shall reluctantly stand aside and yield to one guess from other provinces.

Community viability

ERNESTLY *December 9, 1981*

A month or two ago I received a sheaf of articles from a group known as the Saskatchewan Committee on Rural Area Development (SCRAD).

The articles are abstracts of a number of background papers prepared for the committee by the University of Saskatchewan. They all deal with the viability of communities in the 200-to-2 000 range and are intended as the bases for local study sessions sponsored by community colleges throughout the province.

Presumably local groups would tackle the problems affecting small town growth, take the necessary steps to remove the obstacles, and live happily ever after as thriving, growing towns, offering their residents goods and services of every imaginable type.

It is not surprising that many of the causes for small-town stagnation or retardation were correctly identified. After all, you could assign to any high school student an essay on the effect on Uranium City — an isolated one-industry town — of closing down its only industry, and you'll probably get an assessment not too different from one prepared by a Ph.D. in economics.

The experience of Saskatchewan's small communities — has not, in most instances been as quick or as catastrophic for any one generation of residents. But the long range effect for some has been very much the same.

The first requirement for settlement of an area is usually (at least naturally) the presence of some source by which people can extract a living from the area's resources. Once people have settled, there quickly develops a need to supply them with goods and services necessary to their survival.

In Saskatchewan, most people were drawn to settle here by free land on which they might grow enough grain and livestock for their own needs, plus some left for marketing or trading for things they could not produce for themselves.

Farms were small, cash returns meagre, families large, roads almost non-existent and short-distance transportation dependent upon horse and buggy or wagon.

Villages, hamlets and towns sprang up quickly within eight or 10 miles of each other, anchored by grain delivery points that obviously had to be within farmers' reach. Each village needed a general store, blacksmith shop, hardware and dry goods stores, barber, post office, school, churches, hotel, restaurant, drug store, bank, livery stable and perhaps a dozen other services which gave the community virtual self-sufficiency. Each service needed to say: brought another family into the settlement and increased the economic base.

The motor car, and the consequent highway system, changed all that forever. The depression of the 1930s gave things a little shove at this province by closing down businesses that might have lasted a few more years, and by increasing the viable farm size earlier and with less dignity than might otherwise have been necessary. Decreasing family sizes, more cash in the hands of individuals, regionalization of health and educational services, and other factors have contributed to the stagnation or decrease of small urban communities, but mainly the community base disappeared with the horse and buggy.

And considering the fact that there is no wave of immigration which might strengthen each of the remaining communities, just where are they going to get the basic resource for growth — people? From each other? From the large cities?

Significantly, the SCRAD papers do not come up with any answers, unless you accept the suggestion of one that community pride be developed through the arts.

"Fun (in a small town) often consists of getting a case of beer and racing down the roads knocking over mail boxes. Getting drunk is for most a way of life. Where once the family, friends and neighbors gathered around the piano or brought out the fiddle and created their own entertainment, they now tend to stay at home and stare at the tube. . . . yet I would venture that somewhere in every town is an artist of some note. He/she may do wood carving, write poetry, or play the fiddle, but they have no outlet to demonstrate their abilities."

Well, maybe an annual exhibition by the local whittler or a monthly recital by the best fiddler in the community might have saved Hume or Ralph, but somehow I doubt it.

But wait a minute. One of the articles does flirt with a solution. It is entitled "Regional Planning for the 1980s."

"The use of regional planning to co-ordinate economic and social activities of communities is necessary for efficient land use and for energy conservation. But it does not assure achievement of those objectives unless municipalities cease to compete for industrial commercial and housing developments. The economic disadvantages for a municipality of no industrial growth or even of an residential growth have to be softened, possibly by means of tax base sharing."

Somehow, I suspected all along that if I looked closely enough, I might find Big Brother lurking in there somewhere."

Kaiser Bill Street

ERNESTLY *September 9 1981*

Canada, and in particular the prairie region, is often referred to as a cultural and ethnic mosaic as opposed to the international melting pot of the United States.

In the Weyburn area, probably due to the American "invasion" early in the century, the mosaic concept is not so clearly defined.

In central Saskatchewan, where a greater proportion of the settlers came directly from Europe, the mosaic was more distinct, and signs of the original culture survive sometimes in strange ways.

I discovered an interesting example of this last week when I was motoring from Brandon to an appointment in Yorkton.

Just a few miles inside the Saskatchewan border I found myself driving through the town of Langenburg. For some reason the highways department did not bother bypassing this little metropolis and as I crawled through the restricted speed area, my wandering eye fixed on *something* that almost made me lose control of the car, even at 40 kmh.

It was the street sign on what appeared to be one of the main streets.

It read "Kaiser Wm. Street." (Or maybe "Avenue". I was too stunned to make a distinction.)

Now old Kaiser Bill of World War I notoriety may not have been quite the rascal he was made out to be in the war bond posters and cartoons of that period, but I couldn't help wondering how the name had survived the hysteria of two major wars with Germany.

I was tempted to stop right there and ask a few questions of the natives about the background of the name and possible controversy during the war years. However, as mentioned, I had an appointment in Yorkton and about 50 minutes to travel 45 miles, find a meeting place for which I did not have the address, and meet a person I'd never seen before.

I telephoned the town office, learned that the village and been settled in 1886 by Germans from Langenburg, Germany, and that folks from Langenburg, Sask., recently visited Langenburg, Germany, and were well received. As to the street name, I was referred to a local historian.

This gentleman, who and a British accent seemed surprised that I should even find the name strange. "These were German people settling here, and they simply honored their kaiser by naming the street for him, don't you know."

He surmised there may have been some second thoughts about the name during the first war, but there had never been a public outcry.

When I asked if it was commonly called Kaiser Street, Kaiser Bill Street or Kaiser Wilhelm Street, he said "Why, we don't call it anything. This is a small town, you know, and everybody knows where everybody else lives, so you never mention the names of streets."

Fun enough. Some day, perhaps, I'll drive through a small Iranian-American village and find a bar on Ayatollah Khomeini Street.

Next year country

ERNESTLY *March 18 1981*

Although I moved by six months being a native Saskatchewanian, was exposed throughout my formative years to the ill influences of Manitoba and wasted a decade in the vile clutches of Toronto, Vancouver and cities south of the border, my nearly 23 years in Weyburn have been enough to allow some local characteristics rub off on me.

One of these is the tendency to feel guilty about the beautiful winter we have enjoyed so far.

This symptom may be a legacy from the pioneers who were constantly fighting the weather in its many violent and vengeful forms as they tried to eke a livelihood out of the bald and unconquered prairie. A touch may have come also from the following generation, which got little help from nature while struggling to survive a world depression and agricultural revechanization.

Give us a stiff west wind blasting powdered snow into our faces at 75 kilometers per hour, and we grin, spit out a snowball and mutter cheerfully that this is nothing like any one of 10 storms in the winter of 1942 or thereabouts. No sir, they just don't make snowstorms like they did when we reckoned wind velocity in miles per hour.

Drop 10 feet of snow on us and we reminisce happily about the winter of 1946 (or was it 1947?) when a locomotive was lost for several months because it was buried in names on the Radville line.

But give us an idyllic winter with little snow or

cold and hardly even any wind to speak of, and we're not at all comfortable with it.

Every morning when I wake up to sunshine and above-zero temperatures do I throw out my chest and exclaim how wonderful it is to be in Saskatchewan in the winter of 1980-81? I do not. I sit there gloomily chewing my toast and wondering how I am going to face the two Ontarionians in the news department who were lured with the distinct understanding that they were letting themselves in for winter conditions guaranteed to make men out of them.

So what do we get? Weather that is mild enough to have a serious effect on the Florida tourist trade.

It wasn't so mild in February when we could still tell ourselves and others that the worst Saskatchewan snowstorms often come in March and that there was time enough for so much real weather that the mild weeks of January and February might be no more than a pleasant memory by the time we dug ourselves out of the snow some time in mid-May.

But here we are in the middle of March just a few days from the first day of spring and old man winter still hasn't made himself felt. (I write that Monday morning and while the weatherman is predicting snow or rain tomorrow/all I have to see it to believe it.)

The way we punish ourselves for the gentle weather you see is to predict dust, drought and grasshoppers in the summer.

"Exactly like the spring of 1931," one veteran of that era told me triumphantly the other day. Those who heard him brightened up perceptibly, feeling immediately shriven from the guilt of a winter without frostbite or the expense of a trip to the south.

For these who feel the same, I have a word of encouragement. There is always next year.

Next year the wind will howl, the snow will fall and the frost will crackle — starting on Hallowe'en night and not letting up until Victoria Day.

Then we'll feel better.

Dirty Thirties? Baloney!

EDITORIAL *May 13, 1981*

Presumably since the beginning of time, and until the end of time, this part of the country has experienced and will experience dry cycles. And every time the cycle rolls around, just as rainworms pop out of the ground after a rain, the gloommaches slip out of the cracks of the parched ground and croak dreadfully, "The Dirty Thirties are back! The Dirty Thirties are back!"

Nonsense!

The year 1931 is 50 years behind us on the calendar and it will never return.

Last year, after a near-snowless winter and an unusually dry spring and early summer, the day was saved by late summer showers that produced crops well beyond the expectations of even the optimists. But only after the pessimists had cried "The Dirty Thirties are back!"

Light snow that past winter again has left soil conditions somewhat below the most desirable level, but according to the latest report of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, only one crop district in all of Saskatchewan actually has poor seeding and germination conditions.

Admittedly, some segments of the agricultural industry, such as cattlemen, are suffering, but to compare today with the 30s is no more than self-pity.

In the 1930s, many farmers had to give up their acreages under distress conditions. Many of them would have had to give up their land in a few years anyway — albeit with more dignity — because mechanization was demanding larger farm units.

In the 1930s we were in the middle of a world depression, and what grain was being grown did not enjoy a market at anywhere near fair prices. Today every farmer knows that all or most of the grain harvested will be sold at something approaching reasonable prices.

In the 1930s there were snow years when there was sufficient moisture to raise crops, but the crops were devastated by disease and pestilence. Today disease-resistant grain varieties and pesticides help control these dangers.

In the 1930s most farmers lost valuable topsoil to high winds because they were ignorant of the right cultivation practices required by our light soil. Today some farmers are losing topsoil because they have forgotten or ignored the lessons of the 1930s.

In the 1930s Saskatchewan had an economy based almost totally on agriculture. When things got tough, we had to hold out our hats for a handout from the east that had swallowed the profits of the good years.

Today Saskatchewan is enjoying economic expansion that is the envy of the nation.

Perhaps — and only perhaps — we'll have a below-average crop.

But Dirty Thirties? Baloney!

Next year country

EDITORIAL *August 22, 1984*

The term "next year country" as commonly applied to Saskatchewan and particularly the southern prairies lends itself to two connotations.

The first is one of useful pessimism, a view that the only good thing about this part of the country is the hope that next year may be better, but that next year somehow never seems to roll around.

The second is more positive and optimistic, acknowledging that while it is not always a land of milk and honey, that there are indeed years of pretty tough sledding, but that there is always next year, that when things have bottomed out next year has to be better and that there are a lot of good next years.

Dr. James Hector, geologist, naturalist, medical

man and map maker with the Palliser Expedition commissioned by the British government to explore the territory in the mid 19th century, wrote about this area.

"The British portion of the arid country (extending north from the United States) is a triangular region its apex reaching to the 52nd parallel while its base applied along the 49th extends between longitude 100 degrees and 114 degrees west. It contains how ever many varieties of land, and some limited areas that are even good, but on the whole it must be described as deficient in wood, water and grass."

Not exactly a hymn of praise, but it offered enough encouragement to thousands of people in eastern Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Europe to come and settle their own patch of land, hoping with hard work to survive, and with good fortune even to prosper.

They came as farmers, tradesmen and professional people. they endured predictable hard times and some of course did not survive. Others have done very well in the early days and particularly in the past few decades.

The late Edward G. Quick, who took over the Review at the age of 50, when the dust was blowing in the mid-30s, was once asked how he had the courage to do that. He replied, "I know this was good country and that it would come back."

He obviously saw this as "next year country" in the optimistic connection.

And he was proven right.

In a summer such as this one, when crop yields are below normal and the haylands are parched, it is understandably difficult for young farmers, young businessmen or young workers with heavy mortgages to think about conditions.

But let us all remember, we came here knowing it was dry country that there would be bad years, but also that it's good country, and will come back." It is "next year country" in the best sense of the word.

Are we more intolerant?

EDITORIAL *April 9, 1986*

In last Thursday's Leader-Post a front page headline announced "Prairie people most intolerant of racial minorities."

Doesn't sound very healthy of us.

The story beneath the header was based on a national survey conducted by Reginald Bibby, a University of Lethbridge sociologist, who found that while the "actual incidence of intolerance had declined in Canada in the last 10 years," the prairies are worst in that respect.

The story does not quote the actual questions asked the 1,200 Canadians sampled—but it is implied that the findings are based on a question asking whether the person interviewed feels uneasy around an Oriental, a black, a Canadian Indian, a Jew, East Indians or Pakistanis.

This makes me wonder whether there is not a difference between being intolerant and being uneasy.

It seems to be natural for people to feel uneasy with the unfamiliar, but if we are firmly grounded in respect for the rights of others, we will not be intolerant of them and as we come to know them, our feelings of discomfort in their presence will probably disappear.

Saskatchewan, it is worth remembering, is the only province in Canada in which the majority of the population is not made up of members of the nation's two founding races.

Sure, in the early days of the province, when hordes of Ukrainians, Germans, Russians, Mennonites, Hungarians, Belgians, Romanians, Scandinavians and heaven knows what else descended upon Saskatchewan, the older Canadians who had moved here from eastern Canada weren't always all that happy about the foreign presence, and for a little while the Ku Klux Klan was even represented here (with no known damage to anyone).

But as the decades passed, and all these people served together in two wars, endured a depression together, and saw in the postwar prosperity that they coveted the same worldly goods, the suspicions largely disappeared.

By now, as a matter of fact, you have to be mighty careful about whom you tell an ethnic joke. A person's name may be O'Toole, but his mother's name may very well be Luchinsky or Schmidt—or heavens, even Neufeld.

The same, I would guess, applies largely throughout the prairies. So we have come to feel at home with Canadians of non-European backgrounds than our own—but we still have problems with blacks and Asians.

It's quite simple.

There are relatively few blacks and Asians in this province. Thus these people and their cultures are still strange to many Saskatchewanians and thus they don't feel at home with them. Anyway, I feel some skepticism about the survey—since only 10 percent of those queried admitted to uneasiness around the visible minorities.

Bear in mind that the majority of people in eastern Canada and British Columbia live in large urban centres, where they tend to live in suburbs made up of people of their own economic class. It's easy to claim to have no prejudices when you don't have to prove it.

I think most of us still have some vestige of prejudice within us, and I mistrust the ones who claim to be completely free of it. It's a bit like being without sin, or believing oneself to be.

By the way, have you hugged an Arab lately?

4. Our home and native land

Canada in the waning century

It is unsurprisingly difficult to portray, in a few paragraphs, the Canada of my lifetime, and especially as it existed, matured and transformed in the 1930s and 1940s, where my memories begin.

Perhaps the name might be said for any nation. Could a London chimneysweep have recognized his country in Shakespeare's words through John of Gaunt in *King Richard the Second*: "This other Eden, demi-paradise . . . this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . . . "? But there, the difference may have been simply one of status or station.

But how different the perceptions of our young nation relatively early in the century, of the child of a Nova Scotia fisherman whose ancestors settled this land three centuries ago, of the progeny of a French-Canadian whose forefathers were among the continent's earliest settlers and for whom, for all the fierce protection of cultural distinctiveness, so much of life was a constant reminder of defeat on one fateful day on the Plains of Abraham, of the Toronto-born children and grandchildren of British immigrants who had taken for granted their right to citizenship in a Commonwealth country, of the children of immigrants in villages comprised of fellow-countrymen, where English was the language of school and officialdom, and an old European tongue the *lingua franca* of the home, the community and the street, and yes, of the original native sons existing in *de facto* confinement in concentration camps that bred disease, poverty, ignorance and social degradation even in the midst of prosperity!

From the hindsight of half a century, which is not always nearly as accurate as endowed in proverb, I believe that Canada of the first third of the twentieth century, A.D., was in fact an unlikely string of disparate communities or phalanxes, stretching from Atlantic to Pacific Oceans, and held together by penstrokes committed to parchment sixty years earlier at Whitehall, and two bands of steel crossing this great landmass, and both cohesions sustained by Union Jacks fluttering proudly over thousands of little schoolhouses in which "O Canada!" and "God Save the King" were sung proudly but wonderingly by millions of future citizens.

Most of the children finding commonality with other Canadians in the flag and the anthem, probably conceived of Canada more as an extension of the great British Empire than as a sovereign state, one of the many patches of red on the world map upon which, somewhere, always benignly shone the sun, loved by a gracious sovereign as surely as all peoples are loved by God.

How these individual strands were ever woven into a nation proud of its own identity and confident in its own future is anybody's guess. In my view it probably was pushed in this direction by the depression that forced young men out into the alien world, where they found common ground with Canadians of diverse cultures in threshing crews, hobo camps, bus depots and even jails. (The depression was also a challenge for the young country to survive without external aid.) Another shove was provided by World War 2, when these same young people of many back grounds went to fight a common foe, and found in each other, despite some differences, deep and recognized qualities and characteristics missing not only in their foes but also in their allies. Finally the postwar disintegration of the British Empire impressed on all Canadians the reality of their full independence, and the collective responsibilities therein entailed. The shared legacy of a vast and rich nation waiting to be named may also have served to unify.

The decades since World War 2 have witnessed conflicting forces at work in the national psyche: on one hand prosperity and growth have given us confidence in a national identity separate from either Great Britain or the United States, but thrust upon our consciousness has been the reality of a second culture, and perhaps a third, demanding recognition as legitimate manifestations of our collective character.

We have been learning that it was one thing altogether to adopt a distinctive flag, and even to adopt our own constitution to replace the British North America Act which had served as our constitution for over a century, and an altogether different thing to build into this new legal framework assurances to all geographic and cultural divisions.

While Canada is gaining credibility as at least a junior partner in the industrial world, and respect as a peacekeeper in the world's trouble spots, at home we seem to become increasingly bewildered about differences we find difficult to grasp.

In 1986 the Meech Lake Accord seemed to point the way to a truly unified Canada, in late 1989 it all started to unravel again as several provinces sought to reopen negotiations on the accord, while Quebec and the prime minister declined to budge.

It is difficult to accept the premise that the Canada that once seemed a pipedream has become a successful reality, only to disintegrate because we no longer can rely on Whitehall a peachment, and cannot find it in ourselves to trust each other as fully as reality demands. Only time will tell, but that may be a commodity that is running out. Meanwhile, the following reprints reflect the writer's reactions to, and attitudes toward, some national issues as they developed.

New Democratic Party

EDITORIAL *August 10, 1960*

The birth of the New Democratic Party has been accomplished and across the nation its supporters, its opponents and the uncommitted mill ons are wondering how history will be affected by what took place at the founding convention last week.

Relief seems to be general that leadership of the socialist party went to Saskatchewan's premier instead of to his leftist opponent, CCF House Leader Hazen Argue.

If the party is to play an important role in Canadian politics — and indications are that it will — it is reassuring to almost everyone that it will be led by a man who is more familiar with the responsibility of government than with the license of opposition. Much as Premier Douglas protests that he is more of a radical now than he was 20 years ago, he has learned in these years that legislation and idealism do not change the hard facts of life in either the economy of a state or in world politics.

For the province, Mr. Douglas' departure will not be a particularly happy development. The loss cripples the government and spells the death sentence for the party's re-election in 1964. This may bring joy to the anti-socialist majority of Saskatchewan's population, but it need not. A change of government can be beneficial if it is brought by a party strong enough to upset a strong government, but seldom when control is lost by default.

Otago

EDITORIAL *February 25, 1965*

Across our nation last week, Canadians watched with mixed emotions as the familiar Red Ensign was lowered for the last time, and raised in its stead "a red flag of the proportions two by length and one by width, containing in its centre a white square the width of the flag, bearing a single red maple leaf" — the new Canadian flag.

We believe there were few Canadians so anti-Union Jack but that they experienced a sense of regret as the Ensign came down, nor few so pro-Ensign but that they felt a glow of pride when they saw Canadian independence symbolized in the new official colors.

In the case of our country the use of the Red Ensign may have exaggerated in the eyes of other nations our ties with Britain. By the same token, this final disassociation from British influence may also be given a disproportionate significance.

Most of the world, after all, knows little about Canada, and when strangers see the new flag replacing the Union Jack they will wonder about the creed of the people it represents, their policies, way of government and way of life, ethics, integrity and motives.

This, what we Canadians do in the next few years, as individuals and collectively as provinces and a nation, will decide what our flag stands for.

What flag issue?

EDITORIAL *September 2, 1965*

There is some conjecture that the flag issue will be handed about again in the federal election expected this fall.

What flag issue?

A year ago, when the tempest was at its height, the Review numbered itself among those who, for various reasons, favored retention of the Red Ensign.

That is now history. Since then the Parliament of Canada has adopted a distinctive flag, which is now the official flag of our nation. It is a beautiful flag. It is a flag which warms the heart, enriches the soul, and quickens the pulse of every Canadian. It is a proud flag that looks better the higher it flies.

It is our opinion that many Canadians who weren't particularly stuck on the idea of a new flag now feel that way about it. What was just a proposal a few months ago is our flag now, and politicians had best watch what they say about it.

Sneak peak at Expo 67

APEATURE *February 2 1967*

The storm held back just long enough to allow 200 weekly newspaper men and women from throughout Canada to descend on Montreal, then struck with a wrath that seemed almost a calculated attack on the part of the elements to thwart a costly and imaginative public relations scheme.

Did you ever try to get enthusiastic over a set of incomplete buildings, viewed through a snowstorm that reduced visibility to several hundred feet — and with the added impediment of slush-covered bus windows?

Believe me, it isn't easy, but I managed beautifully.

I must confess that the joke's on me. For though I accepted with alacrity an invitation to visit the site of Expo 67 in Montreal (now less than three months from opening day), I would not have believed that even the most favorable conditions could change my preconceived opinion that the exhibition would be a great thing — for other people.

You know? People who don't mind standing in lines, who enjoy outdoors, or who will gladly trudge weary miles on sun-scorched pavement just to be able to say "I was at the World's Fair."

I came away awed by the scope of Canada's first World Exhibition fascinated by the wonders in store for everyone who visits Expo, proud of a Canadian identity which many people claim does not exist but which nevertheless characterizes the planning of the entire project, convinced that valuable lessons learned at other fairs will eliminate at least some of the common frustrations and discomforts, infected with the enthusiasm of the people who have worked imaginatively to organize and build in record time a show which will be something to beat.

And I might add that I have more than a little admiration for a group of men sufficiently convinced of the merit of their product to risk the penalty of failing to sell it, in its raw state and in one short day, to the grassroots fourth estate.

I shall not attempt to describe the pavilions, or to give you even a rough outline of Expo's six-month program. All this is available for the asking, and in greater detail than could be possible from a one-day visit.

I should like, instead, to analyze as best I can, one or two of the impressions I have mentioned, particularly the Canadian identity as I feel it manifests itself at Expo.

Canadians have long suffered (or would "benefitted" be a better word?) from their country's historic relationship to the British giant of the past few centuries, and secondly from her present role as country cousin to the powerful United States.

From the realization, on the one hand, that we are not destined in our time to become one of the great world powers, and the awareness, on the other hand, of the untold wealth and potential we possess, stems what I like to think of as the Canadian personality, a quality which is neither boastful nor too humble, proud yet acknowledging the attitudes of our neighbors and the countries from which we come, confident yet able to bend a bit, progressive but not set on a course of rejection of the past and a rich heritage.

This Canadian characteristic I believe is what influenced exhibiting nations at Expo 67 to fall in with the theme "Man and His World" instead of each going off merrily on a different tangent.

As explained to us at the two-hour briefing we received in the Expo Administration Building Friday morning, World Exhibitions have always had themes, but they did not exist beyond a gesture on the part of the host nations.

I believe that it is the nature of Canadian policies in world affairs that has enabled Expo 67 "to shift the focus from rivalries between nations to the

inter-dependence of men of all nations" and that in the achievement of this emphasis lies one of the main reasons for the enthusiasm of the men behind Expo

Whither Canada?

EDITORIAL *May 4 1967*

While Canada s 100th birthday is still two months away the fact that the Review's Centennial supplement is being published with this issue prompts us to take our kick at the cat at this time

Will Canada survive as a nation?

Ironically while ancient enemies of Europe speaking a dozen tongues are realizing that their hopes for the future lie in unity in Canada the matter of language alone threatens a split We would be prepared to suggest greater compromise on the part of English-speaking Canada but confess that this would serve chiefly as a stop-gap as evidence of good faith while French Canadians sorted out their thinking

Can you honestly imagine a bilingual Canada bordering for 3 000 miles on the English-speaking United States? Frankly without knocking the idea we just can t imagine it as something that would come to pass. Nor can we see two Canadas one French-speaking and the other English

What we can see is a Canada along the lines of its natural development with some adjustments (perhaps constitutional) for the French partner in Confederation alternatively we can see a French Canada and a larger United States of America — larger by nine provinces

We vote for Canada

If it seems we are dismissing Quebec s problems in an offhand manner this is not our intention There are five major regional problems or points of view which must receive serious consideration if Canada is to survive and thrive those of the Maritimes Quebec Ontario the Prairies and British Columbia

Quite a Canada

EDITORIALLY *July 6 1967*

Canada s size means many things in various contexts but its bigness alone is something wonderful A Canadian may travel one-seventh of the distance around the world, over every imaginable type of terrain, and still say proudly "I am at home in my native land, among people with whom I share a past the present and hopefully the future "

Our democratic government which we are among the chosen few to have enjoyed since our birth as a nation guarantees us freedoms as individuals and the right as a people to decide from time to time the path along which our nation is to travel

Our bilingualism — while nominal in most parts of Canada — is nevertheless symbolic of a principle that the strivings of nations and peoples should be for peaceful tolerant co-existence rather than conquest and oppression.

As a former colony of Great Britain we have fallen heir to political and legal systems which have taken centuries to evolve in other nations and which many are still grasping for Because of the British North America Act granting of our nationhood was more like the recognition of a (mature offspring s) responsibility than the freeing of a slave Ties and relationships were thus maintained which otherwise might have been severed — to our detriment

Our borders To the south the United States the richest and most industrialized nation that has ever existed on earth Because of this proximity a common language political system religious and racial backgrounds we have prospered more than we might have without these circumstances The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the east and west make us neighbors of all the world- at a time when international trade and relationships are the key to the future The Arctic to the north is the world s last great frontier Conquest of the north promises new wealth and new neighbors

Rich in natural resources Mineral fertile agricultural lands mighty forests power beauty fresh water streams and lakes and coastal waters filled with fish You name it Canada is blessed with it as no country on earth

Twenty million people few indeed, in an overcrowded world to enjoy such bounty but we have room for millions more to share with us what we have been given so generously

People from all over the world Canada has been a haven for the oppressed and damned of Europe People who lived in poverty and with the threat of war constantly over them have built a nation in which people of every race may live together peacefully and thus a nation dedicated to peace between all peoples and nations throughout the world

Quite a Canada!

Around the world in seven days

A FEATURE *August 3 1967*

A look at history s greatest exposition through a student s eyes. Photos and story as originally published by Eric Neufeld

July 10 found 80 Weyburn Collegiate students on their way to a tour of Man and His World — Expo 67

Accompanied by five chaperones we left Regina at 6 p m the beginning of a two-day train trip to our camp in Mount St Hilaire Que. On the train we amused ourselves with friendly gambling and singsongs Very little time on the train was spent sleeping Our schedule included all night games of cards and a singing party with another group from Quebec until the early hours of the morning

We arrived at the camp at about 3 a.m very weary but eager to go pleased to discover the most adequate

accommodation which had been prepared for us by our Montreal hosts. The next day we woke up at 7:30 to prepare for our first taste of a seven-day trip to Expo.

After seeing as much as we could in our first week at Expo, the decision was almost unanimous that the best pavilion was the British pavilion. It featured Britain's past, present and future. As we entered this pavilion, we saw a cave with motion pictures depicting various epochs of British history. "Britain Today" featured the modern British people as they are, leaving you to decide on their characters. This was done with sets showing statues of the people and a recording playing in the background. In another part of the pavilion, "Britain and the World" was a machine where you could press a button and receive a blurb on some illustrious person of Britain's history. Oddly enough, it was in French.

The reason this pavilion was enjoyed so well was that it gave an accurate presentation of the British people, plus a little humor to make it enjoyable as well as interesting.

The Canadian pavilion is dominated by a huge inverted pyramid called the Katimavik, which comes from the Eskimo word meaning "gathering place"—a reminder of Canada's role as host to the world. A carousel theatre revolves, showing the audience five short movies about Canada.

The Western Provinces pavilion featured a short movie on the Western Provinces, then a simulated ride into a mine shaft "600 feet below the surface of the earth", a short tour of the mines, then a canning factory with this gliding around rocks under an eerie violet light. The grand finale of the pavilion was a forest (that is the trees sticking out of the top of the pavilion) where an artificial rain was sprinkling.

The two most enjoyed movies at the fair were those in the Ontario and Telephones pavilions. The former featured a film using a multi-screen technique, vividly showing the resources and industries of Ontario. The latter featured a 360-degree screen which put the viewer right in the middle of a hockey game, on top of a train speeding across the prairies, or a helicopter dipping into Niagara Falls. Some of the scenes in these movies were so realistic that the audience actually felt themselves grabbing for the handrails. (Sorry, no seats in this theatre.)

Some of the national pavilions were only worth seeing for their architecture alone. The Thailand pavilion, a beautiful replica of a temple, was very uninteresting from the inside, consisting mainly of a collection of statues and metal work. The French pavilion also very impressive from the outside consisted mainly of unrelated exhibits.

The Russian pavilion was a serious look at the great achievements in Russia in the fields of art, science and everything else. It became somewhat boring seeing satellite after satellite, rocket after rocket, and painting after painting. It was somewhat of a disappointment after having read several impressive reactions to it in other magazines.

Probably the biggest disappointment of all was the United States pavilion. Very few felt that it was the best a country such as the United States could do. It was very light-hearted and dealt mainly with movie stars and space.

Of the several theme pavilions the one enjoyed by several of the students was the Producer, which showed man's achievements in science. The topmost part, Man in Control, housed a computer where one could take a short course in a variety of subjects including music, mathematics and anagrams. One student took a course in mathematics and learned a formula for finding the square of a number ending in "5." The next day he returned and took the same test. When the computer asked him for the square of 85, he thought for a few seconds and typed down the answer. The computer somewhat "puzzled" asked him how he got the answer so quickly. The student then described the lesson of the day before. When the computer asked him if he wished to go on, he typed down an emphatic "Yes!" The computer then typed back a similarly punctuated "Okay!" and proceeded with another lesson.

In Man and His Health a movie presentation of various forms of surgery including open-heart surgery, took place in an auditorium called the Meditheatre.

Man the Explorer housed exhibits of man's evolution from cell to man and man's exploration in the Arctic, the ocean and in space.

Man the Provider showed the varying need for more food, the conservation of food for our rapidly growing planet. It had many buildings housing various forms of livestock which I'm sure would have delighted all the agriculturists attending the exhibit. Here also was an incubator where we could watch chickens hatch.

The Kodak pavilion started off with an ordinary slide show stressing the functions and purposes of photography. Then the conventional screen lifted up to be replaced by a sheet of water, giving the slides a luminous effect. By controlling the height of the water, the effect of a picture sweeping across the screen was given.

The Canadian Pacific-Commco pavilion featured a movie "We Are Young", accenting youth with some of Canada's most beautiful scenery in the background. After this is a building to test your five senses with such devices as a "taste-ball machine" (that's fancy talk for jawbreaker) pours with receptacles for your face where you can suck your head in and get a good strong whiff of whatever is depicted on the post.

The theme of the Canadian pavilion is Time and Movement. An interesting movie on movement is shown, after which one leaves to go into a chamber of flickering lights and revolving mirrors to try and

figure out how they could possibly signify or even relate to them

The Air Canada pavilion features gaily colored passageways with pictures flickering off and on showing various methods of air transport from balloons to flying carpets It also had several modern art exhibits relating to flight

The Kaleidoscope sponsored by six chemical companies, consists of three separate movies with mirrors reflecting the image back and forth across the room into infinity In one chamber the reflections stretch horizontally and vertically to infinity in another they form huge columns in the last one feels encased in a huge sphere of moving images

Our trip also included a bus tour of Montreal where we saw many of the old and new buildings of the city We also saw the residential area of the town with many mansions and even one that the owner had to cut in half before he could sell it.

The last day of our trip was also spent in Montreal as our Expo passports had expired Towards the end of the day four or five of us were returning to the train station, discussing something someone told us about drivers having the right-of-way in Montreal when we were attempting to cross a street Then we became separated into two groups about eight feet apart Just then a taxi whizzed right between us Sort of proved a point!

Within an hour we had boarded the train and were on our way home. As we left Expo most of us felt that we had a lot of fun—and a lot to think about

The Canadian problem

EDITORIAL *August 10, 1967*

About everything that needs to be said about President de Gaulle's unfortunate remarks in Montreal probably has been said both in Canada and abroad. In the United States the crisis ruled headlines in spite of the race riots which dominated public attention In France itself newspapers are punishing the vain old man who sees it as his historic role to interfere in the internal affairs of a nation which has been France s friend for decades

But when you get right down to it—what damage has been done?

The greatest damage we believe was done to the already tarnished image of a great man who didn't know when to quit and who has topped many previous blunders in international diplomacy by committing the double error of abusing our hospitality by meddling in our affairs—and ridiculously prattling about liberation in a nation whose people have twice fought for the liberation of France

De Gaulle's breach of diplomatic propriety and ordinary good taste would be less shocking if it had not touched on a wound still far from healed

If we fail in the years ahead to forge the true national unity which is the sincere wish of the majority of Canadians of all races then it is not likely to be De Gaulle s fault, but our own And this is the Canadian problem

Unity

EDITORIAL *October 9, 1967*

It seems to us that the time has come for French and English speaking Canadians alike to forget their prejudices and generalizations and to face realities This isn t exactly a novel suggestion, but we seem to have arrived, finally, at a point where solutions can be found by reasonable people. Failure to find them now will divide Canada as never before since Confederation

One of the realities is that, however the Battle of the Plains of Abraham may have influenced the history of Canada, the fact that the British won is no argument against French-Canadians maintaining their identity The Norman conquest had a profound influence on the English tongue but the language spoken in Great Britain would hardly be described as a French dialect The fact is that more than 200 years after Wolfe s victory French-Canadians remain a people distinct from English-speaking Canadians

It is difficult for western Canadians to visualize what allowances or concessions these differences demand. But we won t understand by ignoring a point of view which seems unanimous within a group with which we seek reconciliation

Too often we use the argument that the French have no right to privileges not enjoyed by other groups Again—the fact is that other races came by their own choice to a country where English was the major language On the other hand without concessions granted the French-Canadians under the Peace of Paris and the British North America Act— whether right or wrong in principle at that time — it is most doubtful whether Confederation would ever have come to pass All differences considered haven t French and English Canadians lived side by side pretty peacefully for 200 years?

French-Canadians however—must also face a few facts realistically—and we believe they are and will be doing so in these times of decision They must realize that perhaps even some of their valid complaints are paralleled by frustrations often felt by the people of the Maritimes and Prairies, or the Pacific coast Many of them can be resolved only in an atmosphere of mutual understanding—not through ultimatums

As to the status of the French language—they must realize that I regrettable as opposition to learning a second language may be there are at least as many English-speaking Canadians who will refuse to have French rammed down their throats as there are French who refuse to accept English and 2, that nothing would cause the French identity to disappear more

rapidly than if everyone spoke French

Then Quebec must realize that much of her prosperity is enjoyed through partnership in Confederation that not many Canadian head offices would be found in a Republic of Quebec nor American head offices in a new French-speaking state This lesson seems to be sinking in and may be the most sobering one of all

If nuclear war happens . . .

AFEATURE *April 18, 1968*

It is difficult to assess one's thoughts after a week of observations... demonstrations... briefings... interviews and being herded from building to building and camp to camp

This bothered me more than a little through most of the week I spent overseas last month with a dozen other directors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association visiting Canadian forces NATO installations So I'd seen demonstrations of the combat-readiness of Canadian NATO personnel had a ride in a monster of a Centurion Mark III tank had my picture taken by a jet plane whizzing by the tarmac at hundreds of miles per hour So what?

This is not to say that I wasn't impressed by what I saw the first few days The activity at each camp threw out the window any notion I might have had that a tour of overseas duty during peacetime is no extended holiday abroad—a sort of custodial duty

But what summarized my impressions of the whole week's experience was a statement by Maj -Gen John Lane commander of the First Air Division who briefed us at 1 Wing Lahr in southern Germany--not far from the French and Swiss borders "If a nuclear war happens" declared Maj -Gen Lane "we will have failed in our job " He spoke with deep conviction and anomalous as may be the thought of peace being preserved with jet fighter-bombers nuclear-armed and with crews continuously on the ready prepared to take off in a few minutes' notice to mid- destruction on predesignated targets one must give weight to Gen eral Lane's argument each word underscored with emphasis, that "it has worked "

I thought of General Lane's words many times during the next few days particularly when I saw the dead earnestness with which operations are carried on at 4 Wing near Baden-Soellingen There was no kidding here These boys were at war

To demonstrate the state of preparedness Col C Allison commanding officer of 4 Wing (one of the two air-strike wings of the First Air Division) staged a "scramble" for us — a simulation of what would take place in a genuine alert

We were taken to the runway where four deadly CF-104 Starfighters were parked Seconds after the alert was given pilots came trotting across the lawn in front of full flying gear pennies while ground crews swarmed about the aircraft like ants Within minutes the planes were screaming down the runway and off to their destination — this time fortunately not an enemy target

We asked how these planes could be recalled in the event that they had been dispatched, through human error for a target beyond the Iron Curtain The grim sobering answer was that there is no recall To evade radar detection these planes will fly at treetop level if they ever go on a real bombing mission Within minutes they are beyond radio contact and only enemy defences can prevent them from carrying out their mission

Shortly after the four jets had taken off in came four Starfighters which had been in the air for several hours to demonstrate how quickly they could be refuelled and rearmed if they managed to return from their mission "Assuming" explained one officer "that the base is still here "

In a far-away land, in surroundings and amidst activities so different from the familiar scene at home, it is difficult to relate the whole grim exercise to yourself and your community Somehow it becomes more relevant when as happened in this case one of the pilots taking part in the exercise happens to be a boy from home One of the pilots who emerged from the four planes landing in the second part of the exercise was Lieut Carl Stef 20 whose parents Mr and Mrs George Stef live on Weyburn Lieut Stef graduated from the Weyburn Collegiate in 1965 then joined the RCAF He had 525 flying hours behind him when I talked with him and was very enthusiastic about his work Like all the airmen I met, however, he was very serious about the job they are there to do

Back in the operations room, we were shown how aircraft movements and the exact location on the base of every important piece of equipment, are charted 24 hours a day Thousands of items of information and data are recorded as they come in.

For obvious reasons a curtain was drawn over a board listing each of the targets assigned to the wing with up-to-date information on weather conditions and other vital information As I said it was for real

There seemed to be nothing lackadaisical about security at the base In restricted areas no one including visitors was permitted without an identification card When our bus went into a restricted area the sentry checked us all even though we were accompanied by base officers There were some areas of course where we were not allowed

We were shown a flight of nuclear-armed aircraft, kept on the ready 24 hours a day with crews standing by as well as the American and Canadian officers who do whatever has to be done to send the Star fighters on their way with nuclear weapons If this explanation sounds vague, it is because the answers to our questions were vague.

At 3 Wing Lahr near the famous Black Forest Col R G Christie and his staff introduced us to the work of the two reconnaissance squadrons attached to the First Air Division. Starfighters equipped with cameras instead of bombs make a low pass over a target take dozens—perhaps hundreds—of photos while the pilot takes in as much as he can in the few seconds he is over the area.

Before he lands back at the base, the film may be dropped in a canister so that it may be developed by the time the aircraft has even landed. After landing the pilot is immediately debriefed, while the photos are studied later in detail. We asked how the pilot could see anything worth mentioning while whizzing over his target at low altitude but were assured that this is a matter of training.

By way of demonstrating the canister routine Col Christie lined us up on the tarmac and a plane flashed by, taking our pictures. We reached the other side of the field in time to see a ground vehicle head for the photo vans with the canister which had been parachuted down. A few minutes later, at the vans we were shown the completed prints. As it turned out the exposure was wrong for the day's poor light, but the point had been made.

In keeping with the NATO concept the air division serves two main purposes. The first is to deter Aggression by aiding in a common show of strength and preparedness; and the second is to maintain itself at the maximum state of operational efficiency and readiness for an all-out effort if an aggressor should ever strike.

It is only a year—incidentally since headquarters for 1 Wing were moved into Lahr from Metz, France. The move was made hurriedly after France asked all Canadian forces to leave on rather short notice and we heard quite a few stories about overcrowding at Lahr till French forces withdrew, and the subsequent problems in bringing the facilities up to Canadian standards. There was obvious pride however in the manner in which everything was finally accomplished.

I did not get the impression that it was the general view that the present strike-ready posture need be a perpetual thing, but rather that this role continue to preserve the uneasy pressure (until agreements) at political levels such as at the Geneva disarmament talks, have created a climate in which a high degree of combat-readiness is no longer necessary.

I was relieved to hear this, for whatever the past success of NATO, can you visualize two powerful forces poised for attack with modern, terrible weapons for 25, 50, 75 or 100 years without ever letting loose? Frankly I can't.

Canadian Brigade in Germany

A FEATURE, *April 25, 1968*

Perched on top of a Centurion Mark III tank with a chill Westphalian March wind stinging my cheek, and the driver — a member of the Lord Strathcona Horse — apparently bent on dislodging me by taking the monster through the steepest bogs, up and down hills at frightening angles and close enough to the forest edge to make me duck a few branches, I wondered whether this was what a "junket" was all about.

The tank ride was part of a demonstration at Fort Beauséjour of the capabilities of the brigade's heavy armour. Earlier at Fort MacLeod in the same general area, members of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry gave us a demonstration of light weapons.

One of our guides on the brigade portion of the tour was Capt. Bill Rae—a captain in RCAF blue. This brings us, of course, to the question of acceptance of the unified forces concept by armed forces personnel. We asked many of the people we met, particularly air force personnel, how they liked the new setup. Only one voiced unhappiness with it. For the most part air force officers like using the army ranks, which are more readily understood by American and other NATO allies.

From what (Brig.-Gen. James G.) Gardner told us, the combat-readiness dedication and pride of the ground forces matched that of the air division. Preparedness is the name of the game, and one of the exercises involves getting combat units out of camp on two hours' notice, fully supplied in every way for a two-day absence.

The normal tour of duty for units in the European theatre is three years, and many sign for a second tour. A great deal of time is spent on teaching and perfecting the skills of the individual soldier and in putting these skills into use during field exercises throughout the year.

Some of the manoeuvres carried out, if attempted in Canada, would leave Canadians speechless. The brigade has the right, for instance, to take tanks through private yards and fields, tearing down fences and destroying crops, the only condition is that reasonable notice be given and restorations made. Army officers point out that they try not to overdo this sort of thing, but the fact that they can do it at all seems incredible to a Canadian.

I suppose, however, that these practices are viewed differently by people with a 20-century history of armies advancing and retreating through their midst, and who are keenly aware of a hostile army poised not many miles to the east.

Nearly one-half of the 5,800-plus members of the brigade are married and most have their families with them in Germany. There are over 3,000 wives and more than 5,000 Canadian children living in

Germany. The formation has accommodation for 1 600 families in the permanent married quarters and nearly 2 000 families live in civilian accommodation in surrounding villages and towns.

Educating Canadians overseas

AFTERTHOUGHT *May 2, 1968*

There are over 5,000 children of Canadian ground forces personnel living in Germany. Of these well over 3 000 are of school age so adding 5,000 children of air division personnel who are enrolled in schools, you have a student population which would probably be equivalent to (that of) a city the size of Brandon or larger.

From discussions with Canadian teachers in Germany I gathered that they were happy in their work and they felt they enjoyed greater freedom in individual teaching methods than their Canadian counterparts. Working directly under the department of national defence, of course, pennits of privilege which would be hard to gain from school boards responsible to local ratepayers. Close to 500 teachers, incidentally, are on loan from school boards in Canada. They serve two-year terms overseas then return to their own school districts unless they sever these connections or obtain extension.

There are 15 department of national defence schools in Germany and one each in Holland, Italy and Belgium. One of the first people I met in Soest, was Donald Vinge, area superintendent of schools. Mr. Vinge is another product of this area. The son of Mrs. Pete Vinge and the late Mr. Vinge, he grew up in Torquay, and is a cousin of Glend Vinge, proprietor of McCoy's Drugs in Weyburn.

Don took a few of us on a brief tour of ancient Soest during a free hour on Sunday. A week's tour of scenic and historic points in Germany with him as a guide would be an education in itself. This is his ninth year overseas and upon completion of his present tour of duty, he plans to return to university in England.

More than one teacher remarked on the high performance of overseas students and all were agreed that the absence of television was largely accountable. Germany has TV, of course, but in German, and not with the same type of programming. "Can you imagine" asked one teacher—"a youngster who has never heard of Batman?" We were told that at Metz, in June, 1967, all students who wrote Grade 13 exams had passing marks.

Some of the school buildings...I might say, were a far cry from the modern plants we have in Canada. Some of them appeared to be made-over barracks; mere shells of buildings lacking the built-in facilities found in modern schools. It must be borne in mind, of course, that it is only a year since the air force moved into Lahr from Metz and Marville, France—and it just isn't possible to bring everything up to desirable standards overnight.

I wangled a little side tour to the junior school at Soest, where there are several teachers and librarians from the Weyburn area. I had been cautioned that the Canadian ambassador to NATO, Ross Campbell was inspecting the school, but that as long as I kept out of the way, my visit was okay. With my luck, naturally...I was just taking pictures when the ambassador came in with Don Vinge. However no crisis.

At the school I met Stella Kuc, who taught in Weyburn a few years ago, and librarians Mrs. Patricia Laird (nee Salloum), formerly of Bromhead, and Mrs. Ruth Falconer (nee Irvine) of Estevan. With classes in progress, my interviews were not as long as I might have wished them to be, but it was clear that all of them were enthusiastic about their work and enjoying their life in Germany.

At Baden-Baden I telephoned Mary Aldred, formerly of Ceylon, who is vice-principal at Baden Soellingen. Miss Aldred has been overseas since 1960 and plans to return to Canada after one more year. She told me she had found the educational setup of the DND most interesting, and felt that one of the many benefits of her experience had been meeting teachers from all over Canada, and the resulting exposure to different theories and ideas.

Students too benefit from the international flavour of their environment. Beside the natural enrichment of their education simply through living in a foreign country at an early age, they have many classes in French conversation from Kindergarten to Grade 9. German conversation is being introduced to many schools, and occasionally there are sessions at "country-home-schools" where German and Canadian students live and study together for a week.

Student field trips and cultural tour opportunities within Germany and other European countries are provided in order to enrich the curriculum.

Canada's Centennial year was ushered not by three school choirs (some 164 voices in all) which gave 26 concerts in Germany and the Netherlands.

If I have left the impression that life is a bed of roses for teachers and students overseas, this is not quite the case. There, like at home, shortages of teachers had accommodation are continually felt. European customs can be as exasperating as they are interesting, and often students require much individual attention after being plucked from familiar surroundings and finding themselves suddenly in a world that is half Canadian, half German.

But I believe that any Canadian teacher who meets the DND requirements could do a lot worse than apply for a tour of overseas duty, and I am sure thousands of children of Canadian servicemen will find themselves better equipped for tomorrow's world as a result of their lives and education in Europe.

Visit to Canada's Maritime forces

AFEATURE *April 10 1969*

"A nation within a nation," was how one officer described the armed forces to us by way of underscoring a lack of understanding between the forces and the public at large.

This general weakness in liaison I gathered rather than any particular emphasis being sought was the reason I found myself, together with 30-odd other Saskatchewan newspaper, radio and television representatives, touring Canadian naval installations at Esquimalt, B.C., two weeks ago.

Highlight of the tour for me and I think I can say the same for most if not all of the drylanders in our group, was an all-too-brief cruise in the comparatively new destroyer-escort, HMCS Mackenzie.

Our original itinerary called for a full day's cruise in a router ship, the HMCS Columbia. Conflicting schedules, however, washed out that event but our disappointment was such that the two-hour trip on the Mackenzie was arranged.

For concerned taxpayers I should point out, that major operations are not staged especially for tours such as this. Rather the tour is scheduled to fit into existing programs. In this case, the Mackenzie was headed out to sea for an exercise which was to last several days. We remained on board for two hours or so for a briefing by the captain, demonstration of anti-submarine mortar fire, high speed manoeuvers and the gunnery system. We were then picked up by a small personnel carrier which had tagged along and taken back to base, while the Mackenzie went about its business.

The anti-submarine mortars, incidentally, fire six rounds simultaneously, high up over the ship, with the charges dropping in an elliptical pattern around the target. For exercises such as this, dummy charges are used and recovered by a boat crew.

The destroyer's three-inch guns, which double as anti-aircraft and surface weapons, are electronically controlled and once locked on a target, remain locked in spite of ship movement.

Of the whole electronics are "the name of the game" on a modern man o' war. Electrical and electronic equipment on the Mackenzie is more extensive and complex than carried on World War 2 ships twice her size.

Commander A. Cavenagh, commanding officer of the Mackenzie, told us that a ship this size could be built and put into service as a ferry for about $3 million. The balance of the $30 million price tag (replacement cost today would be higher than this) is accounted for by armaments and electronic equipment.

I found the communications room of special interest, for here (among other things) the course and speed of every craft in the area was plotted from radar screens. Considering all the little fishing boats abroad, this struck me as a formidable job and I said as much. We've got 200 boys sleeping down below at night," replied an officer "and we want them to know it's safe to sleep."

From the commanding officer down through the ranks, everyone seemed proud of the ship, of the high performance rating earned by the Mackenzie and her crew, and the part they are playing in Canada's defence. Perhaps it is easier for morale to run high on a definable unit such as a ship, but the *esprit de corps* was certainly there.

In order to combat submarines in any circumstances, this warship has been designed to operate under the most adverse conditions. She is insulated and air-conditioned for both the fighting efficiency and comfort of her personnel. Her rounded lines will counter ice formations and will facilitate the washing down of radioactive contamination. The ship can be sealed against nuclear, biological or chemical attack, with provision for recirculation of air within the ship, through air-conditioning plants. To reduce the danger of flooding and to prevent contamination of the air conditioning system, the hull has been built without portholes. Those on the superstructure are sealed and have lightweight aluminum deadlight for blackout purposes.

There must be special courses to teach personnel to scamper up and down the steep, narrow ladders as they do. For me, each trip from one deck to another was a major operation.

Another high point in our visit was the tour of the Royal Roads Military College, where young men who aspire to academic as well as military achievement are taught the skills—and to develop the qualities of character—loyalty and leadership essential in well educated and efficient officers in preparation for a lifetime of service to Canada as officers of the armed forces."

At Royal Roads we were briefed on the function, history and problems of the college. We toured the buildings and the beautiful grounds (former estate of a successful pioneer entrepreneur) then had lunch with the 200 cadets who now attend.

The two-year course at Royal Roads leads to another two years at the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont. Successful cadets graduate with degrees in arts or engineering, as well as through military training qualifying them for commissions in the armed forces.

First year cadets are not obligated to join the services, but if they return for the second year they must agree to enlist.

Royal Roads was once strictly a naval institution, but now, while many naval traditions endure, officers are trained for the three branches of the armed forces.

Perhaps I shouldn't use the word "branches," which seems to be taboo in the services today. There is still

the occasional slip of the tongue of course, when an officer will make reference to the navy air force or army He then apologizes with an embarrassed cough and explains that, of course, he is referring to the sea (or air or land) environment of the Canadian Armed Forces

We Saskatchewanians suffered a bit of a blow to our pride when we were briefed at Royal Roads We were shown charts showing that although a higher academic standing is required for candidates from Saskatchewan than those from other provinces Saskatchewan s failure rate is still highest of all

It was explained that while Saskatchewan students take second to none in arts the high school mathematics curriculum here is so far behind that the candidates must be given special classes at Royal Roads Even this isn't enough for some and hence the high failure rate

However we were given the encouraging information that the situation had improved in the last year or so

In spite of academic shortcomings Saskatchewan is well represented in the top echelons of the services

The commander of Maritime Forces Pacific is Rear-Admiral John Alexander Charles a native of Rouleau He entered the Royal Canadian Navy from the Royal Military College in 1937 has seen service in World War 2 and the Korean war and has held his present post since 1966

Rear-Admiral Charles' command includes responsibility for all allied operations within a clearly defined zone If American ships, for instance follow a Russian sub into the Maritime Forces Pacific Zone they automatically fall under the command of Admiral Charles until they are relieved by Canadian craft

Canada s close involvement with the U S in military matters — often under attack — makes a lot of sense when seen in the light of the highly specialized equipment and personnel which make up a modern defence system

Whether enough effort is being devoted to reducing the need for these costly devices is another story But given the premise that it is necessary for Canada to have armed forces then the only thing that makes sense is to fit them into an overall pattern with allies such as the United States and Great Britain

A two-day visit to a large military establishment does not permit one to speak authoritatively on any phase of it but I left with the feeling that the armed forces still offer interesting challenging and worthwhile careers for those out for the services

Perhaps that was the whole point of the visit

Heartbeats

EDITORIAL *April 3 1969*

The heart of the nation beat a little faster one year ago when Pierre Elliott Trudeau emerged from comparative political obscurity to become national leader of the Liberal party and odds-on favorite to become Canada s next prime minister

How our excitement heightened when a few months later the electorate s acceptance of Mr Trudeau brought the nation out of the wilderness of minority government and into the promised land of a strong majority government guided by this personable young man whose leadership held out hope for a unified Canada and a new look at old problems

Today there is a growing feeling especially in the west (and even we suspect, among Liberal Members of Parliament) that in Mr Trudeau we have a flash in the pan that didn t even flash

Perhaps Mr Trudeau cannot be held fully responsible for a deteriorating situation in Quebec But Canadians have known little but disappointment in areas of steady federal jurisdiction the handling of strikes affecting the public interest, the wishywashy attitude toward NATO and the personal failure of the prime minister at the Commonwealth conference to mention a few

The heartbeat has certainly slowed down — almost to a stop

A western Canadian nation?

EDITORIAL *April 2 1970*

About ten years ago the Review reported that a resolution had been passed by a nearby local of the Saskatchewan Farmers Union urging western Canada s secession

At the time we treated the matter as a bit of a joke and so did a lot of other people Little did we dream that within a decade the proposition of western Canadian separatism would be advanced with more than the hope of drawing attention to the problems of the premes

The Review and we believe most western Canadians are still a long way from considering secession as a desirable end much as we may resent the indifference of the east to our problems and the apparent lack of appreciation of industrial Canada for the importance of western agriculture to the nation s economic strength

Without even taking into account any emotional reasons for wishing to preserve Canadian unity does separatism really make much economic sense?

Can you imagine a western Canadian nation of six million souls maintaining alone the expense of central government embassies and trade commissions around the world armed forces and heaven help us, a Western Canadian Broadcasting Corporation?

Can you imagine that heavy industry such as automobile and farm machinery manufacturing could be induced to establish here for so small a population base without tariff considerations which would make present price inequities seem modest?

How long would it be before a major clash occurred between British Columbia on the other side of the mountains and the prairies with a completely unrelated economy?

The logical culmination of secession by any part of Canada can only be the absorption of our whole nation by the United States; and whatever the future may bring as things stand we don't believe a significant number of Canadians are yet prepared to accept annexation by the U S as inevitable or desirable

We have problems — as we have had before and will have again — and some of them may require imaginative solutions

But as things stand even an talk about secession invites the conscienceless opportunist who always stands ready to lead people in any direction which offers personal power and prosperity at the expense of the common weal

Not breathing more easily

EDITORIAL *October 22, 1970*

It was quite a week and at least as this is written there is nothing to indicate that Canadians particularly those in the province of Quebec will be able to breathe more easily

And one thing is for certain we are not going to wake up in the morning and say "Now that was a nasty dream "

Whatever happens, whatever is resolved the memory will remain that through last week we held our breath awaiting word of the fate of two prominent men a minister of the crown in the province of Quebec and a British diplomat who had been kidnapped and were being held against a ransom which amounted to turning our nation over to anarchy And then the news early Sunday that one of these men—the Hon Pierre Laporte and been found dead his body riddled by bullets as the trunk of an abandoned automobile

You ought suppose that I have a simple solution to the whole mess if only the world would listen to me

I m afraid not

But for a starter I think we might all be a bit more conscientious and sincere in our support for the democratic institutions and processes We have a right to disagree and to do so out loud But we do tend toward too much violence in our language of dissent It falls on the ears of the young the impressionable and the unstable and before you know it you have potential murderers imagining themselves as potential national heroes

I think we have to make it a bit more evident that law and order is every bit as much our national goal as leniency to dissenting opinion We have been permitting acts by politically oriented groups which would have been acknowledged and punished as pure hooliganism if committed by people without a letterhead as slogan

Perhaps both French and English-speaking Canadians will have to think more in terms of accommodation than cold logic Nationalism religion and politics often defy logic The one basic logic we might remember on both sides of the fence and what might be the starting point in all our negotiations is that there would n t be much of a Canada without Quebec and on the other hand, there isn t much future for a Quebec outside of Confederation whether independent or joined with France or the United States

We should not need a War Measures Act to remind us that Canadians in Quebec as elsewhere are linked together and that we must join to well as our goals and in finding solutions

'Hell' is a four-letter word

EDITORIAL *February 11, 1971*

"Prime Minister Trudeau and a group of former Montreal truck drivers engaged in a sharp exchange of four-letter words outside Parliament Tuesday " read a Canadian Press story in a duly newspaper last week

The story went on to say that the prime minister had been quoted as using an 'obscenity" with about the force of the English expression "Go to hell "

Technically of course the word "hell" has four letters and thus qualifies for the label of a four letter word — as do the words "love " "give " "save," "help " and many others in our language which are not profane in any way

As need not be explained to our readers however the term "four-letter word" used as the above context, and particularly when linked with the word "obscenity" implies extremely vulgar and filthy language such as would be offensive to the ears of the average Canadian, and certainly unseemly for public use by our (prime minister)

But even those of us who are sometimes tempted to use four letter words of varying strength as referring to Mr Trudeau can only feel pity for the Canadian Press reporter whose life has been so sheltered that he feels shocked at the use of the word "hell "

We at least and probably most Canadians would say "If they can t get their story across without swearing at you Pierre tell em to go to hell "

Bill vingt-deux

EDITORIAL *August 22 1974*

If Quebec s Bill 22 stands up to court tests future historians may well point to it as the first step in destroying a distinct French-Canadian culture in Canada

How can this be so when this legislation enshrines the French language as the official language of the province? Well let's just take a look at what has happened in English speaking Canada

While people of British origin still enjoy a majority position in the rest of Canada, it can hardly be said that much of a British culture has been maintained.

Now had the European settlements that are scattered throughout the land and particularly in the west been permitted and encouraged to instruct in their own languages than the Europeans would have retained their cultures and those of British origin today would be more British than Merry Olde England

Instead through education and business life the Europeans have been assimilated into our English-speaking society But in this process they have not become Englishmen instead the society has changed Although we speak English, we have developed a distinct culture a Canadian culture which has borrowed from the groups which make up our country

In Quebec where children of parents who speak neither English nor French will now be required to attend French schools the same process will take place

French-Canadian children will rub shoulders with, and eventually marry Ukrainians Poles Germans Italians and Portuguese who will all contribute to an entirely new culture. But the French-Canadian culture as it exists today.. and which Bill 22 seeks to protect will be gone

Worthy opponents

EDITORIAL *October 17 1974*

It is fortunate that the 1972 hockey series in which Team Canada squeaked by with an eleventh hour victory against the Soviet squad prepared us for the decisive defeat in the 1974 series recently concluded Can you imagine the national shame and anguish if the Canadians after decades of bragging about what a National Hockey League team would do to the Russians had returned two years ago beaten at our own game?

Now that we have learned and hopefully are becoming used to the idea that we can be beaten let s see if it is all that illogical

The Soviet Union has a population roughly 10 times this of Canada, with a good proportion living in a climate not dissimilar to that of Canada

While hockey was popularized in Canada skating was old hat in Russia when Canadians (the original ones that is) were still stoopedog buffalos (As a matter of fact many of our hockey stars bear names which suggest that their parents or at least their grandparents were European immigrants who knew no more about hockey than the parents or grandparents of the Russian stars)

Thus it was natural that the Russians should take to a sport which combines skating with other athletic skills and taking to it could quickly establish the base from which to form a team equal to any in the world

As we have shown the world in curling, it is not where a game originates that counts..but where conditions exist for its large-scale development

We now know that it is unlikely that Canada will ever see a team which will walk over the Russians

Good!

It might have bolstered the national ego if we had trounced the Russians 12-0 eight times in succession.

But how many such games would we have watched?

Now we all look forward to viewing the next series where Canada s best meet and maybe even defeat the worthy Russian opponents

Again on the constitution

EDITORIAL *April 22, 1976*

It is widely recognized that Canada is one of the few nations in the world whose citizens live under conditions which under any reasonable criteria can be described as free

Thus we find it disturbing that there is not more public concern over Prime Minister Trudeau s determination to patriate the Canadian constitution even if he cannot get the amending formula approved by all of Canada s provinces Our constitution..after all.. is the cornerstone upon which our society is built and knocking it out without a compatible replacement endangers the entire structure

We are not opposed necessarily to the amending formula proposed by the prime minister and for which he has failed so far to win the approval of the provinces

If such agreement were reached we would certainly approve for we agree, as do all major Canadian political parties, that it is only just and logical that Canada control the Canadian constitution

One of the things that makes us distrust the prime minister s intentions is the fact that he invokes national pride on every instance when the matter of patriation is brought up This would be understandable if one or more of the provinces were balking on sentimental colonialist grounds But this is not the case It is simply that agreement has not been reached on the important technicality of the amending formula

Comparing patriation to the adoption of a distinctive Canadian flag a few years ago the prime

minister said, "A similar symbolic affirmation could occur if we were seen to attest our faith in our form of government by ending a defect that has flawed it for decades."

Are we not attesting our faith in the form of government we have had for a century by refusing to alter it simply for the sake of national pride and without provincial consent? Are there not many distinctions for which we are envied by the people of many nations even though the despots who rule them under constitutions of their own manufacture sneer at this defect in ours?

What Mr. Trudeau is proposing may seem reasonable enough, simply asking the British parliament to "cease and desist from its present legal powers under the Statute of Westminster to legislate for Canada."

Since the British parliament has not, in fact, legislated for Canada except at Canada's request since the Statute of Westminster was enacted, we are haunted by the fear that compliance with a unilateral request from Canada's parliament would be held later to be legal precedent for our national parliament to amend our constitution by a simple majority without provincial consensus of any kind.

And that, friends, would be the end of our form of government — one which we cherish, however flawed it may be.

Confederation is a deal

EDITORIAL *August 24, 1977*

While the hottest debate related to Canadian unity centres around the aspirations of the province of Quebec weighed against the traditions, culture, and social and economic patterns of what is perceived by some to be the rest of Canada, there is also a body of opinion which holds that "the rest of Canada" includes bevies of several colors.

Thus while patriation and updating of the Canadian constitution is seen by many to be simply a question of satisfying Quebec's demands without infringing not greatly upon the status quo, the latecomers to our constitutional family feel that their aspirations, problems and hindsight also merit consideration in any updated constitution.

The crown colonies of eastern Canada prior to 1867 — Upper Canada, Lower Canada and the Maritimes — enjoyed a strong degree of responsible government, and although there were strong differences in economic, racial, linguistic, cultural, sociological and other areas, there were strong enough incentives for the formation of one large political unit, largely independent from Great Britain, to bring them to the bargaining table.

The consensus reached by these colonies resulted in the British North America Act, which created Canada and also led to sovereignty over the vast and largely uninhabited domain which was to become the prairie provinces and the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

Thus Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan became part of a ball game for which the rules had been made by the other team. If they wanted home government instead of Ottawa rule (or that of the Hudson's Bay Company), they had little choice but to accept the rules as they stood.

Inequalities which discriminated against the prairie provinces (in the context of the BNA Act) have since been removed, but the BNA Act itself was still a document accepting the premise that Canada is, in fact, eastern Canada, with the west a reservoir of resources for the former.

It is a premise that does not sit well in the west today, and the four western provinces have jointly commissioned the Canada West Federation to research and identify western Canadian aspirations and positions on a new constitution.

The foundation sees Confederation "as a deal" and correctly takes the position that a new deal ought to be negotiated by all partners to the agreement. It sees itself not as a divisive force, but one that seeks to unify Canada through a constitution fair to all.

The foundation objectives seem worthwhile, and its findings will be awaited with interest.

On Quebec and separation

EDITORIAL *November 25, 1976*

Last week a provincial general election in Quebec in which Rene Levesque's Parti Quebecois received a clear mandate has been correctly labelled before and after the fact as one of the most important elections in Canadian history.

However, we who live elsewhere in Canada would do well to be very careful not to misinterpret the vote. For we would have to live in Quebec to appreciate the mood that prompted it.

If newspaper reports of the election campaign are correct, it was Premier Bourassa rather than Mr. Levesque who attempted to make separatism the main issue, apparently using it as a red herring to convince the electorate that a vote for the PQ was a vote for secession and the destruction of Canada as we know it today. Mr. Levesque, on the other hand, is said not to have made a pitch for separatism in his speeches but simply promised to hold a plebiscite on the question of separation within the next two years, a promise he repeated following his election. The voters obviously considered such a plebiscite more palatable than the prospect of another Bourassa administration.

We see nothing wrong with such a plebiscite, regardless of the fact that its results would not supply a constitutional solution.

But what is better to have the PLQ being murder

and terrorism in the name of separatism as happened a few years ago while the rest of Canada wondered to what extent such madness was supported and how condoned by the rest of Quebec or to permit a peaceful expression of opinion?

Nor do we see much wisdom in Prime Minister Trudeau's flat declaration a few days after the election that Quebec would not be allowed to leave confederation because there is no provision for it in the constitution.

For one thing, even moderate Quebeckers will find it difficult to swallow such an absolute prohibition. Most Canadians inside or outside Quebec like to think that our constitution on the long haul, is a reflection of our free will.

Was there any constitutional avenue for the establishment of Canada in the first instance? There was not. Canada came into being through a special act of the British parliament (and this too) became our constitution and has been amended from time to time to reflect changing times needs and desires, not of the British parliament but of the Canadian people.

Mr. Trudeau himself has muttered darkly about Ottawa patriating the constitution unilaterally unless the provinces can soon come to an agreement on terms of patriation. What constitutional provision is there for patriation?

And anyway, if three-quarters of the people of Quebec opted in a plebiscite, to separate just what would we do about it? Spill the blood of their people and ours to force them to continue in unsatisfactory relationship?

Not likely!

Finally, the Trudeau government has taken the lead in subverting the threat of separation as the justification for bilingualism and other concessions to Quebec. Thus Mr. Trudeau himself has helped sow the seeds of separatism by citing it as a distinct possibility without regard for the consequences. And now he and all of Canada are reaping the harvest.

Force and Quebec

EDITORIAL *September 8, 1977*

Some Canadians may have been taken aback last week by Premier Allan Blakeney's blunt warning—in an address to the Canadian Bar Association in Ottawa—that force might be required to keep Canada intact.

While talk of force and violence is a questionable strategy at a time when it appears necessary to assure our fellow Canadians in the province of Quebec that we are concerned about their welfare and goals within a united Canada, Premier Blakeney's assessment of where it might all end is nevertheless more realistic than that of Prime Minister Trudeau, who has flatly declared that if any decision were made to put down separatism with arms, he is not going to be the prime minister to do it.

Let a just look at what is taking place in Quebec at this moment and see where this could lead. The Quebec national assembly just over a week ago gave final reading to Bill 101, the law giving the French language primacy in the province, and one which many legal experts have already declared to be unconstitutional.

That is a decision which ultimately will be made by the Supreme Court of Canada, and if that body decides the bill to be *ultra vires*, then the next step will be for the government of Quebec to comply with that decision.

Then let us suppose the government of Quebec (presumably having been convinced in the first place that the legislation is both constitutional and necessary) decides to thumb its nose at the Supreme Court and the law of the land.

In such an event, does Prime Minister Trudeau shoot-out-guns across the river, does he shrug his shoulders and tell us regretfully that Quebec doesn't want to play by the rules, does he take whatever steps are necessary to protect or restore the rights of Canadians in Quebec, or does he step down (which might not be the worst idea) and let someone else make the decisions?

Given Quebec's mood, there seem to be only three options open to our country: negotiation of a special status for Quebec that is acceptable both to Quebec and to the rest of Canada; negotiation of terms for Quebec's complete separation from Canada; or the present course which can only lead to greater resentment and eventual violence.

The greatest stumbling block probably is that the French Canadian establishment in Ottawa realizes that special status or separation for Quebec would also spell the end of special status for the French language in the rest of Canada, and the end of its very powerful influence.

Quebec libre?

EDITORIAL *November 17, 1977*

Ten years ago French Premier de Gaulle aroused Canadian indignation when he shouted his famous "Vive le Quebec libre" slogan to cheering crowds in Quebec.

Premier de Gaulle, who was to have been an official guest at Expo 67, went sulking off home instead when advised by the Canadian government that his conduct was unacceptable.

Now there is a new tempest in a teapot following Quebec Premier Rene Levesque a visit to France, where he was accorded honors unusual even for heads of state, including that of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

The Canadian government is again going to pieces over what it considers breach of protocol on (the part) of the French—and this in turn is drawing haughty rebuttals from the latter.

What is for more disturbing is that the premier of a Canadian province should be overseas trying to sell the idea of Quebec independence to a foreign country...and that upon his return he is given a hero's welcome. If there was a booing and hissing contingent to greet him, it had no mention in the daily press.

Perhaps the time is drawing near when the rest of Canada will demand that the referendum on independence be held in Quebec soon. If they want out, all the bilingual signs in Jasper National Park or French-language TV stations in Vancouver and Regina aren't going to change these minds.

But if they want to stick with us, as most Canadians would like them to do, and clearly say so, we'll have something more important to discuss than who was given a trinket.

Best foot forward

EDITORIAL *August 17, 1978*

When one reads some of Quebec Premier Rene Levesque's statements, one wonders how the man can draw a single vote, let alone enough support to head Canada's second most populous province.

But when hearing and seeing him in action with all his charm turned on, it's easy to see how he can have people eating out of his hand.

At a banquet last week at the Saskatchewan Centre of the Arts in Regina, in honor of the nine visiting premiers here for the first ministers' conference, Premier Levesque represented the guests in thanking Premier Blakeney for Saskatchewan's hospitality and some special gifts.

The champion of Quebec separatism admitted it gave him a "heady" feeling to be spokesman for all of Canada on a matter in which there was clear unanimity.

Not only did he court on as gracious and humorous. There was about his remarks and attitude also a mood of conciliation which I would like to think goes a bit beyond tea party etiquette.

On the other hand, if Premier Levesque has read into press reports and public statements from English-speaking Canada a sense of unmitigated hostility, the reception he received in Regina from the Regina audience should also be reassuring.

He received a mighty round of applause when he entered the banquet room, and a healthy ovation after his brief remarks. That sort of thing finds politicians where they live—and I should think Premier Levesque should go home glowing.

It wasn't a prank

EDITORIAL *December 7, 1978*

Do you remember the morning in 1970 when we learned with horror that overnight our sometimes stodgy but respectable, respected and beloved Canada had turned into a land where prominent people are kidnapped as leverage to win political concessions for a radical group?

Do you recall the weeks of sick suspense that follow[ed] as Canadians hoped against hope that somehow we would come out of the whole shameful mess...if not with flying colors, at least with the dignity of the knowledge that in our land things didn't become as brutal as in the banana republics?

And will you ever forget our shame and revulsion when the body of a Quebec government minister, cruelly and needlessly shot, was discovered in the trunk of an automobile...our shock when it was deemed necessary to send troops into Quebec to maintain order, the frustration we felt when the killers and their cohorts smugly bargained the life they held in their hands for safe passage to Cuba?

Now, it seems, one of the couples involved in this degradation of our land, has, after four years in Cuba and another four in France, become homesick for the country whose honor they dragged through filth, for the nest which they befouled.

Failing in their bid for amnesty, they are now so desperate to return that they are prepared to face charges for a number of crimes related to the Quebec crisis, hoping one must suppose, that the healing balm of time will have worked its magic and that Canadians by now will regard the whole incident as a prank carried to (slight) excess.

Their contrition still has not brought them to the stage where they are prepared to testify against others involved in the sordid affair—and they dare hope, according to press reports, that their eight years of exile will be taken into account if they are found guilty and when the judge gets around to deciding upon a sentence.

Exile?

Surely their years in Cuba, that revolutionaries' paradise, cannot be considered exile.

And certainly their time in gay Paree...where they enjoyed political refugee status and were able to savor their cultural heritage to the fullest, cannot be considered exile.

There is speculation that a guilty plea might reduce court testimony and thus eliminate possible testimony against suspects still at large in Canada.

They played a pretty rough game to get out of Canada, and Canadian authorities ought to have played a rough game in laying down conditions for their repatriation, including full disclosure of all they knew about the 1970 affair.

Revolutionary violence just isn't a forgivable prank.

A national uproar

EDITORIAL *June 22 1978*

So we have another national uproar over what the prime minister said or did not say in Parliament

Visitors from Mars might be forgiven for being baffled about why — even if the dread word was used — it wasn t followed promptly by a gasp of horror and then ignored

But on papers across the country are not simply implying that Mr Trudeau used unparliamentary language but are actually using the word — in print — so that there can be absolutely no mistaking the vulgarity imputed to Pierre

Not only that but former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker a product of a more restrained age rises in Parliament and all but spells out the word Then he moves backward in time to when PET was accused of a greater indiscretion in his language In Parliament and just so no one misses his point spells the first and last letter of the four-letter word attributed to the P M at that time then explains its customary usage so clearly that anyone able to read graffiti must grasp it.

Then he goes on to describe Trudeau s predicament by using a vulgarism himself. Laudered only by substituting an acceptable word for an unacceptable one

Great merriment on Parliament Hill!

Having heard all the words and expressions in question I m not particularly shocked

It is saddening however when our parliamentary leaders become so absorbed with smut that they own it to make headlines

One is tempted to send them each a dictionary with the appropriate pages dogeared, and all the words marked and to suggest that the whole Honorable House adjourn to the barn and read and chortle until they are well sated.

Sovereignty association

EDITORIAL *January 25, 1979*

In the past few years a new expression has crept into the Canadian vernacular sovereignty association

Nobody seems to know exactly what is meant by sovereignty association, but there appears to be a consensus in English-speaking Canada that it is something most undesirable

Oddly enough those federalists most apologetic about past injustices to French Canada and pretending to the deepest understanding of the French-Canadian fact are the most vociferous in their denunciation of sovereignty association and the most reluctant to cede greater autonomy to the component units of our federation

Perhaps it is time to take a look at sovereignty association and determine exactly what the concept is and to see if it does not embody elements that might be solutions to the situation of other Canadian geographic divisions, the Atlantic provinces, British Columbia and the prairies

As our country is now structured, regional authority must be ceded not only on the basis of definable issues of responsibility that lend themselves to division, but on a realistic acknowledgment of the fact that most programs or responsibilities ceded to the larger political units must be workable and demonstrable also in the smallest

Thus Quebec must see itself under our present constitution and traditional concepts of association cast not only in the role of a cultural and linguistic minority but restrained by the fact that any right granted Quebec with roughly one-quarter of the nation s population must also be granted to Prince Edward Island, with a population of less than 200 000 (and perhaps in the foreseeable future, to the Yukon with less than 50 000 inhabitants)

Let us suppose that British Columbia s population doubled or tripled suddenly without comparable growth in the rest of Canada Separated from the rest of Canada by the mountains identifying strongly with the Pacific states of the U S and with the Pacific Rim would not British Columbia, without even the difference of language and culture, be clamoring for sovereignty association under that or another name?

Maybe we all want something like sovereignty association

Our pound of flesh

EDITORIAL *February 22 1979*

Once upon a time in the city of Venice a young man desperately needed a loan He went to a wealthy and avaricious merchant who agreed to let him have the money on one condition should the young man fail to repay the debt on the specified date the merchant would be entitled to cut one pound of flesh from any part of the body of the young man

The impetuous young man agreed to this harsh bargain

The day of reckoning came and the young man was unable to meet his financial commitment and unwilling to submit to the knife

The merchant took the matter to court and the learned judge decreed that the petitioner did indeed, have the right to carve a pound of flesh from the debtor s body

He also ruled however that he must take exactly one pound — no more and no less — and further that in taking the flesh in such a manner as to cause the young man s death he would be stepping beyond the terms of the agreement and be subject to trial for murder

Needless to say the young man kept his pound of flesh and his life

A case which might with a bit of imagination be considered analagous exists today in the matter of the Crowsnest Rate agreement

About 100 years ago a group of people organized into a company to construct and operate railway lines were given a large sum of money, vast land gifts and other concessions in order to build a railway link between British Columbia and eastern Canada

In 1897 this same group of people (or their heirs and assigns) were paid what was then a substantial subsidy to construct a track from Lethbridge to Vancouver through the Crowsnest Pass. A condition of this subsidy was that grain was to be transported on the line forever at rates established that year — over 80 years ago

There is absolutely no reason these people should not honor that rate forever having received benefits inducing them to such an agreement

There is just one little problem

Those people all are dead

Other people now operate the railway company and are legally bound by the same agreement and are being held to it

But you see these people now running it did not receive the subsidies and the large tracts of land.

When they bought their shares the body corporate which is the railway company already owned the lands and other property resulting from the Canadian government's generosity and what the present shareholders paid for the shares reflected the value of the company's holdings

So somewhat reluctantly they are living up to their agreement but there is nothing in the agreement to compel them to buy grain cars or take other costly steps to accommodate the movement of grain

And that is the rub

Personally I don't give a hoot whether the CPR makes $100 million or goes broke tomorrow

But you will not get it to move grain willingly and efficiently until you offer an incentive to do so. We may take our pound of flesh — but no more

John George Diefenbaker

EDITORIAL *August 23 1979*

When the death of Canada's 13th prime minister John George Diefenbaker was announced last week and the expected regrets and tributes rolled in from the nation's leaders one sensed in some of them — whether political foe or ally — a hint of the bafflement with which this man his principles allegiances and antics were sometimes regarded

It is understandable that they found him different, for while his colorful personality was enough to set him apart from most men there were differences in his background which would have made it almost impossible for him to fit himself into the traditional mold no matter how hard he might have tried — and he didn't

Until Mr Diefenbaker's ascendancy to Canada's highest political office it was a foregone conclusion that the post would go to someone reared (if not born) in the traditions of Upper Canada or the long-settled Maritimes with an occasional gracious substitution from the establishment of French Canada.

The history of Canada made it inevitable that the ivory towers of Ottawa could not be altogether immune to the realities of the frontier The new territories could be counted upon to send east some mavericks who clashed with the decor Most of these, however could also be counted upon to assimilate or quietly disappear

But John Diefenbaker was something else

While a native of Ontario he bore a name which, itself placed him on the fringes of political respectability Then his family took him west to a place that had not yet become the province of Saskatchewan to a world of sod shacks and flimsy frame shanties a world of European immigrants and settlers transplanted from old Ontario adjusting to each others' ways..a world of French-Canadian communities fighting to preserve their birthright a world of native people and Metis absorbing the shock of 20th century culture a world where the protocol of ancient British justice might be served in a country general store with oiled floors and a pot-bellied stove

While steely sentiment and what we call civilization pushed westward, Mr Diefenbaker's constituency remained on the frontier facing the mysterious north and constantly at day to-day grips with problems that are textbook riddles elsewhere

Small wonder that he marched to a different drum that he could charge into battle bearing the colors associated with high finance privilege and entrenchment while lustily bellowing the battle cries of the unprivileged and dispossessed

Small wonder that an opponent could say at his passing that he was an outstanding Canadian while a party mate mused that he had sometimes been a difficult man.

To be different is often to be difficult. And John Diefenbaker was certainly different

Canada in peril

EDITORIAL *August 27 1980*

A few months ago all of Canada, including a majority of the people of Quebec heaved a deep sigh of relief

This was when the voters of Quebec through a strong "no" vote on the question of sovereignty association expressed their confidence in the ability of our confederation of provinces to work out differences and re-examine and revise our constitution as responsible equals

Now we learn that behind the scenes the federal government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is still working toward unilateral patriation of the constitution and debate by the House of Commons of a resolution to accomplish this objective some time next month

Mr Trudeau s haste in the matter of constitutional patriation is justified by him on the grounds that it is what was promised to and expected by the people of Quebec in that province s referendum

Even Quebec a premier however has commented that the federal move won t help things

Mr Trudeau seems intent on ignoring the fact that Canada was initially and remains a union of provinces If anyone has license to patriate the constitution unilaterally it is that union of provinces acting in full accord.

The prime minister s haste and obstinacy imperils Canada as has nothing else in the 113 years since confederation

'No' to western separation

ERNESTLY *November 26, 1980*

Are you bothered by all this talk about western Canadian separation?

Frankly, I am

In fact, I am frightened by it

Having lived all my life in this country and having thought of it always as the best country in the world I find it difficult to think of my country other than as it has been: a country from sea to sea accommodating people of many backgrounds a country of great geographical variety a country that must have seemed impossible to tie together a century ago but which has become a nation envied throughout the world.

While I am not all that sympathetic with the Liberal government s insistence that our country ought to be totally bilingual I have always felt proud of the fact that the nation was founded on so conciliatory a base that the people of Quebec might continue in a cultural and linguistic environment different from that of the rest of Canada

I am not emotionally prepared I m afraid for a country that ends at the Manitoba-Ontario border our a condition where Toronto Niagara Falls Montreal Quebec City and Halifax are cities of a foreign country

I could go on but so much for sentiment There are also practical reasons for opposing talk of separatism

Breaking away from eastern Canada carries with it two alternatives becoming part of the United States or becoming a separate country

The first alternative, and the one supported by former P C leader Dick Collver does not particularly appeal to me I am not anti American by any stretch of the imagination but if western Canadians now feel alienated just think of what the situation would likely be if we were trying to get Washington to lend a sympathetic ear to the needs of Saskatchewan.

There are millions of Americans who couldn t position the Dakotas Montana, Wyoming Nebraska or a dozen other states on an unmarked map of the U S It would probably take a decade even to have U S maps updated to include Manitoba Saskatchewan Alberta and British Columbia

As to an independent western Canada that is the scenario that comes to my mind.

Assuming for a moment that this were achieved without bloodshed I see a great big celebration on the day of independence--a holiday for all and fireworks at night The next morning the cannons would start issuing from the lips of the brave leaders who had led us into our glorious nationhood

Half a century from now we would still be a banana republic A few oldtimers might remember how good we had it as Canadians in spite of a touch of eastern domination And perhaps a few agitators might be talking about union with eastern Canada.

Come on, folks Perhaps the cards were stacked against us a bit because our parents settled in what was then a Canadian backwater Could it have been other wise?

As economic power moves westward, so will political power It may not come easily We may have to do some talking elbowing and jockeying But there s no need to talk about secession

A joke and a sermon

ERNESTLY *April 8, 1981*

We and a lot of fun last week with our little April Fool s Day joke — the plight of tanker cars bringing water from Lake Erie to Nickle Lake — and judging from the many comments most of our readers also enjoyed it

If you were taken in for a minute or even longer don t feel badly Today s technological miracles make many things possible that seemed out of sight a decade ago and bureaucratic decisions sometimes result in things being done that would have been foolish 10 years ago--are foolish today--and likely will still be foolish 10 years hence

One reader admitted that her reaction until she caught on to the joke was that the people out east must like us more than she had realized That, I take it was good for a belly laugh in its own right

Which brings us back to the Canadian east-west confrontation and the constitutional crisis

A Weyburnite returning from a short stay in eastern Canada came back with a better understanding of the eastern point of view Motoring through southern Ontario with its many cities and towns larger than Weyburn realizing that Toronto alone has three times the population of Saskatchewan and the different economy of that part of the country he found it more

understandable that the people of Ontario might get their own merry way and make decisions without too much consideration of their effect on the sparsely settled west

That however is precisely why we must have recognition of regional differences enshrined in a constitution and a strong degree of provincial autonomy

Canada did not seek self-resolution more than a century ago because the British were cruel to Canada It was simply that the British were busy with their own problems and had little time — or understanding — for ours. And when their interests conflicted with ours they were inclined to legislate or regulate for the "greater interest" that is their own

This is precisely what is built into the Canadian situation Central Canada in looking after its own interests tends to overlook the interests of several million Canadians who live in the west

This is called benign neglect. It is a sin of which we in the west are also guilty

When, for instance have you last worried about the spud farmers of Prince Edward Island the fishermen of Newfoundland the miners of Cape Breton Island the woodsmen of New Brunswick or the subway riders of Toronto?

Forgetting the east when have you last thought seriously of the people of Yukon Territory and their aspirations to become a province?

Even those crying for a separated western Canada calmly include the northern territories and their extensive resources into the western map with little or no indication that the people of those territories would be any happier with their status under a western federation

A chance to be a hero

EDITORIAL *April 8 1981*

Unless Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau feels comfortable in the mantle of villainy one that he will bear to his death and into history if he pursues his present course he had best look closely at one last chance to emerge as a hero

Partly no doubt because of a French-Canadian background which may have given him insights into constitutional inequalities as they applied to his home province of Quebec in part because of his scholastic background of constitutional law Mr Trudeau has held throughout his political career a goal of bringing the Canadian constitution to Canada

Like many leaders before him his passion for personal recognition in history has allowed a justifiable dream to become a personal obsession that brooks no opposition or dissidence

When Mr Trudeau's government was defeated in 1979 after a dozen years to which he pursued his goal unsuccessfully he appeared to accept philosophically the fact that he had not achieved his purpose and submitted his resignation as leader of the Liberal party

Subsequent events however saw him quickly reinstated in the office of prime minister with a substantial majority While he would not have dared run an election campaign on a platform of unilateral patriation and in fact hardly mentioned the constitution during the campaign he quickly turned his majority and its eastern makeup into a weapon to bludgeon the rest of Canada into accepting a constitution in his own image

That together with his national energy policy has divided Canada as nothing else since Confederation

It has also been the catalyst which has caused eight Canadian premiers — including the premier of the key province of Quebec — to put their heads together and come up with an impending formula acceptable to all

If Mr Trudeau's headlong plunge toward repatriation has brought the provinces together he would be wise to take advantage of the situation and see what they propose

Failing this he will surely go down in Canadian history as a villain Bowing to the provinces may not win him instant popularity but it may be his last chance to be recognized by future generations as a hero

Victory for Canada

EDITORIAL *May 6 1981*

Isn't it strange?

In 1976 when Rene Levesque and the separatist Parti Quebecois were swept to power for the first time in the province of Quebec it looked like the beginning of the unravelling of Canada as we have known it for over a century

Yet on Monday when Levesque's party was returned to office with a greater majority than it previously had it was seen (at least by some of us here in the great western hinterland) as another victory in the battle for the preservation of Canada.

Of course a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since Mr Levesque's first success

Dedicated at that time to a long-term goal of complete separation from Canada and an immediate goal of something he called sovereignty association Premier Levesque —prudently avoided pursuit of this objective

In returning Levesque (who has foresworn further separatist action in his next term and who for a separatist has gotten along better with western premiers than has the PM) the people of Quebec seem to have redefined their referendum vote

Perhaps this is wishful thinking but it seems that the voters of La Belle Province have reaffirmed their belief in a Canada of national negotiation and con-

cultation rather than a solution dictated from the ivory towers of Ottawa.

Perhaps the future will again see Levesque cast in the role of a separatist villain. At the moment, however and from this vantage point, his victory looks like a victory for a united and democratic Canada.

Salute to the RCMP

EDITORIAL *July 21 1982*

When one reads accounts — in novel or historical form — of life in the Canadian west and that of the U.S. in the last decades of the 19th century it is difficult to conceive that the two situations existed in the same time frame, the same continent and were populated by people of similar backgrounds.

In both places early settlers were mainly native easterners largely of British origin joined by immigrants from Britain and Europe.

Both groups contained a fair share of fugitives from justice, and the type of tough customer attracted to frontier life.

Yet while the American west developed — at least temporarily — a society of six gun justice that even today is romanticized in every form of fiction, the Canadian west's history was tame by comparison, and reference to it evokes more yawns than avid interest.

Much of the difference probably is due to the early presence here of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (then the North West Mounted Police) now celebrating the centennial of its Saskatchewan presence in force.

Under the U.S. political system, the administration of justice was largely in local hands, subject to heavy local pressures and to intimidation from gun-slinging badmen. Western Canadian settlers were immediately under the protection of the Mounties. Mounties might be domiciled miles apart, but when they came, they were backed, and known to be backed, by a whole national force.

Even today, in Canada's western provinces, the RCMP makes it possible for small towns to be policed by thoroughly trained individuals drawing on extensive resources, rather than on one or two-man forces with minimal training.

It is probably for these reasons that, while law officers in many parts of the world are viewed with suspicion and hatred, here in western Canada the Mountie is still a respected and trusted figure — and to most people, a friend.

Hats off to the RCMP.

The 17th: a beginning

EDITORIAL *April 21 1982*

Saturday, April 17, was a day of importance for Canada and for Canadians.

That was the day last week when Queen Elizabeth II proclaimed the Canadian constitution in Ottawa, and thus country's complete independence, probably forever, from the United Kingdom. The U.K.'s approval was required, until now, for any changes to the British North America Act which served as our constitution.

There was joy in Ottawa on Saturday. Why shouldn't there be? The Queen was there, pomp and ceremony are always fun, and it's pretty hard to be gloomy when there's a good party going and the champagne is flowing.

But just as many a partygoer wakes up the next morning with a hangover, many Canadians recovered from independence euphoria to the uncomfortable realization that patriated constitution or not, all is not well in our country.

In Quebec, Premier Levesque, on whom a constitution not endorsed by his province had the same effect as a red flag on a bull, the occasion was one for protest, and for renewed rhetoric on independence for Quebec.

This may sound like a lot of hogwash from a distance, but bearing in mind that the Parti Quebecois lost the referendum on separatism by a healthy majority less than two years ago, Premier Levesque must be getting vibes that Ottawa is either not feeling or is ignoring.

While all western premiers attended the gala and identified joyously with the patriated constitution back in their own constituencies there is a separatist movement that would have been unbelievable a few short years ago.

Native people flew the Canadian flag at half-mast or upside down to protest the manner in which they had been dealt with by our constitution.

The premier of Quebec may not have justice fully on his side; nor the native people; nor the western separatists on their sides. But the fact remains that important segments of the Canadian population do not view our national independence document as one that represents a consensus of regional views and concerns.

The rights charter contains many noble words and spells out principles which on the whole would be challenged by few. The spirit of this charter, however, seems at odds with the actions of its authors.

But at least finally the constitution is home and our efforts now must be bent toward shaping it into something acceptable to most, and to all parts of Canada.

So let us hope that a decade hence we will recall April 17, 1982 as the beginning of a better Canada, and not the beginning of the end.

Singing the anthem

ERNESTLY *December 12 1984*

Patriotism, I suppose, is not the strongest Canadian characteristic.

This is understandable.

Most of us live within 100 miles or so of the United

States a land eminently suited for national self congratulation.

To wave the flag for our own country probably seems to many of us like being a cheerleader for the "C" team. We're not the "C" team in my opinion, but it's hard not to be humble when you're next door to a winner and one who likes to tell the world about it.

Then there is the makeup of our people.

Many of the British immigrants who settled this country did not, while Canada was part of the "Empire," have to sever their old allegiances when they left. thus did not find it necessary to wave the Canadian flag (which did not exist in any case). They were not anti-Canadian, perish the thought. It was just that their loyalty to, pride in, and love of Canada were a natural extension of feeling for a heritage to which they had been born.

To the French-Canadians of Quebec, the Canadian partnership was the result of the fortunes of war. Their pride continued to be in their own identity—and living as a solitude was not really conducive to becoming over-emotional about the great land of which they had become a part.

Many of our European immigrants came from lands where subservience to their rulers was more important than enthusiastic endorsement, with the result that flag waving was not the first thing they handed down to their children.

They too loved and appreciated Canada, but life in ethnic archipelagos was also not a shove toward Canadian national sm.

Two wars and the communications explosion broke down a lot of the barriers, but about the time when we might have become a bit exuberant about our country a long shadow was cast south of the border on the whole phenomenon of patriotism by such things as Hiroshima, Watergate, the Viet Nam war, and collective guilt over the long denial of basic rights to the black community.

Perhaps the world's experience with Nazi Germany was in itself a lesson in viewing with a degree of caution, to say the least, the person who declares "... but my country right or wrong."

Nevertheless, we all live together in a great country—and the course we set for it is part of our common destiny.

Thus it deserves, if not blind trust, at least devotion and loyalty, and respect for the symbols of our national identity, such as the flag and the national anthem.

I'll admit I wasn't all that crazy about the flag when it was proposed, but when it was officially adopted it became my flag, and I feel pride whenever and wherever I see it.

The playing of the national anthem should instill a similar feeling in us, but it is shocking how often at public gatherings, people will act through its singing as though they are being forced to endure something distasteful or at least completely irrelevant.

Contributing to this disgrace, unfortunately, are those public heroes—the professional athletes—both in Canada and the United States—who will stand open-mouthed, gaping at the crowd, exchanging gossip and spitting their tobacco cuds while the anthem is played or sung.

These are professional entertainers?

Mercenaries might be a more appropriate term.

But their ignorance is still no excuse for the rest of us.

If we can't sing well, let's sing as well as we can, and if we can't sing at all, let's at least stand at attention with an attitude of respect for this symbol of our unity and national identity.

What does it say and mean?

EDITORIAL *May 1 1985*

Many Canadians are wondering about the long term effect of the Supreme Court decision last week striking down, 6-3, the Lord's Day Act as contravening the much touted Article 15 of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms which came into force a week earlier.

It is probably true that in the four decades since the Lord's Day Act was passed, it has been used to restrict Sunday activities even in those whose consciences were not as rigid as those (if the people) who wrote the laws.

Notwithstanding that, however, the past two decades have seen the legalization of Sunday activities undreamed of in earlier times. As the mores of the Canadian people changed, it did become possible to relieve the impact of the law nationally, regionally and locally.

The court found that the law had Christian sectarian overtones and that a consequent tendency was to serve as a continuing reminder to those belonging to non-Christian groups of their minority status.

Whatever happened to the concept of expecting to do, when in Rome, as the Romans do?

Wherever one may travel, or choose to live, one must quickly adjust to the simple fact that every country—and indeed its provinces and regions—has assumed certain characteristics that are a product of language, geography, culture, history and religion that immediately and inevitably make one feel as a member of a minority (which in itself is not belittling).

If one chooses to become a part of that society (and that society is tolerant and enlightened)—one adapts to these different circumstances to the extent consistent with conscience—adaptability and even physical characteristics. To the extent this is not possible, one remains forever a member of a minority.

Many minority groups in fact would not have it otherwise.

They have developed because they believe their

religions or cultural preferences are superior to those of the majority and their strength is in fostering a feeling of difference among their members

Maybe the notion seems wrong to most of us, but it exists, and no doubt will enjoy the full protection of our constitution and Charter of Rights

In most democratic societies the constitution is the foundation upon which the nation was built and enshrines those things deemed to be fundamental and perceived by its citizens to be fundamental

In Canada, it presumably will be our lot to wait with baited breath each sitting of the Supreme Court to learn what our constitution really says and really means

Our guests from Sri Lanka

EDITORIAL *September 10, 1986*

One of the strangest non-martial events in Canada's modern history has to be the case of the 155 Sri Lankan Tamil refugees seeking refuge in this country

In early August the Tamils were found drifting in two lifeboats off the coast of Newfoundland, by a fishing boat which may or may not have encountered them accidentally

The story is now accepted that they paid a West German sea captain $3,300 each (a total figure of half a million dollars has also been mentioned) to take them across the ocean and set them adrift near Canada.

One cannot help but have sympathy for people who have fled from repressive regimes and perhaps the Canadian government is entitled to frowning points for showing compassion for their plight

There is something about the whole thing, however, that sticks in Canadian throats. Perhaps it is the fact that the Tamils come from one of the many lands where authority is viewed with cynicism and the greased palm is the quickest solution to any problem

Their success in winning residency status through their ploy, one fears, may not strengthen their faith in government integrity

Expo 86, Vancouver

ERNESTLY *September 24, 1986*

Once upon a time

Isn't that how fairy tales begin?

So it seems like a suitable opening for a column on Expo 86 in Vancouver, because every day when you enter the gates of the fairgrounds you have the sensation of entering a massive, glittering fairyland that cannot be real

Oh, the reality gets to you after a while, too

There is, for example, the reality of aching feet, a back that feels by mid-afternoon as though someone has tried to drive your tailbone into the asphalt, ankles about to collapse and a neck that somewhere during the day begins to register the jolt of every footstep

Outside of that, everything was great

Most of the pavilions we visited were first class and reflected a lot of work, cost, money and imagination and often humor as well

Everyone's first question when they hear we have just returned from Expo is naturally whether we visited the Saskatchewan pavilion

And naturally the answer to that is yes. After all we've heard about it, I couldn't have faced my fellow-Saskatchewanians with any other answer. To say it is the best pavilion at Expo, as some provincial chauvinists insist, is carrying it a bit far, but it is surely among the better ones, and to visit it makes a person proud to be counted among the citizens of Saskatchewan

You have a choice of three line-ups for the Saskatchewan complex. One takes you into a combination live-and-screen presentation of the great life we enjoy in this province. Sounds corny, perhaps, but it is done so well that it gets to you, and I'm sure visitors who start out with the stereotyped perception of our province as nothing but a vast flat unbreed tract will come away with an altogether different opinion

How do you combine movies with a live performance?

The script was recorded in such a way that the charming real life young natives of communities was carrying on a conversation with the people on the screen. This must have entailed some pretty fine timing, coordination and rehearsal and could easily have been bungled. When you left the movie — or perhaps before you entered (I forget) — you were also given time to look over miniature displays of the province's transportation and communications systems and the like

The second luxury took you into the grain elevator-type section where you were lifted to the top had the workings of elevators explained and then went down in a setting simulating descent into a potash mine

It was probably fascinating for most visitors, but we decided that having been underground in a real potash mine, we didn't need a make-believe trip. As for the workings of a grain elevator, I for one will settle for interviewing an elevator agent when the spirit moves me, without standing in line for one or two hours

We also skipped the Saskatchewan dining room. It got raves from everyone who visited it, but we felt we had sufficient access to fowl suppers, roast beef and perogies at home, and when visiting Vancouver we would opt for seafood and Oriental foods — without the luxury of standing in line for an hour

But everyone knew about the Saskatchewan pavilion, and I got the impression that most people had visited it or intended to. There was none of that "What's a Saskatchewan?" business

Considering the millions of dollars spent by Saskat-

chewan governments of every stripe to improve Saskatchewan's image. I can't remember seeing any as effective.

A side attraction at the pavilion was an old-fashioned steam engine with the whistle modified to permit tunes to be played on it. At least I assume it was a modification because I never heard of our pioneer settlers breaking up the land to the accompaniment of "On Top of Old Smokey." In any event, it offered a relief from monotony for the thousands of people standing in line.

Sidewalk entertainment did a lot to relieve lineup boredom. the Australian pavilion had a magician putting on shows for the queue; several pavilions had singers and I think I saw a fiddler.

For my own part, I came armed with a good fat novel and read most of it just standing in line.

The Meech Lake Accord

EDITORIAL *June 10 1987*

In 1981, the patriation and rewriting of the constitution under Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's government was surrounded by controversy in Parliament and within the various provincial legislatures and probably came to fruition only because there did exist a near-unanimous consensus that if the constitution was to be brought home from Britain, it was then or never.

The province of Quebec, however, was far from satisfied with the constitution as rewritten and did not ratify it. Thus the province with the second-largest population, one of the original partners in confederation, and the region whose social, cultural, religious and linguistic distinctiveness contributed to making (confederation) something of a modern miracle, now became an unwilling partner in the new Canada.

The important thing is that after the voters of Quebec by casting the Parti Quebecois government expressed their resolve to remain a part of the Canadian family, it became possible in a relatively short time to draw up an agreement not only meeting the approval of the governments of Quebec and Canada, but receiving public endorsement from the federal leaders of the Liberal and New Democratic parties. It has also been approved by the premiers of the other nine provinces with Tory, Liberal, NDP and Social Credit governments.

Recognizing Quebec as a distinct society within Canada presents no problem for most Canadians. Quebec always has been a distinct society within our national framework, is now, and probably will be for many years to come, and there is nothing wrong with legitimizing this in our constitution.

It is understandable that there are concerns — and they are almost universal — about a veto of sorts for every province in certain situations in order to make possible such a veto for Quebec. This does seem extreme, but if three party leaders and 10 premiers, with independent expert advice, can live with it, it must have a lot going for it.

Threat to Meech Lake

EDITORIAL *December 21 1988*

Last week's Supreme Court of Canada decision striking down Quebec's Bill 101 — legislation forbidding the use of languages other than French on commercial signs — took 10 years in coming.

Possibly there was some foot-dragging at various levels in the hope that as alienation of the more fanatical Quebecois elements became more subdued, wiser and calmer heads in the province might prevail and modify the offensive legislation.

You see, the whole thing didn't start with something as provocative as a banner reading "Rule Britannia, down with French." No indeed. A Montreal business owner displayed outside his establishment a sign of 35 years' vintage which included the five words: "Printers and Stationers — Office Supplies."

This was held to be contrary to Bill 101, passed in 1977 by the Parti Quebecois to preserve the use of French in the province.

However much one may sympathize with the objectives of Canada's French minority to preserve its identity as a distinct and separate society in the province that has a francophone population of about 80 percent, legislation restricting public use of a language goes well beyond protectionism to paranoia and denial of basic liberties.

At issue is not only the right of people of the other official Canadian language to communicate in their language publicly. The bill also discriminates against the use of Chinese, Hebrew, Hindi, Spanish or any other language in which anyone might seek to address any ethnic group through its own language.

It is to the credit of the people of Quebec that in an opinion sampling taken following the court decision, 70 percent agreed with the right to have bilingual signs.

It is not reassuring, and is even a threat to the Meech Lake Accord, that Premier Robert Bourassa and his government are now preparing to opt out of national and provincial bills of rights to perpetuate language discrimination in their province.

5. Scenes from our times

Players and spectators all

William Shakespeare saw the whole world as a stage with all of us the players, all having exits and entrances. Some stage, in our time! Players—no doubt, we have been—if only bit-actors—in the continuing drama of our planet's evolution, but breathless spectators as well to the twentieth-century scenes that have changed our world as no previous era in history.

We came to Weyburn less than a year after Russia's first Sputnik beeped triumphantly to all the world from its historic orbits around the planet, and we have since witnessed (if from afar) such events as the erection of the Berlin Wall, the Cuban missile crisis, the Kennedy assassinations, the moon walk, unmanned trips to the outer reaches of the solar system, embarrassing intervention by the superpowers in Viet Nam and Afghanistan, Israel's stubborn battle for survival in the hostile environment of the Middle East—and finally, as this is written, the sudden changes in the political climate of the Eastern bloc that offer hope for a brave new world of international co-operation and achievement — if they do not instead have consequences that annihilate us all.

While a community newspaper traditionally and by definition — particularly in the era of electronic communications — concerns itself primarily with the affairs of its own geographic area, it is impossible for an editorial writer to ignore the greater world which has become, in so many senses, a global village.

Our Saskatchewan sojourn began slightly more than a decade after the close of the greatest conflict of the human race, and virtually everyone still bore its scars and carried its memories. Some of the first features in this chapter portray a few of the people whose lives were inexorably changed by the events of World War 2, and are intended to serve as a setting for the world of the late 1950s and those who peopled it.

The editorial comments and articles do not qualify even as a synopsis of the world scene as observed in three decades closing in on the twenty first century, but as in other chapters, reflect one person's views and perceptions of selected events and their significance from this narrow field of view, but I hope they give the reader of the future particularly a flavor of our times.

A symbol of hope

EDITORIAL *October 23 1958*

On Friday Oct 24 while fear of self-annihilation prevents the great nations of the world from settling their grievances in the time-honored manner a blue flag flying over the courthouse will signify the observance in Weyburn as in all of Canada of United Nations Day — a day set aside to honor the international organization dedicated to the noble principle of preserving peace throughout the world

That the peace in the 13 years of the United Nations existence has been an uneasy one is an unpleasant fact and it appears most doubtful whether the organization as presently constituted will be able to maintain that if the USSR and the USA ever decide to bowl it out

But this does not mean that cynical rejection of the U N is in order or that it should be abandoned as a futile and impotent effort in a lost cause

On the contrary while accomplishments of the international body may not be as impressive as its faithful champions would have us believe it stands nevertheless as a symbol of man s growing desires and hopes for a world from which war has been banished

I will finish him off

EDITORIAL *February 9 1959*

"The target is a transport four-engined I am attacking the target I will finish him off boys I will finish him on the run"

In a democratic country policy is formulated by the grass roots where the grass roots show enough interest to convince elected government of a strong preference Say what we will about governments having a deaf ear to protests pleas and grumblings by constituents it is grass-roots attitude that fits Canadians for the role of international mediators and which will decide the future role of Canada in world affairs

The opening sentence of this editorial part of a monitored radio conversation between five Russian pilots as they attacked and destroyed an unarmed American transport plane carrying 14 airmen which had strayed over the Russian border demonstrates perhaps what an unarmed nation may expect in an international society where the law of the jungle prevails

Unprincipled cold-blooded barbarians and murderers such as these Russian pilots exist in about the same proportion in every country in the world including our own The important difference lies in whether such acts receive official protection or condemnation and this in turn depends on the degree of responsibility of a government to the peace loving decent people who also exist in about the same proportion in every country

When Russia s No 2 man Anastas Mikoyan chortles and hand-shakes his way across the United States his amiability does not reflect the feeling of the people of the USSR but is simply the current strategy of his government It is "good business" at a particular stage of the cold war

Disarmament is fine if it is universal protected and enforced by an effective and powerful agency It is suicide if it leaves us open to attack by murderers who bear down on our unprotected cities and while doing so casually chatter I will finish them off boys I will finish them off"

East-West incidents to prairie farm

A FEATURE *April 23 1959*

Days in a war plant and nights listening to the frightening roar of buzz bombs clandestine visits to Communist-controlled territory a struggle for survival on a prairie farm and the nerve-shattering though irresistible pattern of life to a newspaper office

This may sound like the experience of at least three and maybe four persons but when you we seen the 4-footed 1½ of hurry and bustle that is Phyllis Kaiser life s a lot easier to understand how all of this could be crowded into half a lifetime

With a "go go go" personality and an insatiable love for travel Phyllis thinks it not the least bit strange that in her life she has done things that most people are content to read or dream about In fact she s a long way from the end of the road and her husband Bert, often feels she spends her coffee breaks plotting new travel plans to spring on him

Born Phyllis Andrews, in Plymouth several years after the end of World War I she grew up in the West Side of London where her father worked for years on the "underground" and even before the war managed to get in one jaunt through Belgium and France visiting the famed battlefields of the first world conflict

When the war came along Phyllis took a job in a war factory in Hounslow and stuck to it for the duration to help the war effort although she admits to finding the payroll clerk job tiresome and boring

The wartime nights were tiresome too although in a different way and certainly far from boring as night after night enemy planes dropped death and destruction on their city while Phyllis and her family like millions of others in London sat up and waited for disaster or tried beyond endurance went to sleep and hoped for the best

"We went to the shelters a few times " says Phyllis, "but with the bombing starting right after dark as early as 6 o clock and lasting often till early morning it was just too long to sit in a shelter We just decided

to go to bed at night and hope we'd wake up in the morning."

It was during the war that Phyllis met her Canadian husband, Sapper Bert Katsky, RCE, of Manitoba. It wasn't until after the war and many miles and adventures later for both of them, that they were married. Bert went with his unit to Italy and Holland and was sent back to Canada, while Phyllis, after the war, accepted a job with the British foreign office, which took her to the British sector of Berlin.

"It all started with a casual glance at a newspaper," recalls Phyllis. "I saw an ad for foreign office clerks to serve in Austria and Germany. I applied and before I knew it had been accepted and was travelling across war torn Europe through Essen, Dortmund, Dusseldorf and Hanover, to Berlin. Rubble was everywhere, and the station at Berlin was a twisted mass of steel girders. We wondered what we had come to. The city itself was just a pile of bricks, and even the trees were all dead.

The only buildings that had been repaired were the ones the British Control Commission were to use. Her job was with the payroll division, which meant she had to visit all the offices throughout the British sector of Berlin.

One of her calls was Spandau prison, which was being prepared to receive the war criminals after the conclusion of the Nuremberg trials. She was actually to the cell that was to confine the famous Rudolf Hess.

The cells were so arranged as to have an empty one between occupied cells, making it impossible for prisoners to contact each other.

Since all of Berlin was divided into four sectors, with the British, French, Americans and Russians each controlling then own sections, some places, such as Spandau, were guarded by four powers alternately each taking a one-month turn.

"When the Russians had their turn, I was always kind of wary when I had to go there—more so because the chauffeur was a German. We would go there—do our business and never wander, as we were very conscious of the fact that the guard on the lookout tower was armed."

Still, she says the situation and its lighter sides, such as the conferences held to work things out, and there they all dined together.

For the first year, the civilian occupation forces worked under pretty strict regulations, they had to wear uniforms, carry passports, and were not allowed to use the subway trains, but as time went on, rules were relaxed, and once Phyllis and a friend even ventured through the Brandenburg Gate to attend an opera in East Berlin.

"When we took our minds off the wonderful performance of 'Tales of Hoffman' and considered where we were, we certainly felt funny," admits Phyllis. However, they were able to return to their own sector without misadventure.

To Phyllis, the present-day happenings in Berlin and the air corridor arrangements don't sound a bit strange, as the same thing was happening in 1947, and she considers it all part of a pattern of behavior designed for only one purpose — to drive the Western powers out of Berlin.

A personal experience with this sort of thing came once when Phyllis was on a bus tour through one of Berlin's famous beer gardens.

On the way back, the driver accidentally made a wrong turn and before he was aware of it, had crossed into the Russian sector with the front wheels of the bus. Immediately a truck with Russian soldiers pulled up, they were ordered out and had to sit under a tree waiting for an officer to come and decide whether they were to be permitted to return.

"Maybe they were soft-hearted because we were women," says Phyllis. At any rate, they were given their freedom without too much difficulty.

By 1948, letters from Canada were coming thick and fast, and after a short visit with her family, Phyllis came to Canada, married her wartime sweetheart, and they settled down to farming in the Yellow Grass district.

Although she loved farm life — surprisingly enough for a London girl — and says she would be prepared to go back to it at any time, things didn't work out that way.

Several successive years of poor crops depleted their savings, and when the landlord sold out they had no choice but to return to town life. Bert got a job with the Weyburn public works department, and Phyllis came to the Review, where she still is very much in evidence.

A trip back to England five years ago convinced her that Canada is the best place to live, but every year some vacation time, the road map is taken out of moth balls, and the Katskys are off to California, Mexico or other distant places.

The jump that ended in Stalag Luft III

APEATURE *April 30, May 7, 1959*

Several hours before sunrise the last of the attacking British bombers droned off toward the English Channel and home—leaving behind and below them a young Canadian airman feeling for the first time utterly alone and forsaken, as if home and safety had seemed nearer as long as friendly aircraft were overhead.

But he wasn't wasting any time worrying about it, he was too busy running, as he had been since 2 a.m., running westward toward the French border and the chance of a return to England with the assistance of the French underground.

At 0200 hours, on April 27, 1944, Flight Lieutenant Albert Alexander (Bert) Serbet and six other members of the crew of a Lancaster bomber of the

RAF 207 Squadron flying out of Spilsby base in England and been well on their way to reaching their target — Swemfurt Germany — and the important ball bearing works there. It was the fifth bombing raid in which Seibel had taken part.

All seven of the crew — two Canadians two Australians, a New Zealander and two Englishmen — were trained for "special duties" — the bombing of enemy targets within an area not more than 100 yards wide and 400 yards long.

But to bomb the target you have to get there first and that just wasn't on the cards that night. With the base four and a half hours behind them and Swemfurt just 20 minutes away, two German Junkers 88s dropped down on them and attacked.

The German fighters took turns at the target, one dropping flares and the other attacking, and on the first attack set fire to the starboard wing and inner motor, the hydraulic system and the fire extinguisher system, leaving the Alfred aircraft unable to fight the flames.

The second attack took out the wing tanks and the pilot, Squadron Leader Arnold Jones of New Zealand, gave orders to bail out.

Within minutes Seibel found himself on the ground below, surrounded by darkness and the Black Forest, and doing his best to remember the survival and escape instructions that had been drilled into him in the months of training.

His first job was to bury the bell-like white parachute which had saved his life. This was done both because the large white silk chute would be easy to spot, giving search parties sure-fire evidence of the airman's starting point, and to make it difficult for the Germans to ascertain which aircraft he was from, in the event of capture.

The Germans tried to account for every member of a plane's crew — but since, under the terms of the Geneva Convention, a prisoner was required only to give his name, rank and number, it was impossible to know how long and how far they had travelled before being apprehended.

For survival each airman had a special kit, about double the size of a Canadian cigarette package. This contained maps, compass, medication, concentrated food, benzedrine to keep him awake, needle and thread, a chocolate bar, a hollow comb with a hacksaw blade inside, about $100 worth of French currency, and a supply of chlorine.

With the chlorine, the fugitive was able to drink any water he could find: half an hour after putting a tablet of chlorine into a container of water.

So Seibel ran, hoping to elude the search party and reach the French border before his supplies ran out. The first night, he ran until 6 in the morning, managing to give his searchers the slip.

Weary after the four-hour sprint through the rugged forest country (not far from the Swiss border), Seibel slept for hours under the cover of brush, remained hidden until dark then continued his weary way westward.

After three days as a fugitive, and still miles from his destination, Seibel ran into another search party although he didn't know about it until he was rudely awakened from his sleep one morning, curled around a tree by a shout and a sharp command in German.

He opened his eyes without moving, and saw a German civilian with the Swastika armband indicating he was a member of the forestry patrol (sort of a home guard). The man was pointing a rifle at him, motioning for him to get up, and shouting for his companions to come.

Like most airmen Seibel was unarmed, having left his .38 in his kit bag at the base, as they had been advised to do.

He played "possum" but when the German pulled back the bolt of his rifle and aimed it at him, he jumped up smartly with his hands up. However, he had the feeling that the civilian was more frightened than he.

Bert was marched to the nearest village with a rifle pointed menacingly at his back. When they arrived at the village, he was taken to the mayor, who made a futile attempt to interrogate him. Not knowing English, he had to use a German-English dictionary.

Failing in this, he had Seibel locked up in the town jail, where they had the window opened to permit everyone in town to walk by for a look at the "terror Flieger" as they called the British airmen. For most of them, it was their first look at an Allied airman, as it was well off the course of most Allied attacks.

Utterly exhausted from his three-day flight, Seibel couldn't have cared if they had paraded the entire German nation past his cell. He simply lay down on his cot, turned his back to the window, and went to sleep.

Next morning, a guard brought him his first meal, consisting of a piece of bread and jam and a cup of ersatz coffee, made out of dried acorns and wheat, then took him to the train.

This is where Bert saw the first familiar face as the compartment was shared with another guard escorting Bob Exley, the flight engineer from Bert's plane.

Although they were not permitted to talk to each other then, Bert learned in time that six of the seven members of his crew had survived the night. One, the mid-upper gunner, Australian Ray Watts, was never located and presumed dead.

According to the rear gunner, Griffin Watts had been alive and preparing to jump when he, Griffin, had left the plane, but was never seen again.

Seibel thinks he may have been shot on the ground as he heard four rifle shots just after he landed, but he didn't stay to investigate.

The pilot and the navigator, they learned later, had almost made it to France, having evaded capture for

two weeks, only to be picked up by the Germans as they attempted to cross the Rhine River.

At their next brief stop Seibel and Exley were handed over to the local police and after being locked up were given some soup and a cup of mint tea, after which the chief, who spoke English, attempted to question them. When they returned to their cells they heard singing in the next cell and recognized the voice as that of their wireless operator. They talked to each other through the walls until the German army men loaded them on a truck and drove them about 20 miles to the larger lock-up, where they were kept for three days on a daily diet of a piece of black bread and a billy can of black coffee.

The next stop was a fighter base, where they were joined by another member of their crew, rear gunner Jack Griffin. There was no questioning here, and during the five-day stay they received fairly good food.

The prisoners met with the first signs of civilian hostility at Brunswick, where they changed trains when they were being taken to the interrogation centre at Frankfurt. The city had been bombed several days before, and angry civilians spat at them and tried to kick them, but were held off by the guards.

At Frankfurt they were taken to tiny individual cells, which contained only a wooden bunk and a straw mattress, and had heavy doors and barred windows. The cells were two paces wide by four paces long, recalls Bert. "I know, I paced it."

Here he was visited by a civilian supposedly from the German Red Cross. He had long forms to complete, which he claimed he had to have before the prisoner's family would be notified that he was alive.

When Bert refused to give him any information, he was left in the cell for three days, with the heat was alternately turned to an almost unbearably high temperature—then turned off altogether, leaving him shivering with cold.

When he met the interrogation officer, he found a friendly, individual who spoke English with a British accent, and tried to pump him. When he was unsuccessful, he was furious, and had Seibel taken back to the cell for another three-day stint, and some more of the heat-and-cold treatment.

The second trip to the interrogation officer was very much the same as the first, and with similar results. On the third visit, however, the officer told him he was going to be warned that Bert's family must be worrying, and that all he had to do was tell them where he was from and they would take him to a POW camp where food and conditions were better.

If he didn't tell them, the officer threatened, they would have to consider him a spy and saboteur, and have him shot. When Bert still refused to talk, there was a pistol shot outside, and the officer shook his head sadly.

"Too bad," he said. "There's one that wouldn't tell us where he was from."

He flew into a rage when even this didn't convince Bert, and he ordered the guard to take him back to the cell for another week. However, after about half an hour, he was taken to a transfer camp, and a few days later entrained for Stalag Luft III, at Sagan. He arrived there about a month after 51 officers had been shot for escaping from the camp through a tunnel.

Before taking him into the compound, he was given another thorough search, and the Germans were quite annoyed when they discovered a compass hidden in his uniform. They took all his clothes and went over them, even taking off the heels of his shoes.

Bert had a shock when he entered the compound, and instead of being greeted as a buddy was avoided. No one would speak to a new prisoner, he found, until he had been okayed by the camp's own security committee. Once cleared, however, the atmosphere changed, everyone was friendly and within half an hour he was drinking tea with the "old-timers" and telling them the latest war news.

In the camp the POWs lived almost as an independent community, doing all their own cooking, and living from Red Cross parcels sent from home, and what they could grow in the vegetable gardens in the compound. They received some extras from the Germans, such as bread, barley, potatoes and kohlrabi.

They lived 10 in a room, and slept in double-decker bunks. For amusement they read books sent by the Red Cross, organized sports, or listened to the BBC news, secretly, which often carried coded messages.

Naturally, radios were not supplied by the Germans, and their possession was forbidden, but with hand-made parts, and some obtained from the guards by bribery or blackmail, they always managed to build more sets than the Germans were able to find and confiscate.

At 9.30 a.m. on Jan. 26, 1945, the whole camp was warned to be ready to leave — on foot — in half an hour, for new quarters at Stalag IIIA near Berlin.

Fortunately, it wasn't until 5 a.m. of the next morning that they actually set out, giving them time to make sleighs on which to carry their blankets, kits and personal belongings, which became more and more precious as the time to leave approached.

When the sleighs were filled, their pockets were loaded with potatoes, razors, spoons and everything else in sight.

Seibel was one of the fortunate few who had a blanket to take, but it was stolen the first night, and he had to do without the luxury.

The prisoners were on the march for about a week, walking from 8 in the morning to 5 at night—when they would be (confined) to barns or whatever shelter was available. It being winter, and not enough time to warm the Red Cross food, they would open their cans

of stew and chew the frozen meat for nourishment

Unaccustomed to marching after months and years in the prison compound the prisoners were almost too tired to sleep when they stopped the first night

A book written after the war by one of the prisoners describes a near incident during the march when the ragged band met a motorized section of a German Panzer division one night The Germans were very friendly until their officer discovered that a goose had been stolen from his car

"He complained to the group captain and threatened that strong measures would be taken if this bird were not returned," narrates the writer An appeal was made for its return but it was not forthcoming — the truth of the matter was that it had already been cooked and eaten

Bert Seibel today proudly admits that he ate a wing of the stolen goose

Stalag Luft IIIA when they arrived proved worse if anything than the old quarters, but with the Allied forces closing in from east and west hopes of early liberation and repatriation were high

In April, freedom seemed close when the Germans handed the camp over to the senior Allied officer and fled from advancing Russians who were far from being in any hurry to repatriate them or even make life any more pleasant for them

Nevertheless they may have been more fortunate than the Russian prisoners who were immediately given a gun and sent into action With the confusion they were in most of them were dead within weeks

Growing more and more impatient as rumor spread that the Russians were holding them as hostages many grew desperate when Americans coming to peck them up (after the armies met) were turned back by the Russians They began leaving the camp in large numbers making their way through no-man's-land to the American lines

One day word was passed around that a number of American trucks would be waiting about 10 miles from the camp and that as many prisoners as possible were to sneak out and meet them

Bert was one of the men who succeeded although not until he had been turned back by Russian sentries at the point of a gun He finally made it when he decided to take the most obvious way out — through a hole in the fence He waited until the guard who had sent him back was out of sight then slipped out again and ran for all he was worth

Seibel spent about a week with the U S Ninth Army on the Elbe then was flown to Brussels Belgium where he was billeted in a private home until transportation back to England was available

Before he returned to Canada Bert and a number of other former prisoners were treated to an afternoon tea at Buckingham Palace with Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth

He followed the postmarks

A FEATURE *September 10 1959*

An envelope is slipped into the mail slot and the young mail clerk gives it a brief glance before tossing it into one of several bags before him Although he doesn't pause for a second his mind dwells on the letter's address and the magic words written on it that will separate it from the others in the bag and carry it over the seas to an unreal person in a land far away from the reality of home

The drone of an airplane overhead stirs the spirit of adventure and reminds him of the presence of a link between his world and that of the Sphinx the Alps, ocean and butters

In far-away, strife-torn Europe events draw relentlessly toward Munich the invasion of the Sudetenland and the war which generations to come will read about

In preparation the Royal Air Force began to recruit men from all over the empire the men who were later to defend democracy in the epic Battle of Britain and eventually to carry the war to the home of the enemy

In Lucky Lake, Sask , the mail clerk saw his opportunity to learn to fly, and to visit some of the far-away places that had previously seemed as remote as the stars

Learning that it was necessary to have a pilot's license to become an RAF pilot he wasted no time getting one and presented himself to the recruiting officer at Regina, qualified and by late 1937 was taking his advanced training in northern Scotland

George Drake Hill was born in Weyburn although his parents moved to Ogema when he was still an infant, and later to Balcarres and Cupar before settling down in Lucky Lake This is where he was in 1937 when he quit his post office job to join the Royal Air Force

After completing his RAF training George was posted at an armament training camp at Pwehelli South Wales where much of his flying time was spent towing targets over Hell s Mouth for air-to-air firing practice

By summer of 1939 international tensions had reached the point where it was obvious that nothing could prevent another world conflict and all leaves were cancelled on P O Hill s squadron and the other 11 at the station

Reserve officers called to duty arrived daily and on Sept 1 when the German armies crossed the border into Czechoslovakia, George and his mates were ordered to Bethenville France near the German border

Air crews flew to France the same day with a limited number of essential ground crew men more maintenance men followed the next day on commercial aircraft, while the main party arrived by sea and land about a week later

In the early days of the war duty consisted mainly of reconnaissance flights over the Siegfried Line, and it was a long time before George so much as saw an enemy plane.

The natives of Bethenville who had seen their town overrun by the Germans both in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and the First World War were resigned to another invasion and left in large numbers for the south of France.

George's first close call came during the German invasion of France. His and two other aircraft were on a bombing raid and had just crossed the coast of France when his gunner reported a plane following them, about 1,000 feet above and half a mile behind them.

George ordered the gunner to fire a warning burst if the aircraft came any closer. Seconds later the plane, a Messerschmidt 109, attacked and one of the three bombers went down in flames. A few minutes later very accurate anti-aircraft fire from the woods below took out the control cables to the elevators on George's craft.

Any hope of reaching the target gone, George limped back to his home base but not before dumping his bomb load on the woods that had concealed the anti-aircraft installation.

On another occasion he piloted one of 12 British bombers on a raid of an airdrome in France. They were escorted by two squadrons of Hurricanes, but when these gave chase to some German bombers the RAF bombers were attacked by six Messerschmidts. Although they spiralled down to ground level as quickly as possible to prevent the Germans from getting below them, eight of the 12 bombers were lost on the raid.

George's craft was hit by a volley which left 75 bullet holes in the frame, beside nicking the gunner and George himself. He recalls with amusement now that the gunner was more disturbed because the gun had been jammed by a bullet than he was by the wound.

In fall of 1940, just before the Battle of Britain, George now holding the rank of flight lieutenant was transferred to a squadron posted in Malta. By this time there were only two of the original members on the No. 40 squadron he had started with.

His departure for Malta is another day George remembers with amusement — seeing as it ended all right.

They were to take off from Southampton during the night and had checked their planes in the afternoon so that everything would be in readiness. This done, they were just having lunch when the air raid sirens sounded for about the third time. The locals all raced to the shelters, but George and his mates, believing it to be another false alarm, remained where they were.

A little later Hill looked out the window and saw 15 enemy planes being engaged by Spitfires. He called to the other fellows to come out and watch the fight, and climbed out the window to get a better look.

As the first A.A. fire burst into the leading Germans, the first one started to come down. When the second one followed suit, George realized that they were dive bombers and made for the air raid shelter.

Fortunately, he made it and was able to leave for Malta that night.

After taking part in the North African campaign, and some duty in Jerusalem, Hill returned to Port Sudan as an instructor. He became sick here, and went back to England, and shortly afterward returned to Canada. By now he had reached the rank of squadron leader.

After instructing in New Brunswick, he was commander at Yarmouth for 18 months, then returned to England in 1944, where he was a liaison officer between headquarters and invasion groups during the Normandy invasion.

Shortly afterward, he was transferred to the RCAF, and joined the No. 116 squadron as commander. After the fall of France, the squadron was disbanded and George was transferred to the repatriation centre at Aldermanston, and later to Celle, Germany, where he remained until June 1945. He returned to Canada shortly afterwards.

After Hill's discharge, he returned to Lucky Lake and the post office job he had left eight years before. From here they moved to Swift Current, and after 10 years came to Weyburn, the city of his birth. He has been postmaster here since that time.

He still sees the letters with the strange addresses and postmarks—but instead of yearnings for adventure they now bring only memories — both happy and sad.

Dag Hammarskjold

EDITORIAL *September 21 1961*

It is doubtful whether there has ever been a death in history as shocking to the world, and as discouraging to human hopes, as that of United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold this week.

A few short days after setting a precedent by initiating on his own authority for the first time military action in order to preserve peace, the man to whom the world has looked for leadership in the fight for peace became a martyr for a cause which some ones must have seemed hopeless even to him.

One can only guess at the loneliness felt by this great man in his last hours. Condemnation from the Belgians who were co-partners in guilt with the savages in the Congolese tragedy, silence from the Russians who have been extremely vocal whenever they disagreed, but who had not the moral courage to offer encouragement when his line of action must have been acceptable to them, and most dis-

appointing precious little support from the major western powers at a time when they had an unique opportun ty to show the sincerity of their support for the United Nations

The new limbo

EDITORIAL *November 1 1962*

Last week the free world hailed President John F Kennedy s quarantine of Cuba as the most positive assertion so far that the United States is prepared to draw a line against threats to the security of the west We join with most persons in the western hemisphere In recognizing the necessity for the grave decision by the president

Endorsation of this unprecedented move by the U S however is tantamount to an admission that a new dimension exists in international affairs a relationship between sovereign states that is neither flesh fowl nor good red herring when compared with traditional standards of conduct.

It is a limbo in which we are destined to live forever or until we mature beyond the present-day anarchy in international affairs For it is obvious that in the future we can expect to see every type of act however reprehensible in its intent justified on the basis of U S action in relation to Cuba

It tolls for thee — Donne

PAGE 1 STORY *November 28 1963*

This passage is centuries old but there was never a day in the history of the human race when this was so dramatically and drastically brought home to so many people throughout the world as in the three days of incredible shock horror sadness disbelief heartsickness and mourning which began with the rifleshots in Dallas at noon Friday which cut down President John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the United States and ended at the Arlington National Cemetery near Washington when his body was consigned to the grave in the presence of a hushed crowd and probably the largest number of world statesmen ever assembled in one place

In Weyburn as in Dallas Washington Ottawa or London in fact in cities towns hamlets and lonely farms everywhere in the world personal interests and activities were suddenly secondary to the evil that had befallen the globe with the death of the 46-year-old 35th president of the United States

Gettysburg

EDITORIAL *November 28 1963*

Tuesday of last week marked the 100th anniversary of the day when President Abraham Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg, Pa — an address which has since become familiar to every literate person and which only three days after its centennial people great and small throughout the world had cause to ponder

President John F Kennedy has been eulogized by the great of the world whose eloquence we cannot hope to match or complement, the words of the Gettysburg Address are simple and direct and do not require our interpretation

Most of us may never experience another day of unrelieved horror such as Friday November 22 1963 but we will continue to see endure tolerate participate in abet and ignore the thousands of injustices which are the battlefield of men like Abraham Lincoln and John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Kitty and we

EDITORIAL *July 2 1964*

There has been editorial comment across the continent as reports increase of people standing by while persons are beaten murdered or robbed

The case which probably triggered the outcry was that of Kitty Genovese attacked in New York while at least 38 people looked on from their windows and killed because no one called the police and the murderer was able to come back and finish the job after he had once fled

Why we ask do these things happen? One need not even mention duty compassion or loyalty to the principle of law and order it seems a matter of common decency

The law cannot be enforced or the peace maintained by a handful of policemen These men are only the working arm of citizenry resolved to protect itself and to maintain the rule of law

Legislators and jurists may have to effect changes but public responsibility remains with or without these changes

White backlash

EDITORIAL *August 27 1964*

"White backlash" is a term which has found its way suddenly into the English language and which may have more than passing significance in the lexicon of the 1960s

If we understand it correctly it is the definition for outraged naivete white America s two-word excuse for future repression of a race and for support of measures people and policies which will advance this end it is a defeat of wishful think ng that does not augur well for the peaceful settlement of racial differences in the United States

In this decade the American Negro is seeking to undo wrongs of the past century and politics

prejudice, ignorance and over-idealism are again threatening to botch it up.

If every constitutional right is accorded the Negro people it will still be decades before they achieve economic and social equality. All the wishful thinking in the world, nor tears nor violence will change this.

If the American nation, black and white, can recognize and accept the right of the Negro to every constitutional guarantee, the considerable change which must accompany the altering of existing patterns, and the responsibility of the Negro to take it from there without expecting miracles, there is hope. If not, there will be more black extremism, more white backlash, and the groundwork perhaps for another civil war.

Sir Winston Churchill

PAGE 1 EDITORIAL *February 4, 1965*

Once again last week, flags around the world flew at half mast, the military slow-marched to the final resting place of a fallen warrior people by the thousands, old and young, filed by a flag-draped bier, princes and prime ministers came from afar to pay their last respects.

How many men dying a quarter-century after the peak of their glory are accorded the deep respect, the love and the loyalty shown Winston Churchill last week?

Or compare this with the death of another great wartime leader about a decade ago. "An evil man died today," a Toronto newspaper commented tersely and frankly—on the day of the death of Joseph Stalin of Russia.

Stalin too had done a tremendous job of keeping the Russian people together at a time of great crisis, but his overall record left an image of cruelty, ruthlessness and a complete lack of compassion.

What, then, is this greatness in Sir Winston Churchill that so sets him apart from others in his time?

It is not power, for others have wielded greater power; it is not wealth, for there are many wealthier. It is the faculty to influence people in the shaping of their own destiny against all obstacles, and to make the destiny brighter.

An unquenchable, an indomitable spirit, a ready wit, a profound wisdom, a fierce determination, a heart that knew compassion and eyes not ashamed to cry, an undying belief in the greatness and dignity of a people and their right to freedom: these things were the greatness of Winston Churchill and will be engraved forever upon the hearts of the generations that knew him and owe so much to him.

U-2, Pueblo?

EDITORIAL *February 15, 1968*

About two weeks ago the world held its breath once more as the prospect of a collision between East and West loomed large as a result of seizure by the North Koreans of the American reconnaissance ship "Pueblo."

These jarring confrontations, hard as they are on the constitution, nevertheless have the advantage of helping us assert our thoughts. For instance, the Review has always leaned toward the nuclear deterrent philosophy as opposed to the disarmament theory in the debate over how our uneasy peace is most likely to be preserved. But when a side engagement like Viet Nam prompts a world power like the United States to speak seriously of a nuclear offensive the minute another crisis breaks out, one cannot help but wonder whether we hadn't all best quickly unload the rockets.

Another lesson learned was that one must never underestimate the part played by the stupidity factor in international affairs. What but the sheerest stupidity could induce the United States to send a spy ship so close to a hostile country that, via latest in territorial waters could even be charged, without the capability of proving, at any time, to the entire world the exact location of the vessel? If it is possible to pinpoint the source of radio signals, why could not neutral stations in Japan, for example, have been asked to remain in contact with the "Pueblo" in order to verify her position?

While on the subject of the position of the "Pueblo" when she was seized, let's not forget (admittedly few are forgetting) that the U 2 also was innocent until proven guilty.

An Innocent Abroad

AFFATURE *May 29, 1968*

I am aware of how presumptuous it would be for me to attempt an analysis of Germany today—on the basis of a brief week overseas — a week spent mostly at army and air force installations. More so, considering that hundreds of our readers served overseas during two world wars, and that scores of others have visited Germany since under circumstances which gave them a much more intimate understanding than I could possibly have gained.

But a newspaperman simply cannot bear seeing something that is new to him without setting down and writing about it. These then are simply the impressions of a wide-eyed innocent on his first trip abroad—and I hope the reader will bear this qualification in mind.

One of the things I wondered about before going overseas was just how the German people felt about the Allied presence in their country. Bearing in mind

that we entered as conquerors over 20 years ago and have had armed forces in Germany ever since. I could not help but wonder whether the Germans did not tend to think of our troops as occupation forces...whatever other logical justification there might be at this particular time in history.

From what I could gather in putting the question to different German civilians, however, I came away satisfied that not only are Germans keenly sensitive to the need for NATO forces in their country as a defence against possible eastern aggression, but that they are most welcome. Canadians in particular enjoy a good relationship with the Germans.

The foregoing was borne out by a statement made by the lord mayor of Lahr at a small reception for our group of Canadian weekly newspaper publishers on the morning of our departure for home.

Dr. Brucker explained that in this city the Canadian forces and the civilian population had enjoyed good relations from the day the Canadians replaced the French last year. With the French, relations had been excellent when they had left, but in their case both sides had to work at it...said Dr. Brucker...since the French had first come as occupying forces after the war. That he implied there had been slower acceptance on the part of both of the new relationship of partnership.

In Germany, as here, questions of interpretation can sometimes cause misunderstandings between politicians and the press, according to an incident cited by Dr. Brucker. Shortly after the arrival of the families of Canadian servicemen, said the lord mayor, he had mentioned in a speech that Canadian wives were careful shoppers and very bargain-conscious ("a virtue we would applaud in our own wives" - he added). As his remarks had been quoted — or misquoted — in the German press, said Dr. Brucker, he had accused Canadian women of being penny pinchers.

Although the lord mayor addressed our group through an interpreter, we found that English could get us by very handsomely everywhere. Certainly almost everyone dealing with the public spoke fluent English. I had looked forward to practising my own badly tarnished German, but found in most cases the person whom I addressed, after listening briefly with puzzled patience, simply switched into English.

Something no one seemed able to explain was just what makes Germany tick. Imagine a country with a total area half the size of Saskatchewan inhabited by something like 50 million people.

Considering that large parts of Germany were levelled by Allied bombers during World War 2, and had to pay vast sums in reparations to other countries, the recovery has been simply miraculous. The German population does not live lavishly by American and Canadian standards, but the people were well dressed, certainly looked well fed, their cities and towns looked clean, in good repair and thriving. The only sign of the war's ravage which I saw was some bomb damage to the cathedral at Cologne which had not been completely repaired.

Ancient Soest, one of Germany's oldest cities, and 60 percent destroyed by air raids, was restored building by building, brick by brick as nearly as possible as it had been. Quite a thing, from the point of preserving a historic site, but a taxi driver with whom I chanced to ride through the narrow meandering streets during rush hour found little consolation in the accomplishment.

Other war-torn cities were rebuilt with a more practical view wide streets and many modern apartment buildings. Very few single family dwellings are seen in this crowded land, and we were told that wherever a German has a few square feet of land he starts a garden.

In a few places I saw large gardens with dozens of tiny sheds on them. I learned that many families shared these gardens and each has a toolshed on the premises.

Germany's dense population makes for rural landscapes which are both beautiful and strange to someone accustomed to Saskatchewan's wide open spaces. Driving along the Rhine it is not uncommon to count 10 to 12 villages within plain sight at the same time. This may seem unbelievable...but in the rolling countryside you may see one village in the valley below, a few more on the far hillside, the same duplicated on the other side and several more behind and ahead of you.

There is an important difference in German towns, too. The town does not develop gradually from sparsely housed to dense downtown. The transition from farm to urban area is immediate. Here the farm ends and there the village begins, house against house...and most dwellings three storeys high. I would guess that several thousand people live in a village covering no greater area than McTaggart. The city of Lahr with a population of 25,000...could not have been any larger than Weyburn.

Crossing Germany on the Autobahn is an experience. The Autobahn is not a single highway, as I had believed, but a network of four-lane, controlled access and egress arteries that interconnect major German cities. There is no speed limit on the highways, incidentally, and it seemed that the thousands of little cars travelling at about 80 miles per hour, almost bumper to bumper, seemed bent on self destruction. Transport trucks at times formed long trains on the outside lanes. The amount of goods hauled this way must be fantastic.

As we had most of our meals at army and air force canteens, and spent a few nights on base, I got only the merest taste of life in the German economy.

Hotel accommodation is not quite what we are

accustomed to in Canada. If our hotel in Soest was fairly representative of what a normal bathroom facilities with the room is the exception rather than the rule and if you're ever overseas for heaven's sake take your own soap as there won't be any in your room

Each room had heavy double doors which effectively shut out hallway noises. This gives you greater privacy although it gives you a slight shock when you open the door in the morning and are faced with another barrier. Breakfast European style (coffee buns and breads) comes with your room but you pay extra for bacon and eggs. There was no elevator in our hotel, and I learned quickly to economize on trips up and down several flights of stairs. Room keys were attached to so large a device that there was little danger of forgetting to return them.

Restaurant meals were moderately priced in terms of American money. A steak was about 15 marks which is about $4 U.S. German dishes usually ran from four to 10 marks and most menus included venison. No meal was complete without wine at meals served in the officer's mess we were served two wines at every sitting.

Canadian money incidentally was not accepted even in armed services canteens and PX stores where American and German money were standard currencies.

We spent an evening in Strasbourg, France and I was amazed at how casual the border crossing was. Going over the French immigration officer didn't even open our passports (although he looked markedly unenthusiastic about a crew of Canadians entering the country). Returning to Germany in the wee hours of the morning, the German immigration man simply waved us on as force bus through without leaving us a free 100 feet or more away.

Can't say much about France on the basis of two or three hours, but there really is a woman under almost every lamplight.

If a week's stay is a questionable frame of reference for analyzing a nation's few hours is no basis at all. However, the few hours I spent near Gatwick en route to Germany convinced me that I must some day, spend some time in England. I that t think I ever saw so many shoppers as crowded the streets of Crawley village (population 30,000) that Saturday morning and there was a friendliness and cheerfulness about the throng that I had never seen before.

I stepped in a small shop for a postcard and with a kindly "Oh not 'ere luv," the proprietress directed me to a nearby stationer's. Here too they had no post cards. But after calling for someone to look after the shop, the clerk insisted on walking four blocks with me to show me where I might purchase cards. A few minutes later cards purchased, I set out to look for the post office, which I had been assured, was nearby. Bone weary from the loss of most of a night on our sun ward flight—I stopped and looked around me with some discouragement. Immediately a stranger stopped and asked if he might be of some help or had I been looked after.

Miniskirts were conspicuous by their near-absence (that is they were so short they almost weren't) and there were mod clothes galore. On the other hand, "down to the pub" sat an elderly lady having her morning ale probably on the same mood occupied by her mother 20 years either.

Grateful as I am to be a Canadian, some day I must go back and see more of the fascinating old world where most of us had our origins.

My Lai

EDITORIAT *December 18, 1969*

The world and particularly North America, is shocked!

Led by an average young American, a platoon of average young Americans is alleged to have committed a mass murder of women, children and old men in a tiny hamlet of Viet Nam.

While the whole world is pouncing upon this atrocity committed by the army of a nation which likes to think of itself as the unblemished defender of God and good against the forces of evil it is doubtful whether Europeans, Asians, Africans or South Americans are as shocked by the fact as they are by the revelation of the fact.

The fact is that, at least in specific places and at specific times, such as in My Lai on a certain day in 1968, war has no rules, and for the people at its mercy the horror is such that they might have been grateful for the quick blast of a nuclear bomb—and what matter to them if the rest of the world ended too.

Americans are agonizing about whether My Lai symbolizes some deep malaise in the American way of life, per se.

We may punish — and should — the perpetrators of the My Lai massacre. But we suggest that it symbolizes the full horror of war as it has been experienced by millions of people since time began, and for all our "humanizing" rules will continue to be experienced by millions until we work seriously at devising and enforcing other ways of settling international differences.

Poetic justice

EDITORIAL *January 9, 1969*

Even as Israel receives the deserved condemnation of nations of the three blocs for the outrageous act of reprisal against Lebanon it is difficult to suppress a little snicker of appreciation.

It's a bit like a big thug mugging a girl in a dark lane and suddenly getting a mouthful of brass knuckles and a tummy full of boiom. Not nice at all? She should have hollered for the police or something.

Yes Israel was wrong in destroying these Lebanese planes, and she deserves the censure of every person and every nation But there was a degree of poetic justice in the whole episode wasn t there?

20th century cavemen guard the continent

A FEATURE *April 2 1970*

"How far below ground level are we?" I asked, gazing around me at the gray walls and ceiling of the vast cavern blasted out of the hard rock of the Laurentian Shield

The cavern acts as a terminal area for the buses that shuttle between the surface and the underground entrance to the NORAD underground defence installation near North Bay Ont

The U S army captain acting as tour guide smiles pleasantly but shakes his head They don t mind telling you that the tunnel through which you have just travelled is over a mile long on a steep grade, but whether you are 300 or 600 feet below ground level is something left to your imagination

No point in an enemy knowing just how large a bomb he would require to wipe out one of the major defence installations on the North American continent, he explains

Once again as on the destroyer escort in Esquimalt harbor last year and watching Starfighter crews "scramble" at Baden-Soellingen Germany two years ago, I was overwhelmed with the feeling of being in another world certainly in another dimension

Conscious as we may be of the delicate political situation throughout the world which could almost without notice throw the entire planet into one large last conflict we nevertheless live in a world where "peace" and "war are fairly sharply defined, and our present condition is known as "peace "

But to the men manning our defensive and offensive installations the war is always on, and the battle ever imminent, the reactions to situations controlled by a situation board reflecting seven or eight levels between day-to-day normalcy and the ultimate situation of imminent attack which could be brought about only by a formal declaration of war or an act of aggression which would preclude all other possibilities

In this underground fortress, electronic screens are watched around the clock and each airborne aircraft in a vast area of Canada and the United States is represented by a blip which traces the craft s travel for the past two minutes Beside each blip is the identification number which has been assigned to the plane and other information which only the trained eye can catch since the image flashes onto the screen only for a fraction of a second at a time

If more information is desired about any given aircraft a pistol-like device is pointed directly at the blip triggered and immediately up-to-date information on the aircraft s altitude position speed, direction and a lot more is flashed onto a side screen This data is updated constantly by banks of computers which select analyze and transmit desired information to the screens in one-six-millionth of a second.

Any aircraft entering the zone monitored by the North Bay command must be immediately identified. If this cannot be done through normal channels such as filed flight plans interceptors are sent out to make visual identification

Far from considering these unidentified aircraft as a nuisance, the command welcomes them because they present natural unplanned tactical situations and drills are more demanding and alertness-inspiring than the air battles that are constantly simulated

During the "live" exercises actual bombers attempt to penetrate the region s two million square mile area No holds are barred for these "invaders " Operating from bases in Canada or the United States they may come at any hour of the day or night at any altitude or from any direction trying to catch the 22nd Region forces off guard

But from their first penetration of the Region s area the "enemies" are picked up by radar and fighter-interceptors are scrambled to identify them

The "enemy" seldom is able to get ever close to scoring range of targets which are shielded by complex electronic air defence screens Rather they are electronically "shot down" hundreds of miles away by supersonic interceptors or ground-to-air missiles

The SAGE (semi-automatic ground environment) control centre at North Bay is a $51 million complex and the only one of its kind in NORAD (North American Air Defence Command) From this centre deep in the Laurentian mountain range the commander of the 22nd NORAD Region directs air defence of the area for which he is responsible

The 22nd Region is the largest in area stretching from the North Pole to the Great Lakes and from the Yukon to the Atlantic Ocean Within its boundaries are sections of all 10 Canadian provinces the Yukon the Northwest Territories and part of the state of Maine

Sleeping in No Man's Land

A FEATURE *March 25 1971*

Can a person sleep soundly in No Man s Land?

I would have been inclined to answer in the negative and I confess that when I learned that the Ledra Palace the hotel in which we were to be accommodated in Nicosia was located smack on the Green Line which separates the Turkish and Greek sectors of the capital city I had some misgivings

My mind entertained visions of nighttime quiet shattered by mortar fire and the staccato of machine guns with perhaps a vagrant hand grenade or two

skimming through my window and exploding under my bed.

Common sense would suggest that the United Nations command and the Canadian Armed Forces would hardly set up a score of innocent newsmen as clay pigeons to be used for target practice by Greek and Turkish Cypriot soldiers. Common sense, however, isn't the strongest card of a person who has never heard a shot fired in anger and who is entering for the first time in his life an area where armed men face each other across narrow streets with violence still fresh in their memories.

Thus it was with a measure of relief that I took in the peaceful scene surrounding the hotel: palm trees soaking up the sunlight, tourists wandering unconcernedly along the street and from one sector to another, road staff as solicitous as though nothing in the world could have greater importance than caring for our needs. Indeed, this sense of normalcy prevailed throughout the city where one did not have the grim reminder of bombed-out or sandbagged buildings or the sentry boxes that dot the perimeter of the Turkish enclave.

Civilians bustled about their business of buying and selling, going to school and work, playing and hurrying along narrow streets in their Volkswagens at breakneck speeds (if the last can be classed as a peaceful activity).

But there were reminders, too, that the hostility was not make-believe. Whatever the civilian population's desire may be (and we had no opportunity to research this), the politicians are in dead earnest as are the armed forces of both sides. Although both Greece and Turkey have regular troops stationed on the island, the Green Line is guarded by locals — in the main, edgy youngsters extremely conscious of the authority commanded by their rifles.

It should be pointed out — and both sides are acutely aware of this — that since 1964 education has been completely segregated. That a whole generation of Turks and Greeks is coming of age who have not rubbed shoulders in school and on the playing field and have been exposed only to the hatreds, prejudices and fears of their elders on whichever side they happen to be. Since most of the sentries are youngsters barely out of school — perhaps 16 or 17 years old — and have known nothing but interracial strife since they were nine or 10 years old, you can imagine how receptive they are to the idea of violence. And this condition can only become worse with each passing year and continued segregation.

Directly across the street from the Ledra Palace a Greek Cypriot sentry was posted, and almost our first act was to train our cameras on him. He made it quickly clear, however, that he didn't appreciate this attention, and we weren't about to trade our scalps for a snapshot. I have a hunch every one of us got a photo anyway, but on the sly.

We had been warned that photos of military installations were forbidden, but we had a rude shock when we learned what constituted an installation. We walked along the Green Line separating the two sectors, and seeing sandbagged buildings thought nothing of preparing for a photo. We were stopped in time by the Canadian major accompanying us, who then had to assure the soldier running toward us that it was a mistake and that no pictures had been taken.

The prohibition on pictures seemed a bit far fetched since each side knows exactly where its adversaries are dug-in, but it was explained that maintenance of the status quo offensively and defensively is a sensitive condition to the truce. One sandbag moved or added to an installation brings a quick complaint to the United Nations, which must then step in and order the offender to move or remove the sandbag. Each side would like to have, and probably has, photos of the other side's installations, but neither cares for the other side or the U.N. to have proof of the status quo.

If the moving of a sandbag seems to be a minor point to hassle over, it is a most serious issue compared with some that bring tempers to fever pitch. An example was cited of a Greek motorist taking a wrong turn and finding himself a few yards inside the Turkish sector. Before he could retreat he was surrounded by angry soldiers brandishing weapons. In stepped the Canadian sentry on patrol and convinced the soldiers that they were dealing with a poor civilian who had made a mistake, was frightened to death, and wanted only to return to Greek ground and safety.

(Under an agreement resulting from the 1967 fighting at Kophinou, Turkish Cypriots are granted freedom of movement on the island, but all Greeks are denied entry into the Turkish enclaves. Our bus, because it was operated by a Greek Cypriot, could not enter the Turkish sector; we had to get out and walk. Foreigners cross the lines with no more than a disinterested glance from the sentries.

(A fully automated, multi-million-dollar flour mill owned by Greek Cypriot interests and located in the Turkish sector was just ready to go into production when the 1963 fighting broke out. It has yet to produce a pound of flour commercially, having stood idle now for seven years, occupied only by United Nations guards charged with preventing further vandalism.)

Another save for the U.N.: a group of young people are playing ball near the Green Line, and as inevitably happens the ball is kicked foul and into the Turkish enclave. A soldier recovers the ball, refuses to return it and soon harsh words and threats set the stage for violence. A U.N. sentry saves the day by asking if it can't a bat trick to create an international situation over a ball. He returns the ball and calm is restored.

Childish? Without a doubt, but when two factions disagree, irrationality is a minor factor in incidents leading up to tragedy, and it is up to Canadian boys in

Nicosia to mediate and negotiate the hundreds of frictions some petty and some not so petty each of which has the potential of starting a fresh shooting war

Interestingly negotiations are carried out so far as possible at the lowest level in order to prevent a triviality from escalating into a top-level crisis The Canadian private comes upon a Greek soldier manhandling a Turkish civilian or a Turkish soldier molesting a Greek and it is his job to straighten the matter out with quiet reasonable — and even humorous — persuasion Only if he fails does he call in his sergeant and officers rarely become involved

Major Barry Winfield a westerner and C O of the city company expressed pride in how well young Canadians had done in mediating the wide variety of incidents with which they had been confronted

Much of the Canadian success in dealing with these situations and not stirring up new antagonisms toward themselves is credited to the fact that except for the British they are the only career soldiers in the United Nations contingent As the Canadian major sees it—a professional soldier simply has a different attitude toward an assignment than does an unwilling conscript sent off to keep the peace in a far-off land.

Certainly we sensed no antagonism toward Canadians, if anything the country was evident both from the manner of Greek and Turkish sentries who exchanged friendly words with our guides—and from our conversations with Turkish and Greek leaders with whom we were granted interviews

We asked Rauf R Denktash president of the Turkish Communal Chamber (and vice-president of Cyprus under the old constitution) when it would be possible for the Canadian boys to go home He quickly replied that if the U N ever pulled out he hoped the Canadians would be last to go

Archbishop Makarios whom we met in the Presidential Palace also expressed no desire for hasty removal of U N forces The archbishop incidentally proved himself an adroit politician His smile never left his face as he told us that in Cyprus the church and the state are completely separate (although he s the head of both) so when he expressed mild surprise at the suggestion that enosis was an absolute precondition to settlement of the Cyprus problem

Mr Denktash showed equal skill in defending the Turkish position Where the Greeks had given us facts which on face value appeared completely to vindicate the Greek position we found there was usually a Turkish logic to place the facts in an altogether different light

Accepted though their presence in Cyprus may be however and dedicated though they may be toward their task it was evident that the Canadian boys think of the Cyprus tour as anything but a fun assignment

It is interesting they concede to visit Cyprus and to see that part of the world but it involves a six-month separation from their families who cannot be brought to such a posting The glamor of picturesque Mediterranean surroundings quickly wears off when standing sentry for hours under a summer sun, riding patrol (on a bicycle) along narrow streets carrying motorists seemingly driven by a death wish or settling differences between trigger happy Greek and Turkish Cypriots

Even the single men are denied the social outlets traditional to soldiers in strange lands Local courtship engagement and marriage customs are not to be trifled with and as a result Canadians are forbidden to go out with Cyprus girls You may look askance at that one but we were assured that this is a rule that is not broken One Canadian beaten to a pulp by the avenging brothers relatives and friends of an aggrieved girl served as a better example than military discipline

On top of everything, scarcity of accommodations and other factors make it necessary for officers and men to share the same buildings While officers attempt to keep off-duty formality down to a minimum they concede that the arrangement leaves much to be desired from the men s point of view

Soon the present PPCLI (Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry) battalion will be pulling out of Cyprus to be replaced by another Canadian outfit, and six months later another and than another and another — until Cyprus establish real peace or Canadian politicians decide that we cannot afford to maintain a military presence in that far-off unfortunate little land

And can we afford to?

Already we ve halved our commitment to the NATO forces in Europe and if repugnance for military expenditures continues perhaps the next step would be to withdraw our 500-man contingent from Cyprus and leave that chore to others too

We can always hope that the outcry which move m to fill the breach will be reasonable enough to listen to good sound Canadian advice on how to do the job

Israel, home of religions

A FEATURE *April 1, 1971*

Viewing the misty beauty of the Sea of Galilee or the lush green countryside which has been created in a few decades by determined Israelis who would not be denied by human foe or formidable natural obstacles it is difficult to realize that here is a country at war

Perhaps the guns at the front are silent and for that matter large-scale fighting has been confined to several relatively brief periods but there can be no denying the fact that since the state of Israel was created by the United Nations through partition of Palestine into independent Arab and Jewish states in 1948 this tiny nation has been surrounded by hostile

and belligerent enemies dedicated to its very annihilation

But if the peaceful scene in interior Israel belied the tensions which must exist in a tiny land which has been on a wartime footing for over two decades our initial introduction to things Israeli had led me to expect a far less tranquil atmosphere.

Before boarding the tiny El Al Caravan aircraft at Nicosia International Airport, we were frisked by grim-faced security officers with a thoroughness that left no doubt that sabotage and hijacking are every day risks for the airline. Contents of hand baggage were carefully scrutinized and even our hats were lifted from our heads. The plane was surrounded by guards with arms on the ready...prepared to do battle instantly.

Perhaps a word to explain how I happened to find myself in Israel—and also the reason for the brevity of my stay.

Directors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association were invited by the Canadian Armed Forces to visit the Canadian battalion serving with United Nations peacekeeping forces in Cyprus in late February and early March. Since CAF flights out of Cyprus are on a once weekly schedule, arrangements were made for a four-day trip to Israel as guests of that country's government. When our flight out of Ottawa was delayed for 24 hours, there was no way to condense our itinerary but by taking a day out of our Israeli visit. Thus we had three days — two and one-half days would really be more accurate — for a whirlwind tour of a nation which, however small it may be, has historical and modern significance which entitle it to closer and more thorough examination.

I would forewarn the reader also that since he who pays the piper calls the tune, we heard only one side of the story of Arab-Israeli differences, and as all stories of human confrontation, it has two.

For example, we were shown Mount Scopus Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and the annual increase in Arab registration was pointed to with pride. On the other hand, leaving Israel I met a young Canadian doctor who had spent considerable time in the company of an Arab Christian family in Nazareth and the picture he had been exposed to was one of great reluctance to permit anything but a token admittance of Arabs to the university. According to this source, Arabs are told that since they are not subject to military service, they should not expect to attend the Hebrew university. To us, Arab exemption from military service was explained as stemming from Israeli reluctance to require Arab to fight Arab.

There was vagueness too when we asked our guide who was responsible for the refugee camps which we passed at top speed near Jericho in what was formerly Jordanian territory. Even the brief glimpses we had were staggering: families living in a few filthy square feet under conditions which could only be described as subhuman under any circumstances and unimaginable in the summer heat of this torrid land.

On the other hand, it would be most unfair to blame Israel for not correcting in three short years since the Six Day War these festering cesspools in which the Arabs have been content to permit Palestinian refugees (displaced through creation of the state of Israel) to languish for two decades.

Nevertheless, if the Israeli presentation was one-sided, much of the evidence seemed beyond refutation.

An Arab village on the now-occupied West Bank for example, is a drab and dirty conglomerate compared with an Arab community like Nazareth or Jaffa in Israel proper. While not as prosperous as their Israeli neighbors who set the pace, the latter communities look more prosperous and cleaner by far than the towns in former Arab lands.

The difference in the Israeli countryside and that of the West Bank also tells the story more effectively than a barrel of propaganda, of the miracle which has been achieved — both for themselves and for their Arab countrymen — through Israeli imagination and initiative.

The lush green fields and forests of Israel bespeak a natural endowment, but in reality all growth in this land with many months without precipitation is dependent upon irrigation. This fact is dramatically borne out the instant one crosses into former Arab lands and the eye is met only with a barren desert. In fact, were it not for the beginnings of Israeli agriculture already beginning to show, one would wonder why the Arab nations should even want control over lands they appear to have neglected and perhaps abused for centuries. Their chief value to the Arabs would indeed seem to be as a base for the type of harassment which Israeli border communities have endured as a very way of life.

If anyone doubts the very real dangers to which Israeli border communities were exposed, they need only visit the Gesher kibbutz just east of the southern tip of the Sea of Galilee.

Subject to bombardment or attack by Arabs at any time, kibbutz residents were obliged to sleep with their children in underground shelters every night before the Six Day War. Many a youngster reached the age of 12 before ever spending a night in the home of his parents.

The shelters are inter-connected by tunnels, and youngsters were segregated by age groups. Each home on the kibbutz also has access to a shelter.

With so small a population and an external threat continuous, Israel naturally has compulsory military service, Even for girls. All enter the army when they reach the age of 18, serve the required time (which is shorter for women than for men and varies in length with general security conditions), then continue to take periodic training after discharge.

Whatever legal and historic rights the Arabs may have to the lands taken from them in the Six-Day War it is difficult not to be sympathetic to Israel's determination to hang on to the captured lands (and a secure border) until the Israeli state is recognized by the Arabs.

As a matter of fact, in the light of the Arab reactions post performance and their refusal to recognize the Israeli state, it is difficult to imagine a negotiated border more secure than the *de facto* security offered by the 1967 cease-fire lines.

In the north Syrians used to fire with impunity on Israeli kibbutzim lying at the foot of the Golan Heights, a high plateau falling sharply and ruggedly down to Israeli territory below. Returning the fire from the lofty gun positions was impossible and the Heights were considered impregnable against assault. In the Six-Day War, Israeli tanks threw themselves up against these forbidding banks, gained control of the Heights and pushed the Syrians well back from this commanding position. All but one tank of the first Israeli wave were destroyed and the loss of life was considerable (as compared with Israeli losses elsewhere). So it is not likely that Israel will soon bargain away this real advantage.

The West Bank regions of Jerusalem and Samaria created many miles of unnatural frontier subject to constant attacks by Arab raiders. The city of Jerusalem itself was divided with a considerable portion of it, including the old city, in Jordanian hands. Again, a city divided by barbed wire, bricks and mortar is an open invitation to aggression.

The Israelis pushed the Jordanians back to the Jordan River and the Dead Sea, creating a much shorter and more easily defended border.

On the Egyptian front, the Gaza Strip and a long border angling down to the Gulf of Aqaba again created miles of unnatural frontier subject to constant attack. Here Israeli occupation of the Strip and the Sinai Peninsula eliminated the Gaza headache created a strategically more favorable border in the form of the Suez Canal with the added advantage of the vast Negev Desert serving as a buffer between Egypt and Israel.

Israeli settlement and agricultural development in the occupied areas, particularly the West Bank, seem to bear out accusations that Israel had little intention of quickly restoring these lands to Arab control. It is pointed out that only about 1,000 Israelis have been settled on the West Bank and that the improvements will benefit the resident Arabs. For my own part, however, I would not place my money on Israel's relinquishment of these lands in the foreseeable future. And somehow I find it difficult to blame them.

I had had some reservations about how happily Arabs lived in Israel, but judging by appearances they seem neither to fear nor resent the Israelis, giving credence to the theory that opposition to the state of Israel has a purely political origin and that there is no real groundswell of resentment against the Jews. Among the Israelis we met, too, I sensed no antagonism toward the Arab people themselves. I could have forgiven them a measure of antagonism in view of two decades of harassment by Arabs, but if it was there, it was well hidden.

Even in Jerusalem, a divided city until so recently, Jews, Moslems and Christians now move freely anywhere without fear of being molested. A government official who spoke to us at a luncheon for Jerusalem told us he has no worries when his early teen-age daughter is out at night anywhere in the city, alone or with a girl friend. In fact, he made a point of telling us with a gentle back of the hand to Canadian smugness that for the last few years there had been less terrorist activity in Jerusalem than in Montreal.

And speaking of Jerusalem, just seeing it has to be an experience for anyone of Christian, Jewish or Moslem faith. Perched on top of the Judean Hills, it is a mosaic of Arab, Turkish, Byzantine, Hebrew and Roman architecture (and I've probably missed a dozen cultures) such as defies description. In the new city, heavy automobile traffic and neon signs remind one that he really hasn't dropped out of the 20th century.

But in the old walled city, where you must walk on foot through narrow alleys, the blended fragrance of hundreds of strange spices (and a few aromas not so fragrant), where Arab urchins and sometimes their parents run after you to sell their wares, where Orthodox and modern Jew meet to pray at the sacred Western Wall of Solomon's ancient temple (controlled by the Jews at last after centuries in foreign hands), where donkeys still carry the freight, where hawkers offer their merchandise from cubicles that often are little more than perches, time seems to have stopped millenniums ago.

Paradoxically, here in these few acres hallowed through their association with three of the world's greatest religions, you are warned to keep your wits about you.

"You're in Arab territory," warns the guide. "You're wisest not to buy anything, but if you do pay no more than half the asking price. Above all, don't buy or eat any of the food, it will probably make you sick." And watch your cameras and valuables!

It is all most interesting, but I confess to a sense of relief upon stepping through the Jaffa Gate into what by then seemed like the modern world by comparison.

It may be sinful to admit it, but I felt strangely unmoved by the ornate shrines which mark the hallowed grounds of our religion — such as Golgotha and Gethsemane. It may be logical for the adulation of mill ons over 20 centuries to manifest itself in splendid monuments, but I just doesn't identify with a prairie boy's idea of Jesus of Nazareth.

Tel Aviv-Yafo, Israel's largest city, is also a city of

contrasts, but not at all in the same sense as Jerusalem. The Arab city Jaffa, is one of the world's oldest seaports while Tel Aviv had its beginning as a suburb of Jaffa in 1909 (six years after Weyburn was incorporated as a town).

You may dine at night in an ancient inn in Jaffa which seems almost to burst with secrets kept for centuries; in the morning you enjoy tea or coffee at an outdoor cafe on Tel Aviv's wide, tree-lined avenues while your eye takes in smartly dressed shoppers going in and out of gleamingly modern shops against a backdrop of new high-rise apartments.

The apartment buildings, mostly poured concrete and many under construction, are usually co-operatively constructed with the individual apartment privately owned.

No mention of co-operatives — or of Israel — would be complete without a word about the kibbutzim — co-operative settlements where groups live communally much like the Hutterites in western Canada.

We spent our first night in Israel on one of the older and more successful kibbutzim — Neve Yam — lying right on the Mediterranean north of Haifa. This kibbutz was primarily a canning settlement, processing fruits and fish provided by other farms and kibbutzim with a side line of providing accommodation for the tourist industry.

Row on row of guest house blocks, grouped near the sandy Mediterranean beach, are filled most of the tourist season by workers from Tel Aviv escaping the summer heat of the city and by the many visitors from abroad attracted to Israel by curiosity or sentiment.

We shared the evening meal with the kibbutz members in the communal dining room where all take their meals. (Some have cooking facilities in their own quarters, but only for snacks.) Although this was not a religious kibbutz, a brief religious ceremony preceded the meal.

All property in communality owned by the kibbutz members and until a few years ago no cash was paid out to them as all their needs were provided. With prosperity, however, they now receive $1,000 each to spend as they wish. Several autos are provided for pleasure purposes and the treasury now sends a group on a holiday abroad every year.

Neve Yam was founded by Polish Jews in 1939 and it was explained that the kibbutz grew not out of ideology but through the sheer necessity of more persecuted people trying to develop small holdings among hostile Arab neighbors.

A common misconception is that all or most Israelis live on kibbutzim. Nothing could be further from the truth. Something like three or four percent of the country's three million residents live on about 235 kibbutzim, the others are on co-operative farms—private farms (under long-term lease from the government) and employed in private and co-operative industry.

The kibbutz, too, is beginning to feel some of the "pinch of prosperity" as young people are sent off to university, many apt for professions or trades that do not bring them back. Whatever the attraction of the simple, industrious, communal life for those who remember the day when they had nothing and were grateful for the essentials they could scrape together through co-operative effort, it is not nearly so alluring to young people who have grown up to comparative plenty.

We asked one of the elected officers about the prospects of the kibbutz in 10 or 20 years, but he shrugged eloquently and replied: "If I knew the answer to that would I be sitting here? I'd be a prophet."

But then, this question mark hangs not only over the Israeli kibbutz, but over many institutions in our world currently. It hangs heavily over this whole nation where from the heights overlooking the Sea of Galilee you eyes take in many of the places mentioned in the Old Testament, and where this doughty race has again restored the flow of milk and honey of the Promised Land, and are prepared to defend it to their death.

How they will fare only history will reveal, but to see what they have accomplished is to wish them well.

The space program

EDITORIAL *August 5 1971*

Although it seems like only yesterday when we all sat glued to our television sets to see the first astronauts set foot on the moon, in some ways it seems like a lot more than the two years that have actually elapsed since that historic day.

So sophisticated have we become in these matters that beyond following the crucial manoeuvres such as the blast-off, the moon orbit, and the landing, the take-off from the moon and the splash-down, most of us find other things to do than follow every movement of the men on the moon.

It is hard to comprehend, considering how many respected scientists considered space travel impossible two decades ago, the strides that have been made since that grapefruit sized Russian Sputnik beeped to the world the fact that the space age had indeed arrived.

Even then, since it was such a feat to place so small an object into earth orbit, it seemed like a long way from hurling to the moon and back a ship large enough to carry a crew, all the supplies and equipment needed for an absence of two weeks or so, and now even a vehicle in which to travel over the moon's rugged terrain.

Yet we have seen it all happen in little more than a decade, and the most skeptical have had to concede that the "impossible" was possible.

Today opposing schools of thought do not divide on the question of "Can it be done?" but rather "How much is enough and what is too much?"

For my own part I am so fascinated with the space program that I would be happy to see it move along faster — except for one little thing: the price tag.

The individual scientist cannot pursue his goals without stopping to eat a few times a day and he cannot ignore this necessity. Society too must devote a substantial investment in the day-to-day necessities and solutions before it can invest in long-term soul-satisfying projects.

who knows but that if the governments of our world powers attacked the problems of ignorance poverty sickness and pollut on with the same zeal and lavishness now channelled into the space program this too might lead to astonishing and rewarding discoveries

Swords and plowshares

EDITORIAL *April 6 1972*

"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor shall they learn war any more." — Isaiah 2.4

"You start as a young exec instead of at the bottom. You move around a continent instead of an office. And you contribute to peace instead of to profit." — Candian Armed Forces recruiting advertisement, March 1972

Most of us have not yet learned to trust the world around us to the point where we are ready to give up our armed forces. And certainly anyone who is familiar with what the Canadian Armed Forces have contributed in Cyprus, the Congo and Suez will agree that the military can help preserve the peace, and that military experience can and does make excellent citizens.

We hope the CAF are successful in attracting enough young men of the right calibre and intelligence to help our nation remain free and to enable our country to participate in peace-keeping missions.

But we hope our farmers don't all become so disgusted with the profit they reap from their tools — meagre thought it may be — that they beat their plowshares into swords and their pruninghooks into spears and march off to work for peace instead. Because if they do we'll have some mighty hungry soldier boys.

No refund

EDITORIAL *August 17, 1972*

Our heart bleeds for the five American hijackers who collected $1 million ransom from an American airline were dropped off in Algeria and had their loot impounded by the Algerian government.

According to a press report they have asked the Algerian government to give us back our $1 million and we will go somewhere else.

The fact obviously has not occurred to them that if criminal extortion gives them title in their view to the money, the Algerians too have a right to set their own criteria for ownership such as "Admission fee $1 million per five hijackers."

Another lesson might be that if you play footsie with the Commies, you are playing for keeps, and it isn't that easy to demand your money back. Nader's Raiders have no jurisdiction behind the Iron Curtain.

The Arab atrocities

EDITORIAL *September 21, 1972*

The grisly events of Munich following the equally horrible tragedy at Tel Aviv's Lod International Airport both inspired by the same Arab movement cause world-wide wonder that human minds could conceive, let alone carry out such atrocities.

But perhaps not enough of us pause to think about the environment which has produced these minds.

When World War 2 ended and the full horror of the Nazi "Jewish solution" became known western nations only too aware of their share of guilt in setting the stage for the holocaust, moved to fulfill at long last the ancient Jewish dream of a homeland of their own in the land where their history began.

But when someone moves into a tiny over-populated area, someone has to move out — a fact we sometimes forget or overlook as we look around our wide open spaces and feel there is room for all in this world.

Palestine was not empty when it was handed over to the Jews. It was the home of many Arabs and the only home they had known for centuries.

Arab countries are among the poorest in the world, and when you take from a mass of ignorant unskilled and uneducated people the pitiful holdings from which they were able to eke a bare living and thrust them into an equally unpromising environment but without even their plot of ground and their hovel what happens?

In the case of the Palestinians hundreds of thousands of them have since languished in refugee camps in the Arab lands under conditions so crowded and unsanitary that they would literally suffer by comparison with the conditions under which a western farmer houses his livestock. They are fed and clothed from a pittance doled out by the United Nations and perhaps some contribution from the Arab governments.

These are the conditions which have bred the actions which we have viewed with horror: squalor, hopelessness, poverty, and above all the frustration

that re solving one problem the world smugly and conveniently closed its eyes to another problem it had thereby created

In our zeal to purge ourselves of our own non-Semitic past, we applaud Israel but ignore the plight of those at whose expense Israel has flourished The antics of Arab governments based on nationalism, politics and religion tend to cloud the issues which play no little part in the Middle East's explosive conditions

Nobody can condone the slaughter of innocent people but we are likely to see more horrors of the Munich-Tel Aviv variety unless someone makes a genuine move toward resolving the problems of and restoring some hope to the Palestinian refugee

Israeli good

EDITORIAL *March 1, 1973*

The insanity of the Arab-Israeli vendetta continued last week with the destruction by Israeli fighter planes of a Libyan 727 airliner carrying over 100 people, most of whom were killed in the senseless incident

According to news reports, the airliner, on a flight from Tripoli to Cairo overshot the airport in bad weather found itself over Israel held territory and instead of obeying Israeli signals to land tried to make it back to Egypt — and was shot down

To Israel's credit its government s ack nowledging a degree of error on the part of the air force and has offered to pay reparations to the families of those who died in the crash

What is more urgently needed is an accord that will prevent more needless bloodshed which could escalate hostilities in the Middle East But it takes two to make an agreement and so far Cairo hasn t shown much willingness to talk about anything except on Arabs' terms

Watergate

EDITORIAL *May 10, 1973*

Our friends south of the border are having more problems Brought to light by the Watergate investigations are stories of deceit perjury subversiveness and crime so high up in the chain of command that the integrity of the president of the United States is being questioned

The scandal as most know by now goes back to the burglary and "bugging" of the Democratic party headquarters in Washington during last fall s presidential election campaign compounded later by lies to cover up the fact that some of the closest aides and confidantes of President Richard Nixon were either directly involved or had prior knowledge of crimes which will long stain both the American political system and the nation s administration of justice

The lessons learned once more that where power is at stake there are men prepared to go to any length to sacrifice every scruple and to trample over every right of others in order to attain their goal

It is worthy of note that it was the digging and prodding of the free press as much as anything which helped expose the Watergate affair for the national scandal it is

Where it first came to light untruths and lies covered up Watergate as a political caper initiated by minor figures — reprehensible but not all that unusual and not enough to reflect on the integrity of a party s and a nation s leadership

Criticism in and investigation by the press in the face of the White House s displeasure helped blow the lid It is small wonder that bureaucrats and politicians find it hard to wipe out the irritation

Cough up?

EDITORIAL *February 21, 1974*

When the energy crisis hit the United States a few months ago a commentator in an American news magazine blandly stated that world opinion probably would not stand for the U S simply walking into Arab countries and helping herself to whatever oil she needed Moral objections to such a step were not even mentioned.

Last week we were warned by a Canadian Maurice Strong executive director of the United Nations environment program that Canada s sovereign right to its bountiful resources such as the Athabasca oil sands might soon be challenged internationally "even by the country s best friends"

"Canada," said Mr Strong "must regard itself not just as the sovereign owner and possessor of those advantages but in the larger sense as their trustee It does not mean that Canadians should be denied the benefits of these resources but they must be prepared to share these benefits Canada first cannot mean 'Canada only' "

A few short years ago with millions of the world s people starving the United States was wasting natural resources by requiring wheatlands to lie fallow Had India China Kuasia, Africa and South America marched in to help themselves to America s bounty would anyone in authority in the United States have said "Yes this is just ?

When Germany shorn of her colonial empire by the Treaty of Versailles reached out for "lebensraum" (room to live) was she upheld by anyone except her own buddies with similar aspirations?

When the Japanese lashed out their teeming millions strangling on islands with hardly any natural resources did anyone say "Those chaps did the sensible thing they needed and they took "?

The Review holds that it would not be right for us to opt for "Canada (or Saskatchewan) only" and that it

would be economically and politically foolhardy to use a temporary advantage as a club But it goes against the grain to be told even by a Canadian that we had best cough up or else others may consider it a moral right to walk in and help themselves

A brave decision

EDITORIAL *September 12 1974*

U S President Gerald Ford who in the weeks following the resignation of President Richard Nixon has been the fair-haired boy of all parties and factions plunged himself into deep controversy last weekend by issuing an absolute pardon for all wrongdoings the former president may have committed while in office.

Whether President Ford s decision is morally right or wrong — and this can and will be compellingly argued both ways in the weeks ahead and even years hence — it was a brave thing to do at this point in time

It would have been easy for Mr Ford to hold himself aloof from the president s predicament until the very last This would have meant further months of investigation a lengthy trial and finally in the event of conviction appeals that could last years Several years hence with the whole Watergate affair a matter of history it may be that whoever is president at that time — Ford a Democrat or another Republican — would have strong pressure upon him to pardon a man sins committed through misuse and misinterpretation of powers granted him in a position to which he had been elected by the people of the United States

Long live Watergate

EDITORIAL *September 19 1974*

When Gerald Ford was being considered for the vice-presidency of the United States although his integrity was never under serious question doubt was expressed in some quarters as to whether he could measure up to the duties of president which might eventually be thrust upon him

In the first few weeks of his presidency and particularly as a result of the humble and conciliatory tone of his acceptance speech following his swearing in there was such a flood of relief throughout the United States and such unanimous acceptance of the new president it seemed that that nation was entering a political era that was too good to be true

It appears now that it may have been too good to be true and that the original doubters had some points

In last week s Ernestly column written when the ink on Mr Ford s absolute pardon of ex President Richard Nixon was hardly dry the word bold was used to describe Mr Ford s action A week later the word foolhardy seems more appropriate

Had the pardon been issued with full approval of Congressional leaders of both parties and perhaps that of the Senate judiciary committee implementation would still have required courage Done without the advice of even his closest aides and counter to the wishes of Democrat leaders, the action reflected at best a naive notion that his popularity would enshrine his every action, at worst sabotage of the very system which appeared to have proved itself viable at the moment of his ascendancy

Beside leaving a moral vacuum in the disposition of the many other Watergate-linked charges against former Nixon subordinates it raises a constitutional question is the president empowered to pardon only specific and proven offences or in a blanket whitewash including possible crimes of unknown magnitude also legal?

Watergate is dead — long live Watergate!

America's 'best interests'

EDITORIAL *September 26 1974*

If you happen to be an American citizen it may be reassuring that your interests are being protected by your government to the extent of interfering in the internal affairs of another nation

For anyone else it is slightly chilling to hear the president of the United States admit as President Ford did in his press conference last week that while Allende s Marxist government was in power in Chile the United States acted "to help and assist the preservation of opposition newspapers and electronic media and to preserve opposition political parties

We share Mr Ford s concern for a free press but the press can be free only if it is true freedom reflecting a society s recognition of such a right and the need for it When opposition newspapers and media are imposed by pressures from outside the nation they cannot be considered free but rather bound to such opposition through their indebtedness to those who make their existence possible

Perhaps illegal — but . . .

EDITORIAL *July 15 1976*

Most of the world rejoiced last week when Israeli commando units — in an act of unprecedented audacity and almost equally unprecedented valor and imagination stormed a building at Uganda s Entebbe airport to release over 100 people held hostage there for over a week by terrorists who had hijacked an Air France airliner

To accomplish such a feat in a remote part of the world on strange ground, and with the lives of so many hanging on the planning and the timing of the bold venture was just short of miraculous and the outcome was one that would have been greeted with skepticism if found in a novel

It is unlikely that even Israel will attempt to deny that a violation of international law did indeed occur. But heaven knows that some solution is necessary when hijackers feel free to break all laws and know that there are countries in which they can find sanctuary after committing their misdeeds.

The fable of fabulous New York

EDITORIAL *October 30, 1975*

Once upon a time there was a man who inherited a vast fortune started by his great-grandfather and added to by each generation.

Being a kind hearted man, this hero decided he should share the wealth amassed by his family and whenever he saw poverty or need he gave generously. Naturally as word of his generosity got around, more and more people made their needs known to him.

Never having lacked anything himself and not wishing to offend anyone he found it difficult to differentiate between needs and wants and so when in doubt indeed to err on the side of generosity.

Being a poor administrator he didn't worry about whether he was paying fair prices for the gifts he was bestowing on everyone; nor was he concerned with the fact that he was spending more money than his fortunes were earning and that his capital was dwindling.

Being a lazy man he still wanted to live luxuriously himself and do as little work as possible.

Being a careless man he continued to write cheques on his account long after it was overdrawn then mortgaged his assets so that he might continue his lifestyle and his generous programs.

Being a foolish man he was surprised when no one would lend him any more money after he was unable to meet his mortgage payments.

"But I need the money to do all these wonderful things" he cried in distress. "Isn't anyone going to help me?"

This is the story of New York City which escaped bankruptcy by only a few hours the other day, and which faces default again before many months are up.

It may be callous to say it serves New York City right. But it seems that it takes something like this to prove to governments at all levels that you simply cannot forever spend more than you earn.

Tie a yellow ribbon

ERNESTLY *January 28, 1981*

We saw the yellow ribbons.

Not in abundance, and not necessarily fluttering from oak trees, but they were there, tied to the branches of fruit trees, to car aerials and doorknobs.

We were motoring through the mountainous area just west of Yosemite National Park in California last Wednesday morning, and did not been listening to the radio, so when my wife spotted the first yellow ribbon hanging from a branch, we concluded correctly that despite last-minute problems and the possibility of eleventh hour tricks, the 52 American hostages had finally reached freedom.

I couldn't help pondering on the fact that by coincidence we were in the U.S. on the day the hostages were first taken. We were attending a meeting in New Orleans in early November of 1979, when banner headlines in the newspapers heralded the incident which was to preoccupy governments, people and the media for the next 14½ months, bring about severe sanctions against Iran, contribute (probably) to the eruption of war between that country and neighboring Iraq, and call into question the nature and level of diplomatic relationships between western and emerging nations.

I couldn't help thinking how different the 444 days had been for the 52 hostages than they had been for me.

Had it not been for the constant tallying of the media, I would have found it difficult to believe that over a year had really passed since the U.S. embassy in Tehran was stormed and the U.S. diplomatic corps, and their staff taken hostage by a gang of radical students, henchmen of Ayatollah Khomeini.

For me and my family, the 444 days had been filled with many exciting things, most of them good, and all of them in freedom.

For the hostages, confined against all international laws, imprisoned, threatened, ridiculed, interrogated, humiliated and often physically mistreated, each day must have seemed like a year; each week like an eternity.

Not allowed to communicate in any accepted sense with their families, western news media or their government, they must have wondered often whether they would ever again see freedom. Under the present Iranian regime, it would not have been surprising to see them summarily tried for espionage, shot or incarcerated for so long that even families, friends and the U.S. government would have to give up on bringing them home.

Now it is all over, and the world is learning that the treatment of the hostages was not nearly as "horrendous" as Iranian authorities would have had us believe.

Reports of brutality should, perhaps, be seen in the perspective that Iran's culture has long been one of harshness, brutality and cruelty. It is possible that in a country where newspaper pregnant girls are killed by their own families, the captors may be astonished to find that in the view of westerners the occasional kick, threat, cruel lie or solitary confinement is regarded as brutality.

The fact that all 52 hostages returned alive and in relatively good health says something.

No courts in China?

EDITORIAL *January 21 1981*

Not long ago, a Canadian jurist returned from a visit to China with the remarkable news that that vast Communist country has no courts. He seemed to find such a situation wonderful as though there finally a society had become so perfect as to have done away with the need for courts.

the Chinese have shown that when it is desirable to put on a show trial as in the present matter of the widow of former Chairman Mao Tse-tung there is no problem in finding the facilities and technical framework to conduct a court.

Are there any prisons?

If there are. Indeed... prisons... and there are no courts. it becomes obvious that people are accused convicted and sentenced without due process.

Surely, only felons and a simple-minded few regard courts as an agency of persecution. However imperfect they may be they are all that stands between us and a police state.

It did the job

EDITORIAL *June 17, 1981*

Most of the western world has in the past applauded the daring and courage of Israel in protecting her integrity as a nation.

There were shocked gasps however, among her closest allies earlier this month when it was learned that Israeli aircraft had bombed and destroyed a nuclear reactor nearing completion in nearby Iraq because according to Israel- it was the intention of Iraq to build nuclear bombs with which to attack Israel.

In a way, the Israeli action might be compared to the eyeball-to-eyeball brinkmanship on the high seas by the Americans during the Cuban missile crisis under the Kennedy administration. It was unjustifiable under international law, but it did the job.

Within the context of the need to survive, as seen by the Israelis, the raid on Iraq also did the job.

Nobody wants war

ERNESTLY *May 19 1982*

Our language as probably are most languages, is replete with maxims that cover every type of human situation and from every conceivable point of view.

I don t know what the opposite is for "Nobody wants war" but there ought to be and probably is one. Certainly evidence exists in abundance that lots of people want war. If this were not so it would not be so easy to get wars started.

The bloodletting in the Atlantic in recent weeks between nations thousands of miles apart has certainly attested to the fact that there are people on both sides of the dispute to whom bloodshed is more acceptable than many other alternatives.

Who wants wars?

Sometimes politicians do if the country needs a common enemy to divert public concern from internal social economic or political problems. Many suspect this is why Argentina decided to embark upon a military solution to its claim of over a century to sovereignty over the Falkland Islands.

There even lurks a suspicion in some minds that Her Majesty s government in Great Britain, facing domestic crises isn t entirely unhappy about a turn of events that has united people behind the government like a thing else since World War 2.

There are also people who make fortunes out of wars. Wars require and consume armaments medical supplies, food and many other materials. Small wars also serve as testing grounds for conventional weapons.

There have been mercenaries for centuries happy to enlist to kill and to risk their lives for any cause so long as the price is right.

Who else?

For my part I m always more than a bit suspicious of the higher echelons of the military — in any country.

Don t get me wrong I m not against the armed forces and count myself among those who believe the west needs a strong defence.

But the feeling persists that when you train people for a certain task there comes a time when at least some of them are itching to put their training and talent to the ultimate test.

I ve visited a number of Canadian armed forces bases, both in Canada and in Europe I met many fine officers most of whom saw their role as defensive.

But for some of them, I sensed the enemy had been identified and the war all but declared and if they had the say-so they would push the button on a tactical premise rather than on political or defensive grounds.

In the Falklands dispute my sympathies lie with the British.

But let s keep cool and remember that there are all sorts of people who would welcome a small war. And small wars can escalate into world wars all too easily.

Another oggressive act

EDITORIAL *September 7 1983*

Last week s Review warned against letting down our defences when dealing with a world power — the Soviet Union — so pursuned that it refused emigration permission to a woman on the grounds that she might have learned military secrets from her father — a father she had not seen since she was four months old.

As the Review was coming off the press, a South

Korean Boeing 747 civilian airliner carrying a reported 269 people was flying from Anchorage Alaska, to Tokyo on a course intended to bypass Soviet territory lying between Alaska and Japan

Whatever the reason, the aircraft deviated from the course was detected by Soviet radar followed by Soviet fighter aircraft and according to the best reports available destroyed by a missile

All aboard perished.

To a shocked world, Soviet authorities reply that 'aircraft sometimes crash without being shot down" that warning tracer shots were fired when the 747 pilot failed to accept interception instructions that the aircraft was a CIA spy mission

Thus is the nature of the people of the Kremlin who control the mighty USSR and whose aggressive policies and persuasions keep us constantly on the brink of a nuclear holocaust

They can be flippant over the loss of 269 lives They can in the same breath deny responsibility for the destruction of the aircraft and justify the destruction for security reasons.

For home consumption

EDITORIAL *September 14 1983*

Almost a week after the fact, the Soviet Union got around to admitting that its fighter planes had indeed destroyed the South Korean airliner which had wandered into Soviet air space on Sept 1 sending it into the sea with 269 people aboard

The earliest response to the accusation was (at least to Canadian authorities) that airplanes can go down without having been shot down

The second stage of the admission had Soviet interceptors firing tracers as a warning to the airliner It was left somewhat to the imagination whether the tracers had accidentally brought down the plane or if it exploded coincidentally by accident

Finally came the admission that the South Korean aircraft had been destroyed by Soviet fighters but on the spurious grounds that it was a spy plane examining Soviet military installations in the area testing Soviet reaction to the intrusion and that it had flown side by side with a United States spy plane for 10 minutes shortly before entering Soviet air space

The admission incidentally came only after the Russians were confronted with transcripts (taped by the Japanese) of radio conversation between a Russian interceptor pilot and his base command Without that one wonders whether an admission of responsibility might ever have been made

It is no secret that Soviet aircraft — not civilian liners but military planes — deeply penetrate Canadian air space dozens of times every year They are intercepted by NATO planes and escorted back to international space but not shot down

The Soviets claim the South Korean pilot refused to comply with instructions to land at a Soviet field

Difficult either to prove or disprove

But it is obviously for home consumption. To the rest of the world it is just so much spoiled borscht

The Grenadian invasion

EDITORIAL *November 9 1983*

It is not surprising that some of the closest allies of the United States — including Canada and the United Kingdom —have been less than enthusiastic about the American invasion of the tiny island republic of Grenada in order to reverse a bloody *coup d etat* by Red-led rebels

Having acknowledged, however that the United States had no clear right in terms of international law to go into Grenada let s take a look at the situation from a practical point of view

Tiny nations such as Grenada and a number of others in that part of the world ex st at the sufferance of then more powerful neighbors They obviously have not the manpower to protect themselves from any resolute foe of even modest size not if every man woman and child were trained and armed

Thus they exist in the hope that their neighbors will leave them in peace allow them to run their own affairs and if anyone should be tempted to molest them that an even more powerful neighbor will come to their assistance

In this instance that powerful neighbor is the United States which left it alone in spite of a type of government not exactly to American specifications or preferences

Then came the *coup d etat*

Was this a groundswell of revolt by the people of Grenada against the existing regime or was it the work of an ambitious gang of thugs supported by an armed force of another group of neighbors — from Cuba — heavily armed well trained and brought into the country as "workers"

It will probably never be possible to justify the U S action in terms of international legalese but it made a lot of sense in terms of the future well being of the Grenadian people — and certainly in terms of the security of this continent

40 years after D-Day

EDITORIAL *June 6 1984*

This week — today in fact — marks the 40th anniversary of D-Day when the vanguard of an estimated three mill on Allied fighting troops assaulted the beaches of Normandy thus beginning the last chapter of the destruction of Nazi German s war machine

The significance of D-Day was probably overshadowed by the big blasts just over one year later at Hiroshima and Nagasaki which while they brought World War 2 to an abrupt end also ushered in

a newer era of global terror and insecurity

Today, as more and more minds World War 2 is identified more with the development of the weapons that have brought the planet to the brink of Armageddon than with a crusade to save a good part of the world from a maniac's ambitions

There is also a deep sense of guilt on the part of many residents of this country and the United States, as though nuclear armaments were totally the brainchild of the Allies

Not so

The top scientific brains in Germany were working feverishly at developing an atom bomb and the means to deliver it, and had the European war lasted much longer, would likely have been successful

The big bangs would have come and at about the same time

Except for D-Day, however, and the heroes who fought their way across Europe...the bangs might have occurred at London or Manchester...or maybe even New York

A telling argument

EDITORIAL *July 24, 1985*

Probably one of the most telling arguments against the United States' proposed Star Wars system came recently from a Canadian who has been privy to planning and discussion of the project

Dovis Parnas is professor of computer science at the University of Victoria. Flatly says it will not work

In his view—software engineering is too unreliable to be depended upon to operate a system that cannot be tested except under conditions of an actual attack upon the United States

To those who regard computers as infallible...it may seem preposterous that the top brains of the west could not put together a software system that is close enough to perfect to do the job dependably. To any amateur computer tinkerer who has written even a few lines of code the Parnas position sounds too close to reality to be ignored

A professional computer programmer has estimated that for every hour of programming spent in developing a computer package two hours are spent by experts trying to crash the program that is doing everything they can think of to make the program fail

Even when these safeguards have been invoked most program packages require updating and correction after they have been marketed and put into use under actual field conditions

The Star Wars software would it is believed require hundreds of millions of lines of computer code no doubt written by thousands of programmers using varying techniques and approaches

To expect all this programming to mesh the first time it is used to the extent necessary to entrust the continent's total defence upon it, does seem unrealistic

A few camouflaged lines of coding could probably cause it to turn on itself and destroy the United States

40 years after Hiroshima

EDITORIAL *August 7, 1985*

Yesterday marked the 40th anniversary of the nuclear bombing of the city of Hiroshima and the beginning of the end of World War 2

It is natural that the anniversary triggers a flood of reminiscing conjecture and comment on every aspect of the nuclear age that began for the world at large on that fateful day

It is equally natural perhaps that it also resurrects debate on the moral question: ought the United States have employed so terrible a weapon?

Natural yes but who has the right to pass judgment?

Can those of us who have never even known the horrors of conventional warfare really blame those who made the decision to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki at a cost of an estimated 200 000 lives — mostly civilian — in the expectation of ending a war that had already killed millions of civilians and would probably kill another million or more?

What was the judgment in August of 1945 of the millions of parents who had sons and daughters in the Allied armed forces and who went to bed every night praying that the following day might not bring the dreaded telegram of condolence from government?

What was the judgment of the millions of Chinese Koreans and other Asians living at that time under the harsh heel of Japanese occupation? Were they grateful to see it end or would they have preferred to suffer yet another year or two while the game was played out by conventional rules?

And how relevant is the debate?

In 1945 scientists on both sides were working around the clock to perfect a nuclear device. Does anyone sincerely believe that the Germans or the Japanese had they been first would simply have put it on display and gone on fighting conventionally?

In any case, Hiroshima and Nagasaki are simply symbols of an age entered by the human race when nuclear fission was achieved

Human inventiveness and human aggressiveness have guaranteed from the day the first weapon was used in battle (although it wasn't obvious until this century) that the time would come when weapons would be invented that were so terrible as to render war unthinkable as a logical solution to anything

So that's where we stand today

Nuclear weapons were invented as was inevitable

The bombs were dropped as was inevitable the times and places incidental except to those who were

there We now find ourselves at the juncture where we must decide the future course destruction or survival through new approaches

If we decide for destruction the survivors of a nuclear holocaust will ask themselves how it might have been prevented and how to prevent it in the future —not about the morality of the Hiroshima bomb

Desperation is the enemy

EDITORIAL *July 3 1985*

An Air Indian jetliner carrying over 300 people crashes off the Irish coast minutes before its scheduled arrival in London All aboard die Presumably it is the work of Sikh terrorists

In Tokyo a bomb explodes in luggage taken from a CP Air plane and destined for loading onto another Air India flight Several baggage handlers are killed but the world is relieved that the premature explosion prevented hundreds more from dying Again Sikh terrorists are suspected

In Britain Irish extremists threaten to explode bombs at various locations through the country where they will cause innocent deaths and needless destruction

A TWA flight from Athens to Rome is hijacked by a Moslem Shiite group Thirty-nine crew members and passengers are held hostage for almost three weeks in various Arab cities before their release is finally negotiated

We seem to be living in a world gone crazy- a world in which handfuls of madmen can hold nations at ransom by bargaining with the lives of innocent people caring not one whit how much blood is spilled in the process.

Most North Americans living today have grown up rather naive to the realities of the world in which we live

Our forefathers grew up in towns and villages carved from the wilderness largely isolated from the rest of the world While they bore hardships they accepted as their due the rule of law due process democracy and very real opportunities to improve their lots

This created a people largely trusting and confident that all was well in the world

But while we live in a community that remains constant in our minds and enjoy our freedom of choice our democratic traditions and our prosperity we do so only hours away from poverty- repression and dictatorship by individuals or the state religious persecution rule by intimidation and torture and other injustices too numerous to mention inflicted on people who are not allowed a voice in world councils.

There is no reasonable sane defence for terrorism But desperate people are not governed by sanity or reason Desperate people take desperate measures

Desperation is our real enemy

Strike against Libya

EDITORIAL *April 16 1986*

It happened

Early Tuesday morning units of the United States air force attacked military installations in the vicinity of the Libyan cities of Tripoli and Benghazi

The installations have been identified by U S spokesmen as bases for terrorist groups allegedly operating with the approval and/or direction of Libya s Col Moammar Khadafy who have been escalating their campaign of violence against American and non-military targets in Europe

In his address to the nation a few hours after the attack President Ronald Reagan stated that the U S has conclusive evidence that the recent bombing of a West Berlin discotheque frequented by American servicemen had been ordered by Libyan authorities

In view of everything that has happened and evidence claimed by the U S pointing to many terrorist attacks planned by Libya in the future it is difficult to be altogether outraged by the military action

But do we really relish the idea of a bloodbath that dwarfs the terrorist acts?

In the United States there are guarantees that people may not be punished by the state without due process of law

No such thing exists, of course in international relations The next best thing to it, however is negotiation backed up with economic and political persuasion

Recent attacks against USSR diplomats by Mid East terrorist groups seem to have changed Soviet attitudes toward terrorism Perhaps they could be persuaded to lean on Khadafy a bit and change his mind about attacking U S targets in Europe and on this continent

This may leave prior attacks unavenged but then how many heinous crimes in the United States go unpunished every day because of due process?

Where are the protests?

EDITORIAL *May 7 1986*

We know there was a nuclear accident in the Soviet Union early last week or thereabouts

Do we know about this accident because the Soviet Union that lover of the human masses wherever they may be was quick to alert the rest of the world to the dangers that might arise from the accident?

We do not

As a matter of fact there is little reason to believe we would have been told anything about the core meltdown (perhaps more than one) at a nuclear plant at Chernobyl north of Kiev, in the Ukraine, had it not been for the fact that the dimensions of the mishap were such that stonewalling became impossible

What is surprising (but not entirely) is that there has been no great chorus of protest from environmental or anti-nuclear groups around the world.

Had the accident occurred in a U.S. nuclear plant there would have been around the clock picketing at every U.S. embassy and consulate from Trieste to Toronto to Timbuktu.

Persian Gulf tragedy

EDITORIAL *July 13, 1988*

It took the president of the United States only a few hours to declare that the downing of an Iranian airliner with a loss of 290 lives was justified because officers on a U.S. warship thought the jetliner was an attack warplane.

The downing, by the way, took place not on the approaches to San Francisco or New York City, but over the Persian Gulf, adjacent to Iran, where the presence of Iranian war military aircraft must be commonplace.

Can you imagine the reaction if the jetliner had been anything but Iranian, and the warship Iranian?

There is something drastically wrong somewhere when the president of a superpower can justify a mass killing of civilians in international areas because the captain of a warship felt threatened.

Military people are paid to feel threatened. Civilians are not.

Last week's tragedy should initiate investigations and reviews of procedures to reduce the possibility of a recurrence of this type of disaster.

Proof of the borscht

EDITORIAL *July 20, 1988*

In January of this year, Time Magazine named Mikhail Gorbachev, general secretary of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as Man of the Year of 1987.

This honorific is bestowed annually by the weekly news magazine on the individual (or group of individuals) deemed by it to have done the most in the previous year to change the world — for better or for worse.

Choice of the Russian leader came as a result of the policy of glasnost (openness) which he is not only permitting but actively encouraging in a nation distinguished for most of the 60-year history of its regime as being the most brutally repressive in modern history.

Whatever the Communists have done wrong they have achieved a pretty good record for educating a nation in which illiteracy was more the rule than the exception at the time of the revolution. You cannot educate people and make masses about peace, democracy and freedom without folks beginning to wonder when they will get some of that stuff.

This is not to say that freedom has arrived for the Soviet masses and is there to stay.

Freedom and freedom of speech are not casual attributes of a political system, like the size of the ruling body or who's in charge of the pork barrel. No, the presence or absence of basic freedoms is the very fabric of the system.

Freedoms bring a way of life and politics that is threatening to, and bound to be resisted by, many powerful people with a vested interest in the status quo in the USSR. A struggle is inevitable and may hasten a truly more relaxed and free system, or put it off indefinitely.

Time will tell. As the old Russian saying has it—the proof of the borscht is in the eating.

6. Genesis and Exodus

Where and when it all began

It would be reasonable to suppose that in a town like Steinbach, Manitoba, with a Mennonite population of about ninety five percent in my childhood, there would have been a strong emphasis on teaching Mennonite history.

In fact, the opposite was the case. While a Mennonite catechism was taught in the lower grades of public school, as well as German, the church language, we never were taught much about the origins and movements of an ethnic group then more than four centuries old.

Some Mennonites claimed to be German, some Dutch, almost all spoke Low German (Platt deutsch) at home, in the workplace and marketplace, and German at various levels of proficiency in church. Most Steinbach families had immigrated from Russia in the 1870s, and a minority had come in the 1920s after losing their lands and property in the Russian Revolution and its aftermath.

Most of us knew that at some time in "prehistory" the Mennonites had migrated to Russia from somewhere — presumably Germany — but at least to my generation, dates and particulars were as obscure as Topsy's proverbial origins. What little I now know of Mennonite history has been gleaned from family and community histories and a few booklets on the Mennonites.*

It seems to be generally agreed that the Mennonite Church is an outgrowth of the Anabaptist movement which had its beginnings in Switzerland and adjacent areas of Germany, with non violence, adult baptism and separation of church and state as chief tenets differing from those of the mainstream Protestant churches then developing.

Menno Simons, however, was a Roman Catholic priest in Dutch Friesland who converted to the Anabaptist faith, and who wrote and preached this new faith so persuasively and fervently that his followers — most Friesian Dutch, Belgian Flemish, Angles and Saxons, and a few French and English — were named after him.

While I found their persuasion of non violence anomalous in the context of the imperatives of the war against Germany, Italy and Japan raging in my youth, I see it in a slightly more sympathetic light after reading of feudal wars in which young men were sent into battle in conflicts that often were no more than grudge fights between feuding noblemen—or forays by lords for booty to replenish exchequers drained by dissolute living.

The repugnance for arms-bearing becomes even more understandable when seen in the light of a practice then extant in Switzerland where the Anabaptist movement was born. Evidently not unimaginative even then in finding ways to turn an honest dollar, the Swiss conscripted young men for military service then hired them out, by the unit, to neighboring countries, where they had to offer their lives in foreign causes they neither cared about nor understood. When I view their dissidence in this light I am rather proud of forebears who then said "Hell, no, I won't go!", regardless of my own view of service to one's country in a legitimate cause in the twentieth century.

Decried as heretics because of their belief in separation of church and state, non-violence and adult baptism, Mennonites were hailed into court and severely punished about two thousand martyrs evidently have been confirmed. It is not surprising then that they looked favorably upon an invitation to settle the swampy Vistula Nogat delta near Danzig in what is now Poland. As low country people, holding back the sea and reclaiming arable lands from swamplands was second nature to them. They were successful and prospered.

Like many people living in European backwaters in that period, the Mennonites had to be bilingual. The low countries' mixture of dialects known as Low German (Plattdeutsch) was for daily use, while the official language and that of their Bible was used in church and when dealing with officialdom.

Dutch continued to be the language of the church until the mid 1700s when one minister dared to conduct a service in the German language. This evidently caused such an uproar that it was five years before anyone tried it again. Suddenly it became the natural thing to do and German became the official language of the Mennonite Church in that part of the world.

Not having encountered any explanation for this dearth/dirt of the change, I have made my own deductions. Being a mixture of Germanic people or tribes, they probably had neither more nor less loyalty to one language than another. Geographically, however, their West Prussian domicile was closer to Germany than to the Netherlands, the privileges, such as exemption from military service, had to be negotiated at the highest level of authority, and for much of the period in question that part of Europe was under German rule, so German was the natural language in which to negotiate. During these periods, too, they likely would have been considered German nationals.

There is a further possibility that the Mennonites found Martin Luther's German Bible more to their taste than the Dutch translations used by Dutch Protestants. Just a guess!

In that part of Europe, too, the popularity of the Mennonites never strong, became sufficiently at best. Laws and regulations were changed to restrict and reduce the size of their holdings, and they were required to pay tribute for the support of the state church and the military program.

About that time Catherine II (the Great) Czarina of All the Russias, and herself of German heritage, invited Germans of every ilk to settle the vast steppes of southern Russia (the Ukraine) acquired recently. It was her hope that German agricultural skills would rub off on the local peasantry. For the Mennonites, her invitation included exemption from military service, full control of village life, the right to use German in schools and churches, and a ten-year tax break. One restriction was that they were not permitted to proselytize, on pain of banishment.

The Mennonites knew a good deal when they saw one, left their home of 250 years and trekked hundreds of miles to a new homeland where once again they had to wrest a livelihood from, and impose their own order on, a hostile environment.

Again they prospered, and as time went by their privileges were again challenged. Sources differ on the question of the term of their special status. Some claim their exemption from military service was guaranteed in perpetuity, others that it was a 100 year privilege. Whichever it was, by 1870 a Russian czar had announced a 'russeification' program for residents of foreign descent as well as pending suspension of Mennonite exemption from military service.

At this time both the United States and Canada had strong immigration programs with incentives that included freedom of religion. Thousands emigrated almost immediately, even though a compromise had been worked out by this time with the government whereby Mennonite

boys would be able to substitute forestry service for military service. Many settled in Kansas and other parts of the United States Midwest and Canada—and it was this wave that also settled Steinbach and other colonies in southern Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Both Irene's family and mine opted to remain in Russia—possibly considering forestry service and Russian language education a small price to pay for the retention of the modest affluence they had attained and were enjoying. My grandfather, one of a long succession of Kunsmen bearing the name Julius Siemens, had been one of a group that travelled to Manitoba to check out the potential of settling in the New World. He is said to have reported back that people had to work too hard in Canada. Even for some Mennonites—I suppose the work ethic was strongest when it was necessary for sheer survival, and lost its attraction when the good life became a viable alternative.

They had four decades to enjoy what became — as we heard it years later — a genteel life by Mennonite standards—and certainly privileged when compared to the lifestyles of the Russian (they tended to refer to all Slavs as Russians but these were more probably Ukrainian) peasants who lived all around them—and who served them as field hands and domestics.

Their lifestyles were probably simple when compared with the Russian aristocracy—but in the penniless state of our childhood in mid-depression Manitoba—when we heard our mother describing the hordes of watermelons stored for the winter—trees in their orchards groaning under the weight of fruit—printed calling cards presented by young ladies when calling at the homes of friends—going off to boarding schools and girls learning household arts chiefly to prepare themselves for overseeing the servants in their own future homes, our minds boggled at such affluence.

Any envy we might have felt for the Epicurean life was offset by the knowledge that it hadn't lasted. While our parents still were young adults—World War I was the prelude to the end of all this. First of all—exemption from military service ended to the extent that young Mennonite men were required, at least, to serve in medical units, both Irene's father and mine served at or near the front as stretcher-bearers or ambulance drivers, and if they were not combatants—they were exposed to risks from which many generations of their forebears had been spared.

Surrender by Russia to the Germans before the latter were themselves defeated triggered the Bolshevik revolution, and our parents became intimate with warfare at its cruellest. Their homes were commandeered as billets for White and Red occupying troops alternately—rape of young girls—grandmothers, and anything in between—was commonplace (females sometimes spent weeks hidden in haystacks)—men were summarily shot—food, clothing, money and valuables were confiscated—life became hell. Those who had served as officers in the Czarist army — even in medical units — seem to have been sought out and executed.

Early in the civil war, young Mennonite men formed defensive units to guard their settlements against raiding bandits—their lives and families threatened—they managed to make that much of a compromise between their non-violent religion and reality. Somewhere the distinction became hypothetical and at least some of these units fought in the field as loyalists, or at least as anti-Bolsheviks.

Communist victory brought confiscation of property, famine, and exile of "enemies of the state" to Siberia. Commonplace became public executions by self-appointed tribunals, midnight searches of homes, and arrests of men who often were never heard from again—or were rumored years later to be in forced labor camps in Siberia.

Mennonites were targeted firstly as former landowners, and as ethnic Germans were identified both with the wartime enemy and with the occupation forces that were so much in evidence after the Russian surrender. (Although I have established that the Mennonites probably were of Frisian Dutch and Belgian Flemish stock originally, they had spent many decades in Poland while it was governed by Germany, had come to Russia as German nationals—and may even have gloried in this identification with Germany's rising star in contrast with the receding glory of the Dutch empire.)

At any rate—with little hope for a future tolerant of their beliefs and lifestyles, and with their wealth confiscated, the surviving Mennonites recalled their missed opportunity to migrate to

North America. While Canadian Mennonites worked through the Canadian government to open the doors of this country to their kinsmen trapped in Russia, a committee of Russian Mennonites negotiated with a capricious Communist government for permission to leave the USSR.

Irene's father was a member of the negotiating team, and this position was dangerous in itself, since it probably seemed to those with whom they negotiated that there was something bordering on the treasonous to want to desert the millennium with which the latter had blessed the land. Every meeting, I understand, was attended with the fear that it might well culminate in arrest, a speedy secret trial, and execution or exile.

Leave to emigrate eventually was granted, and another great exodus began.

The Canadian Mennonites who had worked toward bringing them to Canada had guaranteed to settle them on agricultural lands. Land was plentiful, but it had a price, and the immigrants were penniless. It turned out that there were a number of large farms in the prairie provinces that might be available on reasonable terms. Established in the late 1800s often by absentee owners, they had reached a peak of profitability during World War I and the years immediately preceding it, but had lost economic viability with the end of the war, as the owners were not averse to selling them. These holdings were deemed particularly suitable for communal farming, and while the Mennonites' tradition was one of individual ownership and operation, many of the immigrants, during several generations of affluence, probably had lost their hands-on familiarity with agriculture and were amenable to the idea of temporarily pooling knowledge, labor and ownership.

The matter of payment was still a problem, but the Mennonite Land Settlement Board devised a contract permitting Mennonite immigrants to purchase land on terms that included the following features: no cash payment at time of purchase, payments spread over a period of up to fifteen years and based on a half-crop payment plan, no obligations to pay anything but tax and insurance in years where revenue fell below 86 per acre, and interest rates of six percent.

The contract became known in the Canadian west as the Mennonite Contract, and its terms are Mennonite Terms. It is indicative of the Mennonite reputation for reliability and industriousness that these terms were generally available only to Mennonites.

The Derksens, together with a dozen other families, settled such a farm in the Rush Lake district near Swift Current. This group farmed communally only briefly, then divided up the land and equipment and established individual homes, however humble—and I understand some were pretty humble.

The Neufelds and some forty other families acquired the vast holdings of Sheldon Farms, near Hanley and not far from Saskatoon. The land was held and farmed communally for a number of years, although separate home places were established.

My father's duties at Sheldon Farms—as the settlement continued to be called, included serving as secretary-treasurer, since he had been an accountant in a small farm equipment factory in Russia. The term "accountant" did not really is used loosely here, since his training in account ancy probably was limited to a commerce-oriented secondary education.

In 1927—only four years after immigrating—my father died, and my mother had an alternative but to cash in her modest equity—which was probably no more than benefits from a Mennonite insurance plan which providentially had been established. Her sister Mary and husband Isaak Klassen had moved to Winnipeg not long after immigrating, and with bleak alternatives wherever she might choose to go, it seemed like a good idea to be close to what few kinfolks she had in this country. It didn't take her long to realize her meagre holdings and the pittance she could hope to earn in Winnipeg would require living in the poorest accommodations and in neighborhoods not suitable for raising a young family. Shortly after I was born, she acquired a home in Steinbach where she and her family would—at least—be in a community of people with a similar ethnic and religious background.

Meanwhile, back in Rush Lake, the Derksens were just getting a handle on dryland farming. (Mr. Derksen had been a teacher in Russia after studying at universities in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, and Jena, Germany), when the Dirty Thirties came along and treated them no better

than thousands of other Saskatchewan farmers. What might have happened in the long run is anyone's guess; but just when things looked bleakest, they were visited by old friend Abram Dyck who was horrified by their humble estate and offered Derksen a job at his German-language weekly newspaper, the Steinbach Post, in Manitoba. Although not trained in printing or newspaper work, Derksen was at least as qualified for it as for agriculture, he accepted, left the farm to creditors, and moved his family to Steinbach. Not many years later the Derksen family took over the Post.

This album is not intended as a genealogy any more than as a detailed history, but since this chapter purports to give an insight into our family's religious and ethnic background as a clue to our own biases, attitudes and predispositions, it seems appropriate to introduce the immediate members of our family, who must have had some influence on us, whether they gladly admit it or not.

Gerhard Solomon Derksen of Gruenfeld, Russia, a young school teacher, married Maria Unger of Nuvo-Fedulsk, Russia, daughter of an apothecary-cum-agronomist placed on a Jewish agricultural commune to give some guidance to the commune members.

The Derksen children: Anna, married Peter Rosenfeld of Herbert, Saskatchewan; Eugena married Helena Friesen of Steinbach, Manitoba; Bruno married Elizabeth Reimer of Steinbach (then living in Hamilton, Ontario) and he died in 1967; George married Mary Sanders of Snowflake, Manitoba, and died in 1976; Irene Maria married Ernest Neufeld of Winnipeg, formerly of Steinbach.

Gerhard Derksen died in 1957, and his widow in 1977 after being predeceased by a second husband, Abram Vogt of Steinbach.

Abram Neufeld of Alexandertal, Russia, married Anna Siemens of Alexanderovik, Russia, daughter of a petty bourgeois and village mayor or reeve (schulte).

The Neufeld children: Anne married Raymond Hildebrandt of Winnipeg; Herman married Elfrieda Vogt of Steinbach; Victor married Anne Mathews of Winnipeg, who died in 1948; Gladys Grey of Vancouver, who died in 1962, Marguerite Klasseu of Winnipeg; Victor died in 1982; Helen married Harry Rosenby of Winnipeg; Ernest, as mentioned above married Irene Derksen.

Abram Neufeld died in 1927, and his widow, Anna Neufeld, in 1960.

The children of Ernest and Irene Neufeld:

Eric Michael, born in Toronto, married Charlotte Warkentin, they have two sons, Abrahm Michael and David Eric.

Denise Irene, born in Weston, Ontario, married Kevin Bakken of Weyburn, they have one daughter, Branke Delaine, and one son, Judson Ernest.

Patricia Anne, born in Weyburn, married Darryl Ward of Weyburn; they have one daughter, Amber Dale.

Mary Ellen, born in Weyburn, is unmarried.

Carrie, born in Weyburn, married Scott Herriot of Saskatoon.

**Hunsey and Genealogy of the Jacob Loewen Family" published in 1983 by Dr. Solomon L. Loewen of Hillsboro, Kansas. "Kellerdinja on Our Heritage," first published by Derksen Printers Ltd. of Steinbach in 1971. "The Mennonites of Western Canada," written by Gerhard Lohrenz of Winnipeg and also published by Derksens. "Mennonite Exodus," by Frank H. Epp, a partial copy of which was furnished by the public relations department of the Canadian National Railways. Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Introducing Grandma!

ERNEST H. *November 11, 1971*

In twenty-odd years of wedded bliss our household has constantly lived in a state of hopeful and fearful anticipation of an unheralded visit from "Grandma."

From the moment she descends upon us with a virago which belies her three-score and ten-plus normal routines become suspended and life takes on the aspect of a reindoctrination period. It less resembles one's idea of a matriarchal visit than a takeover by a general who, having heard rumors of sloppy conditions at his distant outpost, decides to take a personal hand in setting matters right.

During these sojourns, which may last anywhere from three days to three weeks, and which tend to end as abruptly as they begin, we are alternately regaled by a wit that is as sharp as it might have been half a century ago (and perhaps naughtier), scolded, criticized and corrected, tortured in morals and mores as they ought to be, or encouraged in the unorthodox and unexpected; we are pampered with old country dishes

fit for a caravan forced to eat leftovers meal after meal until the last scrap is eaten we are kept up till 2 in the morning being educated in family lore or summarily ordered to bed at 9 30

Many emotions come into play when Grandma is around but the one I find most enduring is an awesome respect for what I must concede to be one of the cleverest most determined and overpowering personalities I have ever encountered

In exile

ERNESTLY *June 15 1969*

So here I am langu shing in the beauty of the scenic Qu'Appelle Valley awakened at 5 30 every morning by the song of the meadow lark the mourning dove the robin and the omnipresent sparrow and most particularly by the morning nurse who comes to take my temperature (which stoutly refuses to budge from an embarrassingly normal 98 2)

Here there is time time time to reflect upon my many sins (few of which I deeply regret) daydream joyfully about future sins which I hope I may be spared to commit read till it's coming out of my ears and come to a closer understanding and better appreciation of our native people

It speaks well for Weyburn attitudes that I alone was singled out for banishment to the Bastille

Joking aside it is most fortunate that out of thousands surveyed only one person was found to be infected with what was once a dread disease and one which can still take a terrible toll if not checked and not caught at an early enough stage

People are forever telling me how fortunate I am to be a newspaperman and able to go on all those trips I write about (There haven t really been so many but other folks don t write about them) But just look what happened to me I just knew I shouldn t let those beautiful Hawaiian girls come so close to me but when you ex fortyish and your beauty is beginning to fade it s so hard to turn them away

A young nurse s aide who helped me unpack told me she was a university student here for the summer only

"You are a brave young girl " I declared "to come here and work among all these germs "

She looked a trifle embarrassed--then confessed that until she had arrived at Fort San she hadn t realized TB was contagious

Our cent of arms

ERNESTLY *April17 1975*

"Dear Mr Neufeld," wrote an Ottawa firm "Did you know that the Neufeld family name was recorded with a coat of arms in heraldic archives? And while there are over seven million households in Canada fewer than 2 715 of them are Neufeld households "

Now beside the surprise of learning of the coat of arms there's some food for thought for everyone who expects me to be related to the one other Neufeld they know Know now that there are something in the order of 2 715 families of us critters in this country and if like myself they have all heeded the scriptural injunction to "go forth and multiply " that totals out to 19 005 Nenfelds (See also Nenfeldt Neufelt Newfeld Newfield) floating around!

You can nnderstand my feelings therefore when I checked into a Calgary hotel last weekend and the receptionist finding two reservations nnder the name of Neufeld unmodestly assumed one was a duplication of the other

"It s not as though your name is Smith or Jones " said she

I drew myself to my full height and said "Young lady do you realize that there are 2 715 households in Canada by the name of Neufeld "

"Oh " she exclaimed "did you get one of those crazy letters too?"

Well I admit that took me down a peg because I had just begun to think of myself as something approaching royalty with a registered coat-of arms and all that

Needless to say I had already sent my three bucks for the report which tells the unique story of the Neufeld name It tells what the name means its origin and other family names associated with it The left half is a large beautiful reproduction of the artist s drawing of the Neufeld coat-of-arms The entire report is documented and printed on parchment paper suitable for framing

I ll bet you anything that when my coat-of-arm arrives I ll find it was registered by some Duane Neufeld in 1972 and designed by the very folks who are now selling me a copy of it for $3

As for the origin of the name I just learned that a few months ago free of charge Evidently it was spelled Neufeldt or someth ng close to that which is the Dutch for "new field " and was a name hung onto some of the people who lived on the new land reclaimed from the sea Probably that s where the Dutch sent their convicts and other undesirables If they didn t stick someone else moved in and the Neufeldt was given a coat-of-arms in exchange

Coat of arms received

ERNESTLY *May1 1975*

Well I promised to come clean about that coat of arms and here it is in all its heraldic glory

The accompanying brief heography attests that documentation of the coat of arms can be found in Siebmacher s Wachenbuch Vol 6F p 29 under the variant Ne feld so any of my readers who happen to be Siebmacher nuts can look it up for themselves.

If the little trees in potted plants in the upper right and lower left quadrants are intended to signify a green thumb, then I humbly concede that this little gift has long been lost. The bird perched on top of the shield is described as "the dove of peace, ready for flight." It is probably an ancestor of the pigeons nesting in the Review's neon sign, and I sure wonder what it would take to put them into permanent flight.

Just what a dove of peace might be doing on a coat of arms is not explained, but maybe it is to assure wary strangers of the bearer's good intentions. There, when he's relaxed and has let his guard down: zonk!!!

Individual surnames — explains the historiographer "originated for the purpose of more specific identification." The four primary sources for second names were "occupation, location, father's name and personal characteristics." The surname Neufeld appears to be occupational in origin, and is believed to be associated with the Germans, meaning "one who farmed newly cleared land."

Although this interpretation, if correct, knocks out the theory I mentioned a few weeks ago (that the Neufelds were Dutchmen living in newly reclaimed land), it will be some comfort to the gentleman farmer of Shaky Acres to know that I come by my agricultural tendencies honestly.

As if sensing that I might feel slightly let down by the Neufeld coat of arms, the report reassures me by referring to the 2,715 heads of households in Canada "with the old and distinguished Neufeld name. Statistics Canada estimated that there are approximately 3.5 persons per household in Canada which yields an approximate total of 9,503 people in Canada carrying the Neufeld name. Although the figure seems relatively low, it does not signify the many important contributions that individuals bearing the Neufeld name have made to history."

Those Statistics Canada people had better watch out or they'll find themselves in the same predicament as the statesman who drowned trying to wade across a stream with an average depth of four feet.

By coincidence, the same day that the coat of arms arrived, a fellow publisher sent me a clipping from his paper with the kicker head, "Ernest Neufeld honoured." Paragraph 8 advised that my namesake was presented with a gold watch in recognition of 25 years of service in the co-operative system.

I'll send him the coat of arms, and maybe he'll have it engraved on the watch.

By the way, if $3 seems cheap to get a reprint of the coat of arms and historiography, there's a gimmick. I can get a full-color, mounted coat of arms plaque at the special price of $19.95 plus $1 to cover shipping and postage.

Am I doing? I'll think about that one.

Becoming a grandfather

ERNEST Y *November 17, 1977*

How does it feel to be a grandfather for the first time?

For those of you who have not already experienced it, it feels great. Why? Because it is such a vast improvement over becoming a father for the first time.

No worried trip to the hospital, no anxious pacing in a hospital waiting room, no stewing about how to cope with a delicate newborn infant around the house. Just a telephone call informing you of your new status, a brief visit with the new mother and a quick look at the new arrival who somehow manages to resemble nobody and everybody in four clans.

Then home to a hot cooked meal and speculation about which of a number of outrageous names which have been bandied about will finally be selected.

With your own firstborn the circumstances are usually somewhat different. In our own case we were living in a new housing development in Toronto. Few of the homes were even occupied—giving us the feeling of living in a ghost town. We had no car, and the nearest telephone was about three-quarters of a mile down the road. Under certain weather conditions no taxi could be expected to venture into the gumbo of our streets.

A neighbor dutifully offered to take us to the hospital if the emergency occurred while he was at home, but how often do things like that work out? But in fact can be stranger than fiction, and it happened early on a Saturday night, so the trip to the hospital was no problem.

Once there, I settled myself into the routine of floor pacing that convention demands, until a nurse sent me home with the assurance that nothing was going to happen for at least 24 hours. So homeward bound on two or three street cars and the once-an-hour-barring breakdown bus which dropped Downs viewers within walking distance of home.

Morning came, and I made the trip to the telephone box only to learn that conditions were unchanged—that the joy of fatherhood was still in the future, and not to bother coming down to the hospital and hang around. Several more trips, phone calls and cans of

cold beans later with no change in results, and I finally gave up for the day.

It wasn't until Monday morning at work that I learned it had all happened Sunday morning after all.

Thus the joys of fatherhood began, and I am pleased to say that they have continued unabated to say the least, for a quarter of a century.

National presidency

ERNESTLY *July 28, 1977*

Eleven years ago, almost to the day, in Saint John, New Brunswick, far from home, I was told that I had been elected to the board of directors of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.

It was a proud day for me, and as I well remember, I wondered what (I) could possibly contribute to this honored association. It is a feeling which is shared by almost everyone who has ever been elected to a position of responsibility of any degree, be it the House of Commons or the home and school association.

As the years rolled by relentlessly, I found myself moving from a junior director of whom very little was expected, to one of the 'old guys,' to vice-president and finally, two years ago in Saskatoon, to president.

The last role mentioned involved visiting every provincial convention of Canadian weekly newspapers associations, several conventions in the United States, and a number of special functions in eastern Canada.

Last week in Winnipeg, not many blocks from where I drew my first breath half a century ago, I performed my last official act in declaring my successor elected as chairman of the board (a euphemism for past president).

Over the span of 11 years, as my column has well and truly witnessed, I have met with colleagues in Victoria, in Vancouver, in Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Bracebridge, Montreal, Moncton and Halifax, and informally at such places as North Bay, Ont., Lake Soest and Baden Baden in Germany, Nicosia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Jaffa, Israel.

It would be a transparent untruth to say that the experiences have not been thrilling and rewarding. I have met people I could not have met otherwise, and visited places which, except for this role, would still only be names in an atlas instead of actual communities of streets, houses and people which are permanently etched in my memory.

Grandma laid to rest

ERNESTLY *December 8, 1977*

We laid Grandma to rest last week.

As the congregation sang some of her favorite hymns and I looked around me at the clan whose growth and prosperity she had helped to shape, I was moved to ponder on how much can be crowded into a single lifetime.

Who could have foreseen, when a little girl was born to a sell-styled pharmacist-cum farmer and his wife in an almost unpronounceable village in southern Russia almost a century ago, the many changes of fortune she would experience and the transformations that would take place both in her personal world and the world in general?

The best guess probably would have been that she would grow up helping her mother raise a large family, marry the son of a neighboring farmer, raise her own brood, and if fate was kind, live her three-score-and-ten in a world not very different from the one into which she herself had been born, and probably without ever travelling more than 50 miles from home.

As it happened, she married a young school teacher, but they had barely started their family when World War I came along and changed forever the comfortable if mundane expectations she might have held.

A bone fighter, she scrapped for family survival through wartime separation from her husband, occupation by German troops, the bloody revolution that changed the course of history, and the terrible famine during which survival was a meal-to-meal affair.

Finally came the glorious day when, after months and years of negotiation with a wily government, emigration visas were issued and they were able to take their still-small family and a few meagre possessions and set out to build a new life in a strange land *(Saskatchewan)*.

What was still up for grabs in this province by 1923 was also not exactly a bed of roses for an academician and immigrant unfamiliar with the language and the ways of this country, and many were the tales we were to hear later of those early years of eking an existence out of our rockiest prairies and enduring our severe winters in a virtual shack, until, just when modest success seemed just around the corner, drought and depression came along to destroy even this dream.

About this time an old school chum who was publishing a German-language weekly in Manitoba offered a job, one for which the ex-teacher was not trained but eminently suited. Eventually they took the big plunge and bought the paper with a borrowed down payment, and with Grandma seeing to it that even the youngest hands in the family were never idle while there was fold-ing and addressing to do, presses to feed or wash, type to be set or distributed, floors to sweep or windows to wash. Due to a large extent to this type of influence, a business that might have foundered survived, and as the family grew up and

took over, became one of the province's major publishing houses...although not before another war had tested the enterprise's ability to survive while two sons served their country

As the family grew up, prospered and multiplied, Grandma matured into the role of matriarch to a growing clan had managed somehow to identify with the fortunes and misfortunes of each member, how ever distantly connected. Son or daughter, great grandchild or distant cousin, each and every one at some time felt her wrath or received her largesse dispensed as long as she had something to give, even at the price of personal deprivation

Through inevitable family deaths, ill health and the frailty of old age, there was never an occasion...joyful or sorrowful...when her determination did not influence the course...the outcome or the ritual

She died a legend, but as legends do, will live on to influence the hundreds whose lives she touched

Family reunion — circa 1979

ERNESTLY *August 30, 1979*

Never having attended a *bona fide* family reunion before, I've never had cause to ponder about the matter before

Last weekend we betook ourselves to a gathering of the clan at Winnipeg Beach—and the experience started many trains of thought. One was about the very need for such a thing as a reunion. Time was (or so I imagine) when most of a family, even in this country, lived in fairly close proximity...and several times a year would be brought together by a wedding, funeral, christening or a traditional Christmas dinner

Naturally, there was always the missing member who had run off to sea or a faraway big city, or perhaps become a missionary to the heathen in a far-off land. This one would be toasted in absentia, and receive so many accounts of the gathering that he or she, after six letters and accompanying snapshots, knew as much about the affair as those attending it

Today, most families are so scattered within our nation's vast reaches, and even beyond, that it is unlikely that any of the circumstances mentioned earlier will bring together anything resembling a total assembly of the family. We are mobile enough to get together more often, but this very mobility, combined with affluence, has business usually works out to a situation where people who ought to be there are not there when you are where they ought to be. If you get what I mean

Thus today, the planning of a family reunion must require very special talents and traits, such as patience, imagination, craftiness, a sense of timing, and a crash course in logistics

Foremost since in our agrarian past, most families had, if not their parents', then their long-suffering grandparents...family farm on which any gathering might be held. With a bit of crowding, and perhaps a dozen youngsters tucked into the hayloft and perhaps shut tail cousins in the bunkhouse, there was room for everyone

As for food, ma'n or grandma's pantry, root cellar and meathouse could be counted on to feed a regiment. Now we have become city dwellers in bungalows or apartments and buying food from week to week, so selecting the site and seeing to the feeding of the multitudes is no minor consideration

I had wondered about the reason for Winnipeg Beach as the site for the gathering. No one in our family lives there or has ever lived there. Turned out my uncle and aunt have a cottage there, and being close friends of the next-door cottagers were able to borrow their facility...thus providing two cottages and enough yard to accommodate a house trailer and the necessary tables

Not long ago a high priority consideration for such a gathering would have been a special area for the feeding, changing and napping of infants and small children

No such thing here. The five siblings of our family have produced a modest 12 offspring and though all but two of these are now married or of marriageable age, only three have heeded the biblical injunction to replenish the earth. These three tactfully stayed away, saving then childless peers the shock of contact with the very young

The make up of the group was another source of wonderment. Two generations ago, and perhaps even one, one black sheep might be counted upon to marry outside the religion or ethnic background. Today grace must be worded so as not to be offensive to Protestants, Roman Catholics or Jews, across the table from me sits the French-Canadian addition to the family, and next to me the Italo-Yugoslav

That's Canada for you, and a strange reunion circa 1979...and it leaves you wondering

Seeing the light at last

ERNESTLY *February 9, 1983*

It's taken me almost half a century, but it has finally penetrated my brain that I was hoodwinked by my own kith and kin. It's not easy to admit...and certainly disillusioning, but somewhere the truth must be told. Perhaps it need not...but it's going to be

The situation in our childhood home was thus: I had two sisters, one the oldest of the family and away working in the city, the other a few years older than myself, an equal two brothers in between the two sisters

Ours was the second last house at the northwest end of town, in a little subdivision carved out of the northeast corner of section 34, while the rest of the village sprawled through section 35. The last house next door to us was occupied by a large family, the oldest child being a boy a year younger than myself, followed by another boy and then several girls. The remaining two homes in what I have euphemistically

called a subdivision were owned by retired farmers

As the foregoing indicates my sister had no girls her own age for playmates and had to play alone a lot For me the situation was slightly better because there was always the boy next door

Human nature being what it is however my playmate and I would have the occasional falling-out or he might be away visiting one of his many cousins or have one of his cousins over leaving me the odd boy-out Whatever the reasons there were times when I was left to my own devices and it wasn t long before loneliness set in That s when my sister would inveigle me into playing with her and her silly dolls

Now if you think that I was an easy mark you have another guess coming I drove a hard bargain For one hour it was agreed, I would play her dolls-and-dishes games with her, and then for another hour she would play the more sensible cars-and-trucks games with me.

What should have tipped me off was the fact she always insisted on the doll session coming first I believed she did this because she didn t trust me to keep my half of the bargain, so to show my good faith I always gave in The sad result was always the same I would faithfully spend my hour not only playing with her and her crummy dolls but I would have to do it enthusiastically as though I enjoyed it

Any patronization on my part, any rough treatment of the dolls or even failure to treat them as a loving father might treat a living child and I was threatened "If you don t play properly I won t play cars with you" Thus I was cornered

So with all the false enthusiasm I could muster I would play my part except for a trip inside every five minutes or so to check on the time (Don I think that wasn t held against me) Anyhow time as it always will eventually passed and the hour would be over

My turn

And do you know that otherwise sensible girl who received high grades in school and could tell me fascinating stories on long winter evenings and beat me at crokinoles would act like a perfect dunce playing with cars and trucks Carefully placed road markers would be knocked over stop signs ignored right turns made where the road swung to the left and absolutely no imagination used until finally in a rage I would tell her to beat it, and continue to play by myself

Over the years I always wondered at her stupidity Thinking about it again the other night, it came to me like a flash that she hadn t really been trying She had provoked my rage simply to get out of her part of the bargain

And all the while I had thought she was dumb

Amazing Neufelds

ERNESTLY *September 26, 1984*

A few weeks or months ago we received a sales circular offering a book "The Amazing Story of the Neufelds in Canada " Since I've never seen a Neufeld listed in any "Who s Who? I have encountered I naturally wondered what exploits of my classmen and others bearing the same name might be disclosed in the story of the amazing Neufelds What dire deeds of the past had been exposed? What skeletons might come tumbling out of the closet?

Well the book arrived last week and while it disappoints inasmuch as it does not bring fame to the name neither does it shake any horse thieves or bank robbers out of the family tree

To call it a story at all is a bit of an overstatement Actually I've read more entertaining stories on corn flakes boxes

The "Foreword" probably is changed slightly for each ethnic group and the family name is then thrown in at strategic intervals to give it a tailored effect. In the opening paragraph for example I am reminded that "as a bearer of the immigrant Canadian name Neufeld you are an essential component in the rich historical development of the great North American nation "

In the next paragraph it is noted that the Canadian Neufelds helped guard the uniqueness and cultural preeminence that makes the people of Canada different and later on it gives the Neufelds credit for rejecting the revolution by American colonists That s good to hear although you might have to look pretty hard for a Neufeld whose family was in this country that far back Without being specific the Neufelds are also credited with a significant role in the development of the Canadian mosaic and in the opening sentence of this section s last paragraph it is conceded that when Sir Wilfrid Laurier said "I am a Canadian first last and for all times," he was "clearly at one with the Neufelds "

The chapter on "How the Neufeld Family Got Its Name and What the Name Means" is composed of a general story on how surnames came to be used in Europe and the British Isles and how they evolved The Neufelds are singled out in a brief paragraph noting that according to the publishers' research the name was probably applied to "one who farmed newly cleared land "

Several spellings of the name are also noted, but if they opened my mail for a few weeks they might find quite a few more

A chapter on the family coat of arms (I got a copy of that several weeks ago) merely explains the use of those devices in European medieval culture but includes a reproduction of the Neufeld one with this description

"Quartered 1 and 4) a left diagonal band 2 and 3) a flower pot with a little green tree Above the shield is

the crest which is described as, "The dove of peace ready for flight." It is surmised that the early Neufelds displayed their coat of arms with great pride.

Research of the family name led the publishers to 896 Canadian Neufeld households which are listed and make up the bulk of the book.

The real Neufelds

ERNESTLY *October 3, 1984*

Considering my lengthy report last week on the "Amazing Neufelds" and what I am about to write, you may get the idea that I am on a genealogy kick. Not so. It is purely a coincidence that about the same time we got the book on the "Amazing Neufelds" a relative forwarded us a copy of the Neufeld genealogy going back about eight generations to a grandfather born in the middle of the 18th century.

It came as something of a surprise to me that the family history on my father's side was recorded that far back. My misconception on this score was largely due to the fact that my father died as a fairly young man, and none of his kin lived anywhere near us so there was never anyone to hand down family lore on this side of the clan.

What struck me as particularly interesting in reading the old entries in the genealogy—as compared to the recent ones—is the change in movement and marrying patterns.

For about a century, the males were always born in the same village and invariably married girls from the same village. That's just the way it was.

Today their progeny are scattered all over North America with a few still left in Europe. They are married to people from just about every province, a number of states, and several different countries. The names and spouses run to about 10 different nationalities and a variety of religions.

All this probably holds true for most families on this continent but it is fascinating all the same. I'm beginning to see how people become genealogy buffs and could easily imagine myself getting involved in this hobby.

What's in a name?

ERNESTLY *November 21, 1984*

This birthday brought as always a card from my oldest sister who on this occasion waxed nostalgic on the circumstances of my arrival on this planet.

Seeing as I was the fifth child of a newly immigrant family which had just lost its father my arrival could not have been anything to cheer about. But as the saying goes if you get a lemon make some lemonade. Thus the kids were allowed to make the most of the occasion by drawing lots or picking a name for me.

My sister the one who wrote me about it, won the draw. She chose "Walter." That's right "Walter."

That's really got you thinking, hasn't it? What's this "Walter" biz? Since when is "Ernie" short for "Walter"?

Fair is fair but human nature is human nature. Sore my sister won the draw and "Walter" it should have been but she was the oldest and when a younger brother who had chosen "Ernest" wept bitterly her heart melted and she exercised her prerogative by using his choice.

Now that was a close one! "Walter" is a fine name. I'm sure it sounds real elegant when you have been so addressed all your life and I have had some dear and honorable friends so named.

But somehow I would find it hard to think of myself as a Walter. Anyway wouldn't it sound dumb if this column were called "Walterly"?

A first and a last

ERNESTLY *May 23, 1984*

It is by no means a first in the annals of post-secondary education but it's a first and probably a last in our family, so forgive me for crowing. Last week we travelled to Saskatoon to attend Un versity of Saskatchewan convocation ceremonies where two of our kids received degrees on the same day. Not to brag, but read that as a B.A. degree with distinction, and a master's degree in computer science.

Well, yes, to brag, if I'm going to be honest about it but after all that has to be a parental prerogative under the circumstances.

To those who have never attended a convocation a double session may sound like a hectic day.

It really isn't. As a matter of fact considering that it usually constitutes the lull between two storms to coin a phrase—or to put it another way the interval separating two late nights it is rather relaxing to sit back with eyes half closed while several hundred grads walk along the ramp to be off easily presented and to receive hardshakes and their degrees.

All this for the brief proud moment when your own family member is announced.

In the row ahead of us a youngster of about three years broke tradition protocol and boredom by shouting "Hi Dad!" when pipa walked up to the platform. It went over so big in our part of the kashtornim that he felt obliged to give a repeat performance before being shushed by embarrassed kmfolk. But then if parents are permitted pride surely the same may be ceded to youngsters seeing a parent graduate.

Of course he could not have understood what it was all about—but one can imagine that he had been put off many times with promises that this or that beyond family means would be affordable once daddy received his diploma and with fingers crossed a job.

Attesting to this possibility I met a young couple at

e post-grad party who after living three years in e converted school bus had just moved into their own home and were still glowing with the luxury of it all

We talk about the "good old days" and the deprivation of our own youth but young people starting families while one or both are attending university have their own stories to tell

What convocation may lack in excitement it makes up however in dignity and ceremony first the processional to the accompaniment of traditional music and ending with the academic representatives filing onto the platform in the colorful robes of the colleges where they received their degrees the solemn invocation the charge to the graduands that has been spoken thousands of times in different words but is still valid every time it is delivered the assembly-line conferment of degrees which nevertheless allows your imagination to dwell on the many hours of study work worry and sometimes near-despair that went into the earning of each parchment

I don t envy the academics to whom it has all become boring routine for proud parents it is still a rare experience

The tooth fairy cometh

EDITORIAL *February 20, 1985*

Several weeks ago I received the world-shattering information that one of my granddaughters had two loose teeth This I gather is news that should warm the heart of a typical grandfather Being atypical or perhaps in the wrong frame of mind at the time I countered with "That s nothing I ve got seven

Upon reflection this turned out to be an exaggeration on two counts First of all I only had six teeth left and secondly only one of them was all that loose The others have at least a good six months left

Several weeks passed and nature and technology took their courses One of my granddaughter s loose teeth fell out one fine day and my loose one came out with just a bit of coaxing from the dentist

The tooth fairy left my granddaughter a cool buck The tooth fairy left me toenail clippers and a pair of junking shears with the suggestion that I become more civilized about my toenails and if this were impossible at least to be decoratively barbaric

The toenail clippers fell apart on the very first pass leaving me to contemplate life with junked toes

A bundle at Christmas

ERNESTLY *December 23, 1987*

I guess the most unforgettable Christmas of all was the year the stork got himself confused with Santa and decided to bring us a bundle almost on the eve of the big day

We started off feeling glum the whole lot of us but it got sort of exciting when we decided to go out for supper at Malley s Gold Tone Room on Christmas Eve

The older children got the younger two girls all pretned up and away we went for whatever we had for supper — probably hamburgers and fries A twinkle lout probably followed and then off to bed in anticipation of an early rising to open the gifts under the tree

Naturally there was some gloom on Christmas Day without mother to put the right touch on everything including the meals but we had a pretty good time (or so it seems now) and everybody enjoyed the "ukian steak" supper (chunks of round steak ringed with bacon strips and held together with toothpicks) With baked potatoes probably on the raw side it turned out not too bad considering who was in charge

Boxing Day was the big day because that was when Mom was coming home with the new bambino Louise Murray then our next-door neighbor came over to put the turkey in the oven for me and popped over a few times during the day to see that the incompetent father wasn t making a mess of things

By the time mother was home with yet another little girl she was hard put to give enough attention to everyone from dad through children to the newborn

Through happenstance it turned from a Christmas all of us had dreaded into one that was something of a fun thing for everyone an occasion we still talk about and probably will to our dying days

Baby got slugged by the two-year-old when affection gave way to a wave of jealousy because someone new had taken over stage centre I suppose in smaller families that might have been a major catastrophe but after enough minor accidents bouts of measles broken collarbones and Indian burns one slap a bit too early in life doesn t seem like the most world-shaking event especially when all once again is well with the world

7. Steinbach, Manitoba

A Canadian Mennonite village

"Welcome to Steinbach Pop 1,052"

That was what the sign said. It was not approximately 1 052. It was 1,052. It remained 1,052 from the day it was erected until the day it was taken down many years later, probably after I had left for distant parts.

I know because I was mildly excited when the white wooden sign, about three feet by two feet, was installed a few hundred feet southeast of one home I was fascinated that someone had gone to all the trouble of counting all the people in Steinbach, although I wasn't sure any stranger entering our village would care all that much.

For a while I checked the sign regularly, in case the population had changed, and was puzzled that there were no updates—for I had heard of people dying, and families having babies, and even the occasional family moving in or away. It seemed a bit misleading to use a figure purporting to be exact and then leaving it unchanged for years.

It really didn't matter all that much, because looking back, I doubt very much whether there was much fluctuation. The Steinbach of my childhood was not the competitive business community that grew out of the boom that followed World War 2, and expanded until the bustling town became the shopping centre for southeastern Manitoba, the acknowledged automobile capital for the province and home (circa 1989) to about ten thousand people.

Although Steinbach was unique — and I mean unique, not simply unusual — there is, from what I have learned from the nostalgic reminiscences of people who have grown up in other Canadian villages, something common to the lifestyle of all of them in that particular period of time.

So why was Steinbach unique?

For one thing, ninety to ninety five percent of the residents were ethnic Mennonites. They had a common background as descendants of the Mennonites who immigrated from Russia in the 1870s, established the village and took up homesteads in the adjacent rural area, particularly to the north and west of the village. (There followed another influx of Mennonites after the Russian Revolution, but the basic stock descended from the 1870s contingent.)

Even this ethnic dominance was not unique, because in western Canada there were scores of small communities established and populated almost entirely by one or another ethnic group —

Ukrainian German, Icelandic French-Canadian, Norwegian, Hungarian, Romanian, and others — but Steinbach had the further distinction of not being on a railway line, this at the time when a railway station and grain elevator was the unquestioned *raison d'etre* for any aspiring prairie community.

We were told in school that railroads had bypassed Steinbach because church elders had petitioned the railways or the authorities for this. They were anxious, it was said, for young people to be spared the evil inherent in constant contact with the outside world, intrusion of harmful ideas and the temptation to leave the moral security of home.

In a recent history of Steinbach, however, I read that while this explanation has not been disproven, it is more likely that Steinbach was simply missed by a railway line that took the most direct route from the southeast of Manitoba to Winnipeg. Indeed, if you take a map of Manitoba and draw a straight line between Winnipeg and South Junction, where the Canadian National Railway line angles northwesterly after following the United States border for some distance, the location of stations at LaBroquerie, Giroux and Ste. Anne makes sense. Bearing in mind that Steinbach did not then have the earmarks of an emerging metropolis, there is little reason to believe that the railway planners would have had any compelling reason to angle the railroad toward Steinbach — not even with an engraved invitation.

Having grown up in Steinbach, however, the old explanation still makes a lot of sense.

The nearest villages served by the railway were the French Canadian communities of La-Broquerie and Giroux, eight miles east and northeast respectively from Steinbach by road, and Ste. Anne-des-Chenes, about twelve miles to the north. Farmers delivered their grain to elevators at these points.

So if I say that Steinbach was a village of about one thousand, not serviced by railways and peopled almost totally by people who used German in church and Low German (Plattdeutsch) at home, on the street, in the workplace and the marketplace, I am confident that I do not offend purist English usage by calling it unique.

The use of this dialect, *lingua franca* of these Mennonites since they left the Netherlands, Belgium and Germany almost five hundred years ago, was so prevalent in Steinbach until World War 2 that most local adults would have been offended if addressed in any other language on the street or when entering a place of business. In school, use of Low German during recess was forbidden, and this interdiction officially applied to the streets when coming to or going home from school, but was observed largely in the breach.

As children grew older and began to feel more at home with English, strange speech patterns developed. In school and elsewhere away from the home they learned words and technical terms which had no familiar counterparts in Low German, while the language as spoken at home or socially had terms, words and idioms for which the school offered no satisfactory English substitutes. As a result young adults, whether purporting to speak English or Low German, quite unconsciously slipped in words and phrases of the other language. Depending on the topic, the individual's familiarity with either language and other factors, a conversation among a group of young adults might range from almost pure English to almost pure Low German and anywhere in between. It was not uncommon for a person to switch languages several times while speaking even within sentences, and not be aware of it.

All put together, it spelled isolation geographic, cultural, religious and ethnic. In an age when radio was just coming into its own (forbidden by some Mennonite sects), television in the drawing boards, daily newspapers taken only by the elite, and social intercourse with neighboring villages within the ethnic mosaic almost unheard of, ours was a world of its own.

Roads radiating out from Steinbach were dirt surfaced and poorly graded until make-work programs inspired by the depression brought some gravel surfacing. The local weekly was printed in German and concerned itself less with either national or local news than with serving as a unifying organ for Mennonites throughout the Canadian west.

Steinbach, perceived as an ethnic island in an alien world, and made up of people with a seemingly common background, a common religion and a common language, must sound like one big happy family.

It wasn't like that at all when I was growing up, any more than it is nowadays, when the town's economic vigor has attracted hundreds of non-Mennonites, and beside eight or ten Mennonite congregations, domiciles a number of non-Mennonite churches, including — hold your breath — a Roman Catholic church.

Let's look first at the communality of the religion. Yes, upwards of ninety percent of the residents of the village in the 1930s were billed as "Mennonite." However, there is no real organic architecture that binds them together. In each of Steinbach's four churches of that time, as I understood it, authority or the congregation and/or its elected board was final. There was no hierarchy of regional, provincial and national authority or court of appeal.

Since two of the congregations had separated at some time from the Kleine Gemeinde (Little Congregation) which had settled Steinbach, you can imagine that bad blood was created by this schism and stayed around for a long time. The fourth church was built in the 1920s after the new wave of Mennonite immigration that followed the Russian Revolution. Since these newcomers probably represented the denomination or one of several from which the Kleine Gemeinde had splintered before leaving Russia in the 1870s, they did not exactly embrace each other as long lost brothers. (In fairness to the Canadian-domiciled Mennonites, they had launched, financed and supported impressive programs to assist their kinsmen in resettling in this country. But this didn't mean they had to bring them home for supper.)

Since feuding and violence were contrary to the Mennonite religion and spirit, there was seldom overt unpleasantness. People simply did not fraternize with members of other Mennonite sects any more than necessary. A family having friends of another affiliation over for Sunday "vesper," for example, would have raised eyebrows in both congregations.

What bonded them together at all was that for all the underlying bad feelings or hurt, they still thought of their "separated brethren" (my expression, not theirs) as head and shoulders above the Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Greek Orthodox people that surrounded them.

Privileges guaranteed when they immigrated, such as exemption from military service, might also have been endangered if they had not been able to maintain an appearance to the outside world of a relatively unified entity. They had learned in over four centuries that in their negotiations with the highest level of government, upon which their privileges depended, the appearance of unity could never be underplayed.

Then let's look at a cultural division.

The Mennonites who left Russia in the 1870s and settled in Steinbach and other little Canadian communities had given up improving economic conditions to start from new beginnings in the pioneer west of a still raw country.

Their lives were hard, and it was literally by the sweat of their brows that they raised their large families. Since the realities of their early decades didn't allow other options anyway, they tended to cling to traditional rejection of higher education, cultural improvement and other aberrations.

Those who remained behind in Russia, on the other hand, probably did so because they were becoming wealthy and enjoying it, they had private schools for their children and sent their brighter students on to their own colleges, and even, occasionally, to universities in Russia and in Germany. Their servants did the menial work, while their own men became administrators, girls tatted and embroidered, learned household arts, and perhaps even read poetry and played the piano.

When all this blew up in their faces in the wake of the Communist revolution, and they finally were able to pack what little they had left and migrate to North America to join their kinfolk who had left a full half-century earlier, they found themselves separated also by half a century of diverse social paths.

On the one hand, the Canadian Mennonites, many of whom had become moderately prosperous, were seen by the new immigrants as being uncultured to the point of being undeserving of their wealth, while the natives saw the newcomers as folks with fancy manners and talk, with nothing to show for it, especially not proficiency in the good honest work that marks honorable people.

The mutual dislike was not unlike that common between Canadians of British extraction who came from Ontario to pioneer much of the west and the "greenhorns" — old-country English — who came here took out homesteads, and seemed (to the locals) long on culture and short on practicality and common sense

The new Mennonites were referred to, with contempt, as "Russlaenders" interpreted as people from Russia but not Russian A favorite insult that never failed to produce a laugh was to ask someone (and this loses color in translation from the Low German) "Are you a Russlander or are you just naturally ugly?"

In fifty years and with different educational and cultural patterns it was inevitable too that the brand of Low German each group spoke differed considerably As Europeans who learn English in their own schools tend to speak with an English accent rather than with the flatter, harsher American sounds so the Russlanders spoke Low German in accents that reeked of Europe, and included many Russian words that had become an accepted part of their speech The locals on the other hand had adopted English words and a Canadian inflection to their German Naturally, this was another basis for mutual contempt

For children like myself brought up in a Russlander home, it was a challenge to flatten or modify my speech at least to the degree that a stranger could not instantly identify me as a Russlander

Separated from Steinbach's mainstream not only through economics and Mother's widowhood — if the two are separable — there was the difference of adherence to a denomination not represented by a local church, and one which permitted views tending toward the heretical or downright pagan compounding the cultural barrier that stood between recent immigrants and the old families So with no close relations locally our family lived in somewhat of a vacuum

Association as in many small towns, also fed on family bloodlines Most Steinbach residents were descendants at least in part of the original families that had settled the village so most were related to one another perhaps in several lineages Almost everyone who amounted to anything and more than a few who did not bore one of the following surnames Wiebe Penner, Reimer Toews Friesen Barkman Loewen Krocker Klassen, Peters and perhaps a few others If you could not claim blood relationship with any of these families you were almost a non person

The closest to relatives we could boast in Steinbach and precincts were two children born to an aunt of Mother's who had married a widowed farmer with a large family Since their father's lines gained them entry to the mainstream of Steinbach society, we weren't even short-listed in their social calendar but did enjoy an annual visit, at most, to their farm A young bachelor son of a half-brother of my father's lived in Grunthal about eighteen miles away but not surprisingly we saw very little of him He did come with a truck and pick us all up on the morning of his wedding day Weather and road conditions determined that we would share his latte apartment on his wedding night

Individually, our family had little trouble making friends and our home was always a place where they were made welcome, but as a family we were not initially part of any clan or social group

If anything rated lower on the social scale than the Russlander (at least so we consoled ourselves as children) it was the Yantzieder, an idiom peculiar to southern Manitoba Mennonites in the application "Yaot Zied" is the Low German equivalent of "yon side" and since there were large Mennonite settlements on either side of the Red River with few crossings to connect them and therefore an isolation from each other the residents of the opposite settlements were referred to as "Yantzieders" Times being difficult—often those who moved hopefully to the other shore were economically disadvantaged families seeking greener pastures Inevitably the term developed a pejorative bouquet It came as a shock when we learned, as we grew older that Mennonites west of the Red also called us Yantzieders and with equally unflattering connotations

Notwithstanding anything written herein about religious and cultural differences between the

groups, it is fair to repeat that the Canadian Mennonites gave generously to help bring over and resettle the kinsmen who lost everything in the Russian Revolution. And little more than twenty years later, both groups would unite in helping and bringing over the Mennonite D P s (Displaced Persons), who had failed to emigrate even after the revolution, and who had found themselves in European detention camps at the end of World War 2.

A word about religion and other recreational activities in the Steinbach of my childhood.

If this sounds tongue-in-cheek it probably is. It may seem particularly inappropriate to mention in the same breath the recreational life and religious activities in a community as deeply religious as Steinbach. The fact of the matter is, however, that non-religious activities in early Steinbach right to the end of World War 2, were so few and enjoyed so little support from the power bases of the community that recreation was a near-vacuum within the historic church oriented social structure of the community.

While historians of most small North American communities are hard pressed to find enough space to tell of the sports and social activities that knit the community, gave it common cause, offered outlets for personal and group achievement in good times and bad, in the Mennonite world sports and other recreational activities were considered basically suspect. They were seen to seduce the minds and energy of the young from the realities of hard work and personal subordination and dedication to religion. Organized sports in particular not only offered the opportunity but almost demanded that participants come into contact with members of other communities in general and with those from other faiths in particular.

Assembling my thoughts before writing these paragraphs I decided that perhaps my memories reflected my own biases rather than the facts. However, referring to a chapter on sports and recreation in "Reflections on Our Heritage" a history of Steinbach published by Derksen Printers Ltd. in 1973, I find my memory confirmed. In an introductory paragraph explaining or rationalizing the de emphasis I find the following statement:

"Life for the Mennonites has always meant work, hard work, with the only time for rest coming on Sundays which were dedicated to worship. Frivolity of any kind was generally frowned upon and the only social activities permissible for years involved church functions."

Sports frowned upon

Closely following this is mention of a resolution passed by one of the leading churches in 1937 advising "believers" not to take part in sporting activities. This, as I read it, was not a dictum of an authoritarian and unduly pious little group of church elders, but the verdict of the general membership.

Borrowing from the same chapter, only ten years later, hard on the heels of World War 2, a sports minded bank manager (non Mennonite) wrote a Letter to the Editor to the newly established Carillon News, urging citizens of the town to unite and provide the young people of the town with proper, supervised recreational facilities. The answer next week was a letter from a resident assuring the original writer that there were enough outlets for young people in the form of prayer meetings, church services and other church related activities.

Having said all this to explain the public stance *vis-a vis* non-religious activities, I emphasize that my purpose is neither to decide nor defend the prevailing position of the time, but to outline how it was—since failing this a recapitulation of recreation would be simply puzzling.

Yes, there were Sunday morning church services, and Sunday School. Young People's Meetings on Sunday nights; choir practice for those who sang and had the evenings available to attend; and prayer meetings to stimulate piety. On Friday evenings during most of the school season Children's Meetings were held at the Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church. These were fairly well attended by children from most churches, as they usually featured film slides sing-alongs or occasionally an interesting speaker (perhaps a returned African missionary).

In truth, the Sunday morning service was something of a social event, as it traditionally has been in many congregations of various denominations in communities large and small. In Steinbach during this period many of the members were farmers coming to town for worship in horse-drawn conveyances, and they had to come early. When there were enough people in the sanctuary, there would be informal singing of hymns, led by a songleader, until the formal service began. In churches where musical instruments were unacceptable, the songleader had to have a strong voice, and if there was also a shortage of hymnaries, the lines would be called out by another man just before the congregation reached them.

In addition to the several Mennonite churches and the various functions they offered through the week, an evangelistic surge, possibly brought about by World War 2, resulted in the construction of an interdenominational (within the Mennonite framework) "tabernacle" — it never enjoyed any other name — as a large quonset building, used for nightly revival meetings sometimes lasting for several weeks, or for choir festivals and other church oriented events attracting large attendance.

So how could there have been any outside and alternative recreation in this environment?

It wasn't easy, but there were always a few non-Mennonite professional people in town, a few Mennonites with softer attitudes toward sports, some sports enthusiasts who simply could not subordinate their basic instincts, and who, without an absolute prohibition of participation in sports, became involved in varying degrees.

Although recruitment of players for athletic teams was also affected by the official posture of most churches toward frivolous pursuits, I had the feeling that many devout families did not try overly hard to discourage younger boys from taking part in sports. Most churches expected young people to be "converted" — "born again" — upon baptism as young adults, and with this conversion reveal a marked change in lifestyle. Sometimes even individuals for whom little hope had been held by the religious establishment surprised everyone by declaring their faith publicly, and even accepting a vocation (again my definition).

A life of atonement

ERNESTY *February 20, 1985*

We've all heard of incidents involving people in desperate situations pledging a life of recitude if only their lives were spared.

Usually after danger passes the near victim reneges and continues to live blissfully in decadence for the rest of his or her days. This, at least, is what one has come to expect in this type of situation. Thus I was surprised to learn of a schoolmate of mine who made such a vow and stuck to it.

Two years ago, attending my class reunion, I was surprised to hear that this particular person (not in attendance) prefaced his name with the title "Rev."

From what I remember of him as a youngster, he was hardly the type to have been judged most likely to enter the ministry. He wasn't a bully, but you didn't fool with him, because he was tough — and I mean tough. And if he ever attended Sunday School or church, I wasn't aware of it.

Anyway, the explanation came about a month ago when he passed away. His obituary included the following:

"In August of 1946 [illegible] he came face to face with death while riding a freight train. His foot became caught in the couplings between freight cars. While hanging on with his last strength he [illegible] promised his entire life to the service of the *Lord* if his life would be spared."

So that cleared up that mystery — and proved that it does happen.

How do you convert from a lifestyle that entails only church activities in the first place? And if you are going to sin a bit before conversion, what less damaging sin can there be than athletics? So some fairly good hockey players played for the Steinbach Huskies until accepted into one of several churches; after which they would avoid the rink and turn their thoughts and energy to more sedate and acceptable pursuits.

The Steinbach Huskies vied with teams in a largely French Canadian sports environment for the Prefontaine Cup, donated by the member of the provincial legislature for competition in the old Carillon constituency, and make occasional quests for the McRay Cup, a challenge trophy designated for sudden death competition in the larger federal Provencher constituency.

The rink out of which the Huskies played was another story. I have never been sure whether the rink was operated privately, by the school or by a marriage of the two. I suspect the school board contributed some funds, but in a way that put distances between itself and activities at the rink. I recall that skating and hockey fees were always collected through the schools, and there was some supervision on student skating nights. Repairs to the rickety wooden fences of the rink, maintenance of the shack where we put on and took off our skates, and flooding seemed to be carried out by volunteers recruited from the high school and under the supervision of a caretaker paid something by someone.

Hockey greatness

ERNESTLY *January 3 1974*

Sports writer Bill Rudachyk wrote patronizingly a few weeks ago about starting a campaign to get young fans truly to play in a press-radio hockey game.

Well, peruse to you too, Wesyl. You may not get me to play, but you sure started me down memory trail back to the days of my own hockey greatness.

Ah, those were the days of Charlie Conacher, Red Horner, Busher Jackson, Eddie Shore, Lorne Chabot and other greats who have all but passed from memory. I didn't play with them, but I sure collected their pictures. The O-Pee-Chee Chewing Gum Co. didn't get many pennies from me, but I certainly got a lot of them cards by trading pencil stubs and other treasures.

Except in summer when I wanted to be a cowboy, my greatest ambition was to be a professional hockey player. I talked about it constantly until my mother would wonder out loud how I would ever realize my dreams hanging around the house all day when other kids were playing outside.

That never failed to bring out the old determination or at least shame me into putting on my jacket and shaking out of the house for fear that her impatience might reach the point of finding some chores for me to do.

Now I hope I don't leave the impression that I didn't play hockey. It just took a bit to get me in gear.

The first level was the "organized" and "supervised" hockey at the school rink. It was organized to the extent that teams were chosen in class and supervised to the extent that a teacher would sometimes act as referee. Usually a defenceman would come and drop the puck for the face-off and the team captains would call the offsides.

I played on skates two sizes too small... with a hockey stick made out of two broken sticks spliced together... and with magazines under my pants as shinpads. I was invariably seventh man on the team and got to play only when the forwards needed a rest, which wasn't often. I once scored a goal. I was trying to obey the captain's command to pass the puck to him and I was five yards wide. The poor goalie never expecting a shot from my end, was caught on the wrong side of the net.

The second level of hockey was street hockey. They call it shinny nowadays but it was serious business to us.

Every year I organized the North End St. Pats to play a double home-and-away schedule against the Hanover Wolves, our perpetual foes. I organized the team, then the team would elect as captain another kid who was a good player but a poor organizer. Then he would apologetically inform me that I wasn't good enough for the team yet.

I overcame that when I realized there was always a problem filling the goalie position. My brother made me a goal stick by nailing a hockey stick handle diagonally across the end of a wooden apple box (unmodified). The kids hardly even laughed at it after the first time.

The third level of hockey was played by neighborhood kids on a large mound of ice formed from a running well on the vacant lot across the street from our house. We played this on skates, two or three to a side, depending on how many showed up (sometimes even one to a side). I learned a lot of hockey finesse on "the bump" and if you don't believe me, just you try skating uphill some time on dull skates against a 20-mile-an-hour nor'wester.

On the "bump" we always assumed the names of our hockey favorites. If you were lucky there was an NHL player with the same first name, and he was automatically your favorite. Marvin became Marvin Wentworth, and Art was Art Jackson, and so on. The NHL didn't have any Ermes, so I picked Red Horner although there was some question of the legality of this. But then, the kid next door's name was Arden, and there weren't any Ardens in the NHL or elsewhere either, so he became Eddie Shore.

Once when he was playing goal somebody got a weak trickling shot past him and when everybody laughed he protested that he hadn't been ready. Thereafter attacking players would always bear down on him with the battle cry, "Eddie, are you ready?"

The name "Ready Eddie" stuck for years, which is probably a blessing anyway when your name is Arden.

What it all adds up to, Bill: I have a secret fear that if I agree to play for you I won't be allowed on the ice anyway, and I don't have to put on a hockey uniform to sit on the bench.

There were one or two years during World War 2 when the rink just died, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it simply did not have life breathed into it at the appropriate time.

Because ice could not be counted upon until late December, that is when scheduled hockey began. Playoffs had to be completed by early March and even then might be played in slush.

The school put on a winter carnival also usually on a March Saturday, and also almost guaranteed to be spoiled by either a thaw or a late blizzard. These carnivals consisted of races in the afternoon, a costume competition with very limited participation in the early evening, and an exhibition hockey game at night. There was always a refreshment stand where the lucky few with coins in their pockets might buy themselves treats.

The same athletes who made up the hockey team in winter tended to fill the roster of the baseball team in summer. Organized baseball seemed to fare even worse than hockey because the burghers were never enthusiastic about any non-church activity scheduled for Sunday afternoon, and it was difficult for farm boys and workers to get to the ball field and particularly to another community in time for even an officially complete game before sunset. Games usually had to be called because of darkness after five to seven innings.

The annual sports day put on by the Steinbach Board of Trade, according to "Reflections," grew out of an "air tour" — a visit by some twenty-five light planes on a specified day — which had been brought to Steinbach several times in the early 1930s under the auspices of the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce.

The main feature was a baseball tournament that brought in a number of teams from neighboring towns, but there were also girls and boys' softball competitions, horseshoes contests and other sports events. There were also "jingle boards," "dump Samba" and other gambling and skill traps, and local aviators might offer rides at modest rates which were nevertheless beyond the means of most of us. Not uncommon were visiting planes and perhaps a parachutist.

On the first of July, the sports grounds would be filled mostly by local children and adult strangers; because the whole enterprise did not find favor with the churches, but had to be tolerated as it was a creature of business leaders who were also church leaders.

Baseball fever

ERNESTLY *October 19–1978*

the baseball fever pitch and the World Series completed earlier this week started a train of thought which took me back to those you know-what days in southeastern Manitoba.

Our home was the second from the last on the northwest corner of the town where the blasts of winter's northwest blizzards were strongest but which also had a clear view of the sports grounds half a mile down the highway.

Baseball fever in those days was the stirring in the blood when at about 6 30 on a late spring evening you noticed stirrings at the ball diamond a few cars heading out that way and perhaps even got a glimpse of a baseball uniform in a passing automobile.

That really started the heart thumping because full regalia was not frivolously donned in days when a full complement of uniforms consisted of about 10 had to last five years and were dry cleaned once a year.

Nowadays teams are sponsored by business firms or service clubs in those days individual uniforms were sponsored. Our team wore a dark gray uniform which stood up well to strides on Manitoba's black loams and on the back of each top a large white patch born in red letters the name of the sponsor: Silver Arrow Bus Lines, Kreutzer a Blacksmith Shop, Central Store and so forth usually the establishments with family members in the lineup. The Tourist Hotel sponsored two or three for the good reason that there were several ball players in the family plus the additional reason that the hotel was where the players headed after the game had been called "on account of darkness."

Anyway it was exciting to get to the grounds and find that a contest had actually been scheduled against the ugly vicious unsportsmanlike and physically nucleus ruffians from one of the neighboring villages. There were usually anxious moments between the arrival of the first carload of visiting players (usually six or more per car) and the arrival of the last. A flat tire which had to be patched on the road could hold up the game long enough to reduce the game from an expected seven innings to five or less.

Admission for kids was a nickel which I never had but I usually managed to get in with the promise of shagging foul balls popped up behind the bleachers — a promise promptly forgotten with the first cry of "Play ball!"

I mentioned uniforms but it was a rare day when more than five of the team wore a full uniform. Work clothes with bicycle clips securing pantlegs at the ankle were acceptable.

It was a rare game that wasn't umpired by the manager of one team or the other — usually the visiting team — and you can imagine the outcry when the local hero was called out on strikes or the leading base-stealer was nailed sliding into second, or even into home. What prevented bloodshed on these occasions I'll never know.

And when the pitcher was yanked, he didn't head for the showers. No way. He moved to the right field the right fielder moved to short field, and the shortstop came in and did the tossing.

A home run, of course, wasn't over the fence, because there wasn't any. It was simply a ball that got past the outfielder and kept on going until the runner was home.

Baseball fever? Yep. I've got it. Just adjust the color for me, bring me a sandwich and a cup of coffee at lunch time, and confine interruptions to the between-innings commercials, and it's "One, two, three, ..."

Small town sports day

ERNESTLY *July 5 1973*

There is nothing like a rainy July 1 to make one feel truly Canadian. You have the distinct feeling that someone up there is truly acknowledging our birthday and national aspirations.

As I sit at my cottage watching the rain pelting down — half grateful because I don't have to make even a half-hearted attempt at scrounging a lawn mower, and maybe even succeeding, and half annoyed because the kids have to play one-two-three-O Leary indoors — I wonder how many community sports days have been rained out, and whether the chief weatherman gets any satisfaction out of it.

Actually, I hadn't planned to go to any sports day anyway...so you may wonder what I'm griping about.

My bitterness goes back to my childhood...when the July 1 sports day (with pyrotechnics display at night) was by a country mile the secular event of the year. Ball teams from as far as 50 miles away came to compete and on such an important occasion were even completely uniformed — not even the bench-warmers wore overalls or work clothes. Naturally, the teams from furthest away had the best chance, because the locals didn't know their personnel and they easily could and did slip in an imported pitcher.

Living at the edge of town facing the sports field, I was up bright and early every July 1. How anxiously I scanned the skies, how hopeful if in spite of clouds of spitting rain, there was some activity at the refreshment booth. In my pocket burned the 10-cent allowance which would afford me an ice cream cone and a bottle of pop (both usually before the first "Play ball!", leaving me to drool for the rest of the day as I watched the big spenders who could indulge their gluttonous appetites late in the afternoon).

And how depressed and defeated I felt when July 1 morning came on with pouring rain — or when the sunshine gave way to rain just as they were running the races. The dime had to be returned, because I could not be trusted with it for a week, the fear persisted that rain might as easily come on the postponed date and, of course, some events would be cancelled out completely.

Yes — a rainy July 1 — to those who care could compare only to a cancelled Christmas Day. So to those who had their day rained out, please know that you have the heartfelt sympathy of one who understands.

For the evening, after the ball final, there might be a variety show at the Collegiate auditorium or perhaps a rerun of the Board of Trade's spring play. The night was topped off with fireworks, billed on the printed posters as a "pyrotechnics display." It was not earth-shattering, but our appetites were not really jaded.

The Board of Trade play — for a number of years the local Board of Trade recruited a cast for a play to be presented at the school auditorium on two consecutive nights in late spring. The actors were drawn from the same "crowd" from one year to the next — for the usual reason that a relatively small section of Steinbach society would identify itself with something so frivolous and unfruitful as twice-weekly rehearsals for a play. Once in the early war years, when I was in Grade 9 and young adults were becoming scarce in the community, several schoolmates and myself were chosen for the play. It was one of the highlights of our lives to have a purpose in life several nights weekly other than "hanging around" downtown. It was also something to rub shoulders, so to speak, with what was considered (at least by its components) as the smart set. They saw themselves as sophisticated, in the view of the local body politic they were seen as attempting to "pass" as "English."

The practice session also presented an opportunity to scrounge smokes from one of the older and "monied" actors. He learned early in the season to thrust his "makings" in one of our hands upon arriving at rehearsal (on the condition that we didn't beg him for "tailor-mades." In the vernacular of the 1980s, it was a win-win situation.

Surprisingly, the plays' performances were fairly well attended. What little profanity was written into the scripts in those days prudently had been written out by directors sensitive to the need for maintaining long range respectability with all but the most orthodox.

Aside from a few standard school activities such as annual class wiener roasts or ice cream parties, school picnics, "literary" programs and the like, and the "outlets" offered by the churches as mentioned earlier, that was about it for social activities.

The community play

ERNESTLY *February 18 1971*

If you have ever trod the boards ... you will know whereof I speak when I mention the nostalgia which steals over you when the lights are dimmed in your school auditorium and today's aspiring thespians walk on-stage to act out make-believe which in weeks of rehearsal has become to them almost an ever recurring reality.

You sit back in the darkness tingling with the waves of suppressed excitement which emanate from the actors as they finally deliver the product they have been perfecting for so long. You can hear, in your mind's ear — if I may coin the phrase — the happy babble of the cast between acts as they generously dole out congratulations, then bask in the warm reciprocation. You can feel the happiness that threatens to burst young hearts — hearts which for the moment love everyone: fellow actors, stage crew, the supervising teachers, the directors, parents and that wonderful audience which is responding so warmly.

Then there comes the time when you see the name of a play hallowed in your memory through your participation trumpeted as the presentation of another younger group, and after the first twinge of possessive resentment wears off, you experience a hunger to be there and live again an hour or two of your youth played out in front of your eyes by an oh-so-young and eager group of people.

Thus I felt last week — and slightly cheated because I had noticed it too late — when I read in the Fillmore news column that the play "Nuts 'n Bolts" had been performed by a community group in a number of the towns along Highway 33.

That took me back closer to 30 years than I like to admit, to when I played the part of Wilbur in the same play in my home town in Manitoba.

The play, as most people along Highway 33 now know, is about a private rest home and the assortment of nuts that arrive there at a particular time.

Wilbur was the badly spoiled and mischievous son of one of the guests, and with his cat "Harvey" terrorized the institution and particularly one of the clients suffering from ailurophobia.

My fondest memories are of the cat, for as you can imagine, not every feline responds overly well to several stage appearances in front of a noisy audience. We were fortunate in getting one of the gentlest cats ever created, and even at that she got nervous after one stage appearance and I had to chase her all over the school building, catching her just in time for the next appearance.

In one of the final scenes Wilbur announces that Harvey has become a mother, and we were fortunate in finding a litter of kittens old enough to take notice of the world around them but not advanced enough to be difficult. Naturally everyone in the audience took it for granted that there was really nothing in the fruit basket I was carrying — or at best some bundles of rags. The kittens, however, hearing the audience laugh, became curious and all peeked over the edge of the basket as if they had been trained for the part.

I didn't fully appreciate my good fortune until we decided to do another performance about six weeks later, and of course we had to use the same batch of kittens. I was a pretty busy boy trying to keep eight week-old kittens in that basket. As a matter of fact, I didn't succeed and there were kittens all over the stage. But it was fun, and I hope the Fillmore group got as big a charge out of the play as we did in spring of 1942.

In summer, one of several Vogt brothers might load a bunch of kids on a half ton truck at a nickel a head to defray the cost of gasoline, and drive us to one of two swimming holes near Ste. Anne, twelve miles distant.

The old swimming holes

ERNESTLY *July 10 1985*

River Bend Park near the village of Ste. Anne 12 miles away was fairly popular. It consisted of a large wooded area in what was the Seine River's secondary channel. The river was dammed below this point, and the flooded area had been sanded, creating a fairly good swimming pool. The park boasted a bandstand and outdoor dance floor, changing house, a ball diamond and even a diving board.

I think the entrance fee was five cents per person, 25 cents for a car load, and half a buck for a truckload. A friend's father took his truck every clement Sunday afternoon loaded his family of six and as many of their friends as could scrape up a nickel and headed for River Bend.

This park had its difficulties, and was not open

every summer. One problem was that it was down stream from a number of dairy farms and had in be closed for health reasons every time there was an epidemic.

Finances I m sure also played their part. In the 30s few could afford even the modest admission prices. By the time the war came along rationed gas and tires also cut down traffic.

When the park wasn t operating the only reasonable alternative was an abandoned sand pit also near Ste. Anne, and about 12 miles, mainly on gutted country trails from our town.

By design or accident, the sand pit had a sloping shallow part ideal for small kids and non-swimmers and there was a natural sandy beach. Fed by underground springs, the pit, which fell to a depth of about 40 feet, was warm in the shallow parts and near the surface, and bitter cold below.

Every year at least one young person would drown usually suffering cramps when diving into the icy depths or straying too far from the shallow area.

Naturally, since no one operated the place, there were no life guards, and not very many swimmers capable of saving anyone who got into trouble, so at least on the part of the owner, the casualty risk simply went with the territory.

After every drowning, the police would close up the entrances and post signs forbidding trespassing and swimming, but the barricades and the signs both had a habit of disappearing.

We would think nothing of cycling the 12 miles to the pit and back on a Sunday afternoon. That is, we thought nothing of it the first time we did it, but didn't work up the energy very often after that.

Anyway, that was swimming as it was in the good old days in our town, and probably in most unless other Canadian communities. We accepted the inconvenience, the hazards and the health risk, and built many fond memories.

I checked "Reflections" for any activities which I might have missed but found none. There were no organized minor sports—no curling, no dances—no hinges or what drives—no tennis, no library, no swimming, bowling or movies.

The nearest thing to a library was the Scout Library in the home of John Reschel, a zealously dedicated Boy Scout until he joined the army. It consisted of a few shelves of boys' books which we were allowed to take out at no charge. I read many of the books, and was always impressed by how courteously we were received by John, his sister, or his elderly mother, but nevertheless felt ill at ease in the presence of Catholic crosses, figurines and the like, deemed by us to be Idolatrous.

During the war, which drew heavily from the age groups that offered some leadership in organizing recreational activity, it sometimes seemed that life itself had come to a stop.

You may wonder about what happened in wartime to young men of military age in a pacifist community. A guarantee of exemption from military service, extended to the original Mennonites when they immigrated, had been modified during World War 2 to the extent that an individual seeking exemption from military service had to satisfy a judge as to the sincerity of his beliefs. By this time many young people were questioning the validity of non-violence in the light of what was happening in Europe, so the line became pretty evenly drawn, as the war progressed, between those who claimed conscientious objector (C O) status, and these who became members of the armed forces. In a 1944 collegiate year book, an honor roll of ex-students of Steinbach schools in the armed forces had exactly one hundred names. This would include some non Mennonite boys from rural schools who had come to Steinbach to attend high school, but for a village of only one thousand people, the record probably compared favorably with most communities of comparable size, and the year book had gone to press about sixteen months or more before the war ended. In any event, whether boys of military age went off to "C O " camps or into the military, the village was almost entirely bereft of young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five.

Wartime "hardships"

ERNESTLY *February 5 1970*

Remember rationing?

I had almost forgotten that my such thing had ever existed in Canada, until the other evening when Wally Safnuk trotted out his old ration books for inspection.

For the information of the younger generation — and they need not be many years my junior — rationing of a number of commodities such as gasoline, sugar, butter, beer, liquor and perhaps a few other necessities, was a measure introduced during World War 2. For poor families such as ours, it was more of a nuisance than a deprivation, since we didn t own a car or drink alcoholic beverages, and the sugar and butter coupons were quite sufficient for the quantities we consumed.

Canning season presented the only real problem for a good part of our diet in winter consisted of jams, jellies and "preserves" which had been put up in the

fall. In recognition of this, however, special rations of sugar were issued during canning season.

Small town merchants if I correctly recall the period, also had a habit of making sure no one's ration book held any outdated coupons (each coupon was good for a designated period only). If some old lady was not a heavy butter eater, for instance, her butter coupon would be removed and saved for a growing family which needed more than the permissible ration.

Actually I believe Canadians used more butter and sugar per capita than in pre-war years, but rationing helped give us all a sense of contribution to the war effort. Also it afforded the bureaucracy in Ottawa the opportunity to multiply manifold, paving the way for the post war growth of big government.

Gasoline rationing, on the other hand, imposed noticeable limitations on motorists.

While shipping shortages and hazards (resulted in) food drainage from our abundance, the machines of war did require the movement overseas of petroleum products in large quantities at any cost.

Naturally, there were people who renewed licenses on Model Ts just for the gasoline ration which could be used for operational vehicles, or resold at bootleg prices. Most motorists, however, were obliged to go easy on the car. And of course, as always in Canada, needs were judged in terms of the populous east. Thus a person in Toronto who could go to business via public transportation and use his gas ration for pleasure, had a distinct advantage over the westerner who might find it necessary to make frequent trips to a town some miles distant.

Being a youngster at the time, my chief concern with gas rationing was trying to find an adult with enough coupons to spare that he might look kindly upon the suggestion of taking a carload or truckload of kids to the 12 miles-distant swimming hole on a summer afternoon.

Tires were rationed, too, incidentally, and the 25-mile return trip was never made as I recall, without at least one stop to repair a tire.

Doesn't sound all that bad, perhaps, but one flat almost invariably meant two, because the spare was usually a 95 patch jeb that lasted only a mile or two. If that didn't take you where you were going, you were stranded for about an hour on a mosquito-infested country road while all the able-bodied hands labored at removing the tire, patching the tube, getting tire and tube back on the wheel, and inflating it with a faulty handpump.

Oh the scars I bear!

If Steinbach had little to offer in the way of recreation before World War 2, it also had neither a police station nor a lockup. Had demand for the latter arisen, I don't know what might have been used. Perhaps a church furnace room?

The village did have a policeman, by the way. Henry Soberung was a tall, shambling, easy-going non Mennonite, who wore his uniform chiefly on sports days or other rare occasions that attracted a lot of out-of-town people. He was more familiar sight in overalls, pounding nails that had worked up bark into the wooden sidewalks and carrying out other village works.

Whatever was missing by way of community-based activities, the centre of life was, in my case, in the home for most people, and certainly for young children.

A favorite catchword of the 1980s and probably beyond is "the poverty level" — the income level below which life presumably is hardly worthwhile.

The years of my childhood in the depression of the 1930s might be described with little danger of contradiction, as a period when poverty was the rule rather than the exception. Add to that a few special circumstances and our family could probably offer some insights into economic limitations that do not even entertain debate on whether color television and annual vacations are basic rights to which the poor ought to be entitled.

Consider the lot of a newly widowed woman with five children in a strange country, at a time when jobs even for men were scarce and low-paying, and at a period in history when monetary assistance for the poor was not usual, certainly not in small towns such as Steinbach.

Before I continue, I stress strongly that what follows is not a bid for sympathy. There was a time when I could squeeze out a tear of self pity at the memory of childhood deprivations. What I have since seen and heard of poverty at second and third hand has quashed completely any presumption of first hand authority on the subject. Any child raised in a Christian home where there is loving encouragement, attention, motivation, shelter and protection, with enough to eat (however simple) and clothes to wear, doesn't even begin to understand the term.

But knowing how hard it must have been for her, I am now better able to appreciate and remember with pride and gratitude the home my mother managed to carve for us by dint of fierce but dignified determination, love, gentility, absolute honesty, hope for the future, un-

compromising belief in God and His plan, and even humor, although this wasn't her strongest suit.

My father's sudden and untimely death in Saskatchewan had left my mother with a few dollars with which to buy an unpretentious house in Steinbach. (The Mennonites had initiated an insurance plan of their own, and I believe mother received modest benefits from this source upon my father's death.)

Our first house in Steinbach was the original home place of one of the eighteen families who first settled the village. On a lot about one hundred feet wide, and set back about fifty feet from the property line, the structure contained a two-storey residence, a shed, a barn and a hay mow under one roof, a traditional Mennonite plan probably dating back to times when easy access and security were important, taking into account weather and other hazards in environments that were generally hostile.

New home, new world

The front yard was well treed, and the back yard encompassed what I remember as a huge vegetable garden, and small fruits such as raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. Beside the barn portion of the structure was a generous yard on which chickens scratched and cats slept lazily or prowled around inspecting their domain. There was always at least one cow.

The house was large enough to permit subletting part of it, but it seemed the tenants were ever unable to pay the modest rental. But they usually had children, so there was company for me.

Across the street was one of the village's four Mennonite churches. Automobiles were just coming into general use, and I was so fascinated with the long row of single-parked cars on Sundays, I would refuse to come in for lunch until every car had left. To me any large collection of cars was firmly associated with church, and I remember mentioning on my first visit to Winnipeg how godly the folks were, cars were parked the length of Main Street and Portage Avenue even on weekdays.

Long before kindergarten was a part of the public school curriculum in this country, the German session from which the name derives was privately operated in Steinbach by a middle-aged spinster reputed to love children but whose affection never seemed quite to extend to my tik. It was really more of a day-care centre for children older than three but below school age. They would be sent to Tante Anna's with a packed lunch every morning to enjoy a few hours of games, singing and learning German nursery rhymes and listening to stories. At noon they would troop through town, shrilly led by Tante Anna, and tastily singing German children's songs. Tante Anna was probably paid mostly in kind, which in my mother's case would be sewing her clothes for her.

To me that first home near the heart of the community was heaven, but heaven came to an end one day.

The problem was that mother's income was almost nil, and taxes went unpaid year after year. When it reached the point where a tax sale was almost inevitable, someone took pity and helped arrange a swap of our house for a much smaller house and paid-up tax arrears.

This took place a few months before I was to start school, and I was devastated when I saw what was to be our new home. I prayed and begged and cried, and refused to believe until we actually moved that we were really to be banished to such a shabby dwelling place. The home we left was anything but gracious, but to me the move was not just a step down, it was a whole flight.

The house had been unoccupied for some time. It was on a bare and barren half acre or so of clay, enclosed by a page-wire fence. The house, a storey and a half, had wooden siding that had never been painted, the interior had been neglected and every room featured dirty, crumbling plaster. Plank flooring also had never been touched by a paint brush.

The yard was bare of trees, and had only patches of grass. Clay from the basement had been dumped in the garden area, dooming it forever to near-zero productivity. At a corner near the

back of the lot stood a small barn, also unpainted. The bottom was divided into two parts: a stall suitable for one row, and the other part serving as woodshed, except for the part occupied by the "two-seater." There was a hayloft above the barn. Access to the loft was by wooden rungs nailed to the wall below a square hole with a wooden cover. This became a favorite headquarters for cowboy and rustler, cops and robbers and other games, especially after the raw was sold.

For several weeks prior to moving into our new home, during summer vacation, Mother and my two older brothers, Herman and Victor, then aged about fourteen and eleven, would work at making it livable. They patched the walls with home made plaster consisting of heaven knows what. After the plaster dried the walls were whitewashed, the floors were painted, and windows cleaned and blessed them, they even planted saplings, raspberry canes and gooseberry and currant bushes.

Another little structure I haven't mentioned was the summer kitchen, another unpainted shack, set on blocks and separated from the house by a roofed verandah about six feet wide. The verandah had a wall across the northwestern end to protect the area from rain, snow and the ubiquitous wind. The kitchen stove, and table, and a wash basin and water container — a huge earthenware pot — were moved into the summer kitchen and it was to all intents our living area during the summer months. The house was out of bounds except for sleeping.

Winter, within one economic framework, was the big enemy.

A poorly insulated and unsheltered house on the very northwest edge of town, with sub-standard heating, ill-fitting storm windows and home-made storm doors, and all of us having to face the elements inadequately dressed and shod, and with a deficient diet, winter's assault was a grim experience. Complete dependency on shank's mare for transportation didn't make the winter any easier. Herein, however, most townsfolk were in the same boat because even most of those who had automobiles in the 1930s drained them and put them on blocks for the winter.

Preparing for winter

KENNETH Y. *November 5, 1986*

The defence against winter's onslaught amounted to considerably more than turning up a thermostat.

Our old frame house was poorly insulated, and wood stoves provided the heating.

Wood was purchased by the cord from farmers in the bush country to the southeast, who would bring their wagons into town and peddle their wood from door to door. It seems to me I remember hearing the price of 50 cents per cord, but don't laugh, when you don't have 50 cents that is a lot of money.

On the sunny Saturdays (and some not so sunny) of September and early October, it was my chore to pile the wood in neat rows in one room of the outbuilding in our back yard. Read "outbuilding" as barn, because in those days most families in our town had at least a cow, and many owned chickens and pigs as well. Read "neat" as a reasonable improvement over leaving the wood in a pile as it had been dumped.

It seemed that it always took a cold snap to get us at the final defences.

We couldn't afford two sets of stove pipes — one for the house and one for the adjacent "summer kitchen" — so every spring and fall the pipes had to be taken down in one area, cleaned behind the barn, and set up again in the appropriate area of the home.

The stink of the soot and the discomfort of having it all over your hands was often supplemented with a cut finger or two from the sharp edges, and the challenge of getting everything to fit once more in the new location.

The reward in fall, of course, was that once every thing was in place, mother would build a fire and the house would again be livable.

That was only the beginning.

Next came the storm windows.

It seemed that every window frame was a slightly different size, and somehow over the years storm windows had been acquired to fit each window after a fashion. I remember that our windows were numbered with Roman numerals. I don't know if that was required by law or religion, but that was how it was *chez nous*.

Mother would wash the storm windows, while my sister and I would climb up a rickety borrowed ladder, remove the screens, wash the outside of the windows, go back up with the storm windows — most of which had at least one crack — and fit them into place, finally twisting the bent nails over them to secure them. They didn't fit perfectly, so the final step was filling the cracks with miles of rags cut into strips.

Miraculously there was always a wad of putty about the place, and mixed with enough linseed oil (I think) and kneaded long enough, it again became pliable and could be used to replace the chunks of putty that had broken from the windows over the past season, or during handling.

Then came the removal of the screen doors, to be replaced by heavy wooden windowless storm doors to

eliminate one more area of draft, or at least to reduce it to a bearable degree.

Before we had a full basement we would buy several loads of old manure in fall and bank it up against the house high enough to cover the crack between the foundation and the walls. In spring it would be my job to scatter the manure over the garden area, which still didn't grow anything worth a darn because it was mostly Mamie's basement clay.

In any case that more or less was Fortress Neufeld against the siege of winter.

On very cold days, the entire house was frigid except for areas within a few feet of the stoves, on stormy days the fine snow drifted in through cracks between doors and frames, and between window sash and frames. Water in the water jar often froze overnight.

Mother's dedication to education was such that only minus-40 degrees Fahrenheit — and not a degree less — exempted the younger family members from going to school. How happy we were when the mercury sank to that threshhold instead of stopping at 38 or 39! The first hour on such a day was sheer delight, giving way then to wondering out loud about what they were studying in school that day, and what story the teacher was reading to the class, and descending finally to total boredom and a fervent hope that next day would be a few degrees warmer.

So how did a widow with no dependable income raise, shelter, feed and clothe a family in a harsh climate and the even harsher economic environment of the 1930s?

With great difficulty, naturally, but even this near-miracle must be seen in the context of a limited-cash society. People, even people of better means, did not expect everything they needed to come out of "take-home pay." Much was wrought out of whatever was at hand and often turned into other uses than originally intended. Many of the economies and frugalities described herein were not exclusively ours, but were shared to varying degrees by many Steinbach families, few of whom were really affluent.

Anne, our oldest sister, was an early casualty in the family's fight for survival, having to leave home while still a teenager for the small but vital income she could contribute by offering her services as a housemaid in Winnipeg. A special agency had been established by the Mennonites to bring together prospective employers and Mennonite girls seeking this sort of work. (Most immigrants owed all or most of their passage to Canada to the railways, and needed every cent they could lay hands on.)

Anne had left school after completing Grade 8 in order to work mornings as a Linotype operator at Steinbach's German-language weekly newspaper. In the afternoons she helped with housework, and would let me fold handkerchiefs when she did the ironing. Anne always sang while she worked, and I loved to hear her, except for one of her favorites: a sad song in which a young fisherwoman is warned not to go out in her boat because of an approaching storm. Naturally the dumb little yoyo insisted on ignoring all advice and dire warnings (inevitably she "bought the farm," to use a terms that didn't enjoy currency until a decade later). It was just too sad for my taste.

One day Anne walked into the house at noon, burst into tears and announced that she had been fired.

Her employer had visited an old comrade in Saskatchewan, and had found him fighting a losing battle against drought and depression. He had offered him a job at the Post, and with the new salary to be met by the modest business, something had to go. Anne was that something.

A decision was reached that Anne must go to Winnipeg and find work as a live-in domestic. Unable to visualize our home without her, I begged her to stay. I told her she could even sing "Fischerin du kleine."

During those early years, with the rest of us still in school and no money coming in except what little Mother could earn with her sewing, and the $5 to $10 monthly Anne was able to send us (wages were only $8 to $15 monthly), it wasn't every year we were able to visit Winnipeg, and Anne couldn't come home even that often. Beside not having the money, time was an equally big problem. Maids were permitted, by custom or law, Thursday afternoons off and every second Sunday. It took something much more serious than visiting their families to get additional time.

off Sometimes a few years went by with no contact between Anne and the rest of us, except through the mail.

Think of this. It was a number of years later, in the early evening of a winter or early spring day, and Helen and I were the only ones at home, for some unusual reason. There was a knock at the back door, also a rarity after supper. We went to the door together and opened it to a young woman who greeted us with a pleasant "Good evening." We gaped at this "English lady" and wondered what she might want in our humble home. (An "English lady," I should explain, was one who spoke accentless English, opened her speech in that language, wore makeup and a cultured burden and clothing. There was no doubt about this one.)

A few moments passed with nothing more said, we staring at her and she smiling pleasantly at us, until she asked, "May I come in, please?" We backed awkwardly into the kitchen to permit her entry into the area under the stairway that served as an entrance hall. Suddenly this beautiful young woman burst into tears and cried: "Helen! Ernie! Don't you know me? I'm your sister!"

It was the only time I remember her catching a ride home for the evening in her dozen or more years as a maid in Winnipeg — thirty-seven miles away. Sunday visits happened occasionally, but not even once a year.

Years later, after the oldest two members of the family were married, Helen would also find it necessary to interrupt her schooling and offer her services in Winnipeg as a domestic. But by this time the economy and opportunities had changed and she was able to find alternate employment in Steinbach. She completed high school while working and after the war went on to university to earn a degree in pharmacy.

But back to how mother fed us.

We kept a cow, and this provided us with milk for a good portion of the year. Once in a while the cream skimmed from the milk would be churned into butter. Mother patiently rocking a honey pail containing cream until the cream turned into butter, and her upper leg turned blue. When the cow was dry, milk was a scarce and often non-existent commodity.

The garden, although the soil was poor and part of it refused to grow almost anything, nevertheless produced enough potatoes to see us through most of the winter, an which this was the main staple on our table, next to bread.

Mother was a seamstress, although this brought in painfully little when most women were capable of sewing their own clothes, and even the wives of the "well to-do" had to sneak the wherewithal for material out of housekeeping money. Upon delivery of the finished dress, when full payment was expected—they often pleaded shortage of funds. The shortage sometimes lasted for months, and Mother would send Helen and/or myself to collect. How we hated this! The women were seldom gracious, and husbands, when approached as a last resort, more often than not were surly. We were treated as beggars rather than as people collecting money legitimately earned.

In early summer Mother and Helen would spend several weeks picking strawberries and raspberries for local small fruit farmers. If memory serves, the rate was just under two cents per pint basket for raspberries, and a fast picker might turn in upwards of twenty five baskets per day. This translated into forty or fifty cents for a ten hour day of pretty steady work in the hot summer sun, fighting off mosquitoes in the morning until the dew evaporated. (I won't stand as full by the figures—but I'm certain they are not very far out.) I was also pressed into service, but I was a slow picker and missed too many berries and was quickly declared *persona non grata* by the berry farmer.

Another source of (very unsubstantial) income was the cow herding contract my brothers had for a number of years. Slow to surrender their agrarian backgrounds, many Steinbach residents kept one or two cows. The village, or a special authority set up for this purpose, owned a quarter-section of land a mile from town, and this was the cow pasture.

The cow pasture

ERNESTLY *May 16 1974*

When people who grew up during the thirties talk about their youth, it is seldom without a wistful comparison of those penniless days with the affluence of today's young.

I plead guilty to the same sin, and in atonement will confess to an almost unimaginable luxury I enjoyed, while a nickel was something you seldom possessed unless you found one on the roadside: a dime was in your hot hands for a brief moment at the annual sports day, and $100 was the most you would expect to find even in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I had as a private playground a quarter-section of parkland.

We didn't own this vast paradise; it was the community pasture and my brothers had the contract for driving the villagers' cattle to it every morning, and back home at night.

My home town was a village in those days, and just about everybody had a cow, so it was an important municipal responsibility to provide feeding grounds. The pasture was exactly one mile from the village limits, and the cows had to be picked up each morning — seven days a week, rain or shine — from June 1 to Sept. 30 — from the far end of Main St. which slashed diagonally across the section. I believe the salary for this was $20 or $30 for the season.

For the most part my tender age exempted me from bearing a full share of the responsibility. But for five cents a month it was my job to take the cattle down town every evening from our house, which was right at the edge of the village.

During summer holidays, by which time the cattle were accustomed to the routine and the dog knew which cows to keep an eye on and into which avenues to dispatch them at night, I was often "allowed" — emphasized by a boot to the rear if I didn't sufficiently appreciate the honor — to bring the herd all the way from the pasture. This didn't happen as regularly as it might have, for I had a knack for doing something wrong, like leaving the pasture gate ajar and letting the community bull get away, or taking the cattle only three-quarters of the way (and sending them) along to their final destination with a punctuated "sic 'em."

To my brothers, no doubt, the memory of their cowherding days may not be so nostalgic, but the beauty of the arrangement for me was that by the unwritten laws understood by children and dogs, the pasture was "ours" as surely as though we held title to it.

The quarter was about equal in poplar woods and grazing land, and I knew every cowpath. Sometimes a dozen of us would hike to the pasture to play Indians and lie in ambush for each other in hiding places half a mile part. Finally we would have to go seeking out our opponents, have a brief skirmish with spears of dry reeds, then settle down to a fraternal haze of smoking and discussing the problems of our world. We smoked. I hasten to point out, not tobacco, but the soft brown underside of the bark on certain telephone poles. Rolled between your palms for a few minutes with a few stubborn spikes or slivers removed, it softens nicely and fashions well into a four or five-inch cigarette about half an inch thick. You have to be careful to use enough newsprint to keep it from falling apart, but not so much as to affect the taste too much.

I have heard corn silk recommended. I've tried it, but it a certainly nothing a connoisseur would bother with unless he had no other option.

A few times a year a select group would take a stab at completing a cabin begun by an earlier generation. We would come armed with hammers, a handful each of purloined nails, and for an hour or two would address ourselves vigorously to the task of nailing dead branches to the wall frames. Then spent, we would sit around savoring the wonderful times we planned to have in the cabin once it was completed.

Late June and July would bring generous crops of saskatoons, pin cherries and choke cherries. Berry-picking expeditions could be a drag because they seemed suspiciously like work, but with good com panions, a bun or bread and jam along for a snack, and the odd confrontation with the bull or an aggressive cow, even these developed into long remembered adventures. Only trouble was, I could never convince my mother that it was only through bad luck that I returned home with a third of a pail of berries while my sister had picked two heaping pails.

Well, that in a capsule was the cow pasture. I should envy today's kids with all their bucks?

A word here about Tibby, a friendly part collie acquired by neighbors for their family, but who adopted us instead (Vic gained "title" by hoeing the neighbors' potatoes for a year). This happened shortly after we moved to the second house, and he was still around and an accepted member of the family when I left home twelve years later, although he was getting a bit ornery and sickly. Mother didn't believe in indoor-dogs, but he wormed his way into her heart, and anyway, he was company on the long lonely days while she worked at her sewing machine. The cow herding job appealed to the collie in him, and those were his happiest years.

As custodians of the pasture, as we saw ourselves, we had the privilege, real or inferred, of

harvesting the berries. We weren't the only ones, the pasture being communal property... numerous families on our side of town went berry picking there as well. Harvesting the saskatoons, chokecherries, pin cherries and wild cranberries was vital to our wintertime diet, in terms of both nourishment and variety. The chokecherries and cranberries mixed in the right proportions made a tasty jam, the tartness of the cherries and the sourness of the cranberries laced with sugar complemented one another. Throughout the summer and fall, as the woods and the gardens surrendered their bounty, preserving for winter went on constantly for these canned vegetables and fruits offered the only variety to a diet otherwise based largely on potatoes and bread.

Rhubarb, easy to grow and a prodigious producer, was combined with almost any fruit to add bulk while borrowing flavor from the additive.

I remember several winters when the main meal (noon dinner) consisted only of boiled potatoes (without gravy), dry bread and water. Supper in those periods might consist of a small helping of fried potatoes (left over from dinner), dry bread and very weak coffee. There was usually porridge for breakfast, with bread and coffee, but if the cow was dry, the porridge was eaten with a moderate sprinkling of sugar, applied under Mother's watchful supervision.

Meat was a rare treat on our table at any time in the worst years. The most common meat dish was hamburgers, made from ground beef mixed generously with bread and grated onions. They were delicious, and were made in batches large enough for two meals, that is, one hot meal with two or three hoagers for each, and perhaps one cold hamburger each at suppers on the following day. Never meat twice on the same day, of course.

Roast chicken was a rare treat, and it was an unquestioned rule that even a moderate sized bird was served twice, one hot noon dinner and one cold supper — and not on the same day. In a family of five, this made for small helpings of the "special" dishes but we never went hungry, we were always allowed to fill up on potatoes and bread as long as we weren't wasteful.

I marvel now at Mother's talent for spreading the good things in such a way that they took the monotony out of two, and sometimes three, meals. She never tired of quoting one of her favorite sayings, which, translated from the Low German, goes something like this: "If you eat, and leave something, you can have two meals."

In fall Mother was always thrilled to be asked to a slaughtering bee. Many families would slaughter a number of hogs, and it took a fair sized crew of women to clean and boil the intestines for sausage making, cook the sausage meat and fill the sausages, smoke the hams and do all the other mysterious things associated with the ritual. This may not sound thrilling and it was, indeed hard work, but all the helpers went home with several sausage rings, a generous cut of cured ham, some spare ribs, headcheese and perhaps a small roast.

It was also a companionable day. Mother enjoyed company but had a very limited social life. Beside the fact that she worked six very long days every week, leaving little time for socializing, demand is low, as already mentioned, for the friendship of a widow with a large family at the best of times. In bad times, the social standing is in the neighborhood of the mercury at minus-75.

Lifesavers in the dietary scheme were soups and the weekend baking. Most soups relied on soup beans for a base, and were lent variety through the vegetables that gave them bulk.

A universal Mennonite favorite was borscht, the idea borrowed from the Russians but altered substantially in the Mennonite version. The Russian borscht is beet-based and meatless, and probably, like so many dishes of the poor, dreamed up to give some variety during meatless Lent. I like to think that some Mennonite woman among the first to settle in Russia tasted a soup made by one of the maids, smacked her lips in a tentative way, and pronounced that it was almost acceptable and only needed some meat and dill to make it edible, provided cabbage and tomatoes were substituted for the beets. Mother always put one large beet into a large pot of borscht. Whether this was to add a delicate beet flavor on cooking, or a polite nod to Russian tradition, I don't know.

Soup serves six

ERNESTLY *December 27 1973*

When I see a can of soup I often enjoy a silent chuckle at the memory of my mother's invariable reaction to the label's promise that the contents would serve six

Ours was a European household in which — at least at our economic level — soup wasn't a course it was a meal

Cabbage borscht, mushroom borscht, butter soup bean soup, green bean soup chicken noodle soup and a few other varieties were cooked in huge pots and contained so many solids that they could almost pass for stew

If you smelled borscht cooking you didn't have to ask, "What are we having for dinner beside borscht?"

Borscht was what you were having period Not only that day but the next day as well

But emergencies did arise where it was necessary to heat a can of canned soup, and on such occasions my mother would never fail to quote in a voice dripping with sarcasm "Serves six " as she poured the pitiful contents of a can into the pot

She believed that either the soup companies were bald-faced liars or that the poor English must surely be facing extinction from malnutrition

It was just as well that we didn't rely on canned soups, or use a lot of other canned goods, for that matter Aside from the cost, there was the problem of garbage accumulation Steinbach had no municipal garbage pick up, so almost all homes had their individual garbage pides somewhere not too far from the house In spring, most of it was plowed into the garden while substances like tin cans accumulated indefinitely, or were picked up once annually during spring clean up drives

Friday or Saturday was baking day, when bread for the following week was baked as well as several pans of buns — Mennonite Zwieback ("two cheeks" or perhaps "two bakes") These were made from a dough slightly richer than bread Balls of dough were fashioned by holding a large piece of dough and squeezing the hand in a way that forced the dough out between thumb and index finger A slightly smaller ball was placed on top of the ball that formed the base and pushed gently downward to achieve adhesion I think they were allowed to rise after shaping. When the buns had been baked to a golden brown the two cheeks pulled apart easily and neatly exposing two soft white surfaces on which to apply spread

When fresh it was no hardship to eat them without a spread, and in any case in our home we were not permitted to spread butter on them since they "already had butter in them " Sundays were not complete without a batch of freshly baked Zwieback If budget permitted there might also be a cake baked for the weekend and if the economy was really good the cakes were even iced

Given Mother's limited social life and her natural fondness for young people our young friends were always welcome for Sunday "vesper," a meal served at about five o'clock consisting mainly of a dish of preserved fruit some bread and buns — with cheese in good times — and finished off with cake or cookies or both The number of cookies or cake pieces set on the table were tactfully accepted as the ration for this meal and it was considered poor form to take more than dictated by a quick mental calculation

After eating at least once we had reached young adulthood, it was customary to sit at the table for an hour or more drinking coffee and chatting Our friends most of them third or fourth generation Canadians loved to draw out Mother's recollections of her youth in Russia, and particularly stories of World War I and the Russian Revolution

One of my friends and an almost weekly vesper guest when we were teenagers, couldn't hear enough about the subject Many years later, in the 1970s, then a professor of English at the University of Winnipeg, Al Reimer wrote a novel "My Harp Is Tuned to Mourning" about the Russian Mennonites concentrating on the years from the turn of the century to the revolution My mother's stories he told me later, had planted the seed for this novel

Our only fuel for heating and cooking in the early years was wood we couldn't afford electricity nor was it always available at our location on the fringe of the village The main floor of our house was divided into two large rooms one serving as the kitchen and dining room, and the other as the living room and Mother's sewing room The kitchen stove heated that room as well as the main bedroom that occupied the corresponding space upstairs The heater in the living room supplied heat for the other upstairs rooms

Having experienced several house fires in her youth in Russia, Mother's feeling for fire was closer to dread than to respect. Given the condition of our stoves, stovepipes and chimney, I'll concede now that her fears was well founded. As a result, she would never go to bed, even in coldest winter, until the fire was completely out, with not so much left as a glowing ember. On minus-30 to minus-40 nights this meant she had to sit up until about three in the morning, then catch a few hours' sleep before rising at five to start the fires once more. Exposed to the biting northwest winds, and uninsulated, our house would reach freezing temperatures within those few hours.

Mother and I, when I was a youngster, shared the huge bedroom — which was also my winter playroom — and Helen had the smallest of the two other bedrooms. The largest one was shared by Herman and Vic, and believe it or not, for several years they had to share the room with out-of-town students. For what had to be a small amount of money or a kind, these two students — brothers — shared a bed in my brothers' bedroom, where they also did their studies and homework.

Mother served them meals made from foods provided by their parents, who farmed near a village about eighteen miles away. We all ate at the same table. It was an experience in character building to eat our dry bread and gravyless potatoes while absorbing the aroma of their fried cured ham, fried eggs, chops or sausages, and listening to them comment on the quality of the canned corn or peas compared to the previous can. And they spread both butter and jam on their bread, a practice held in our home to be not only reckless but verging on the obscene.

Beside their "high living," they further aggravated us by bragging about their dog that said "Anne" — the name of their sister. Once their visiting parents brought the dog along and it was a bitter pill to swallow when the smutt an instructman actually produced a combination between a whine and a growl which might, by a reasonable person, be conceded as the Low German version of "Anne" — and so what other language would a dog be likely to communicate?

Mother was high on cleanliness, which in the area of personal hygiene ran to washing out of the kitchen sink in the morning, and washing our hands at meals. Saturday was bath night—in a round tub near the living room stove. Each user had a few extra dippers of hot water added. The water got pretty gray by the time we had all taken our baths. I was required to change shirt, socks and underwear weekly, but in winter the long johns had to last two weeks because they were difficult to wash and dry.

If this doesn't sound all that sanitary to you, I invite you to live for a few winter months in a home where almost every drop of water has to be carried by hand from a well about one long city block away. You might just find your standards compromised after a while. In winter the rain barrel was moved into the kitchen and set beside the kitchen stove, filled daily with snow to provide soft water for laundering. In summer it was outside, naturally, gathering rainwater to reduce the amount of water to be carried, and to provide soft water.

One of my jobs from a fairly early age was to make about four trips after school carrying two honey pails to be filled with water. In winter I had a home-made sled on which to convey a cream can, reducing the water detail to one trip daily.

Another daily chore, winter and summer, was filling the woodbox with chopped wood and kindling. Wagon- or sleighloads of unchopped firewood in one-foot lengths were bought in fall, and these were stacked in rows along the fence. The pieces had to be split into halves or quarters before bringing them in so that the less-than-dry wood would catch more easily.

One fall I was lazy about stacking the woodpile, and I was relieved to see a snowstorm hide the remainder of an unfinished job. Mother said nothing until midwinter, when we ran out of stacked wood, then reminded me how much easier it would have been to take the day's wood from a neat stack instead of digging each piece out of frozen snow before chopping it.

Mother was a rather good at teaching through experience.

One cold, stormy day, I took off my outer clothes after coming home from school, to warm myself before getting at my woodbox chore. Then I conveniently managed to forget to go out for wood. Mother said nothing. That is, she said nothing until I was ready to go to bed, when she

gently reminded me that she had just put the last piece of wood into hea stove and that it was likely going to be very cold when the fire went ant I might have taken my chances, but when I saw the baleful glares of my siblings I knew I was dead meat if the woodbox wasn t filled very promptly So I donned my outea garments and went out to split wood and bring it in Naturally we had no yard light although a bit of light from the window gently bathed the chopping block area I learned that evening that not only was it harder and more dangerous, to chop wood in the dark than in the late afternoon, it was also colder

Clothing was another category that suffered Mother's dressmaking skills enabled her to sew shirts and dresses and blouses Because of this Helen was always acceptably dressed Having two older brothers however, I fell heir to a lot of hand me-downs Theia trousers with worn-out knees became my short pants several years later with the pantlegs laid aside to provide patches inevitably needed fas the seats h y and by

One cold leather helmet was first bought probably second-hand, for Herman subsequently was worn by Vic, and finally by myself When tha chin strap was secured the ear flap on one side stood out, funnelling in the cold I often had a frozen ear The kids in school teased me quite a bit about my hand me-downs, but I was the youngest and smallest bay in my class, hence low man on the totem pole, and more importantly was easily offended On the whole, mine was a good class and I remembea most of tha members fondly but kids are not always kind I now realize some of theia baabe served to divert attention from tha provenance — or pedigree — of theia own garments

Mothea was very stiff-necked about anything that had the odor af charity about it Whenever I let myself think that folks might have done a bit unre to help hea, I have to remind myself that you had to come up with a pretty plausible story to get her to accept something for nothing.

I don t remember what, if anything we had by way of a kitchen sink in the first house Maybe it had something built in as perhaps we had na sink I know we had none at the second house until ona day a man came (the farmer married to an aunt of Mother's) and brought us a commoda with a sink His story was, I recall, that he had bought it at an auction sale and it hadn t fit into the space he wanted it for So mother accepted it reluctantly but, I m sure, with inner joy

The orange cardigan

On another occasion a church gra up got hea to accept a box of used clothing sent by some relief organization I think the story given was that it had been sent in error and it would be less costly to give it to us than to ship it back if only Mother would see fit to take it

Mathea accepted aftea being convinced it was not charity but the contents were mainly useless or an foreign in local styles — I use tha word loosely — of the times that even we wouldn t wea them I was dismayed however when she found a cardigan sweater of unusual design that fit me perfectly It was bright orange with a black strip aligned with the buttonholes and a black band around the base of either sleeve Nothing would do but I had to wear it The first day of school wearing this frightful garment bas fortunately been blanked from my memory It didn't help when an older boy a few doors from us took one look and dubbed me "Kleefeld " Kleefeld was a small Mennonite village about ten miles to the west! its hockey team the Orioles wore simple asange jerseys about the same shade as mine He greeted me as "Kleefeld" every time he saw me

Then to rub salt in the wounds I discovered that a boy I disliked about a year younger than myself and from a family I despised had received an identical sweater I felt only slightly better when I realized he had to wear his for Sundays while I didn t I didn't stop hating the sweater, and finally Mother dyed it brown I still didn't like it, but it allowed me to fade into the background a ather than putting me centre-stage in a garment that shrieked charity

One of tha things that simplified the problem of clothing was a much more relaxed dress code than is acceptable in good times From about June I on young boys from most families except perhaps the affluent ones, wore nothing but overalls and denim ra wool shirts avea undershorts

The undershorts often were hypothetical We even went to school barefoot in late summer and early fall except on colder days, and wore socks and shoes only for Sunday School in summer

Earlier I mentioned diets geared to what could be canned or eaten straight out of the garden Obviously this can go only so far and such staples as flour, sugar, meat (what little we ate) and other foods had to be purchased There were times when demand simply exceeded the modest funds coming into the household There it became necessary to ask for credit at the Vogt Bros store where it was extended without so much as a raised eyebrow, a sigh or a question about payment In their minds it was unquestionably a write-off Although Mother's pride suffered from resorting to credit buying, her dignity was sustained by the knowledge that she would surely repay the debt some day, somehow

Eventually Herman went to work for the Vogts as a clerk and truck driver and his earnings were applied to the debt at month-end — less his small allowance and offset by additional credit buying that had been necessary during the month

For several years, circumstances were such that the debt just hung there, we had enough income to avoid charging but not enough to reduce the debt. Then came the time during the war years when Vic, a pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force received his commission and signed over part of his pay to Mother This was matched by the government, and the resulting cash flow was beyond anything we had experienced before A top priority was the Vogt Bros debt. It was something to see the astonished look on Ms. Abe Vogt's face the day I walked into the store and asked how much was owing, and upon being told, returned the same day with the money to repay it fully

Having described material want, I should say something in defence of our lifestyle

Like thousands of others who grew up in deprived homes in the depression of the 1930s, I can honestly say that I wouldn't trade my childhood for anyone else's, or my family for any other family. Life was rich.

How can one describe how encouragement of older siblings and an understanding and sympathetic parent enable one to enjoy, truly, what happiness could be wrested from humble circumstances?

In summer we would play softball on the pasture directly across the street, about a city block deep and the equivalent of two blocks wide When we were younger, the boys of the neighborhood would build "ranches" in corners of this pasture, with little pieces of wood, left over from heaven knows what, representing cattle We were so busy organizing and planning how much fun we would have playing with these ranches, that summer days passed quickly in the organization alone My next-door buddy, Arden Reimer, one year my junior, and I invented and played these games constantly, when we weren't planning what we might do if we ever had one hundred dollars

Softball was organized by the older kids and involved all — boys and girls — in the district from Grade 1 through high school There would be upwards of five players to a side, and the pitcher was also the umpire

My affair with baseball

ERNESTLY *October 15, 1980*

For some years now I've had a love affair with televised baseball This infatuation crept up on me as a result of watching the World Series Certainly my early association with the sport was not such as to form a lasting attachment to it

Back when I was a kid, when names like Dizzy Dean and Babe Ruth were being bandied about, baseball for youngsters was not the organized pursuit it has become

It was t baseball of course, it was softball We were required to play the game every recess from the day in spring that the school grounds dried up until the late-June school picnic when the Grade 5 "Scrubs" played the Grade 4 "Stars" and so on up and down the line

A 15 minute recess of unsupervised softball sloppily played—seldom gave the kids at the bottom of the totem pole a chance at bat and because each team had about 12 players the rules were altered slightly to permit another set of fielders well behind the orthodox configuration

My position was sixth fielder which might be identified as a point about 20 feet behind the right fielder

Perhaps once a week a hard-hitting batter might hit

the ball late enough to send it clear through the right shortstop (another position added to accommodate numbers) and even dribble through the hands or legs of the third (right) fielder. This would leave me staring apprehensively at the approaching ball until I remembered that I was part of the game and not just a captive audience. Then I would hold my hands out about a foot from the ground (legs well apart) and try to field the ball while the batter rounded third base and ran happily home.

My awkward throw to the cutoff man (in centre field) was usually off-target and I would stumble back to my position, cheeks burning with shame, while teammates showered blame on me for permitting the runner to score.

Fortunately there was also a certain amount of vacant lot ball where anywhere between 12 and 30 kids found themselves on the same lot with a ball and bat on a Saturday afternoon. Also 'round ball" in which anywhere from three to five fielders played two or three batters who took to the field individually after being retired. In this game everyone moved up a notch as a batter was retired, so that even the enthusiast player got to play the infield, pitch, catch and even take a swing at the ball.

Scooters and hoopsticks

ERNESTLY *January 27 1988*

During the Christmas holidays a conversation that started or ended I don t know where conveyed to me the fact that scooters are on their way back in as a form of transportation and/or recreation for the young. I say it s about time something as sensible as that was brought back.

I suspect that there are a few people around by now who have never seen, let alone used, a scooter. Let me describe it.

Think of a light board five or six inches wide and three to four feet long. There is a wheel at the back and another one capable of turning at the front. (Naturally, both wheels turn round and round as wheels are intended to and for which purpose they were invented, but the front scooter wheel also is capable of turning left or right.) A shaft rises from the front wheel and has a short handle bar from which the conveyance is controlled.

The rider propels himself or herself along with one foot while giving the rest of the body a ride.

Back in the days when few youngsters had bicycles this was a mode of transportation most children could afford. If your parents couldn t afford to buy you a new one, you could probably pick up a second hand one on the nuisance grounds and older brothers were known to fashion the occasional one.

In the Maritimes, I m told, bicycle riding was referred to as "running like hell to give your backside a ride." I m not sure what scooter-riding would be called out there, but it was fun back "in the olden days." Riding one along wooden sidewalks (with boards an inch or so apart) or along gravel walks, or dirt or gravel roads sometimes left both enjoyment and efficiency to the imagination. Right now, however, I can see myself whizzing along our paved streets on a scooter myself.

Naturally, the ones coming on stream are bound to be far removed from the ones I knew. They will be made of plastic or unbreakable metal for quick obsolescence and come equipped with directional signals, taillights, pop-bottle holder, radio, smooze control, rear view mirror and a five-year guarantee covering everything but the board, wheels, steering column and the extras just mentioned.

Families will be expected to supply one for each member for however long the fad lasts, as it is likely to be hailed as a new outlet for family fun.

Talking and thinking about the scooter took me back to another device once even more common than the scooter.

The hoopstick.

It was ideal because you didn t even have to have a level path to operate efficiently. With expertise, you could drive it through a barnyard.

Everyone could afford it because you didn't buy it, even an unmechanical little person like myself was capable of fashioning one, although I might bite my tongue in the process.

A hoopstick was a wood lath of the necessary length from the end of a little boy s hand to four or five inches from the ground when held at a comfortable angle.

The lath was crossed at the end by a T-bar — another lath a foot to 15 inches long. Most children knew without being told that two nails were required to keep the T-bar from shifting, but I had to learn the hard way with only one nail.

The hoopstick was used to propel a metal hoop (as in barrel hoop) anywhere from one to two feet in diameter. I have even seen old bicycle or tricycle wheels used but this was not only considered questionable form, but left a lot to be desired from the standpoint of maneuverability. A beginner, you see, starts the hoop moving by allowing it to run down the stick. For this purpose held at an easy angle with the T-bar resting on the ground. The child then follows the moving hoop and uses the T bar to steer, propel and otherwise control the hoop.

A hoopstick aficionado would raise a hoop lying on the ground with the T-bar, bring the T-bar down hard in such a way as to force the hoop forward, then carry on in the normal fashion, but using the stick also to cause the hoop to oscillate and weave in the most cunning ways.

What did this device achieve?

It kept a little boy s mind, hands and eyes occupied while on an errand to borrow a clove of garlic from Aunt Gertrude at the other end of the village.

While on sports and juvenile transportation of yesteryear it s a long time since I ve seen a youngster rolling an old automobile tire along the street gymnastically one with a smaller child perched up on the inside surface of the tire

The gopher harvest

ERNESTLY *May 25 1983*

Our minister s sermon on Sunday included an anecdote about boyhood days when his crowd would hunt gophers in the hills and melt down old car batteries to recapture the lead

He recalled that the lead was poured into molds to create toy tin soldiers and Indians

The minister s anecdote was intended only as a light aside in an otherwise serious sermon but alas he lost me for a few minutes as my mind went off into the beautiful spring morning and betook itself to the field where my cohorts and I also sought adventure and fortune in the quest of gophers

Gophers, for those too young to remember used to attract a bounty — one cent per tail delivered to the local R M office That at least was the going rate in Manitoba. If Saskatchewan paid more our minister and his friends got richer than I did but not shamefully so

I was always given to spending my fortunes (at least mentally and verbally) before they were realized Thus in early spring I would burble rapturously about the gopher hunts which would enrich me and glowingly speculate on how I would squander the proceeds

And just think of the fun!

Then spring would roll around and time to make things happen

We lived at the very edge of town right across the street (or road) from a farm pasture well punctured with gopher holes Also on the pasture was an artesian well — an important asset when hunting gophers without weapons

Our tools for destroying gophers you see, consisted of water and a willing dog

Water was poured into the gopher hole until all the tunnels were flooded Eventually the wee animal would have to come up for air The dog seemed to sense the purpose of the exercise and would wait tensely at the edge of the hole careful not to allow his shadow to fall onto the opening The moment the tip of the gophe s nose emerged the dog would snap him up

As a reward the dog would be permitted to worry the body for a decent period, after which the tail was removed and put into the bounty bag

If this sounds like a rather one-sided contest I beg you to remember that it takes a lot of water to fill a gopher hole and when the water is carried in leaky buckets by little boys from a distance of several hundred feet, extinction of the species was never seriously threatened

We also discovered one colony of gophers with a back door leading into an abandoned well I don t know how many gallons of water we poured into several holes until the telltale sound of water trickling into the well a few yards away tipped us off that here was one family of gophers we couldn t get without channelling in the Red River

The most we even honestly reaped from an afternoon s work and that used to wind it up for the summer was five or six cents to be shared between three or four of us

The only time I heard of any town boy coming near making a killing on gophers was when the son of the R M secretary discovered that contrary to his beliefs the gopher tails were not sent to Winnipeg to be stored in the provincial archives but were burned in the back yard of the R M office

He did quite nicely when he found in the smouldering refuse piles 20 or 30 gopher tails that were hardly singed at all

The secretary must have looked pretty suspicious when his son never known for dedication to constructive pursuits came to with a take of more than two tails A bit like Tom Sawyer memorizing 1 000 Bible verses

Either the secretary found a new crematorium for the gophers or he poured gasoline over them before lighting them Certainly nobody else ever cashed in on recycled gopher tails

That kid was something else I remember years later when I helped him doctor up his birth certificate to join the navy when he was 15 It didn t work and we were never punished for that particular crime but that s another story

The lead soldier trade was also a brisk one for a time Those rich enough to own molds would cast soldiers for us for a percentage of the lead provided or for so much per soldier

Naturally I dreamed of owning an entire regiment but the gopher trade being what it was and car batteries averaging about one per summer I don t believe I ever got beyond one soldier and one Indian

Now I don t want you to think this was all I got out of the sermon The rest of it was pretty good too I think About sin and all that stuff

We always managed to have a pair of hand me-down skates apiece, and Mother always found, with difficulty, the few cents charged monthly for using the school-operated rink. This took care of several nights weekly On weekends we were able to skate all day if we inclined. On a natural rink formed by a flowing artesian well in the same pasture we used for ball in summer.

On fall, winter and spring nights after supper, we would wait for mother to polish the chimney of the kerosene lamp, trim the wick and light it. Then we would all sit around the kitchen table to do our homework or read and reread the books in our limited library. No book was ever thrown away in our home, and even to dogear a page was considered sacrilege. To this day I suffer a pang of conscience whenever I dogear even a paperback book.

For variety there were board games such as Parcheesi and Snakes and Ladders, once in a while Mother could be prevailed upon to read us Grimm's and Anderson's fairy tales, and for one person at a time — before we had a loudspeaker — there were comedy programs and dramas to be listened to on the crystal radio set.

The crystal radio set

ERNESTLY *April 13, 1988*

For years, perhaps even decades, it has been my much-vaunted claim that my early childhood took place in a home in which there existed no appliance, tool or device which might not have been found in similar form in the home of my grandparents.

What this proved was that I could be considered the missing link between modern (spoiled) man and if not Neanderthal man at least with a generation far removed from most of the wonders of modern invention.

Our home, you see, had no electricity until the late 1930s, we had outdoor plumbing and did not own an automobile. We bought our first radio shortly after the Second World War broke out, so that's where I have dated our family's entry into the world of modern technology.

Then, alas, while editing copy for the Review's 75th anniversary edition I came across something that triggered memory and shattered assumptions and delusions.

Indeed, we bought our first radio in 1939—and this was our first loudspeaker, but I had forgotten all about the home-made crystal sets built years earlier by my brothers. Certainly these — or reasonable facsimiles — could not have graced the home of my grandparents, because there simply would have been nothing to listen to.

These crystal sets were quite simple to make and required only a few parts — a coil, a tuning condenser, the crystal on which the station was located by fiddling around on it with a thin stiff pointed wire called (I am told) a cat's whisker earphones, an aerial and that is about it.

I don't know if it was not possible to plug two sets of earphones into one crystal set, or whether we just never were able to afford two working sets of earphones, but I remember that evenings, particularly hockey nights, possession of the phones was as continuous as possession of the modern bathroom is in the morning.

I seem to recall the friction becoming so irritating to the whole household that my mother had to step in and decree that my brothers take turns—period by period.

You might suppose that as the third brother I would fit into the sharing, but I was too young to count, and anyway they needed an interesting audience to keep informed on the game's progress.

"Another goal for Charlie Conacher! Red Horner's got another penalty!" Sometimes when Foster Hewitt got into a real frenzy of enthusiasm...you could hear his 'He shoots, he SCORES!" six feet away from the earphones.

All the kids of high school age in the district had home-made crystal sets, and there was one chap who made a specialty of making coils...a time-consuming and exacting task that tried the patience of most.

Since the nearest radio transmitters were located in Winnipeg — CKY and CJRC (now CKRC) — the receivers required rather visible aerials, often strung from the house to that little building in the back yard.

There were worried moments when the radio license inspector was in town, since operation of receivers was licensed in those days and no one was crazy about paying the fee of a few dollars. Even my mother—so law abiding a citizen as you might wish for—did not consider it a sin to avoid that law.

Anyway, the long and short of it all is that my 'missing link' status must be confined to the years when I was about eight or younger.

Ghost from the past

ERNESTLY *February 7, 1980*

On a long evening drive home last fall, and getting bored with the radio a choice between contemporary music (Bay bah Bay-bah ") and salvation-peddling revivalists (' Just ask for pamphlet No. 1305, and if you can spare a gift, this program really needs it") we started searching the dial for something at least mildly interesting.

It wasn't easy, but after trying a classical music program that was just too heavy, and enduring 15 minutes of a talk show enthusing about an international rodeo then upcoming in Oklahoma City, we finally tuned in to, and settled for, a CBC radio program.

It was an old English mystery production, about a well respected rascal who couldn't wait for his old and ailing — but perpetually enduring — aunt to die and leave him her considerable estate.

What fascinated me was the excellence of the production At no time did I have the feeling that I was missing anything because the story wasn't on screen in living color

It was like a ghost from the past taking us back to the days before television, when listening to the Lux Radio Theatre and the Cecil B deMille dramas was a weekly must for anyone who didn't want to be classified as a cultural dropout

That, of course was in the days when most homes had achieved the luxury of a "loudspeaker"

During the 30s at least in our town only the well-to-do had conventional radios The average household settled for a home made crystal set—pains-takingly but often inexpertly fashioned by the teen-age miracle worker

If you think the fights about channel selection in today a home are fierce you should have heard the battles for the earphones on Saturday night when Foster Hewitt came on with his distinctive "Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland!"

For the really big events such as the Max Schmeling Joe Louis match the local hardware store would have its loudspeaker going at full volume and half the town would be packed into the display area and feel a part of history

Well so much for memories Would you mind turning down that "Bay-buh, Bay buh!" just a few decibels?

Preparations and plans for Christmas began in fall, with lists made from the enticing pages of the Eaton's catalogue I was paid an allowance of five cents weekly for certain chores—but only on condition that this was put in my little bank for Christmas gift-buying If you have never experienced the intrigue and expectation and the logistical nightmare of an entire family doing its total Christmas shopping by way of a single mail order—consider yourself deprived

The Eaton's catalogue

ERNESTLY *January 22 1976*

Beside Prime Minister Trudeau s not-so-*lion mot* about the free market system, the most traumatic thing to hit the Canadian public has been last week a announcement by the T Eaton Co that its mail order service and of course the catalogue are to be d scontinued

Even today with advertising beamed in from every direction and with display windows tempting shoppers wherever they go the coming of the catalogue is still an important and much-awaited event in any household that has women and children

But those of us who grew up in the 40s or earlier on the farms and in the small towns of Canada could hardly be more shocked by an announcement that printing of the Bible was to be discontinued

"Why," exclaimed one frequenter of coffee row "the catalogue was our Playboy magazine."

In our home serious Christmas shopping could not even be considered until the catalogue arrived, with its unbelievable offering of goodies

First there was the Christmas list to prepare for "Santa."

I always enraged my brothers and sisters by starting off with hopeless requests like electric trains (we didn t even have electricity), cowboy outfits and pedal cars before settling down to more realistic demands such as the 29-cent hard cover cowboy books crayons and inexpensive toy cars that lost their wheels before the Twelfth Day of Christmas

Then everyone a wishes having been loudly made known came the task of allocating a $1 25 Christmas shopping budget toward six or seven gifts fitting gift selections in the amount allocated for each person and to the items on everyone s list checking with each other to avoid having "A" and B" ordering the same gift for "C", searching out the selections in the catalogue for the correct catalogue number and then finally the complicated matter of entering all the items on an order form without one seeing what the others had ordered

Combine this with two months of Sunday afternoon practice sessions at church for the Christmas Eve Sunday School program the anticipation of a huge bag of treats and peanuts handed out at evening's end, and weeks of Christmas baking at home, and the Santa season ran to a tantalizing two-month period of expectation and wonderment that was enough to make your heart burst

'Tis the season

ERNESTLY *December 19 1984*

One of the highlights of Christmas in my childhood was always the Christmas Eve Sunday School program for which we practised at least two months Every class sang at least one carol and every child either recited a poem sang a solo or took part in playlets in which we earned re heavy theological discussions something like this "Tell me Frank—and what do you think is meant by the Holy Trinity?" "Frank" would then take a deep breath and give a

detailed analysis that would confuse or inspire a seminarian

After all had been heard from, plus a call for volunteer renditions, the candles on the Christmas tree were lit, and Christmas gifts were distributed. Since every class drew names for gift exchanges, and each teacher felt obligated to buy little gifts for everyone in the class, that meant every child was called twice to receive a gift. Some parents even used the occasion to distribute their own gifts to their children. How we hated them (and the volunteer performers) because it put off the main event, which was the distribution of huge bags of peanuts, nuts, candies, fruit and chocolate bars to each child.

For some children, those were the only goodies they received, and for most of us, they were at least the icing on the cake, so to speak.

Finally it would be all over — usually the Christmas tree caught fire at least once to and a touch of excitement — and we would walk home in family groups through the snow and cold to whatever each household did to top off the evening.

You would think the kids would be tired enough for bed after so long a night, but the Sunday School treats simply had to be sampled, and our individual bowls (our version of stockings) put under the Christmas tree for Santa to bring his offerings, so our own candles too were lit briefly.

In later years, after we acquired a radio, we would be allowed to stay up for the annual presentation of "A Christmas Carol."

I remember being sick one Christmas — sick enough to call the doctor, which was a rarity in those days. We didn't have a telephone or a car, so one of the older kids had to march off to the doctor's house at the far side of town, and bring back the message that the doctor would be there at a certain time.

The appointed time came and passed with no sign of the medicine man, and my mother muttered to herself, "What's keeping that donkey?"

Naturally when the good man entered half an hour later, I had to point out that the donkey had arrived. Sweet kid. Always a joy to my family and everyone else.

There was a pine woods about a mile and a half from town where folks would go and cut their own tree and carry it home.

It was private property, but the owner never seemed to object, even though the tree-cutting was carried out in broad daylight. I guess he figured anyone prepared to walk several miles in winter to cut his own tree deserved to have it.

One year a brother of mine returned with his axe and his face covered with blood. He had been bored by one of the boys in the group to touch the axe blade with his tongue, and although he probably should have known better, he did it.

Naturally his tongue stuck to the axe, and he had to carry the axe, held to his face, for half a mile or more to the nearest farmhouse.

I don't think he ate anything hot that Christmas.

A few dollars had to go a long way in gifting back in those days.

One of the first Christmases I can recall...a talented uncle of mine made a set of animals for me out of apple box wood. Another year he found a cast iron toy truck and coupe...slightly rusted and with loose wheels at the nuisance grounds. He was able to tighten the wheels, repainted the toys and they became my gifts, long cherished. As a matter of fact, they were handed down to a nephew of mine years later, and I believe he has them to this day.

Christmas tree hunting

ERNESTLY *December 3, 1986*

thinking back, I am more than a bit perplexed that my brothers were permitted to make their annual forage into the pine woods to cut us our gratis Christmas tree.

If ever there existed a person who was capable of starving to death rather than stealing unguarded food in front of his nose it was my mother. Yet every year my brothers set out midday of a frosty December Saturday, axe in hand, to harvest our tree — accompanied, of course, by their peers in the neighborhood.

In those days I didn't even think of it as stealing, because the pine woods a tight, pristine nest forest of evergreens in the middle of scrub poplar country...was considered sort of a public domain.

Although it was privately owned, successive generations of teenagers assumed control of a partially completed log cabin in its depth without so much as a by your leave. We went there without thought of trespassing when we played hookey, or simply felt like roaming around looking for lady slippers, columbine...and other strange flora that thrived in the area.

But having in later years conceded to myself that removing trees without permission was indeed theft, I can only conclude that permission may have been asked and received without my knowing about it.

The owner, after all, was the owner of the property next door to my home.

Nevertheless, I am virtually certain that none of the others who joined in the tree expedition had permission — actual or implied.

You may wonder how such a forest was not quickly depleted if people were helping themselves to trees every year.

It wasn't really a problem. The pine woods were about a mile and a half west of the western edge of the

town, so that it was at least a three-mile return trip on foot.

Most of the people who owned cars had them drained and put on blocks for the winter and townsfolk did not, as a general rule, own horses and sleighs.

The few car-owners who used their cars in winter could afford the low prices charged for Christmas trees at their local stores, and in any case would prefer that to driving out on poorly maintained roads and then slogging half a mile in knee-deep snow to chop down a tree.

Bicycles too were stored away for the winter with tires deflated, so that mode of transportation was out. Anyway, if you ever rode a bike on snow-covered rutted roads with the hope of doing anything but survive you will know the answer to that one. If you haven't try it and enjoy new thrills.

Fond Christmas memories

ERNESTY *December 24 1986*

Many of us hardly got to taste a candy or an orange from one Christmas to the next, so the very thought of this sort of abundance had us salivating speculating and savoring for weeks in advance.

Making cookies for Christmas feasting and entertaining was a big order, so mother would begin baking weeks before the holiday. Most of the bakes goods were stored in our "summer kitchen" but each batch of cookies demanded a sampling at the nearest meal.

Our Christmas dinner was very traditional (with us) but neither spectacular nor the highlight of the day.

You may find it strange, but in our home it consisted of cold hamburgers fried peanuts and "mohse" — the last a cold fruit soup (raisins, prunes, dried apples and apricots) thickened with starch or what ever. It will be familiar to most people of Germanic or Nordic origin. I have heard it referred to by Scandinavians as sweet soup.

If this seems like a spartan holiday meal, don't bother feeling sorry for us, because we loved it.

There were a number of valid reasons for this type of meal on Christmas Day.

Firstly, like many rural families, we always had our main meal at noon and Christmas was not about to change this. We couldn't afford a bird, and after stuffing ourselves with peanuts and sweets all morning, who could have done justice to a meal we couldn't afford anyway?

Finally, it gave mother a once-a-year holiday from cooking a noon meal. She went to church for Christmas morning services — the kids were excused for reasons I have never understood but quietly appreciated — and when she returned home, it was just a matter of frying the spuds and sitting down to a preset table and filling whatever space remained in our stomachs.

One of the great delights of Christmas Day afternoon was reading, while nibbling on peanuts and sweets.

Ours was a reading family, and books were hard to come by, but every Christmas each of us received at least one, and perhaps two books. The catalogue — you know the one I mean — offered a good hard-cover western novel for 28 cents.

Books were never thrown away and we accumulated a neat little library over the years, but after reading "Tom Sawyer" several times a year, a brand new book at Christmas was really a treat.

Of course we always had natural Christmas trees with candles. We all stoutly maintained that a Christmas tree would not seem genuine if it had electric lights.

I noticed, however, that we were only permitted to light the candles three or four times during the season, and then only with mother watching over it like a hawk. Even then there was always a branch catching fire, or "angel's hair" melting from the heat.

Candlelit Christmas trees I am not overly sentimental about, but most of the rest of it was pretty good.

Sometimes on really cold nights Helen and I would be permitted to bring down our blankets and sleep near the stove on the living room floor. I remember one such night a few weeks before Christmas when we had succeeded in convincing ourselves that the signboard a block down the street was really Santa's sleigh. It would need to be that big, after all, to take care of all the kids in the world. Next morning, lo and behold, we found two candy kisses on the floor near our bedding.

What better proof could you ask for? Mother had this genius for creating happiness out of a minimum investment.

For instance: when the school's winter carnival was held, a refreshment stand would be set up in the rink shack. Naturally we didn't have spending money and would watch with watering mouths as wealthier children ate their hot dogs and drank their pop. But we might come home that night and find that mother had made cocoa — a rare treat — and home-made hot dogs for us, boiled weeners wrapped in bread slices and secured with cotton thread. Many children also lacking money did not, I am certain, come home to such beneficence.

The annual school picnic was held at the Board of Trade sports ground, about half a mile from

town, a tract about two-thirds prairie and one-third shady groves of poplar. While many parents settled for giving their children an extra dime or quarter in spending money, and packing a lunch for them, for Mother being there was almost an article of faith. She would watch whichever races we were competing in, and at lunchtime would have a blanket laid out with lunch in a grassy, shady spot. To compensate for the lack of extra money, she would offer us such rare treats as cheese sandwiches (grated to make the cheese go farther), bologna sandwiches, egg sandwiches, home-made lemonade (perhaps made from tartaric acid, but pleasantly sour-sweet) and a dessert such as rhubarb pie. On those occasions we would feel we were living, to use another favorite expression of Mother's, the life of a demi-God in France. Those of our friends whose parents chose to eschew the picnic were always welcome, either to join us for the company or to share our food.

Then there were once-in-a-lifetime adventures such as the royal visit to Winnipeg which we attended as a school, for a small fee, and in which I was allowed to participate despite a poor conduct record in the preceding weeks. In the end Mother's sense of occasion won out over what might have been simple justice.

That royal visit

ERNESTLY *July 12, 1973*

Queen Elizabeth's visit to Canada and the accompanying fanfare will have brought back memories to thousands of Canadians of the Royal Visit of 1939 when King George V (sic) and Queen Elizabeth, parents of Her Majesty, became, if I'm not mistaken, the first reigning royal couple to visit our country.

For their day in Winnipeg, our whole school was trucked to the big city and were assigned to Polo Park for what was to have been a "foyer-past" on the race track. Fate treated us kindly that day. A heavy overnight and morning rainfall rendered the track impassable, and after several hours of worrying over whether the Polo Park stop would be cut, we were instead lined up to form a long, 10-foot wide corridor on the grass. The king and queen plus entourage then walked the length of the corridor and back.

One enterprising young man took a photo of the royal couple with quite recognizable schoolmates in the background, peddling them later for 15 cents apiece or something in that neighborhood. I think I still have one of those prints in an album.

I also remember the day for my disappointment in the coconut.

For so historic an event, I was granted 15 cents spending money, so that I might buy a bottle of pop and perhaps an apple or a banana to dress up my home-packed lunch, leaving a nickel for a treat.

What did I do?

I marched straight to the Fruit Store, which had, for the past week, displayed several coconuts in its display window at 15 cents apiece. Mother was furious, and the rest of the family howled with laughter, but I knew better. Hadn't I read all about the coconut, with its sweet milk to slake the thirst of South Sea Islanders and visiting sailors, and its sweet, tasty meat?

I even enjoyed a measure of prestige on the trip to Winnipeg, because you can bet there wasn't another kid on the truck (probably not many of Polo Park) with a coconut in their kit.

But my, that coconut milk sure didn't measure up to a cold bottle of pop, and the meat didn't taste a bit like the shredded stuff I snitched out of the pastry at home. In fact, beside not tasting all that hot, it was hard as a rock, and except for a few fragments I was able to bite loose, I had to take the rest home with me, where I joined off the meat with knife and a hammer (we didn't own a chisel, which would have been ideal).

Correction

ERNESTLY *July 26, 1973*

A Middle reader dropped me a line to point out that King George V did not visit Canada in 1939, nor was he married to Elizabeth.

I wonder how many caught that one. Probably quite a few, in spite of a growing number of subscribers who don't remember 1939. It was George VI, of course, who visited Canada in that year.

Occasionally, though not inclined to sports physically or by disposition, Mother would even play long ball with us on the front lawn, although you had to catch her in a pretty good mood for that.

Our school report cards were studied critically, and the teachers' judgments were never questioned. Any deficiencies were considered accurate reflections of our own shortcomings or lack of effort (particularly in my case, because my cards were worst), and excuses for poor showings were not tolerated.

Despite demands upon her that required her to work from early until late, Mother's pace was never frenzied, she worked slowly and steadily with an economy of motion. She usually sang whenever she was engaged in simple chores such as ironing, darning or making noodles, and her gentle hymns of hope gave our home an aura of tranquility.

Admittedly, she got cross when I stood beside her sewing machine reading the vital statistics and amateur backgrounds off the backs of hockey cards, and she hated hickering among the brood. Blasphemy was the ultimate sin, with dirty language, falsehood and cheating not far behind.

Pride and faith in our own religion did not translate into license to sneer at or belittle other religions. We were not permitted to go to churches other than our own except for weddings or funerals, because church was not a place for curiously-seekers. When visiting evangelists held independent revival meetings, even children from some of the town's most religious families would attend just to disparage and act up. This was not permitted by Mother, and whenever these meetings were on, she kept a close eye on us, probably sensing our urge to be, just for once, part of the mainstream.

The church or sect to which Mother belonged was not represented in Steinbach in our early years there. It was more liberal than the local churches: smoking was permitted, alcohol was not absolutely forbidden (although anything beyond a glass of wine on a special occasion was suspect), dancing was not outlawed (except public dancing, so what remained I am not sure). Attending movies, unanimously condemned by the local churches, was permitted if the movies were in good taste.

Until our own church opened in an old building which had once housed the kindergarten, we attended the Mennonite Brethren Church, probably because there were more immigrants among its members. So Mother had to walk a tightrope, imbuing in us her own values without permitting or encouraging us to debate them with other children after Sunday School.

As already suggested, the independent religious and moral views passed along to us by Mother branded us as different to locals and immigrants alike—except for a handful of families with a similar background.

It would be less than candid to say that I never envied my friends some of the advantages offered by a father's steady income, but I can honestly say I never wished to trade places.

We even enjoyed an advantage envied by other kids in our crowd—a base in Winnipeg from which we were able, however rarely, to explore and savor the greater world beyond Steinbach. The local folks' traditional avoidance of contact with non Mennonites resulted in few of them having relatives in "the city," and trips to Winnipeg were one-day stands of shopping at Eaton's, the Bay, and the five and dime stores, and perhaps a clandestine visit to the movies. Our family was fortunate in that Mother's sister, our Tante "Mima," and her husband, Isaak Klassen, were childless through our younger years, loved kids and always appened their home to us whenever we were able to scrounge a free ride to Winnipeg—and a few cents spending money. So once or twice a year we would be off on this enviable excursion of two or three days and come home bursting with stories of wonders witnessed.

Centre of the universe

ERNEST U *March 29 1979*

About 10 miles east of Winnipeg, on the Trans-Canada Highway, a marker identifies that point as the longitudinal (I believe that's the word used) centre of Canada.

I find that very appropriate because for me for many years that general area was the centre not only of Canada but of the universe.

Actually, the day-to-day and month-to-month centre was about 25 miles southeast and in the days before we owned a radio or subscribed to a daily newspaper, weeks and months might pass without any real awareness of life beyond the visible horizon.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer brought news of the outside world, but by that time it was all "past tense" and told mainly of people and places that seemed as remote as the events of the history books or the Bible.

But because I had an aunt and uncle living in Winnipeg, as well as a sister, I managed to get to that wonderful city about once a year to breathe, see, hear and savor a world as different from our village as the markets of Samarkand or the jungles of Africa — and more real because they had been experienced.

A small town will always have a different flavor

that a large city but none of the differences have disappeared or taken on new dimensions If nothing else our exposure to city scenes on the television tube gave us a familiarity with the urban world that takes away some of the unreality and glitter when we find ourselves in the midst of the real thing

These once-a year trips used to take us from a community of large yards with vegetable gardens, shade trees and outdoor privies houses set well back from the streets that had more mud than gravel on the surfaces and turned into quagmires in spring or after even moderate rains There were wooden sidewalks separated from the roadway by wide green ditches speckled with dandelions Horse-drawn wagons and buggies outnumbered cars and every store provided hitching rails for country clientele The incidence of two vehicles meeting at an intersection was so small that common courtesy dictated precedence

The two-hour trip to Winnipeg often punctuated by a stop to repair a flat took us along 12 miles of mud country road then 25 miles of the Dawson Road a gravelled stretch of washboard that jarred your bones while you ingested the powdery dust that trailed traffic for about a mile

The first sign of the city was the narrow paved strip of Ste Anne s Road and the orange street car hurtling along the grassy boulevard with its characteristic high-pitched noise Soon the spires of St Boniface Cathedral and majestic Fort Garry Hotel would come into view

Suddenly you were in the middle of it all the streets paved from curb to curb concrete sidewalks packed with people unmindful in their sophistication of the grandeur of eight-storey skyscrapers noisy motor traffic stop lights long queues of street cars Eaton s and the five-and-dime displaying more merchandise than the catalogue flashing neon signs and theatre marquees with lights racing around the message in continuous chains

Policemen in bobby-style helmets department stores with elevators and escalators newsies shouting out the headlines of the day and more cars and buildings and people and noise

In the residential districts — at least the ones I saw in those days — houses hugged each other and the streets while on the sidewalks girls played hopscotch and skipped to 'One-Two-Three-O Leary' and howled then disapproval when boys charged through on roller-skates and bikes

Cobblestone streets rang with the clip-clop clip-clop of horses drawing bread milk ice and delivery vans the cheery call of the baker and the cries of the ragman and the hawker

And if in the midst of all this heart-bursting glory you could wangle a nickel for a matinee western and another nickel for whatever then you knew you were really there — smack in the centre of the universe

Where I came in

ERNESTLY *February 10 1982*

A trip to Winnipeg invariably had a more pressing purpose than seeing a show but whatever the intent of the trip we tried to work in the necessary two to three hours to view a double feature

The bus left our town at 8 a m (or thereabouts) stopped at every village along the way and probably never exceeded 40 miles per hour (that s about 64 klicks, kids) on the rutted washboard road surfaces

That meant arrival at Winnipeg somewhere between 10 and 10 30 allowing about seven hours for business or shopping a light lunch and those en cheating two or three hours in the make-believe world of the theatre

Shopping consisted usually of scooting back and forth between Eaton s the Bay and Woolworth s to compare prices and values and while trudging back and forth along Portage Ave you noted what was showing at the Capital Met Lyceum Gaiety or Garrick theatres Nobody bothered looking at the starting times because they simply had no relevance to your own schedules

Over lunch you argued over the merits of the various pictures to choose from and somewhere in mid-afternoon the shopping session would end and you would head for the movie of your choice

Usually the show would be half through one of the main features with the characters saying and doing all manner of things that made little or no sense and finally at the end someone might confess to a murder you didn t even know had happened

Then came the second feature intermission preview newsreel cartoon and finally the beginning of the first feature of which you had already seen the ending As you caught the drift some of the final scenes in your memory began to make sense in a jigsaw puzzle kind of way

Somewhere along the line the sequences on the screen would develop a strange familiarity and someone would whisper 'I think this is where we came in'

Then staggering into the blinding daylight of the city street walking to the meeting place and through the long ride home you would compare what you remembered from the opening ending with the later ending opening and have a glorious time reconstructing the story in its intended sequence

It was crazy but some time just for old times sake Come to think of it that s where I came in

Perhaps it would be useful to take a stroll through the village of Steinbach as I remember it from the mid-1930s. This is entirely from memory, so the occasional shop may be missed or misplaced by one or two locations.

The village format

What little research I have undertaken for this book helped clear up in my mind the basic layout of the village, something I had never really understood. It was evidently Mennonite custom when new settlements were established, to consolidate and redistribute property to which twenty to thirty families were entitled, so that each had an equal amount of woodland, pasture, grainland and so forth.

Narrow residential lots would be laid out along one side of the main street, long enough to accommodate buildings consisting of residence, shed, barn and more, plus a substantial garden. The other side of the street would accommodate schools, churches and workers' homes.

Water was important, needless to say, so when possible, the village location would be planned in juxtaposition to whatever creek or other body of water was available, rather than in relation to legal surveys. The Steinbach Creek flowed (in season) diagonally across Section 35, Township 6, Range 6 east of the First Principal Meridian. As a consequence, the main street also ran diagonally across the section in such a way as to give the eighteen or so original families sufficient land for most of their needs between the creek and the road, plus several acres on the northeast bank of the creek.

The period of my own childhood which I describe is sixty years after Steinbach's settlement, so many of the characteristics had given way to Canadian influences. For the most part, the long narrow lots on the northeast side of Main Street remained, as did a few of the original pioneer buildings.

So let's take a walk along one side of Main Street and back along the other, and take a brief look at what was then Steinbach's business district. Some places will be typical of the Canadian small town of the period, some will have a Mennonite tinge to them, and others may be odd simply because they reflected the individuals who built or occupied them.

The street itself was a wide avenue; its dimensions probably determined by the space needed for a horse drawn wagon to turn around without a lot of backing. The crown was gravelled and the shallow ditch between the driving surface and the sidewalk (cement in the downtown blocks, but wooden elsewhere) was a sea of grass, weeds and plain mud. Hitching rails lined Main Street through the 1930s and possibly a bit beyond.

Just two doors down from our first house itself typical of the Mennonite format mentioned was the first farmyard, bordering on fields still seeded to grain, and where I probably first saw a threshing machine at harvest time. The creek at about this point, as I remember it, flowed through a few acres of uneven topography, rare in the flat tableland of this part of Manitoba. A golf course of about three holes had been established here for early residents with a worldly leaning, but it did not survive.

Two doors northwest of us stood a long white shingled building, the machine shop of Isaak Plett, local mechanical genius. A short, graying introvert, Isaak was credited with inventing and building the machinery used for C. T. Loewen's beekeeping supply factory, billed then as the largest in western Canada.

Isaak's place mats

KENNEDY, *March 25, 1976*

Coming across some Saskatchewan Homecoming 71 place mats the other day set my mind wandering back to the first time I ever saw the place mat principle applied.

At the time memory begins for me, we lived next door to a little bungalow, occupied by an elderly couple and their bachelor son, brother or nephew (I never learned which).

The couple liked kids and we neighborhood brats quickly learned that a knock at their door had a fifty-fifty chance of generating a mid-afternoon

cookie and a glass of milk so we soon became steady customers impeded only by older brothers and sisters who might intercept us before we got to the door

They also had a pet raccoon in a back yard cage an added attraction in its own right beside being a good excuse for a visit offering at least the occasional opportunity for getting in a loud hint about rumbling stomachs

Isaak the son/brother/nephew or whatever was a quiet man always dressed in greasy clothes who spent all his time in a white-shingled machine shop on the couple s large yard If he ever held a job I never heard of it but he was something of a mechanical genius and earned enough for his modest needs repairing machinery and solving mechanical problems for local businessmen and farmers

But his real love was inventing and although his talent may never have made him rich it went beyond creating Rube Goldberg like devices for his own amusement Many of the beekeeping supplies used in the western provinces through the 30s and 40s were manufactured on machines designed and built by him

The old couple moved away soon but Isaak stayed on setting up housekeeping in a tiny room in the machine shop and becoming the recluse he remained for the rest of his life

Unlike the old couple Isaak didn t care much for children (he didn t hold much with people of any age)

but those of us who had enjoyed coming-and-going freedoms at the house didn t immediately adapt to the altered circumstances and simply assumed that our visiting privileges now transferred to the machine shop

Isaak was too shy a man to chase us away but he was always visibly nervous in our presence stopped us short when we attempted to handle the endless variety of widgets which littered the place and which we could see in our mind s eyes as valuable adjuncts to our sandboxes and never offered us cookies or any other interesting food

Thus the relationship with Isaak in his bachelor quarters was a brief one but long enough to observe his eating habits

The little room in which he lived contained a greasy looking cot a chair and an old wooden table which hadn t seen wiping in a long time Most of the table was littered with mechanical magazines correspondence dirty dishes nuts bolts and other appropriate items

Next to his eating place lay an Eaton s catalogue and before each meal he would tear off a clean page and lay it on the table to serve as a place mat for his loaf of bread ring of sausage knife and coffee mug

No doubt place mats were in general use in certain quarters before that but to me Isaak is still the inventor

Next door was the C F Toews (pronounced Tayes) shoe repair shop and under the same roof the bakery operated by his handsome and cheerful wife Mr Toews had letterheads imprinted "S R and B House" Not explained anywhere was the fact that this stood for Shoe Repair and Baking House At a time when most people used dry cakes of yeast off the grocery store shelves, Mrs Toews bought Fleischmann s yeast in bulk For years a member of our family was sent regularly to buy a nickel s worth of the soft crumbly stuff for Mother s baking Sometimes, to shave the cost, we were sent for three cents worth I don t think we ever received any less than when we asked for a nickel's worth

A few residences and then a general store I can't think of anything remarkable about it in my earliest years, except that the store sold flavored popcorn plus a small trinket in a long paper envelope for a penny I did not often have a penny so I saw little of the store s interior

A few years later the store was taken over by Peter Vogt, a friend of our family dating back to Russia, and the father of one of my closest friends in school Mr Vogt got much of his business by speaking not only fluent if accented English but also good Low German, German and Ukrainian and passable French

A group of hangers on had chairs near the soft drink cooler each time one of them took a bottle out of the cooler Mr Vogt added a rubber band to a number already ringing his wrist, to be removed only when the drink was paid for

The Vogts made sure their family of six boys had all the toys and sports equipment that would keep them at home and to this end made all the boys' friends welcome every Sunday afternoon They succeeded in making their huge yard and home Steinbach's leading recreational facility for about two decades

Christmas card memories

ERNESTLY *December 17 1980*

Every year we receive a card from and send one to an elderly couple whom I think of consiederably oftener in fact, whenever my mind wanders back to my childhood — from the earliest days to the time I left my home town — for this couple was very much a part of my life

The family in my earliest memories lived kitty

corner from us and their oldest son, whose name was also Ernie, was about my age. We went to kindergarten together and through most of school. At the (earliest) time there was also a playpen in their home with twin boys, one of whom is today one of Canada's top nuclear physicists.

As the years rolled along, three more sons were born to the family, and with a total of six, the parents might have been forgiven if they had discouraged their youngsters from dragging friends into the house.

The opposite was true however. The parents were determined to keep their kids at home and out of trouble, and to ensure this they made a huge yard and a large house. The upstairs was particularly large as it extended over the little general store that provided the family's living.

The kids and every game you could imagine, and all the essentials for outdoor games and since kids were always welcome, their home was the gathering place for the whole crowd every Sunday afternoon.

In the spring, summer and fall we were expected to play outside. As I mentioned the yard was huge, extending at least 500 feet to a wooded area and a little creek.

We played soccer, tag, hide and seek, touch foot ball, cops and robbers, softball, cowboys and Indians, pirates, war and whatever else came to mind.

Whenever the scene got out of hand, or if we picked on the younger brothers and they ran in for support, either Mrs. Vogt would come out and admonish us gently — which filled us with shame — or Mr. Vogt would thunder at us in his powerful bass voice — which filled us with fear.

Winter or summer, the whole gang was invited for supper, appropriately after the parents had finished their meal in whatever peace was possible with up to 20 kids on the premises.

Then we descended on a table laden with bread and buns and cheese and fruit preserves, and even an occasional cake and several varieties of cookies.

On hot summer Sundays, the family pick-up truck, fitted with a high box, would be loaded up with kids for an afternoon at Riverbend Park or the sand pit, two swimming holes about 12 miles distant.

In winter we played Monopoly, checkers, chess, Parcheesi and read comic books. At least that's how it started out. But because the Vogt kids had about five zillion wooden blocks and an unlimited source of soft drink caps, we always ended up playing war. Soft drink caps were flicked from books or boards at enemy forts built out of blocks.

This exercise (so-called) several trips upstairs to lower the noise by a decibel or two.

As we grew older, we played cards for matches, played records on the phonograph, discussed girls and our assuredly brilliant futures — and stayed for supper.

I particularly remember one of the last visits before I left home. One of the gang, slightly older than the rest of us, was already in the army and home on leave and proudly wearing corporal's chevrons on his sleeves.

The parents were out for a drive and the "brats" were out of the way, so we had the house to ourselves. We started to talk about the war games we used to play and before we knew it, we were building forts and peppering them with bottle caps.

Suddenly the Vogts were back and I'll never forget the sorrowful, weary look on Mrs. Vogt's face as she surveyed the scene of an army corporal and half a dozen six-footers playing a kiddies' game on a floor littered with blocks and bottle caps.

We stayed for supper.

And we all still get cards at Christmas.

Next came the "printery," as we called it, where the Steinbach Post, our German language weekly, was produced. The Linotype operator could be watched through a window facing and not more than a foot from the street. I was always fascinated by this machine's fascination. I have never lost. A few doors past this was Regehr's Plymouth-Chrysler dealership. I don't think it ever fared well. Perhaps there were just too many family members trying to live off a business with a limited potential.

It deserves special mention as the springboard for one of Steinbach's most dynamic businessmen. Abe Penner — an ambitious and persuasive young man is said to have talked his way into a sales job with the Regehrs. In winter, while most people forgot about cars until spring was at least within sight, legend has it that Abe would hitch up a cutter and go out into the country selling cars and trucks to weathered-in farmers who had all the time in the world to hear his siren song. Before long, he opened his own Dodge De Soto dealership, took in his brother John, and they sold so many cars that they found it desirable to split, with John opening a Mercury dealership. It was probably their business acumen and drive that inspired Steinbach dealers to establish the town as the "automobile capital" of Manitoba, repeatedly selling more cars into the Winnipeg market than locally. The brothers also established a tire company that became fairly well known (Penner Tires) until bought out by a larger company, and a road construction company. Abe served as Steinbach's mayor for a number of terms.

Still a few years in the future was two-booth, three-stool Pete's Inn—opened in the early war years by truck driver Pete Kehler and his wife. This became the hangout for our crowd before it was replaced by a new, larger building which would be the town's top restaurant for many years, offering Mennonite dishes as well as Canadian fare. Next door to "future Pete's" was a John Deere dealership operated by two partners who were inseparable—and who seemed always to sit quietly together in the small sales office—or in summer—on chairs in front of the office, saying little or nothing and just waiting for business to come around. Next was a small "transfer" office—one of several local cartage businesses so vital to a community not located on the railway. The next building in my earliest memory—housed a second hand store, but this was soon taken over by Vogt Bros.—Abram and John, who also operated the transfer next door. Herman, my brother, worked for them for a number of years—driving a truck almost daily into the country to pick up cans of cream from the small mixed farms in the south and east rural areas, and at the same time taking orders for goods to be delivered on the next trip and to be paid for from the expected cream cheques. He would also take orders to be forwarded to Eaton's mail order house in Winnipeg, again to be picked up by the transfer.

A huge livery stable behind the store became a battleground on Sunday afternoons for hordes of young boys, friends of twins John and Ewald Vogt—armed with repeat-action rifles (loaded with rubber bands cut from inner tubes).

Once a year, on an average, Herman would take me with him on his routes. My job was to hop out to open gates consisting of three strands of barbed wire and several light poles, then close them after the truck had passed through. The *quid pro quo* — unstated — was that some time during the morning there would be a lukewarm bottle of pop purchased at a convenient little village store. A bonus was riding in a motor vehicle, a rare privilege for me. As I say, I got to do this about once a year; hence I had difficulty securing the gates, which had to be quite taut when closed, and Herman would end up having to come out and help me. It would take him about a year to forgive me.

Vogt Bros. had a special counter where rural customers — German and Ukrainian farmers — might sit and eat their lunches, usually consisting of a length of bologna purchased for the purpose with chunks of "haughten" bread, and washed down with a bottle of the largest cheapest pop available. Like in most country grocery stores of the period, commodities such as salt, sugar and rice were stored in large bins, from which they were scooped into brown paper bags. Stores that sold tobacco products — most Steinbach stores did not — customarily had one open package of cigarettes for smokers inclined to indulge themselves to the extent of one or two "tailor made".

Next door was the creamery, where dairy farmers delivered their cans of cream, and where the transfer delivered cream picked up by their trucks. The creamery pasteurized cream for resale and made butter.

Central Store was next, a large general store that was operated by partners who also operated the flour mill. The manager was a short, friendly man with the shape of a barrel. He was also the minister in one of the leading churches. (Mennonite ministers of that period were ordained and received some training within the church, but did not receive much of a salary, so they had to earn a living in some way.) He was said to love children, and kids were always amazed at how many mixed candies they got for a penny if they managed to get him, rather than one of several sons, to wait on them. This business was an early depression victim for reasons unknown to me.

I am not sure just when the J. H. R. Lunch was opened next door, but it must have been fairly early in the 1930s. It was customary, in Low German, to refer to a Mrs. Dyck as the Dyekesche, Mrs. Koop as the Koopsche, and so forth. The operator of J. B. R. Lunch, Mrs. J. H. Reimer, was invariably referred to as the J. H. R. sche. As teenagers with nothing to do and no money to spend we would hang out at J. H. R. Lunch until Mrs. Reimer tired of us and sent us packing, after which we would walk the streets for a while, or hang out at another cafe for half an hour or so; then return.

Although most of the members of my teen crowd during the war years were chronically broke,

we spent most evenings and Sunday afternoons walking from one hangout to the next

In the whole stretch as far described there was no intersecting street although several avenues led southwest from Main Next to J H R Lunch was Reimer's Garage, a repair and machine shop rather than a dealership, as I recall it, although it may have been an agency for a line of farm equipment It burned down when I was in one of the lower grades in the old school, directly across the street

The house that was the pioneer home of this branch of the Reimer clan was on a treed lot just past the garage and flanked by Reimer Avenue, which dissected the section, also diagonally from corner to corner more or less It was fitting that this keystone family occupied the keystone location Several Reimer brothers were among the district's earliest settlers, and reproduced copiously In about 1945, 65 Reimers were listed in the village's telephone directory, beside many Reimers listed in the exchanges of nearby villages This was not a time when it was not unusual for a family not to have a telephone

Past Reimer Avenue came P T Loewen's Garage, the first General Motors dealership in the area where Vic worked as a bookkeeper for several years This was followed by C T Loewen's Lumber Yard, incorporating a hardware store, millwork house and the beekeeping supply factory already mentioned It was a forerunner to the plant that now supplies Loewen tilt windows throughout western Canada There was also a pond behind the millwork factory Ice harvested from the pond in winter was stored in sawdust and sold to housewives in summer for iceboxes and other cooling needs We sometimes swam in the mud-bottomed pond in summer, and occasionally ate the ice It was probably high in protein

Two residences and then Goossen's pool room and barber shop The billiard parlor was one of the village's few concessions to human frailty, but it was not a place for respectable persons to patronize Sometimes I was sent to Mr Goossen's for a haircut because he "charged," and these encounters ended in near tears My unruly mop of hair enraged him, he was known to tipple—and knowing that this was to be a charged service probably did not help, as he tended to be rough

Saner hair styles

ERNESTLY *August 3, 1972*

While I shall probably die a hopeless reactionary I must salute the younger generation for having influenced a saner attitude toward male adult hair styles

It is not that I don t like the look of a closely trimmed head of hair — on someone else My problem is that I have always had a thing about haircuts and barbers

My earliest memories of the penniless thirties include the constantly humming fear of the day when my mother after much procrastination on her own part and much artful dodging on mine would finally shake her head upon seeing me peering through a jungle of matted hair, sigh heavily and put aside whatever she was doing in order to do her duty by myself and society

A footstool was placed on a chair I was enveloped in a sheet, mother would give her seamstress' scissors an experimental snip or two in the air and we were away on the operation both of us hated and dreaded

Those shears may have been sharp enough to cut cloth they had to be because that s how mother earned the daily bread for a family But they sure weren t meant for cutting hair

Part of the problem to be sure was the fact that I also had an aversion for combing and did so only under duress and as superficially as possible Thus when cutting day came and it became evident to mother that it had been some time since a comb had penetrated beneath the top layer of hair she became downright ungentle in correcting the matter

As time went on and I grew too old for home-style haircuts (or perhaps too big to manage on the footstool-chair arrangement) money was still too scarce to permit haircuts as often as mother s tastes might have dictated The one barber who would give you a haircut on credit (was) a gruff man who I m told had a heart of gold underneath but I can t prove it.

He had a porch in front of his shop and when business was slow he would sit there in his easy chair with his yappy little spaniel "Pluto" and watch the world go by Whenever I went by Pluto would yap and the old man would glare at me knowing that the day was approaching when he would once again have to tackle my jungle I always looked the other way with tears of terror stinging my eyes at the very thought of the ordeal

Old George was noted for saying he was much fonder of his dog than all other folks kids I never doubted that statement for one second especially when enthroned on his chair and listening to him swear about kids who didn't have enough brains to comb their hair

Anyway you will understand how I have a thing about haircuts Even when short-short cuts were in vogue I didn't manage to slink into a barber shop until I had accumulated at least a three-week crop and then a waiting list of one was enough to make me put it off for another week

I suppose the more with-it men at least have their hair trimmed every week or so but count me out I'm glorying in a situation where I can wait at least four or five weeks without even feeling guilty about my hair

Another grocery store, Modern Grocery, was erected next door in the early 1930s There was nothing particularly outstanding about it in my memory, although I have this feeling that it was the forerunner of a fairly successful grocery chain

Next northwest was a structure of some size that had housed another grocery store, one that went broke or out of business in the early 1930s, and which was subdivided into a hatchery, Brandt's sheet metal works and Brandt's Cafe and bus depot Beside bus travellers the cafe catered to a better class of people and I was never comfortable there I confess to some confusion here, but all the businesses mentioned here were clustered fairly close together

The final *bona fide* business building on that side of the street was Hiebert's second hand store, with used furniture a specialty This presented a slight identification problem because there was another second hand store in town owned by another Mr Hiebert Over ninety percent of western Canadian Mennonites share, I have read, less than one hundred surnames, and because given names until recent years tended to be limited to the traditional biblical names, nicknaming was common, and often borrowed from the individual's occupation So this dealer was referred to as Second Hand Hiebert while the other who also operated the livery stable in its day, was labelled Stable Hiebert Any small misfortune, habit, characteristic or incident could attract a nickname that might last for life There was a man by the name of Wiebe who bought five cents' worth of peppermint candies whenever he was in town The nickname "Five cent Wiebe" or "Nickel Wiebe" stuck for life

Between Hiebert's and Brandt's was the Book and Variety Store, which also served as the post office Late in the 1930s Steinbach's first federal building, a small but handsome brick structure, was built at Reimer and Main to house the first "dedicated" post office

There were two more enterprises on the northeast side of Main that might be included as businesses

An unemployed or underemployed laborer excavated a square hole about one hundred feet behind his house on the sloping floodbank of the creek, braced the sides with wooden shoring, piped in water from an artesian well next door, and declared his swimming pool open for business

We worked there one summer or perhaps two, as pool attendant and lifeguard I doubt he could swim more than ten strokes In lieu of wages he was paid at least in part with swimming privileges for himself and his siblings So for this glorious period I was able to don my swim suit several afternoons a week and join the "wealthy" at poolside Once I was standing on the edge of the pool at about the four-foot level, and the neighborhood retarded boy pushed me in I choked and sputtered in water just over my mouth while the boy jumped up and down beside the pool laughing with delight Someone fished me out (not my lifeguard brother) and after regaining my breath I repaired to the shallow end and taught myself to swim

Also in the neighborhood was C G Kornelsen, a pioneer teacher (back in the days when village classes were conducted in German) and at this time the Watkin's dealer Despite a stammer that would have deterred most people he was very sociable and could talk endlessly even to children He once told me of taking a trip by oxcart to Winnipeg, about forty miles distant The round trip took at least a week His daughter Mary was my Grade 1 teacher (also, briefly, my son's more

than two decades later) The younger of two sons, a late-in life offspring, visited us once every year to dye Easter eggs on the Saturday of the holiday weekend An intellectual he did not gladly participate in neighborhood sports but could be original in the pastimes he devised for himself

A dream come true

ERNEST V *May 22 1975*

A lifelong dream came true recently but somehow I haven t gotten around to appreciating it

Well it didn t come true quite in the way that I dreamed it in my younger days.

We were a no-car family and to make up for the lack, I built a box like contraption to fit more or less into a nook where the house and our front veranda came together

The car had a seat a steering wheel (a honey pail cover nailed to the end of a broomstick) another stick for the gear shift which I would jiggle importantly to signify the wheels s going into motion; and five foot pedals starter gear speeder shower stopper

Naturally there s no fun in driving unless you re going somewhere so I had to pretend that distance was being covered. Every time I completed to 100 one mile was deemed to have been travelled Armed with a road map and an ancient road guide (travel west 2½ miles turn north at red barn for one mile turn west at Baptist church). I permitted myself to make the hand signals and turn the wheel at the appropriate corners

But imagination notwithstanding it gets pretty tedious counting to 100 several times on a hot morning just to make one hand signal and turn the wheel once

I happened upon a map of Nova Scotia mapped out travel routes and was able to reduce the tediousness by being able to count only to 50 before making a turn But even these excursions ended up more fun in the planning than in the execution

Then one day I spied Ernie K a few doors down swing on the front lawn jumping away on an ancient sewing machine while intently watching an equally ancient odometer hookup and watching the miles go by

I flirted with but quickly dismissed the thought of asking mother for the sewing machine with which she earned our bread and butter In any case whence the odometer?

Desperate prepared to offer a fortune although I hadn t a dime to my name I asked how much he wanted for the setup

He shrugged and said "You can have it," then as my heart was about to burst with joy he added, "maybe after I get to 100 000 miles "

The recorded mileage at that moment was 91 279 5

I stayed briefly but watching those tenths of a mile slipping by so slowly was more than I could bear I left however with a measure of hope for Ernie K was a diligent persevering person and I had no doubt that if he had made his mind up to reach the 100 000 mark, reach it he would. The "maybe" part of the promise I put out of my mind. Why cross bridges before you get to them?

Months went by and years and every now and then I would see Ernie working away at the machine The inevitable surge of hope would be short-lived. just long enough to check the mileage

Ernie K never did reach 100,000 or if he did he never told me

But a few weeks ago our household installed an exercise bicycle and I am free to spend as many hours as I care to pedalling away and watching the miles stack up on the odometer

As I mentioned, the dream didn t come true just as In the way I dreamed it Not by a country mile

As a matter of fact I think I ll just hold off until the kids get the machine broken in Say somewhere around 100 000 miles

Behind Kornelsens--about one block off Main--was C K Friesen--a well driller who operated throughout southeastern Manitoba

Crossing the street, Peter S Rempel ran a trucking business out of his home with the older of his nine sons--and next to the southeast was Harder s blacksmith shop This enterprise was either already on its way to extinction or over-staffed or possibly both I remember the father and two sons spending quite a lot of time just standing outside the front door There was also a barber s chair right in the blacksmith shop, on which the eldest of the sons exercised his tonsorial talents for the few who came I was sent there once or twice because he was cheaper than downtown

Past the small Holdemann church complete with a little graveyard dating back to earlier times (which I passed at full gallop on dark or even moonlit evenings) and beyond a few more residences was the Steinbach Telephone Exchange, a private company in those days

In the 1930s almost everyone listened to a popular weekly radio comedy entitled "Fibber

Magee and Molly " One of the regular routines had Fibber in ghis, scatter-brained Irishman making a telephone call through a manual exchange He would say "Operator give me Davenport seven-eight six ahhhhhhhhhh is that you Myrt? What's up, Myrt?" This would be followed by a series of silences and questions or prompts with grave or outrageous avertones that set spouse Molly gasping and halfway into shock before being given the details that brought the news flash or gossip tidbit down to a humorously manageable and certainly innocent level

The Steinbach exchange had an operator by the name of Myrtle, and naturally she got the "Oh is that you Myrt?" routine both on the job and on the street

A small and unremarkable insurance and real estate office was followed by Friesen's Garage, the pioneer Ford dealership It burned to the ground one winter night and was replaced by what was considered a modern building for the times Ed the second generation owner was a quiet man whose hobbies included building airplanes with a mechanic by the name of Frank Sawatzky and refereeing local hockey games In fall we would all troop to Friesen's for brochures on the new Fords The salesmen looked doubtful when I came in, because the likelihood of me ever buying even a used car seemed pretty slim in those years

Across Friesen Avenue was the village's only financial institution the little branch of the Royal Bank of Canada To me it held an air of sanctity and mystery, either because of the sombre demeanor of the manager and the male teller or because the barred wicket bespoke untold wealth hoarded in some inner sanctum

Behind the bank was the Friesen Machine Shop on Friesen Avenue and next an Mann was Friesen's Jewellery and Watch Repair In front of the jewellery store stood a penny weigh scale Sometimes when one of the gang had a penny to spare the heaviest in the crowd would step on the penny would be deposited after which the next heaviest would get on before the first got off, and so on until we had all been weighed for a cent Heaven forbid that we spend a penny each on anything so useless as learning our weight A small office next door was occupied by Penner s Transfer another trucking business whose trucks fifty years later were familiar travellers on highways throughout western Canada and beyond The office of the Rural Municipality of Hanover was followed by several more residences and then Kreutzer's Blacksmith Shop Kreutzers were of German rather than Mennonite origin and I was never clear on whether they were converts to the faith I know the boys were all counted on for the baseball team

Hiebert a Second Hand Store — the one associated with the livery stable — occupied the space between Kreutzer's and the hotel Several farm huts came to school on cutters and buggies every day and put up their horses at the stable Even in the early 1930s it was not a roaring business This second hand store was known for its automatic bargains If you asked the price of any item — few items were tagged — the owner or clerk would ritually chant ' Let me see that's 35 cents, oh, maybe 32 cents, you can have it for 28 "

The Tourist Hotel was an amalgamation of two hotels that had been built side by side One section housed the beer parlor which had been licensed after a spirited campaign and controversy that probably would make a book in itself The long verandah in front of the one section accommodated the loiterers found in those days near every small town hotel They slouched back on the bench, with their feet on the porch rail and passed caustic comment on the passing citizenry They were "the boys from the Skonk Works" of the L d Abner comic strip personified

Most of them could be rallied in bfr by the prospect of a baseball game Once another youngster told me there was going to be a hardball game that evening I asked him who was playing and he said it was I allbroquerie against the Hotels "The Hotels?" I asked, and he said "Yes, the guys who work at the hotel " Naturally he meant the row that decorated the hotel porch

The hotel was operated by the Peters family whose oldest son Jake also ran a barber shop in what had been the office for one of the hotels

Nestled into a narrow lot southeast of the hotel was the Fruit Store, which had, I seem to remember a bunch of bananas and other fruits in its display window but served chiefly as a cafe It was a favorite hangout for the high school crowd While it changed hands a number of times over the years it is still operating in 1990 as the Pioneer Cafe its exterior unchanged

Just preceding the Reimer Avenue intersection was the Schwartz Bros. store, selling I believe, dry goods and what have you. It burned down one winter night in the early 1930s and was replaced by a full two-storey office and apartment building with imitation brick siding. I think it was one of the first Steinbach commercial buildings that did not have a pitched roof and a false front. It held a doctor's office, RCMP office, drug store and residential suites.

The "old" school occupied a large piece of land on the other side of Reimer Avenue. By the time I entered Grade 1, the school was bursting at the seams and did not offer classes beyond Grade 11. Grades 5 and 6 were accommodated in a Main Street commercial building that had gone under and Grades 7 and 8 were taught in the Mennonite Brethren Church. A few years later a "new" school was opened two blocks southwest of the "old" school (there was nothing of pretentious as hanging names on buildings), and handled Grades 5 to 12, plus such fancy options as Home Economics and Typing.

As for most people, school memories alone would fill volumes, but I'll settle for a few reminiscent columns written over the years.

The old class

ERNESTY *September 25, 1975*

A month or so ago Bill Smiley held forth in his column about military reunions (and almost gave me misgivings about my then upcoming class reunion), to which I had been looking forward for months.

As it happened, 23 of our original beginners class of about 45 turned out — in many cases balding, mostly given to middle age spread, but on the whole reasonably prosperous and healthy looking.

All, of course, had reached the age where time could be expected to show its ravages. But there are always a few who manage to have that schoolboy look that takes 10 to 15 years off their age, while another handful looks not a day under 60.

Close to half of the total class showed up, many with husbands or wives, since in many cases these had been members of the classes immediately behind or ahead of us.

A special guest was our Grade 1 teacher, Mary Kornelsen, whose name has since become synonymous with primary education in the province of Manitoba. Ours was her first Grade 1 class (she had taught in a multi-class country school for several years), so the occasion had some significance for her as well.

Our Grade 8 teacher, now a theologian and author of several books, joined us all the way from St. Louis, Mo. The way he sprinted across the floor to the restroom looked pretty spry to me, so I refrained from making a direct reference to the time he took a swing at me and hit the cement wall instead. Doesn't say much for my conduct on the occasion, but those were the days of double jeopardy, if you provoked the teacher into clobbering you, you stood an excellent chance of getting another dose of the same medicine at home.

A.P. was always a character and still is. He loved to call upon a youngster who hadn't been paying attention to answer a question. Naturally, the kid would stand there mumbling, biting his lips and shuffling his feet, while A.P. would plead with him. "Please say something? No. 32, won't you please say something? Say anything, say 'Jackrabbit' but don't just stand there."

The scene would usually end with the malingerer being allowed to slump into his seat completely humiliated, but on one outstanding and ever remembered day a boy screwed up courage to answer "Jackrabbit." He got away with it too — that's me. Of course, his day of welcoming came too.

Thespian days

ERNESTY *November 3, 1982*

Perhaps it's the time of year — approaching Christmas — but I thought of the time I starred in "A Christmas Carol."

Well, I didn't exactly star. I was Second Cratchit Boy, who appears briefly in a pantomime scene, so there were no lines to memorize, and precious little action.

This took place when I was in Grade 8. The play was put on by the high school, but of course no self-respecting collegian would consider the part of a person under 15, so a number of our class were selected to play the parts of the youngsters.

The five-minute scene in which I made my stage debut featured Ebenezer Scrooge being shown by the Ghost of the Christmas Present the tableau of the impoverished Cratchit family eating their humble Christmas meal.

And believe me, humble it was, and at that we weren't allowed a nibble.

A plate of sandwiches — not really Dickensian fare, but our audience hadn't been spoiled by television and prosperity — had to do for both nights. The drama group, you will understand, was at least as poor as the Cratchits.

We almost lost our hands grabbing for the sandwiches on the first night, as Mrs. Cratchit scoldingly

told us the sandwiches had to do for the second performance

As we could see it there was no such constraint the second night and no sooner had our scene ended when Tiny Tim Second Cratchit Boy and the Boy Scrooge (he of the Christmas Past) were stuffing themselves with sandwiches We ate the whole plate before a horrified and angry Mrs Cratchit told us almost tearfully that the sandwiches had been earmarked for the cast party to follow

We felt properly chastized and even guilty until it occurred to us that we brats hadn t been invited to any cast party

A tribute, sort of

ERNESTLY *February 22 1984*

Every small town probably has or used to have a teacher who became a legend in his own or her own time Usually they were disciplinarians dedicated to pounding knowledge respect for authority and a degree of common sense into a herd of clods

In our town it was A P

Since the final Grade 8 exams were high school entrance exams with at least some input from the department of education it fell to A P to try as best he could to make up for several years of less-than-adequate *(in his view)* teaching and discipline.

When the day finally came when we mustered into the Grade 8 classroom for the first time we chose our seats and sat down decorously the moment the school bell rang

We had known that in A P s classes students were known by number rather than name but we had expected some little ceremony such as "Your Susan will be No 25 and you George will be No 33 "

No way

A P marched down each aisle pointing at each student in turn and bellowed out numbers from one to 40 or whatever

Those numbers quickly became imprinted on our minds never to be erased You could ask me to this day even if I was semi-conscious what my Grade 8 number had been and I would answer "Thirty-two" without hesitation

If any teacher tried to do this today the human rights mental health and cruelty to animals people would hang him

While the main purpose of the numbering may have been psychological — impressing upon us our fundamental worthlessness — there was also a practical purpose A P loved written tests and we had short ones every day of the week in most subjects We exchanged for correction and nobody your answers were all correct your number went on the board for that subject It took less time and space to write a number instead of a name

Infraction of rules rowdiness rudeness and anything else that incurred A P s displeasure resulted in him bellowing "Number 29 number on the board "

When the 4 o clock bell rang this was not the end of the school day for the Grade 8 class No Since none of us were perfect everyone almost invariably had his or her number on the board under at least a few subjects if not for general misconduct

At 4 o clock we would begin cleaning the slate of our numbers — through correcting our errors For numbers posted on general principles we would be detained at A P s pleasure usually until everyone else had left

But back to that first day

To make clear that he would brook no nonsense A P told us he had once thrown four husky boys out of the classroom window and he wasn t afraid to tackle the biggest of me (The story was true too)

He warned us that he was going to hammer the lessons into us, but if we didn t absorb them this was our tough luck because we would fail our grade

"You will cry he intoned in a deep voice "and I will sit and laugh

It was to a good year for A P

He had a sick child a sick wife and he himself had a bout of rheumatic fever In spite of this he would come in regularly (except for a few weeks when he was bedridden) sit there all day wearing a heavy fur coat and still try to maintain the rigorous pace he was known for

A P also loved music and he was determined to make some of this rub off on us Out of his meagre earnings he had bought an old gramophone and a small collection of classical music and several times weekly we would have music appreciation classes during which we would be exposed to arias from "Aida " "The Mikado "and other operas the William Tell Overture and other favorites of his

We wrote tests on this too

If we couldn t identify a piece after half a dozen hints our numbers went on the board

A P was tough but there were tears in his eyes the day some of us snuffled in the classroom during recess and broke several records Nobody dared to admit to this sin because that would have meant instant death

I was happy when that year was over

I have often wished I had had him for several more years

A long wide two-storey building next to the old school housed H W Remer s Ltd s a grocery and department store with a household department on the second floor It was established by a pioneer businessman who was a man of vision installing large show windows when such were unheard of in small villages It was a successful enterprise that carried just about every type of

merchandise, but began to come apart in the 1930s when the family patriarch fell victim to the ravages of age. Feuding heirs, I believe, contributed to the grand store's demise over a period of several decades. About thirty years later its bankruptcy was deferred when a Winnipeg newspaper feature story, a radio program or both, disclosed that high button shoes and alcohol-based patent medicines — just to mention a few of many anachronisms — could still be found on the shelves of H.W.'s Antique dealers stampeded the store and deferred its end for another year or two. I seem to remember a farm dealership next door that once was a part of the H.W. empire (as was the garage or machine shop across the street and mentioned earlier).

Carved into the frontage of the next few residences were several small businesses that occupied little more than cubicles: a shoe repair shop and a lawyer's office were among them. Law was not a prosperous profession in the Steinbach of those days, as Mennonites by and large rejected litigation and not often commit criminal offences, and had legal transactions executed through handshakes or notaries public, whichever was deemed most binding. Since the indigenous Mennonites of the period tended to eschew higher education, resident lawyers were necessarily non-Mennonites.

For some years the sole representative of the legal calling was a Scotsman who was promptly, but with little malice, labelled a Jew, partly because of his prominent nose, and secondly because he was clever enough to learn to speak idiomatic Low German.

Penner's Lumber Yard and Hardware enterprise was across Lumber Avenue, with the Penner-owned power generating plant behind it. Next door to Penner's was the Red and White Store, owned by F.B. Reimer and Sons. The business acumen of this family made it the busiest place in that corner of the province. The eldest son was nicknamed Carload Frank because he bought things by the railway carload to get the best prices. He was reputed to have had a whole carload of pork and beans delivered to Giroux, eight miles distant. He had sold the beans at fantastic but profitable prices in the Red and White; it was said, and still had been able to sell surplus stock to stores in neighbering villages for less than wholesale prices. Even after Reimer's was a prosperous enterprise employing a considerable number of clerks, it was not unusual to see Frank himself walking out of the store with a 100-pound sack of flour slung over his shoulder and loading it into a customer's vehicle.

With prosperity and improved highways at the end of World War 2, he would send a refrigerated truck to Florida, fill it with watermelons, return to Steinbach and sell the melons on the street for one dollar apiece.

Sounds a bit crazy, doesn't it?

He was so crazy he started Reimer Express Lines, still operated by his family and now doing business across Canada and, I believe, into the United States as well.

The Steinbach Flour Mill several doors down milled Prairie Rose and Prairie Girl flour, as well as livestock feed, and was the only local point of sale for grain. A fire which destroyed one of the mill buildings is just about my earliest memory. Many curtains, dish towels, pillow cases, and perhaps an undergarments in 1930s Steinbach showed hints of the Prairie Rose imprint. For years, the mill's steam whistle blew at seven, at twelve noon, at one and six o'clock, and to announce volunteer firefighters when fire struck — but eventually this function was relegated to a special town-owned siren erected in front of the "old" school and next to the town pump.

Across the next intersection, beyond his residence, was John Kraeger's machine and welding shop. A bachelor, John lived with three spinster sisters who were dressmakers and the nearest thing Mother had to close friends. She worked for them for several years, and after as new was sold, I went to their home daily for a quart of milk.

Next was the Kleine Gemeinde (Evangelical Mennonite) church, and that was about it for non-residential Main Street. There were only a few off-Main enterprises — a privately run hospital, an undertaking parlor (also the forerunner to what is now a major western Canadian chain) and a cheese factory — and there were doubtlessly a few enterprises operated out of residences.

Having already mentioned what normally standard facilities the community lacked in keeping with its religious traditions, it only bears adding that there was certainly no movie theatre,

generally considered an instrument of the devil. What a daring entrepreneur (non-local, not Mennonite), found the courage to build and open a theatre early during World War 2, or perhaps a year earlier, over whatever legal obstacles and public objections had to be overcome, he fared very poorly. Even his respect for local sensibilities — such as advertising the movie "Hell Below" as "Submarine Drama" — did not legitimate his business. When he committed suicide a few years later it was generally held that this was his punishment for his pact with the devil to bring movies to Steinbach.

The theatre remained closed for some time, and for several years underwent sporadic closings and changes of ownership with business and building finally being moved to another town.

One of my last memories of life in Steinbach before leaving to seek fame and fortune in Toronto, is that of a farmer standing at the door of the creamery a loading ramp, full cream can in one hand...and reading — mouth agape — the hand-printed sign on the door.

It was Tuesday, May 8 1945.

On Monday we had received the news of the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany, and while prospects for an early end to the war seemed bleak, it was something to cheer about that the evil empire of Adolf Hitler, which had plunged much of the world into war almost six years earlier, had finally been defeated. V-E Day (Victory in Europe) had come.

Accordingly, the federal government had declared Tuesday and Wednesday national holidays, with businesses, banks and schools closed to permit celebration by Canadians everywhere of the long-awaited victory.

Tuesday was publishing day at the Steinbach Post, so we had to defer our holiday; it just wasn't practical to put off for two days the printing and mailing of the paper.

So I was on my way to work on Tuesday morning when I spotted the farmer reading the incredible advice that he could not deliver his cream because of a cessation of hostilities in far-off Europe.

For some years I used to regale other Steinbach "expatriates" I met in Toronto and elsewhere with my account of the ignorant Mennonite farmer who didn't even know the war had ended.

If I drew any laughter, I realize now it was probably directed at me rather than in appreciation of my anecdote. First of all, he was not necessarily Mennonite. Ukrainian German and French farmers probably also delivered cream to our creamery. Secondly, by the mid-1940s almost everyone owned a radio; most farm families had telephones; and while Mennonites remained fundamentally pacifist, large families and the growing influence of the news media almost guaranteed that many families had one or more sons in the armed forces. Thus they had an interest in the prosecution of the war and a stake in its ending, so very few were unaware of the surrender, even on farms and in hamlets.

I mention the incident because while my interpretation at the time was probably flawed, it serves to demonstrate the village's isolation and detachment from the world at large. The farmer almost surely knew that the European war was over, and also that a national holiday had been declared. What probably took him by surprise was that celebration should be carried to the extreme of closing down the creamery and making it impossible for him to market his fresh cream.

Mennonites and other Europeans were attracted to Canada not only because they were offered free land, but because they were assured freedom of religion, and the right to carve their own little worlds in the western Canadian wilderness unmindful of and unaffected by what was happening in distant capitals and lands across the sea.

They had escaped a Europe where for centuries petty noblemen and kings had the unchallenged authority to conscript peasants into armies to fight battles and wars that had no cause except the satisfaction or enrichment of the instigators. The peasant warrior's main incentive was to survive. Failure to do so might have the further consequence of the peasant's survivors being unable to continue holding their tenant lands.

In Russia, where Mennonites had been exempt from military service for a century or so, and

had been insulated against most national turbulence... they had perhaps even profited from increased demands for the products of their labor during period of war.

World War I was probably fought with little involvement by the Steinbach community and little effect on the population, except possibly higher prices for wheat, and weekly prayers in church for peace. Exemption from military service for Mennonite boys had been unquestioned even after the military draft was introduced toward the end of the war. And enlistment was simply out of the question.

So here, in 1945, an essential service was closed down on a day other than the Sabbath simply to observe the end of one phase of a war!

Perhaps my latter-day interpretation is as faulty as my original hasty judgment. I'll never know.

Steinbach's wide Main Street facing northwest from in front of Derksen Printers circa 1949. Photo courtesy Derksen Printers Ltd.

8. Introduction to printing

Birth of a printer's devil

Having spent close to half a century in newspapers and/or the graphic arts, it seems fitting to write a few paragraphs about my introduction to an industry I have loved since my first days even when doing the horrible tasks of a printer's devil.

I was always fascinated by the printing presses and was inordinately proud that Steinbach had a newspaper, probably because no other village had one in the southeastern section of Manitoba that is bounded by the Ontario and United States borders, the Red River and what is now the Trans-Canada Highway. Never mind that it was printed in German, a language not among the most popular when I went to work at the "printery," as it was called locally.

The Steinbach Post's two Linotype typesetting machines were so situated that the operators sat with their backs to large windows facing Main Street. I loved to stop and watch the fingers of the operators dance over the large 90-key keyboards, causing the shiny copper matrices and steel space bands to fall into the assembling elevators—and to see the finished "silver" (a lead alloy, really) slugs, each one line of type, popping into place on the "stick" to the left of the operator.

I would gladly have watched the process for hours, but Pete, one of the operators, did not take kindly to being watched—so after a few minutes he would turn around and cast toward me a scowl that would bear patenting. What could a child do but slink away?

In late 1942 my academic career came to an abrupt and ignominious end. Applying for jobs at all the local business places was neither time-consuming nor productive, and as I was too young to leave home, I had little to do but hang around downtown. At about this time the war was depleting the staff at the newspaper. One result was that George Derksen, the owner's youngest son and hardly a classmate of mine, left school to help keep the business going. The printing office then became a daily or twice-daily stop on my day killing rounds, and I would hang around watching the printing process with fascination until disapproving looks of senior employees—or hints that couldn't be misunderstood—sent me on my way.

George was nothing if not exploitive, and it is probably to this that I owe the beginning of my career in printing. If there was any unpleasant task that was his by virtue of juniority, it might be entrusted to me. I gladly accepted this condition of sufferance and as weeks were on my status around the shop became fuzzy. Except for the fact that I wasn't paid, no one was quite sure whether I was a part-time employee or a contributing loiterer.

Winter was settling in and with it the static electricity problem familiar to all who work with machinery and paper.

Newspaper presses in those days were flatbed presses into which large sheets of newsprint were fed manually. Four pages were printed on one side and then the pile was turned over and printed with another four pages. After this the sheets had to be fed again manually, into a folder with what seemed like thousands of conveyor tapes and pulleys.

Each pass through the press would send a charge of electricity into a sheet, especially in dry cold weather. By the third pass the sheets would seem to have perverse wills of their own, getting caught in the ink rollers or jamming the folder.

Pulling stuck strips of ink-covered paper from half a dozen ink rollers takes time, a jammed folder might snap one or more conveyor tapes, making it necessary to sew the ends together or even thread in (and sew) a new one. Each of these steps affected not only the operation at hand but caused a bottleneck in the whole production chain. A bad run could also result in considerable waste, sometimes beyond what had been allowed for the entire run.

The Post was a German-language weekly newspaper serving the Mennonites of the western provinces, so each press run was over 6 000 — on a press with a maximum speed of one thousand impressions per hour. Printing then was a significant part of the production process.

Several fairly large bundles of the Post were mailed to ex-Canadian Mennonite colonies in Paraguay. On one or two occasions when spoilage caused by static electricity reduced supply below demand, we had to name to the regretful conclusion that another Paraguay bound ship had been sunk by the Germans and that the Paraguay readers, as a consequence, must do without their copies of the Post for that week.

Dozens of remedies for static problems were devised, most of them as effective as cures for the common cold. At the Post we used strands of tinsel into which the sheets were to release their charges when passing over them. The second was a manually operated fly sprayer.

So this was my first job. I would be hired as a printing days for a nickel an hour — or perhaps a flat rate of two-bits a day — to stand behind the press with a fly sprayer filled with water, and give each sheet a shot as it was delivered from the press cylinder by a rack.

Except for a small office for Mr. Derksen, the publisher, the entire Post plant was housed in one large room. (It seemed large, anyway.) Farmers coming in to pay their subscriptions or to place want ads were naturally drawn to the strange machines — the fabulous Linotypes, the large (by our standard) cylinder press on which the paper was printed, and two small hand-fed platen presses for commercial printing. So it was not unusual for a customer to make his way past the counter and draw closer to the machines and try to figure them out. On one occasion a machinery wise farmer watched the press intently for a while, then announced to Bruno — the owner's number two son and on this occasion the press-feeder — that he thought he had it figured out, except he couldn't understand what the kid with the fly sprayer was accomplishing behind the press. Always quick witted, Bruno told him that this was a special service provided for Post readers: the papers were being sprayed with a solution good for hemorrhoids.

It wasn't long after my acceptance as a part-time employee that Mr. Derksen looked at the handwriting on the wall. Both Bruno and a young Low German operator were taking steps to join the Royal Canadian Air Force, and George himself was only about a year from military age. The labor situation was also moving rapidly away from being a buyer's market, so I had myself a job.

The printing trade as practised at the Post had developed in its own unique and unorthodox way. As far as I know, none of the owners or employees since the paper's inception had ever been printers, nor had any journeyman printers ever been employed. Somehow the typesetting machines had been mastered through advice from salesmen, and from operating manuals. The original owners had learned, after a fashion, the rudiments of operating the machines, assembling type and locking up forms, and operating presses, and this very elementary knowledge was passed along to successive owners.

As I discovered after taking my "skills" abroad, some of our practices flew in the face of everything accepted as conventional and traditional in the trade. The newspaper press, for

example instead of being washed up daily as elsewhere, was cleaned only weekly, worse, the ink fountain was cleaned only twice a year: once to switch to green ink for the Christmas issue, and again after Christmas to go back to black. I went on staff the Monday before Christmas and it was part of my initiation first to wash down the rubber ink rollers and the inking plate, and then the fountain with its accumulations of a year's hardened ink.

Any printer visiting the shop in the 1930s and early 1940s simply would have refused to believe that by the early 1960s it would be considered one of the most advanced small town printing offices in western Canada, a pioneer in photo journalism, and later in offset printing. Immediately after World War 2 the Derksens established an English-language weekly serving all of southeastern Manitoba. From there, there was no looking back, and before long, the German language Post became a tolerated poor relation in the enterprise. Eventually it was sold or bequeathed to a Winnipeg printing house.

But back to the yarn of my own training. Working Tuesday evenings until the paper was printed, folded, stamped and bundled for delivery to the post office was as sure as death and taxes. Overtime pay was unheard of, but it was customary for Mrs. Derksen to come into the shop from the adjoining living quarters with a large plate of home-fried hamburgers (the best I have ever tasted and my own mother cooked a mean hamburger), freshly baked bread and a steaming pot of fresh coffee. For one of those evening snacks we would have given up our birthrights, let alone overtime pay.

Wednesday morning my first duty was to take the bags of newspapers to the post office several blocks away, in a cart in summer and on a hand-drawn sled in winter.

Another daily job was to fetch enough water for drinking, washing and to fill the humidifier in the wood furnace downstairs. The sink I remember as a foul mutilation that drained into a large slop pail, which I also had to empty as required.

Bruno could always be counted on to make life interesting, as he did the day he filled the soap dispenser with powdered paste. We had an elderly, absent minded proofreader we called the Professor, and I can still see the look on his face as he surveyed his hands held about a foot apart, and with strands of paste stretching between them.

Earlier I referred to the living quarters behind the printing office. One morning Mrs. Derksen came into the shop and appealed to me to go and rouse George, who was always difficult to get out of bed, and on this occasion couldn't be budged.

She asked me if I knew which was George's room, and I said, "Of course." Bruno and George had shared a room for years and I had been in their home often enough to know this. I didn't know things had been switched around after Bruno left for the air force.

I strode into the room, pounced on the sleeping figure and was only a few inches away when I realized it was not George but his fourteen year-old sister. As I stepped in horror, paralyzed with shock, my short life did not run through my mind. What did was certain knowledge of discharge, criminal charges and public disgrace.

I fled from the room only to meet Mrs. Derksen, eyes streaming, and shaking with laughter. I don't even remember sneaking around long enough to get George out of bed. Perhaps the sound of his mother's laughter brought him around.

Anyway, it all worked out. I came back to Steinbach about eight years later and made an honest woman out of Irene.

Pete, the Linotype operator mentioned earlier, the one whose scowls had discouraged sidewalk superintendency, was married to the elder Derksen daughter, Anne. Working with him I found him much more agreeable than I had imagined, but also learned to my sorrow that he could be pushed only so far.

I was a self starter in the early months of my employment, and tended, upon completing one task, to stand there and wait for my next assignment. Pete couldn't abide such sloth, and once exasperated, he strode up to me and said, "Neufeld, anytime you have nothing to do, you'll find several galleys of type on that table waiting to be distributed."

He was referring to forms of handset ads and job forms already run and placed in galleys (type

trays) on a table or stone to be distributed back into California typecases and racks of spacing material

Several weeks went by, with myself heeding his advice Then one Tuesday afternoon Pete, who operated the mailing machine was ready to do his job when some small holdup prevented the papers from coming off the press He took advantage of the short respite to chat with another employee

So big mouth me strode up to him and said with a smirk, "If you've nothing to do Mr Rosenfeld there's a few galleys of type over there to distribute"

I walked away immensely proud of my humorous sally A few seconds later I found myself being whirled around, and with Pete's finger shaking millimetres from my nose, his face flushed and fire flashing from his eyes, I was instructed thus

"Neufeld never never again dare under any circumstances whatever to tell me what to do!"

I trembled for a day Forever after I treated him with respect We laugh about it today, but it was years before I thought of the incident with anything resembling mirth

Censorship of international mail was normal during wartime, and many of the envelopes received at the Post from readers in Paraguay and Mexico — envelopes containing subscription renewals or news letters — arrived rescaled and stamped "Examined by Censor" If it seems unusual for a small town weekly newspaper to have readers in those countries, it bears repeating that the Post was a German language paper serving the Mennonites of western Canada, and was the chief source of news from home for hundreds of Manitoba Mennonites of orthodox sects who had migrated to Paraguay and Mexico in the years immediately following World War I because they objected to being drawn into the mainstream of Canadian life through compulsory education

The censorship condition was an open invitation for Bruno's fertile mind and mischievous bent He was at his most imaginative when playing a practical joke on someone I don't think he was cruel so much as proud of his inventiveness

Bruno and I shared a low opinion of the love-smitten young Winnipeg man who was mooning over Helen, my sister, and who wrote her three times weekly with unfailing regularity (His main sin, I am sure, was living in Winnipeg)

"I wonder what the censor would say if he read one of Schultz's letters," Bruno mused one day A moment later the lightning bolt connected with the mind and the idea was born with myself in willing accomplice

Now there was nothing simple about Bruno, and he knew that no one would easily accept the possibility of local mail being censored So we took advantage of several train derailments that had occurred in southeastern Manitoba in a short period — due probably to increased traffic on inadequately serviced lines We casually suggested, separately, and only to a few gullible individuals, that sabotage was suspected and that local censorship of mail was being considered

Then we sat back and waited for human nature to follow its natural course It wasn't long before we started hearing the rumor from widely separated sources, and by the time it hit our own homes we were ready to strike

I knew where Helen stored her letters from Jake, so in her absence I removed an envelope with a blurred postmark At the shop we printed a sticker, "Examined by Censor," and used the sticker to reseal the envelope, but only after inserting a note

The next step, and a tricky one, was getting the letter to my sister without seeming to have anything to do with it There was only one key in our family for the post office box shared with another family and Helen was—at this particular time, the custodian of the key She regularly picked up the mail at noon before walking home for lunch Our postmaster was bureaucracy personified and asking him to open the box was about as audacious as asking for stamps on credit To his clerks, too, the rule was cast in stone, and in any case, following it saved a lot of footsteps

However—there was no other way to do it, and being on reasonably good terms with the clerks, I went to the post office at noon of a Monday, a day on which a letter from Jake was sure to be in the

box and at a time when the postmaster would surely be out for lunch. Then I concocted some outrageous but believable be that was grudgingly accepted by the clerk on duty, a lie which would make him appear almost inhuman if he failed to oblige. Even then I was taking a chance that he might simply take the mail out of our box and hand it to us, but luck was on my side and he simply opened the box for me. I retrieved the letter from Jake already lying there, and substituted the "censored" envelope and went home.

Shortly after half-past-twelve, when Helen's lunch hour started, she arrived at home and announced with a gale of laughter that a letter from Jake had been censored. She opened it, read the note, and again burst into laughter, handing over to Mother and myself the note which read: "Your hey friend loves you but he talks too much. — Canada Censor."

It would have been wonderful to have left it at that, but it was still necessary to give her the real letter, and when I did so, with a smug grin, Helen figured it out in a second, including Bruno's probable complicity, and showered me with abuse for daring to separate one of her mail letters from its envelope.

She even threatened to report the matter to the postmaster, who would not have been amused and who would have had every possible charge in the book against me. I know now (and probably sensed then) that Helen would never have turned me in, but at the time, given her outrage, I couldn't be absolutely sure. My guilt gave her considerable leverage for several weeks, after which a tacit statute of limitations came into force.

In the safety of the print shop, however, Bruno and I enjoyed a few laughs about the trick during the short period before he was off for training in the RCAF.

Time passed quickly and suddenly V-E Day was upon us, and for me the realization that I could not count on the armed forces to take me into the world, and unless I expected to spend the rest of my life in Steinbach — anathema to me at the time — I would probably have to get myself out of town on my own.

So off I went to Toronto in July of 1945.

My two and one-half years in the country print shop of the Derksens in the 1940s represents only about five percent of my time in printing, but they are years with many memories.

Irene and I were to return to Steinbach just over a decade later to become part of the business which had since became a leader in the weekly newspaper and printing field in Manitoba. Indeed, the Carillon News had won impressive awards in national competition, and since then has continued to excel.

Before long we realized that there was only so much room for family in a business, so we used the two-year stay in Steinbach as a second apprenticeship in weekly newspapering while waiting for our own opportunity in the field.

Beside affording me the opportunity to learn what the weekly newspaper had become in the postwar era both from mechanical and content considerations, I was also given the opportunity to take charge of the sports page. I attended baseball games, hockey games, bonspiels, football games and whatever else was going on in the sports world of southeastern Manitoba, covered organizational meetings, compiled statistics, wrote a weekly column, turning all these items into type on the typesetter as I wrote them. It was really my only grounding in writing, and had to serve us my "license" for taking over a publisher and editor.

Our chance came in 1950 when, as a result of an advertisement in a trade publication, we went to Weyburn, Saskatchewan, to take over the Review.

Printing butterwrappers

ERNESTLY *December 3, 1980*

... my list of column suggestions has, for at least six months, included the single word "Butter wrappers."

This purports to suggest to me that I might some time write about the butterwrappers we used to print in small country newspaper shops.

Butterwrappers, summarily processed for their end use (presumably) were bought in packages of 500 and imprinted for the local dairy at the weekly newspaper plant.

To accomplish this, a form was locked into a platen press, and dirty little boys like me would hand-feed the butterwrappers into the machine, one by one, and extract them (manually).

If you think individual handling was bad enough

just hang on. Butterwrappers, being thin, were difficult to handle, and the pile of spoils below the press had the boss scowling and tearing out his hair.

So if a wrapper landed on the floor, looked reasonably unsoiled and the boss wasn't looking, it was quickly snatched up and placed in the "good" stack.

Perhaps someone at the dairy had the job of further screening the wrappers for fingerprints or oil smudges, but I suspect that in those simpler times both impediments simply became part of the marketed product.

If you ever find a used butterwrapper about 40 years old, and bearing a southeastern Manitoba dairy imprint, close inspection may even disclose to the studious eye the fossilized prints of my middle finger, index finger and thumb. A treasure to be saved for posterity.

We all groan about government regulations and inspections, but when I recall the butterwrapper experience, I have to agree some controls are necessary.

'They'd only blame me'

ERNESTLY *September 14, 1978*

Some 40 years ago, about the time I was mastering the two-wheeler (cold turkey, because back in those days you didn't necessarily have a tricycle to start your life with, and it wasn't fashionable to get a bicycle upon graduation from kindergarten) a spry gentleman in the early years of his seventh decade opened a bike repair shop a few doors from our house.

It was a fun place to hang around until I discovered that hangers-on were tolerated only as long as they made themselves useful, and that a sharp tongue sent you packing when you became a nuisance, which in my case was rather quickly.

Twenty years later I got to know "CCF" (a reshuffling of his initials) better. He had since retired and come out of retirement, and was my fellow employee at the home town newspaper office. Due to his advanced age he was limited to easy work such as trimming, casting and lugging around lead "pigs" and plates.

There was one memorable occasion when the shop went modern and installed an intercom system. Without CCF's knowledge, an activated set was placed near him and suddenly a voice boomed out at him to get off his butt and get to work.

There was not a moment's hesitation or confusion. CCF shot back a reply that would do justice to Pierre telling off the Loyal Opposition or the fourth estate.

Anyway, the home town paper carried a picture and a story on CCF last week: "C.F. Friesen of Steinbach celebrated his birthday Friday. He is 102 although he claims he is only two because I'm just like a car. The odometer turns over at 100 and you start all over again."

"What advice would he give to anyone who wants to live to the ripe old age of 102? I wouldn't give anyone advice. Anyone who lives to 102 would more likely be blaming me for it than asking me advice about it."

Can I say I'd be crazy about living to 102, but given health and wit like that, it could be interesting.

9. Toronto, Ontario

Introduction to the world

"How come you always wear the same shirt, Ernie?"

The child's expression conveyed wide-eyed innocence, perhaps slightly overdone; his mother gasped with mortification and the supper table plunged into silence. I, humiliated almost beyond endurance, wished myself instantly dead—and the child also dead—but slowly and painfully.

"Alistair—what a thing to say!" scolded Mrs. Muir when she had recovered from the initial surprise of her child's impertinent and embarrassing question. "I'm sure Ernie has a number of shirts like that."

Red faced, I unconvincingly and indignantly assured him that this was the case—aware that everyone knew, and knew that I knew they knew—that the truth lay somewhat closer to Alistair's question than to Mrs. Muir's charitable explanation.

In fact, I had two identical butternut-colored shirts. I wore each on alternate weeks while the other was being laundered.

I won't say I was rich in shirts when I left Stembach for Toronto and fortune in early July of 1945. But I had four or five work shirts and perhaps three white shirts for "Sunday" wear. Mother decided I had best have two more durable shirts and ordered them—out of my money, through the Eaton's mail order.

This was well before laundrettes—or clothes that can be washed in the sink and hung up to dry. For a young man living in a boarding house there was no alternative (that I was aware of) to the Chinese laundries that abounded. So I hadn't been in Toronto long before I discovered what Mother had suspected: that the gently-laundered shirts I had worn at home didn't stand many laundry washings. They simply fell apart, one after another.

Mother knew materials, and had chosen well when she ordered those butternut shirts. At the time of Alistair's devastating question I had already been in Toronto well over one year—all other shirts except one white one had long been trashed, and the butternut shirts were still rendering yeoman service on a weekly turnaround basis — and holding up well. Chinese laundering notwithstanding. And I still couldn't afford to buy any additional shirts.

Thank you, Timothy Eaton!

I mention this incident first not so much because it is deeply and painfully etched into my memory — which it is — but because it seems to me to punctuate the realities of life on my own as I discovered it. I never suffered, but if I had expected instant success (and unaccountably I did), I was quickly disabused.

Toward the end of World War 2, young people from Steinbach who went to Winnipeg to work returned on weekends flashing sports clothes, smoking tailor models and with bulging billfolds. And from the east came stories of people working in war factories at fabulous rates of pay, and with overtime galore at time-and-one-half and double-time.

A six month correspondence course in advertising from the International Correspondence Schools armed me. I firmly believed, with sufficient training to assure me of instant success in some lucky Toronto advertising agency. Having read several Thorne Smith books in which the protagonist, usually an advertising executive, went everywhere by taxi, it was my naive belief that I would live in similar style - and my sincere hope that I would retain some humility when spoiled by this sort of living.

It didn't take me long to discover that I would retain a lot more humility than I had started out with.

But I guess I'm getting just a few steps ahead of myself.

Until D Day in late spring of 1944 it appeared to people of my age, and probably many others, that the war would last forever. So it didn't seem necessary for me to think beyond enlistment when I turned eighteen in late 1945, and perhaps earlier with parents' consent. I could even summon near tears of self pity, as in my imagination I died a glorious death in defence of freedom.

D-Day changed the perspective of my future, and I began to lay plans alternate to a courageous death. When V E Day and American victories in the Pacific theatre made the prospect of an early peace a reality, I had to look to new escapes from Steinbach, which to me represented a future of unthinkable monotony.

Several of 'my crowd' began to make plans to "go East," and by the end of June it boiled down to Ike Giesbrecht and myself getting on a train for the first time in our lives in Winnipeg, bound for Toronto. If seventeen years seems like a tender age to leave the family hearth, I now agree. Mother too was opposed, but I argued that with servicemen returning from the war all the desirable jobs would be taken if I let another year slip by. I also used the argument that both of my sisters had gone to Winnipeg to work as maids at earlier ages. The situations were not really analagous, but I won the day, and received reluctant consent.

So off we went to Toronto on a crowded, dirty, smelly and hot day coach, with soldiers sleeping on the overhead baggage racks. Ike's expectations of the Golden East toward which we were hurtling suffered the moment we crossed into Ontario. He never fully recovered.

Employment considerations quickly separated us. Ike was able to get employment on a Hamilton construction job and made it his goal to return to Steinbach as soon as he had earned enough money for the ticket. I quickly settled for a job as press feeder in a printing plant in Toronto. I applied at several advertising agencies, but was dismissed with a shake of the head and an odd smile each time. One manager kindly suggested that with my printing background I might do worse than get a job in "advertising production," as he phrased it, until I got the feel of Toronto.

I quickly saw the wisdom of this suggestion. It shocked me to see how swiftly my financial reserves melted away. While our home had had a thrifty lifestyle, such allowance as I retained from my job at the Post had been totally mine. I had been required to turn over most of my pay, but all my needs had been provided — even the clothes I wore.

Needless to say, the switch to a cash economy, where nothing happened without laying out money, could fairly be described as culture shock in the extreme. Somewhere in the back of my mind there may even have flickered a faint realization that our mother's responsibilities had been awesome, and her handling of them remarkable.

The first thing I did was open a bank account, depositing sufficient funds to buy a ticket back to Manitoba and its relative security. I vowed never to touch it until I either felt secure in Toronto or was ready to throw in the towel.

Finding a place to stay was another poser. My family had had no experience in this and so had been unable to advise me. I assumed you set out on foot from the railway station and checked out

the places displaying "Room for Rent" signs in the window That's what I did and it worked too Rooming houses within walking distance of Union Station were not luxurious but the prices were affordable The room I took was an untidy but not filthy little cubicle on the second floor of a smog-blackened old house on Spadina Avenue, near Queen Street next door to the old Pickford Theatre Even years later I could not pass the building without a shudder of revulsion

My first job was at a medium sized printing shop on Adelaide Street just west of Bathurst Street The owner, after considering my credentials, reactivated a sheet fed cylinder press and for eight months I stood at that press five and a half days a week feeding about 1 500 sheets an hour into the press, until it was time to wash up the machine near quitting time

No I didn t ride taxis to and from work I was grateful to be within reasonable walking distance of my rooming house It saved me street car fare My pay was twenty two dollars weekly and the government took over three dollars of that for unemployment insurance, income tax and compulsory savings (a temporary measure to raise money for the war effort)

While the chaps at Arthurs Jones were decent enough, I was shocked to the core when a printer old enough to be my father bragged to me about a marital infidelity Such delinquencies surely occurred in Steinbach, too, but the miscreants did not brag about them on the job and certainly not to teen-agers I was equally shaken when a pressman who had worked an unsupervised night shift boasted about the cordwood he and friends had stolen at night On one occasion they had been loading the wood onto a truck when a policeman demanded to know, from the head of the alley, what they were doing "Loading wood " they shouted back "Oh" replied the cop and left He wasn t my co-worker explained with a chuckle, about to get into an argument with a group of men armed with cordwood in a dark alley in the middle of the night

While returning servicemen did not bring about a revival of depression conditions as many had predicted, they brought a quick end to the seller's market in employment, and the days of unlimited overtime hours were also written into history It seemed almost everyone under thirty came to work wearing the uniform of one of the branches of the services and certainly on the streets military greatcoats (when winter came) and military bearings were the rule

At night I would eat supper — the cheapest on the menu — at one of two little "greasy spoons" on Queen Street then lock myself into my room and read or just sat there until I was ready to sleep Once or twice I ventured into the street in the evening but the kind of people who hung around Spadina and Queen were not the kind I had been accustomed to seeing in downtown Steinbach Manitoba I was thoroughly frightened by the sights and sounds

In the morning I went to the same restaurants for breakfast consisting of two sandwiches I saw things like cereal on the menu but I didn't think city people ate anything so pedestrian as cereal, and heaven forbid that I betray my rustic origins

It was at one of these restaurants that I learned to use a dial telephone I had no choice A drunk was trying to phone for a taxi and not making out very well demanding assistance The waitresses were busy so they asked me to help the man I almost passed out But I learned That's how I learned a lot of things I guess I wasn t the only one A year or two later one of the old Steinbach crowd visited Toronto and looked me up He had a room at a cheap hotel several miles from my boarding house He walked both ways because he didn t know which street car to take and what the fare was And of course asking would brand him as a bumpkin!

One day an older employee at Arthurs Jones Ltd (we called it Arthuss-Hyphen Oh-seenty-Jones Ltd) asked a few subtle questions about my lifestyle, and suggested I find a boarding house through the want ads He kept at it until I took the step and lushed out on my first try At "Mother Baxter's" I paid $7 50 weekly for a clean room (shared) with maid service, a hearty breakfast and a tasty (if unvarying) supper every night

The Baxter house was on Indian Trail, a quiet clean, treed street and the other five boarders were normal decent people I felt as though I had been scooped out of hell and dropped into paradise (By the way, please don t tell me I must mean Indian Road or Indian Grove Indian Trail existed and still exists It is only two blocks long, lies one block south of Bloor Street and

cuse east from Indian Grove through Indian Road to Alhambra Ave , which in the first street west of Dundas Street where the latter intersects Bloor Street)

Our boarding house

ERNESTLY *January 12 1983*

If you've never lived in a boarding house the very thought of it may make you shudder If you have you ll probably agree — depending on your luck — that it can be one of life s more interesting experiences

Thrown in with strangers whom you have to learn to like or at least tolerate (It s usually easier to like them) you learn to appreciate people from many different backgrounds and in diverse personal circumstances

"Tramp printing" from city to city as I did in my younger days I lived in a number of boarding houses ranging from terrible to excellent but the one that stands out most in my mind is the first

Maybe it was not better than some of the subsequent "digs" but it was my refuge from rather grim circumstances in which through ignorance I found myself when I went to Toronto in mid-1945

A few months short of 18 a small town boy who had never stayed overnight anywhere except in a relative s home, I knew only that I couldn t afford to stay in a hotel

I took a room in a tourist home until I landed a job then looked for a permanent room by the only method I knew I walked the streets in the area until I found a "Rooms to Let" sign in a residential window

Although I had the presence of mind not to accept a room where the latch had been torn out of the door by the previous tenant I nevertheless landed in an ugly gray brick house on Spadina Ave near Queen St. one or two doors from the Pickford Theatre It wasn't exactly the most savory part of Toronto

Most of the rooms were let to transients so the only familiar face I ever saw after working hours was that of the kindly old Italian widow who owned or ran the house

After several months of this someone at the shop took pity and suggested I might be better off and financially ahead if I found a boarding house through the want ads

As luck would have it the first ad I answered and that still had the room available was a charming three-storey brick house on a short residential street called Indian Trail a few blocks from High Park

It was run by a widow and her live-in daughter and son-in law Breakfast every morning consisted of fruit or prune cereal bacon and eggs toast and coffee And I ate it all We were on our own for lunch but supper was invariably roast beef and vegetables with dessert the major change from day to day

The boarders included two radio college students about my own age a tool-and-die maker freshly discharged from the RCAF a just-laid-off war industry worker and an ex-army man trying to start his own trucking business

They were a fun bunch We played bridge at night walked through High Park to Sunnyside Beach on Sundays went for evening coffee at a nearby diner or sat around talking about our great plans. The younger ones even tried a pillow fight once or twice but were caught by Mother Baxter who let us know in no uncertain terms that we were exceeding acceptable limits.

It was wonderful to be back in a clean home on a street where I felt safe going out at night to have next-door neighbors who might at least nod in greeting and to smell the wonderful aroma of cooking food when I got up in the morning and came home at night.

It was like heaven to me.

And all for $7 50 per week

Things changed of course The radio college boys graduated and moved on the unemployed war worker left town to find another job and eventually I too moved on over some real or imagined grievance Perhaps it didn't seem quite as homey with a change of tenants every few months

There were few boarding houses after the first one that I became sentimental about But there were nevertheless good ones and I met some real people in them

. . . and the boarders

ERNESTLY *January 19 1983*

Last week I wrote about my first boarding house It was really my intention to lead into a description of some of the people with whom I shared that and other boarding homes. Space gave out however and I passed them over with barely an introduction

At Mother B s home on Indian Trail in Toronto one room was shared by two radio college students Because their age was about the same as mine I fell in with them immediately

Orson G and Gerry T were as different as day and night yet perfectly compatible Orson was a painfully shy farm boy from Quebec s eastern townships, intelligent and very studious Gerry who had joined the RCAF just in time to be discharged was a livewire full of fun and always on the move He was at the top of his class without seeming to try Yet while Orson never doubted his ability to get a job even in a market full of ex servicemen well trained in radio Gerry was so lacking in confidence that he never even applied for a radio job, but went back to the factory job he had held in Niagara Falls before he joined up

I exchanged a few letters with Orson then lost touch He was working at an isolated outpost in

northern Quebec. That ended it until a few years ago, when I found myself in his home town, looked up his aging parents and got his address. By this time he was an executive with Ma Bell in Ottawa.

We met for a beer on my next visit to Ottawa, but after a sketchy recap of our lives and learning that he had eventually married and that Gerry (still in Niagara Falls) had been his best man, we found ourselves with little to talk about.

Also at Ma B's was Jack R., the quintessential up-and-downer. When I moved in, he was about to be laid off as a war plant. Within a week or two the axe fell. He got a few days' work here and there — piling lumber, stevedoring or whatever — and finally had to leave the boarding house because he couldn't afford it.

When he had money he spent it; when he didn't have it he went without. One of my lingering memories of Jack has him sitting straddle a chair turning the frayed collars of his few shirts.

Jack would turn up every few months. He might be wearing handouts and come to borrow enough for his next meal. The next time he would show up in new duds, repay his small loan and insist on going out to celebrate his new well-paying job.

The last time I saw him was in Vancouver. My work station was beside a plate glass window facing Pender St., and one day my attention was caught by a tapping at the glass. There was Jack, in a flashy zoot suit, new hat and shoes, and even new sunglasses.

We went out that night and celebrated. Whatever good fortune had smiled on him, I never saw him again, nor heard from him.

Taking Jack's place at the Toronto boarding home was Murray B. I asked him the first day at supper where he might be from. His reply: I'm from where it's your own business where you're from."

We never became fast friends.

A survey unsmacking

ERNESTLY *April 2, 1986*

A survey form I received recently from the Snacking Institute of Canada, based in good old Toronto (purports) to establish a cause and effect relationship between snacking and being hospitalized.

They aren't about to get much out of me, since I like to brag that I'm strictly three squares a day, attributing this virtue, if such it is, to my impoverished late boyhood.

When I ventured into the wide, wide world (Toronto) several months short of my 18th birthday, I started off at the princely wage of $22 weekly. Since the war was still on, the government took about $4 in income tax, unemployment insurance and compulsory savings, leaving me $18 for room and board. Lunches (not included with board) laundry, haircuts (at least one every two months), entertainment and clothing. And of course, smoking, the vice that really deserves to be at the top of the list, since after eating it was a top priority.

Thus when, as was the custom at my particular boarding house, the guys went to the Greasy Spoon for an evening "something" to top off the day, my "something" was a five-cent cup of coffee and that with the keen awareness that my profligacy might require me to smoke my butts shorter still.

Fortunately my fellow boarders included two young radio college students and a chap who had just been laid off at a war factory, so the peer pressure to dine sumptuously wasn't very heavy.

So that, as I have said, is where I lay the credit or blame for my normal abstention from snacks.

So why does my conscience suddenly step in and ask: How come you can remember back to 1945 when you were almost destitute, but you can't remember two years later when you were making a fairly good dollar and could hardly wait for coffee break (morning and afternoon) so you could sink you teeth into a fat jelly doughnut?

"And how come you don't remember that in the latter period a trip to the movies wasn't complete without either a stop in Chinatown, for that restaurant at Bloor Street and Davenport Road that served the best and biggest servings of Boston cream pie in Toronto?

And those beautiful walks through High Park on Sunday afternoons: do you think perhaps they might have been cut shorter if your mind hadn't been on the doughnut shop at Sunnyside Beach at the far end of the park?"

My memories of 40 Indian Trial are good, but there comes a time when familiarity breeds at least a need for change, and after one year I moved half a dozen blocks to a boarding house a few doors north of Bloor Street opposite High Park. I stayed there until leaving Toronto some eighteen months later.

On the work side, I switched from the monotony of press-feeding to a compeering room apprenticeship at Moore Business Forms in Mount Dennis, a suburb of Toronto. Moore's was a company that seemed dedicated to expansion on principles of high efficiency that scrapped a lot of printing trade traditions and taboos, and policies that sought good employee relations. Activities such as staff bowling leagues, corn roasts and dances were encouraged, rewards were offered for suggestions by employees, and working conditions were, generally speaking, good for

thet period In the booming postwar market, the company was growing by leaps and bounds, and with a company policy thet favored in-house training to bringing in journeymen, the composing room was made up of a young crowd Under an easygoing foreman, Ed Breen, we had a lot of fun and got a lot of work done

The traditional trade unions did not or were not encouraged to, become entrenched at Moore's and a so-called "company union" negotiated on behalf of all or most "in scope" employees.

Given my background, I tended to be suspicious of unions and felt uncomfortable at the thought of having to join one I remember betraying something of my ignorance and suspicion when one of the compositors asked me to attend a chapel meeting. I didn't know what a chapel meeting was and one of the composing room jokers—obviously having some intuition about my background said it was sort of a religious gathering for the believers Word got around and soon the whole department was singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" with several of the singsters beating their aluminum line gauges (printing rulers) on metal lamp shades They were a bit too obvious—as I wasn t quite taken in—I attended the chapel meeting and discovered the union was not composed of fiery anarchists. In fact, I became quite interested in the union and joined the rest of the compositors in their awe of the International Typographical Union (ITU) one of the oldest and at the time one of the most powerful and democratic trade unions in North America

By spring of 1948 I had reached the journeyman level on the pay scale, and life however pleasant, began to be altogether too routine Bowling once a week roller skating symphony concerts at Massey Hall plus movies and the occasional dance ice skating at Varsity Stadium in winter and bikes through High Park on Sunday afternoons, and occasional hitch hiking excursions sound like reasonable variety to me today but I suppose for a young and single person that is never quite enough

Other factors described at greater length in the next chapter also had their effects with the result that one brisk April morning in 1948 I found myself with four strangers in an automobile headed via the United States for Vancouver and a new life and new adventures

Back, wed and almost domesticated

It was two and one-half years later that I returned, properly married and ready to settle down to Toronto if not resolved to spend the rest of my life in that city at least convinced it was as good a place as any in which to live until life brought us to a new turn of the road

As happened when I first descended upon Toronto five years earlier, when I expected to ride to and from work in taxis, I found it necessary to discard a few misconceptions

Postwar prosperity had injected mega dollars into the advertising business television was not yet seriously in the marketplace and daily newspapers were enjoying one of the greatest booms of their history Journeymen printers especially in the U S commanded rates that were enviable, and as an unattached young man enjoying these rates, I fell into the trap of thinking my talents really were worth what I was being paid

So returning to Canada and Toronto, where trade conditions had not yet caught up with the United States either in employment opportunities or pay scales, it was a sobering experience to return to earth and live under more realistic conditions, beside learning the hard way about two living as cheaply as one

As long as I had been "tramping" I had never had to or chosen to look beyond the inevitable day when I would settle down somewhere, and what opportunities, if any I might then seek

But very quickly after our marriage living as we did in a city where we had few acquaintances we started wondering out loud whether working day after day as a journeyman printer was the

ultimate expectation. Irene had taken a position, but in those days a woman's talents, except in rare situations, did not command much more than minimum wage.

It is not surprising that our thoughts quickly turned to the weekly newspaper industry and particularly the lifestyle it offered: hard work, a modest but sure return, and a fascinating involvement in a small community.

We took stock of our assets, meagre but probably more substantial than those of most newlyweds of that period, and enthusiastically looked into the market. We quickly learned that our finances simply wouldn't equal the down payment required for any newspaper on the market.

At the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association office then in Brampton, the manager gave us a lead he considered appropriate for our circumstances. The Gananoque Reporter, on the St. Lawrence River just below Lake Ontario, was offering for sale the Athens Reporter at a price — I seem to remember — of $3,000. Although $3,000 in 1950 was a lot more than it is today, it still wasn't an impossible investment. We agreed that we might even be able to swing it without much of a loan.

I wrote the Gananoque publisher — I still wasn't thinking long-distance telephone in those days — and anxiously awaited the reply. Already I was seeing fulfillment, if not prosperity, around the corner. The answer came eventually, in the form of a galley proof prepared to eliminate any unnecessary letter-writing over this asset.

The opening line went like this: "The Reporter, like Athens itself, will never be big business." It then went on to describe a dying community and a collection of obsolete newspaper equipment: hand-set type (even for text), an ancient cylinder press, and other equipment common to a turn-of-the-century, small-town printing office. It hadn't even been considered worth moving to the Gananoque plant where the Reporter was printed every week. The annual revenue about equalled the asking price, but the optimistic assessment of the vendor was that the figure could be increased by a couple prepared to work devotedly to improve the paper and champion the community.

Even my rose-colored glasses lost their tint at the thought of paying for the privilege of the pain of us working untold hours, on antiquated equipment, for a gross return of less than I was earning for a forty-hour week. We reluctantly abandoned one quest for independence "for a few years" while we worked at building up our assets.

Frustrated in my aspirations, I channelled my energies into my International Typographical Union discipleship acquired in my "tramping" days, and a slavish devotion to the union's laws governing many aspects of work and hiring practices in any printing office holding a contract with the union. In the long run this won me popularity with neither management nor the union.

In the meantime hopes of buying a weekly slid below the horizon when the inevitable pregnancy encroached. Suddenly it became a choice of finding an apartment or a flat which would accept children — or finding the wherewithal to buy a home.

The National Housing Act (NHA) came to the rescue with 4½ percent mortgages for those able to come up with a one-third down payment. We barely qualified through selling my car and some comparable assets Irene had acquired, and taking on a second mortgage at a higher (six percent) interest rate.

I still did not have a steady position at the Toronto Star, but was catching on reasonably well as a substitute or extra linotype operator. We moved into our Downsview bungalow in fall, and headed into a bleak winter where I missed more days than I worked as the supply of subs was greater than the demand.

Every morning we would "show" at about seven, when the earliest shift went to work, and sit around playing bridge until shortly after nine, when the last morning shift went to work. One operator would stay until quarter after, the starting time for an alcoholic operator who could be counted upon to miss at least one day a week; the rest would head for coffee at Woolworth's and then home to kill time until next morning's show-up.

In addition to two mortgages and approaching parenthood, we were faced with the improvements necessary even to a new home. New houses in our price range were unpainted on the interior, and lacked light fixtures, heating elements for the water tank, storm windows, or anything else that conceivably could be classified as an extra. Landscaping consisted of field sod thrown into a rectangle of baked North York clay and allowed to fend for itself after perhaps one pre-sale soaking.

Blessed automatic heat

ERNESTLY *November 12 1980*

An acquaintance who has managed to rake together more wealth than most of us would see in several lifetimes once told me that if he lost everything, the convenience he would miss most is automatic heat.

"Just not having to carry out the ashes every day is worth all sorts of goodies," he said.

I'll buy that, that is. I'll agree that automatic heating heats a lot of other frills we chalk up as advantages of life in the late 20th century, but I'll place the freedom from carrying out ashes just a notch below the wonder of heat when you want it. Above all, heaven spare me from ever fighting with obstinate furnaces again.

I'm not even going to try a comparison with the heating system I grew up with because that was a disaster measured against even the standards of those times. Then, however, we made do with what we could afford, and that wasn't much.

Before getting married I had lived for some years in boarding and rooming houses, and after marriage we lived for a year in a rented flat in a private home. In these circumstances there might be cause occasionally, in late spring and early fall, to grumble about over- or under-heating, but at least I had no involvement with furnace fighting or ash toting.

Then came the glorious day we moved into our own new bungalow in suburban Toronto, and — ah! — sweet independence.

I might add that I was so unprepared for sweet independence that I thought hot water was piped in by the city. A furnace I truly believed was something like a loyal horse. You fed it faithfully, it performed faithfully, and you removed the leavings faithfully when you got around to it.

The house we moved into had to be the last home built in greater Toronto with a plain old-fashioned hand-stoked furnace. I never learned to master the beast, and I don't believe I ever could have.

No matter how we banked the fire, we woke up to a cold house in the morning. When you went down to check in the morning, you found that either the fire had died walked the coals even having been singed or the fire had gobbled up all the coals in no time and there was nothing left but cold ashes.

The latter situation was better, of course, because at least you could shovel all the ashes and clinkers into the ash bucket and start from scratch. The other way it was necessary, or at least prudent, to separate ashes and clinkers from unused coal, leaving a mess to clean up once the fire was started again.

The normal condition of the house was cold and clammy, however, even if the fire was burning merrily away and swimmingly functioning according to all the rules. Then, occasionally, and usually on a mild day, the furnace would decide to live up to its full potential and heat up the place to the point where you expected the whole house to disintegrate.

As I recall it, you brought it under control by sprinkling some dead ash onto the embers to inhibit the fire. This worked, of course, but produced a crust of clinkers that couldn't be removed (at least not in our furnace) without killing the fire. Then you were back to square one.

Yes, there is nothing so beautiful as automatic heat even allowing for some differences of opinion on what is room temperature.

Especially satisfying is the luxury of saying, on the first cool fall evening, "I think we could stand a touch of heat." So you flick the thermostat to "on" and a few minutes later you have heat.

With no clinkers or ashes.

Joys of the first house

ERNESTLY *October 16 1985*

The other day my wife and I found ourselves reminiscing about our first house and the glories of having possession of it.

This is not a hard-luck story, since both of us belong to the first generation of postwar brats who rode the crest of the postwar boom, envied by our elders for the ease with which we fell heir to luxury.

The envy I can understand.

People not much older than us grew up during the Depression, worked six days plus several evenings a week for pitifully low wages and when they married, moved into whatever humble abode they could raise cash for, since small towns and mortgages in those days were mutually exclusive, almost.

A larger home with luxuries like running water came, if at all, when the family was half-grown.

So here we were, having learned a trade in the final years of the war and the immediate postwar years, with no memories of lineups for jobs, earning what was considered a princely wage, and buying a brand new house in suburban Toronto after only one year in a furnished flat.

Not exactly hardship or pioneer trailblazing.

However, even so blissful a state of affairs produces its little surprises.

Since the down payment took almost every cent we had accumulated, and car ownership was out of the question, we naturally had to make sure our remote development was served by public transportation to get us to and from work. No problem: we were assured by the realtor. A small bus company provided bus service from 6 a.m. to evening, every half hour, connecting with the Toronto Transportation Commission in midtown Toronto.

The realtor wasn't lying, either. The service existed after a fashion, and allowing for regular lateness and breakdowns by the vintage vehicles. But what neither of us could know was that the first two morning bus runs were unpredictable even with subsidization and would be eliminated two weeks after we moved into the house.

That left hitch-hiking for a year or whatever it took to get early service restored. As it happened, I developed several 'regulars' who stopped for me every morning if I hadn't caught an earlier ride, and who deposited me downtown or within TTC-distance of my job.

There were other surprises.

We had been shown the water heater in the basement, which caught our unawares because I had always supposed that hot water was provided through the city's water mains by some magic process I didn't attempt to understand.

To our chagrin, however, the water from the hot water tap didn't even get warm, no matter how long we let it run. Naturally, we complained to the realtor, who pointed out that the heating element didn't come with the house — only the tank — and that we would have to buy our own.

A number of things didn't go with the house, such as interior painting, light fixtures and heavy wiring, but these we had known about.

The light fixtures had been purchased, and an acquaintance was coming in on Sunday to install them and hook up the stove. We moved in on Saturday morning, and since we didn't own a hot plate (or a candle), we ate cold food and sat in the darkness after sunset.

Why didn't we eat out?

Ha-ha!

We couldn't afford it, and in any event it would have meant walking almost a mile to the bus stop, waiting half an hour for the bus, riding the bus for half an hour, and repeating the whole process after the meal. Perhaps a total of three hours per meal.

I don't even know if there was fast food delivery in those days, but in any case, the taxi fare would have been prohibitive, and there wasn't a telephone within a mile of us. It took about two years in those days to get a phone.

Toronto houses still had plastered walls, and as I have mentioned, decorating didn't go with the purchase. As funds permitted, we painted one room and then another. In the meantime, with our scant furnishings, we felt like we were sitting in a meadow during a snowstorm.

It felt like a snowstorm, too, because we got just about the last coal furnace installed in Toronto, and I never did master it. The only time we were ever warm was the day I burned the dried-out Christmas tree. That day we feared the whole house would go up in flames.

There was also no coal bin, so after the first load of coal was delivered and blanketed all of the basement and most of the house in coal dust, my top priority was the construction of a coal bin. I think it took me two weeks and more blisters just to get the base two-by-fours anchored into the cement floor.

Actually, there is no real point to this story, except perhaps that even when others think you are having it good, the close-up view may be a bit different. All that, and the worry of our two mortgages — NHA at 4½ percent and a second mortgage at six percent. How do you like that for hardship?

Grocery shopping was a real thrill. On my way home from work, I would buy groceries near Vaughan Road and St. Clair, not far from the stop for the North York bus. I would have to stand in line to wait for the suburban bus, due every half-hour but perpetually late, with a bag under each arm; my arms still ache at the memory.

Work? Subbing at the Star wasn't that wonderful during one first winter, and particularly not during the month of our first blessed arrival, when I didn't catch a single day's work. But we survived, and learned, and adjusted.

Learning landscape gardening was another joy. I think the hardest work I ever performed was turning over the hardpan of the back yard in preparation for seeding to grass.

We ambitiously and expectantly cut a three foot border into the ground and filled it with what passed for topsoil, planted some perennials and waited for them to turn our yard into a riot of color and fragrance.

On my mother-in-law's first visit, not long after Eric was born, she pointed out that my garden wasn't faring all that well. I admitted that it wasn't up to my own expectations, but that one plant was doing exceptionally well.

"That's because it's a weed," explained Grandma, and pulled out the thriving plant.

That woman's gardening skill was something! She could break up a spot of soil, thrust in a cutting, give it a pat and a splash of water, and before you knew it, it was a handsome flowering bit of greenery.

Suburbia, as we know it today, could well be called a phenomenon of the postwar era and the accompanying prosperity. Prewar cities had suburban residential areas which tended to be collections of modest dwellings as often as not without running water, sewers, sidewalks or paved streets, providing low cost but independent housing for people in low paying jobs or on pensions. Like small towns, they offered simple life at the lowest possible cost, as taxes were at a minimum. They were sometimes described as rural slums, although they offered a more dignified alternative to the tenement of the inner city. Few families had cars, and those who did could not afford to drive them regularly to and from work. Thus the upper and lower middle classes, and the wealthy for that matter, lived in graded residential areas within the city, using mostly public transportation to go to and from work. This, at least, is what my observations indicated to me.

Postwar prosperity and the automobile combined to create suburban subdivisions, serviced and planned streets. Blocks of houses were built on speculation at the same time by one or several contractors and would go on the market at about the same time. They tended to be populated by families with several things in common: they were usually fairly young with small children, had sufficiently well paying positions to qualify them for mortgages, and were new to the relaxed ambience of the suburbs.

Their situation was not unlike that of an ethnic group settling in one particular section of a large city in a strange country: their common background and analagous circumstances tended to throw them together.

On the whole this made for congenial communities, although the human tendency to overdo things sometimes produced a backlash.

We saw an exaggerated example of familiarity breeding contempt between two couples who lived next door to each other, directly across the street from us. From the moment they met they seemed to look upon each other as blood brothers and sisters. They were in each others' homes constantly, borrowed everything that was borrowable, helped each other build fences and install storm windows. They had more togetherness than you would expect within a family.

One problem was that family "A" lived to the east of family "B" and both their doors were on the eastern sides of houses situated horizontally on the lots. Now Mr. "A" was exceptionally fussy about his thriving lawn, and both families obviously had to cross his lawn many times daily as they tripped back and forth between houses.

But true affection knows no barriers, and Mr. "A" found a solution to this minor handicap. He laid a flagstone walk across his lawn from his driveway to that of the "Bs". So they could both continue their heavy traffic without damaging the fragile blades of grass.

Time went on until one day we became conscious of a difference. The "As" and "Bs" were not running back and forth any more. At first we thought the relationship had just modified a bit with time. Then one day we saw Mr. "A" at work on his lawn—a grimly resolute look on his face—picking up the flagstones from his lawn and replacing them with sod.

The "Bs" moved away within a month or two.

It was sad.

Back at the *Toronto Star*, in the meantime, my involvement with the union and the prospect of using it to bring the milennium—got me into hot water with both the company and the union—each having learned to live with the other's imperfections. I ended up almost losing my job, and a compromise settlement left me chastened and reflective, and my personal orientation began to veer more and more to the middle of the road in my attitude toward both.

Before leaving Toronto, I served a one-year term as deputy chairman of the composing room chapel (assistant shop steward might describe it better for most). This experience as liaison between the employees in a department of some 250 compositors and management left me with mixed feelings: hostile toward neither but regretful that the relationship between organized labor

and management might not have been channelled into more mutually beneficial initiatives than the adversary stances that have become a bane to our society.

In large newspapers, over the decades, these stances had built barriers between management and uniformed staff that denied opportunity to both. With management seen as the enemy, union men did not aspire to management positions above department foreman (in scope in ITU offices), while management wrote off union men for out-of-scope positions, thus denying itself the potential and abilities of thousands of talented employees.

Strange situations also developed in departments that existed almost in a vacuum. For example, the Star's composing room was visited regularly (although not often) by a fence known only as The Burglar, offering stolen merchandise at attractive prices. It was said — but I have no first-hand knowledge of this — that he first visited the foreman's office, giving him first refusal, then stationed himself strategically in a corner of the composing room and displayed his wares. He even took orders for future delivery: radios, electric razors and other small appliances. Bookmaking was also carried on openly, and the bookies seemed to be granted jobs that had the flexibility to accommodate the demands of this calling. I am certain neither the local union nor top management knew nothing of these activities, but abetted it by allowing the department to become an empire in its own right.

Spare their feelings

ERNESTLY *October 21 1971*

Have you ever considered how many old sayings and expressions one uses over and over, accepting them as gospel because they are so familiar, but never really stopping to examine them?

Take the one about not saying things about people behind their backs, that if you have something uncomplimentary to say about a person you ought to say it right to his face.

I suggest this rule has validity chiefly because no sooner do you say something behind someone's back and one of the persons to whom you spoke your mind is sure to take the fastest route to the subject and repeat what you said — slightly garbled and completely out of context.

My philosophy on this point — at least as I am here preaching it — comes from an old linotype operator with whom I worked for several years a few decades back.

Ken, now long departed, was a character. No one was ever able to figure out whether he was completely mad or possessed that rare type of inverted sense of humor which allowed him to laugh secretly at the ignorance of the people snickering at him.

Ken had straight — jet black hair, a Hitler type moustache, bulging black eyes, a gut that would have earned him a role as comedian in the silent movies and sloppy habits like wiping tobacco juice from his chin with his necktie.

He loved to go from one machine to the next carrying petty tales about his fellow workers' innocent stuff like "There's Don goofing off again and leaving all the work for me to do. Just look at him."

Then he would quickly caution you not to tell Don. "It's all right to say nasty things about people behind their backs," he would say earnestly. "That way it doesn't hurt them. But if you tell them to their faces it hurts their feelings."

Naturally, the game was to corner Don at the first opportunity and tell him that Ken had called him a no-good laggard. Don, who had played the game for years, would put on his straightest face and march straight to Ken and demand to know why Ken had said such and things about him.

While the rest of us watched from a distance, Ken would sputter his denials with a wealth of gesticulation, frenzied neck-scratching and a try or two for the spittoon. He would explain... we would learn later... that so-and-so was always twisting everything he said, that in fact he had had nothing but praise for Don's industriousness but that it was Jim he had said was goofing off.

The scene would end with Ken and Don shaking hands with hearty laughter, much back-slapping and vows of everlasting friendship.

A few minutes later Ken would make his way back to the informer and berate him in hurt anger: "Now why did you have to go and tell Don what I said? I told you not to. If you'd kept your mouth shut nobody would have been hurt. But you went and told him and made him mad and hurt his feelings, so he came and said nasty things to me and hurt my feelings. See what you've caused? You shouldn't do things like that."

As I mentioned, we never learned if he was just putting us on and having secret belly laughs at us and our patently ignorant antics. But his philosophy remains with me.

Just think of what a horrible world it would be if everyone was forever telling you every little thing wrong with you.

I'd much rather have my neighbors beefing to their friends that I'm a sloppy gardener and my kids are a nuisance than have them stop me every time I meet them and say "Why don't you do something about your messy yard and put your kids out for adoption?"

At home, our first daughter, Denise, was born, and with a reduced mortgage burden, a property appreciated through improvement, a paid up second-hand car on the drive, and even a few dollars in the bank, we began to dare think once more about risking it all on a down payment for a small weekly.

We studied the ads in the dailies assiduously, and one day came upon one offering a weekly in a small town not far from Toronto. I took advantage of a mid week day off and on a beautiful spring day set out to see and perhaps check for a new life.

Halfway to my destination, the car started to make disturbing noises accompanied by a smell of burning oil. I pulled over, stopped the car, raised the hood and stood there looking helplessly and wistfully at passing traffic — the usual signal of an incompetent in distress — until a truck driver took pity and stopped. He turned on the ignition and immediately and cheerfully diagnosed the problem: my car had thrown a rod. I didn't know what a rod was, let alone that a car might throw one.

Fun with a lemon

ERNESTLY *May 4 1988*

Reminiscing the other day about the problems one can encounter with used vehicles with unknown histories, I recalled one particular lemon that I bought. I thought, with the best credentials. It might well have been wished on me by the Mafia.

Few people nowadays can conceive of times when not everyone had an automobile, for many it was on the agenda somewhere after many other things had been taken care of.

One of my problems, I suppose, was that I already had one foot firmly into the era of the spoiled generation, that is to say, I was able to buy a brand-new car when I was still single, footloose and fancy free.

Then along came wedded bliss and some of the realities that went with it. The upshot was that the car was sold to help provide the down payment for a home in suburban Toronto.

There lived a few doors from us a middle-aged couple (who) drove an Austin. Then one day Mr. M. dropped dead.

Mrs. M., who had been in the habit of dropping in occasionally, stopped by one day to say that she was selling both her house and her car because she could no longer afford either.

She thought her car would be "just right for you kids," and the price sounded reasonable. And just so we wouldn't feel bad about checking the vehicle out she insisted that if we were interested we should go and see a mechanic named Bill at a garage specializing in foreign cars. This garage had always serviced her car, and Bill had taken a personal interest in keeping it shipshape.

Well, it just isn't every day that a deal like that appears on the horizon, so we discussed it at length, had a sleepless night, and the following day I went to see Bill at the said garage.

Bill not only confirmed everything Mrs. M. had said about the car, but volunteered the opinion that it was just about the nicest little car he had ever had the pleasure of working with.

Naturally, we didn't have the necessary cash, and in her straitened circumstances Mrs. M. could not be expected to carry a mortgage or note. So we borrowed from our friendly banker, bought the car — and lived happily ever after?

Strike that.

Mrs. M. presumably lived happily ever after. She moved to parts unknown the following week, with her new bridegroom — Bill the mechanic — never to be heard from again in those precincts.

I have seriously wondered whether her husband's death was really natural. Certainly there was nothing natural about the behavior of that diabolical little Austin.

I went through three crank handles getting the car started every morning, replaced every electrical part and finally, after it threw a rod on a country outing, received $50 for it on a trade in for another heap.

So much for friends, neighbors and professional advice.

The trucker gave me a lift to a nearby village where I had a service station operator bring out his truck and tow in my crippled vehicle (and part of the potential down payment for a weekly newspaper). When I heard the estimate for a repair, I knew the car would never be a down payment for anything but headaches, and it had already given me a few.

Not prepared to surrender so early, I hitchhiked to my destination, where I learned that since putting the paper up for sale, the owner had changed his mind and now wanted to keep it.

The trip was not completely in vain, however. While waiting for the garageman to get a parts estimate in the village where my car had broken down, I visited the weekly and found the

publisher most encouraging, my humbled circumstances notwithstanding. Perhaps it was my temporary humbly that helped me.

Later, when chatting with the supposed vendor publisher, he said something that I later pondered about and probably helped in a small way to temper my own attitude later when I finally became a publisher.

He nodded in the direction of a man coming out of a shop across the street and allowed that the man probably had difficulty showing his face in public after the editorial he, the publisher, had written that week. I asked what the man's position was and learned that he was the fire chief.

"Do you mean to tell me this little town has a full-time fire chief?" I asked.

"Oh, no. He runs the hardware store he just stepped out of."

And I wondered what a volunteer fire chief, giving his own time to an essential and thankless civic post, could do so wrong that he deserved castigation in the local paper.

As a publisher, I was to make my own mistakes by the score, and probably worse ones. But many times, remembering the humiliated fire chief in the Ontario town, I was to persuade myself, when in doubt, to err on the side of compassion.

My dream of becoming a publisher again frustrated, I began to listen to the invitation offered to participate in the thriving and growing enterprise of my in-laws in Manitoba.

Within a year we cashed in our holdings in Toronto, tried not to think about a fifty percent cut in salary, and moved our family to Steinbach to a new life in the world of weekly newspapering.

The happy motorman

ERNESTLY *May 12, 1982*

Once upon a time I had a wonderful street car ride.

It was the evening rush hour in Toronto on a miserable slushy spring day and most people getting on the car displayed expressions that showed they were just on the brink of throwing in the towel.

But their expressions changed and by the time they reached their stops most of them were brushing tears of laughter from their eyes.

The reason?

The motorman was a very young man obviously in one of his first weeks on the job. He was a natural wit who was enjoying himself immensely and chattered away non-stop commenting on the passing scene outside and inside the vehicle telling funny stories greeting and exchanging boarding passengers with genuine humor. He wasn't a smart aleck. He was just a young man full of fun and getting a big kick out of his job. Perhaps he wasn't even all that funny but he was refreshing under difficult circumstances and in a city noted for its reserve rather than good humor.

I thought of him often, wishing that all motormen not to mention many other people in close contact with the public were more like him.

Then one day I boarded a street car and there he was again.

I felt instantly cheered and made a bright remark to him. At least I thought it was bright. My answer was a blank stare and an expression that suggested I must be some kind of a nut.

It wasn't even a bad day, it wasn't even rush hour and the car wasn't even crowded.

I slunk to a seat as far back in the car as I could, hid behind the largest person I could find, and all but crawled under the seat.

It was a cheerless ride, no fun at all, no witty remarks.

I still wonder about that young motorman and what happened to him in the short course of a year. Admittedly it is the type of job which may be fun and games for the first few rounds, and then the wear and tear of the daily weekly monthly grind takes the joy and humor out of it.

Perhaps when humor came less easily, the public response faded away and he became too discouraged even to try.

Maybe there was a personal tragedy in his life during those months that robbed him of his cheery disposition.

I'll never know but I'll always wonder.

10. Itinerant printing

Westward and onward

While I look back on my move from Toronto to Vancouver in early 1948 as the first step on a path leading inevitably to my brief but fascinating affair with tramp printing, I did not then think of it in those terms. I'm not even certain I was familiar with the term in any modern context.

My background ought to have adapted me to a more orthodox niche — a steady and reasonably satisfying job with moderate financial returns and home, hearth and family — wartime expectations of seeing the world had kindled something in me that would not be denied. I was happy with my job as a compositor at Moore Business Forms, was earning a good salary for that period and for my youth — due to a rapidly achieved journeyman status — but I was also subject to a restlessness that led me to hitchhiking expeditions for their own sake. These, in turn, seduced me to devoting a portion of my first paid vacation and first trip back home to Manitoba to hitchhiking from Chicago to Toronto when I returned. Something about that road experience — finding myself in unfamiliar places and sensing that the road led to wherever one's imagination and impulses might direct — that made me vulnerable, or at least receptive, to suggestions of a move to another distant world.

During my first year in Toronto I had formed a casual friendship with Jim Colquhoun, who worked in the offset printing department of Arthurs-Jones Ltd. Jim lived not far from my boarding house and we went to the occasional show, concert or dinner together. He had been in the RCAF long enough to receive some trades training. Perhaps it was the abrupt end of the war that left him with a sense of unfulfillment, or maybe it was ambivalence about the printing trade as his destiny; perhaps there were unrelated self doubts—but whatever devils beset him—they led him to ruminate from time to time about a change of scenery, with a particular emphasis on Victoria — maybe because it was the most distant major Canadian city, and so unlike familiar Canada in terrain and climate.

One blustery January afternoon Jim summoned me to Sunnyside Beach for coffee and doughnuts, and as we sat in the warmth of the diner, while outside the wind harassed a light snowfall and dashed the gray waters of Lake Ontario against the breakwater several hundred yards distant, Jim produced a recent copy of the Victoria Colonist and read me items about local citizens golfing and engaging in other pursuits about which one could only fantasize in midwinter in most of Canada.

The baited hook was, for me, irresistible, and it wasn't long before I was committed to a move

to the west coast. Jim, by that time, had opted for, or was seriously considering, a career with the Toronto police force, so I was on my own. I almost surprised myself when I suddenly found myself in British Columbia, although in Vancouver rather than in Victoria. To talk about the respective attractions of two cities is one thing; job prospects quite another.

Returning to a memory

ERNESTLY *April 17, 1980*

In spring of 1948, being of an age when almost three years in one place seemed like a half lifetime, I resolved to migrate to that western Canadian Mecca, Vancouver.

In those days, when cross-country hitch-hiking with all one's personal belongings was not yet in vogue, and riding the rails no longer respectable, the next cheapest form of transportation could be found in the Personal columns of the daily papers where individuals or couples planning long trips offered rides in exchange for driving relief and a share of the gas expense.

Not holding a driver's license at the time, I was turned down by a few, but finally managed to talk my way aboard by paying a few dollars more.

The driver was an ex RCAF man who had fallen in love with British Columbia fishing while stationed in the province and was fulfilling a pledge to return there for a fishing vacation.

His schedule demanded that he crowd a return auto trip (Toronto-Vancouver) plus his fishing into 16 days, and because it was spring, road and weather conditions suggested a swing considerably south of the shortest route.

Actually, he had hoped to drive night and day, but with myself being unlicensed, and the newlywed couple in the back seat too engrossed in giggling and pawing to be of any practical use, that left only the car owner and a young shoemaker from Kingston for driving duties.

We made it through the first day, first night and second day before we stopped for the night at North Platte, Neb., and the admission that we couldn't back the continuous driving. We started the third day in flat Nebraska, reached Cheyenne by dusk, and drove until late that night through mountains which were visible only as ominous shadows.

We spent the night at Brigham City, Utah, and I'll never forget the following morning, when this prairie boy awoke to a crisp, sunny spring morning and his first look at mountains, snow-capped, grand and almost surrounding the little community.

We had breakfast that morning in a little diner where the freshness of the bacon and eggs, with an assist from a high-altitude appetite, made the meal seem like a feast.

The waitress kidded with us and with anyone else who came in — friend or stranger — in a way that seemed downright homey after austere Toronto, and outside the burghers of Brigham were facetiously sweeping their sidewalks.

Some day I vowed quietly to myself, and probably out loud as well. I shall return to this charming little place.

"Some day" was a long time in coming. In fact, 32 years almost to the day.

In Salt Lake City for a few days last week, I finagled the schedule to work in a drive to Brigham City.

Again, it was a beautiful spring day, with the snow glistening on the mountain tops. Again, I was impressed with the fact that the town seemed cleaner and more attractive than most.

It also had interstate highways, freeways, shopping malls, chain stores, drive in theatres, parking meters and everything else that goes with the modern medium- small community, and except for the back drop, was almost indistinguishable from hundreds of others I've seen.

I don't really blame the good people of Brigham City for keeping up with the times. I just should've have waited 32 years.

Whatever domesticity as my nature might have prevailed upon me to make Vancouver my permanent home- fell victim to the economic highs and lows that seemed to prevail on that city at that point in time. At one of the city's larger commercial printing plants — the job printing division of the Vancouver Sun — it seemed the wolf was always howling near the door, discouraging thoughts of permanence. We might be working every evening and Saturdays, but mass layoff was always mooted as being just around the corner.

It was in Vancouver that I became a member of the International Typographical Union, and was introduced to the strange dominance enjoyed by that powerful union in most newspaper and many commercial composing rooms throughout North America. In ITU offices of that era, it sometimes seemed that the union was the chief authority, and that management existed mainly to provide work, generate pay cheques and hire and fire journeymen — although the firing had to be done very circumspectly.

It was also a city from which many of the printers who moved in from the Prairies were lured to

the United States and the highest wage scales of cities such as Seattle and Portland. I became familiar too, and entirely enthralled with the ITU's sublist rules and the possibilities these offered for travelling and seeing the country while working.

I applied for an immigration visa with the U.S. consul but he turned me down after checking my bank passbook. I had heard that a $1,500 bank balance was a must for a single man entering the United States — about $10,000 in 1989 dollars — but he wouldn't confirm this.

It became my goal in life to get that precious visa and I visited the consulate every month to present my passbook and its growing balance. The answer was always the same: a quick shake of the head.

My departure from Vancouver may have been set forward by an incident at my boarding house one winter night that might have been more likely in a bad dream or a sitcom written by someone with little respect for the laws or probability.

I had been downtown quaffing more than was good for me. I walked the three blocks from the streetcar stop to the boarding house in about six inches of freshly fallen snow, holding my housekey at ready with the deliberateness of the inebriated.

The key slipped out of my hand and disappeared into the snow without a trace. I spent about half an hour fruitlessly looking for it before giving it up as a bad job.

What to do?

You might think it would have been a simple matter of ringing the doorbell and explaining the situation to an unhappy landlady. Believe me, that would have been the last, even though I knew Mrs. Ayers was unbendingly temperance. But the same providence that set my mind to seeking an alternative also provided the wherewithal to make it seem possible.

The front door gave into a closed-in verandah, the roof of which lay just a foot or two below the window of a room just vacated — conveniently — by another lodger.

Now if only I had a ladder, I thought, and if the window proved to be unlocked, I might still reach my room undetected.

Lo and behold! Leaning against the side of the house was a ladder of suitable length.

Quickly (I think) I brought it around to the front of the house and leaned it against the porch roof. Unsteadily I scaled the ladder, crawled across the small roof, grasped the window and pushed upward.

The window opened easily and quickly — but no more quickly than the apparition that suddenly presented itself in front of the half-opened window.

"Yes, Ernest," said a stern-visaged Mrs. Ayers, who had decided to sleep in the vacated room for the night. "What would you like?" Few intelligent answers presented themselves.

Mrs. Ayers was kinder than might have been expected under the circumstances, but she didn't seem devastated when my employment came to an end a few weeks later and I chose to end my overstayed welcome at the Ayers, leaving Vancouver rather than risking an layoff.

I took the ferry to Victoria on Vancouver Island. This might be considered my first "tramping" stop, because it was the first move to a city in which I consciously had no intention of staying indefinitely.

This might be an appropriate time to inject an explanation of tramping — *or* itinerant printing — in the mid-20th century, and the ITU laws, contracts and traditions that made it possible.

The General Laws of the International Typographical Union during that era — which became part of every approved contract with composing room employers, gave every journeyman the right to engage in his or her stead any competent printer holding a valid local union working card.

Further, the laws stipulated that any overtime worked must be conspicuously posted on the composing room's chapel bulletin board, and when the equivalent of a shift's overtime had been accumulated, the members must engage the first available substitute to cancel the overtime.

The trade unionist who wrote these rules into the law book of the ITU, and by extension into the agreements governing working conditions in most daily newspapers in the United States and Canada, surely did not do so to give succor to fancy-free young adventurers using them to rattle about the country.

But it certainly worked out that way for some of us, and whenever our seniors gently admonished us to think about the family men with a mortgage who had to stay off work to make room for us, our flippant answer was that we didn't make the rules, we were only using them.

Without attempting to educate readers in the history of the International Typographical Union or the printing trade, it seems appropriate to give some background to the rules my generation of tramp printers used so well to our advantage. Without it, people have difficulty understanding how we could have travelled from city to city, sucking and finding work, for periods suitable to our own ends.

First of all, going well back into the nineteenth century, deadlines imposed on daily newspapers by the market and competition dictated that there be enough typesetters on hand to fill the pages, which varied in number from day to day. In the days of handsetting, a compositor probably could not assemble more than a column or two of type in a day, so it didn't take a great number of extra pages to require extra help.

Variations tended to be cyclical, so on seven day newspapers, the printers' days off — usually called slide days — were scheduled in a way that varied the number on duty each day to fit the cycle as much as possible. On six day newspapers in the days of the six day week this was not possible. There were also seasonal volume variations that were not always easy to address. To accommodate the varying needs, newspapers introduced spare boards, on which unemployed printers might post their names to indicate their availability as extras. To maintain seniority, these extras were required to show up at the start of each shift for possible hire. The practice was not unlike the railway spare boards, or the shape up of longshoremen.

Employers usually insisted that a printer holding a regular situation (steady job) could not take a day off without engaging a substitute to work in his stead. This led, eventually, to the ITU insisting that, since their members were required to engage substitutes when absenting themselves from the job for any reason, it must also be their right to do so whenever competent substitutes were available, and without the foreman's approval.

Eventually, those rules and customs were used for work-sharing to compensate for layoffs. Since layoffs usually had to be effected in inverse order of seniority, situations often arose that were seen to be unfair. For instance, the staff of a paper might work overtime during a long busy season, then, when a sudden decline in business caused a layoff, the brunt was borne by the junior employees.

At such times, obviously responsible for the introduction of the overtime accumulation and cancellation rules, printers who had retained their situations were required to hire the laid-off printers (after the latter had cancelled their own overtime) as substitutes to the extent of accumulated overtime posted. This gave temporary relief to the printers with low seniority and gave them breathing room while seeking alternate employment, leaving town, or whatever recourse local and personal conditions dictated.

In the postwar boom years, a newspaper composing room might have hundreds or even thousands of hours of overtime waiting to be bumped off. While it was intended as a cushion against hard times, it was also an incentive for tramp printers to come in and work off the overtime, while regular staffers took time off.

You might suppose that management would frown on drifters coming in and making themselves at home. But let's not forget that they too were benefitting in that the spare board made extra help available at regular rates in busy seasons.

I have heard or read that some itinerants governed their travels by the sittings of state legislatures. Since legislature proceedings had to be printed, and fairly promptly, one can imagine what the sitting did to the printing trade, particularly in the days of hand-setting.

Itinerant tradesmanship was also encouraged. I understand, by some early guilds, and by their successors, the trade unions. In certain trades in some countries a tradesman was not permitted, upon completing the usual seven year apprenticeship, to seek work in his community for one year. This was intended to place an onus on all — master craftsman, journeyman, fellow worker and the apprentice himself — to ensure that the apprentice's experience was well-

rounded and comprehensive It also broadened the newly trained tradesman

In Victoria, in 1949 I worked with at least one linotype operator who had been required to work for a full year in another office before reckoning work in the office in which he had served his time." This had been in Calgary or Edmonton in the 1920s, but I don't know whether that was a local regulation or a general trade practice of the period.

Until recently, in fact, I believed that the word "journeyman" derived from the custom of itinerancy. However, I find the root in the French "jour" (day) which evolved into "journey," which the dictionary defines as a day's travel or work. A journeyman then was a man who worked for a daily wage, as distinguished from the indentured apprentice who (formerly) worked for food, shelter and whatever his master's benevolence might add, or the master printer who contracted his labour by the piece or lot.

Nevertheless, there is a German word "Wanderjahr" (wander-year) which seems to describe the neophyte journeyman who is obliged to sell his services abroad for about a year.

In any case, the itinerant or tramp printer had been accepted as an integral element of the printing industry for a century or more before my time. Although the ranks of this genre included, inevitably, a high percentage of alcoholics and other losers, there were enough pursuing this lifestyle for adventure, out of restlessness or just to get across the country with little cost, that we were tolerated by most of the "bumers" with more orthodox lifestyles.

Mark Twain, who briefly an itinerant printer, having learned the trade in his brother's newspaper in Hannibal, Missouri, and on his way to the eastern cities where he would find fame, worked in St. Louis about one hundred years before I arrived there — not destined, of course, for Twain's renown.

But back to Victoria, where I had just arrived on the ferryboat from Vancouver. Soon after "shipping up" (establishing priority) at the Victoria Times I looked up Campbell Small, working as a proofreader at the government printing office. He had worked briefly at the Sun's commercial printing plant in Vancouver, where I had been laid off, but had left for Victoria a few months earlier. Eventually we struck up an unlikely friendship and usually spent weekend afternoons together bowling or golfing, and perhaps having a few beers in the evening. Unlikely because Campbell was about fifteen years older than I, a World War 2 veteran of the British army, and of a sober turn of mind. I was barely twenty one, filled with my own importance and given to blathering on about subjects I knew little about.

Campbell was like this. When he "slipped up" at the Sun's extra board, his name appeared on the card as "H. C. Small." The first opportunity I had, I asked him what the "H" stood for. He neither told me to mind my own business nor that he went by his second name, which was Campbell. He simply told me the "H" stood for Hugh. So I called him Hugh. Since he worked in the proofroom and was an aloof person in any case, I never caught the gentle rouh. He wasn't long moving on to Vancouver, but to me he was Hugh. Even after we were bowling, golfing and bar-crawling together in Victoria I called him Hugh until the day he told me, with some embarrassment, that I was the only one who called him Hugh with everyone else it was Campbell.

I could never get the "Hugh" out of my system, as I became ambivalent about what I called him: one time it would be Campbell, and Hugh the next, with a trip of the tongue on either one.

The term "bar-crawling" needs definition when applied to Victoria of this time frame. The city was dry, which meant liquor could not be sold by the drink anywhere within the city limits, and beer only at veterans' clubs: to members and guests. So bar crawling was confined to visits to these clubs, or taking the bus to one of several hotels outside the city limits. No one in our group had a car although we were receiving wages then considered very respectable.

In Victoria I immediately applied for a visa at the U.S. consulate with result identical to those in Vancouver. So I pinched pennies and watched my bank account grow and each month reapplied at the consulate.

At my Victoria boarding house were two other male lodgers who were interesting contrasts. Colin was a straight backed former military policeman who seldom smiled, took everything earnestly, considered himself an intellectual, and was studying for a civil service examination.

He also had an ulcer of which he was inordinately proud because as he told me more than once only "very intelligent" people developed ulcers.

Then there was Bill, a fat, sloppy, untidy, cheerful and almost illiterate laborer at a cement factory. Bill started complaining of stomach problems and eventually visited a doctor who decided to test him for ulcers.

Colin was almost offended at the doctor's decision, and told me the man must be incompetent, because it was well known that people of Bill's stupidity and disposition simply did not get ulcers.

The tests came back confirmed that Bill had ulcers. Colin was devastated.

My mind by this time firmly set on tramp-printing in the United States, I began to realize that an itinerant's chances would improve if he was a hand compositor. Through the chapel chairman I approached the foreman and he obliged by allowing me to "steal" the machine. "Stealing" was the accepted term for learning to be an operator when already a journeyman, on one's own time or through hours "stolen" on the job, rather than learning in the course of a union apprenticeship.

The day shift at the Victoria Times ended several hours before the evening shift came in, so I came in an hour early every evening and typeset "dead" copy. One of several obliging journeyman operators would proofread it for me and I would set the corrections in order to keep the learning experience reasonably parallel to work. Time came when the night foreman would let me do some "live" typesetting on the shift, if we were very slow on the "hand side" or short an operator.

One evening at the Times, seated opposite a man in the fourth floor composing room eating my lunch, I felt a strange rumbling and found myself looking into the eyes of an apprentice by the name of McDonald, who was sitting at the next line, also eating his lunch and reading the sports page. When the tremor came to an end after a few seconds, McDonald stuck his nose back into the sports page and resumed reading and eating. "What was that?" I asked. "Earthquake," he replied, not even bothering to look up. Puzzled and disturbed, and not a little nonplussed at his calmness I asked: "Do you get them often?" His reply: "First one in my life." And went on reading.

The magic number

By fall of that year — 1949 — my bank account had reached the magic level of $1,500 and it was surprising how quickly things then happened although the figure had never before been acknowledged by the consulting ethics Vancouver or Victoria. It seemed almost unreal to have at hand suddenly the document that for so long had seemed an remote and unreachable as the holy grail.

Suddenly I was in Seattle, slipped up as a sub at the Post Intelligencer, and "catching" often enough to put in five shifts weekly.

I learned a lot in a short time at the P-I from a big, swarthy, rough-mannered straw boss by the name of Mac McCumber. Mac knew every trick of the trade and sensed how many I lacked.

He once asked: "Do you know how to cut angle boxes?" Cutting metal boxes to fit into a form at an angle relative to the rest of the type was a tricky exercise — at least for me. So I stammered something about thinking I knew how. Whereupon McCumber roared that there was no "thinking so" involved. "Either you know or you don't. If you want me to show you I will, and if you don't you better goddamn well cut them right."

For once I was humble and it served me well. He taught me little shortcuts whenever he caught weak spots in my own craftsmanship, and that early teaming saved me on later stops when I was "bumping" overtime.

For my planned barnstorming or tramping I didn't want to rely on public transportation so I decided to invest part of the money that had enabled me to enter the United States on an

automobile I started off with a used car in mind, but found the salesman at a recommended dealership so hostile or indifferent (On the suggestion of an acquaintance I had asked for a particular salesman, and this meant a shared commission for the salesman actually assigned to me.) that I didn't trust anything he offered. So I ended up buying, on time, a brand new 1950 six-cylinder Ford.

I had taken driving lessons in Toronto, but because I hadn't had a vehicle to practise with, I had not tried for my driver's license. I took a few lessons in Seattle, tried for and received my license, and received my more advanced training with the Washington driving public at rush

When work petered out at the P. I. a few weeks before Christmas, I planned to head out for my next stop—Portland, Oregon, and it was then that I teamed up with Bob Feuseth. Bob completed his apprenticeship (a six-year program) at the P. I. while I worked there, and under ITU hiring rules, had to go to the bottom of the journeymen's priority list (skip board) as a substitute or extra. Since Seattle work prospects for the winter looked grim, several printers suggested to Bob and myself that teaming up would be good for both of us. It was. We had a lot of laughs in the half year or so we were together.

We were at an age when spending an hour or two at the neighborhood bar after work or on nights off seemed like the manly thing to do. One problem was that Bob was just short of twenty-one and looked younger, and west coast bartenders were very sticky about age.

So we devised a way out of that little problem.

After settling into a strange city, we would select a neighborhood bar near our boarding house, walk in and sit down. When the bartender approached, frowning with suspicion and about to ask for ID, I would demand two beers and jovially add that the bartender must make Bob pay for them. "It's his twenty-first birthday." I would explain, "and he's got to pay for the first round."

It always worked. The bartender would break into a grin and add his congratulations. Sometimes this ruse would even net us a drink on the house.

On future visits, naturally, our *bona fides* were deemed to have been established, and IDs were not demanded.

It was something to behold the hurt look on the face of Jimmy, the bartender at the Shangri-la in Sacramento, when—after visiting his bar almost nightly for several weeks, I again pulled the birthday routine—this time on the occasion of Bob's actual twenty-first birthday. Jimmy was not amused and did not come through with a round "on the house."

In Sacramento I learned a lot of backwoods philosophy I have often thought about but have never invoked.

A fellow lodger was a short, stocky, genial Tennessean ex-sailor, who always wore a cherubic smile on his face. Once, apropos to whatever he was talking about, he asked me whether I had been in a lot of fights. I admitted that fighting wasn't my thing and he declared—not bragging but in a matter-of-fact way, that he had been in a lot of fights because he never backed down.

"After all," he said, "ain't nobody a liar."

"A liar?" I asked, puzzled.

"A lie'r, a lie'r," he corrected. They may lick you but they cain't eat you—Ain't nobody a lie'r."

We could have stayed longer than the five weeks we were at the Morning Union—where the foreman even offered us situations (full-time positions). When we declined, he suggested we return when we were ready to settle down. This indicates the degree to which barnstorming was accepted—in most industries management would be glad to be rid of drifters, in the world of unionized printing it was at least marginally acceptable, particularly in young men seeking experience and variety. Oh, we had the occasional reference to rolling stones and moss, and the advisability of marrying a good Sacramento (or St. Louis or Chicago) girl, and settling down, but there was also some wistfulness in the voices of our counsellors.

We left Sacramento on a gloomy Saturday morning, planning to drive only a few miles down the road to Stockton. It was raining when we arrived, and it seemed wasteful to stop again after only about an hour's drive. In any case, there is something singularly uninviting about the name "Stockton." So we kept going.

Availability of work, by the way, was almost our sole criterion for working in a city. Both Bob and I were to put it in the most favorable light, thrifty; we not only worked five days every week while tramping, we also made it a point to stop over only in cities with pay scales of one hundred dollars or more weekly — an enviable rate in those days. And we always made sure that if steady situations were not available, there was lots of overtime to "bump." As I have suggested, this wasn't always taken kindly, and earned us a few sour looks and gentle hints, but the rules and traditions were so deep rooted in most localities that we were never harassed. Looking back, I must agree that our attitude wasn't exactly kind or considerate, but that is a frailty we probably shared with the young of earlier and subsequent generations.

The upshot was that we travelled four days before we found work again. We were amused to see a familiar name — Kenneth Ziegler — on the priority lists of most of the California papers. Invariably, the sheet would show his starting date, a few shifts worked, and then a line drawn through his name.

Ziegler was a middle-aged genuine tramp printer with whom we had worked briefly in both Seattle and Portland. He was an alcoholic, and his stay was always brief. A few shifts worked, enough pay to eat a few meals and buy a few bottles, and he would show up for work drunk. Then off for the next city by hook or train.

There was nothing for us at Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Angeles, San Diego, Yuma, Tucson, Albuquerque or Santa Fe. At Santa Fe we found ourselves slogging through a foot of snow so we backtracked southward again, and then eastward. Finally at El Paso, Texas, we caught work at a one-shopper office that seemed to be the Grand Central Station of tramp printers. They would stay for a few days or a week or work, then head west or east or north. El Paso of 1950 seemed simply not a place to stay.

The shop was a shambles, with machines limping along with a minimum of maintenance. On pay day the cheques would be dumped on a table at one end of the composing room and everyone would help himself. We were there only two weeks, then next happened — moved on to the Texas Panhandle. Whenever I look back on that one week in Amarillo, and its unusual culmination, I do so with a mixture of self-reproach tainted with the smug self-congratulation that attaches to the misdemeanor not fully repented.

Bob and I arrived in Amarillo on a raw, windy March Sunday afternoon. We had driven most of the night following the end of our afternoon shift in El Paso, then most of Sunday. We were two tired young men when we reached Amarillo, and when the overtime list at one of the newspaper offices showed good prospects for several weeks of work, we looked around for a boarding house.

The Johnsons were a retired couple who had share-cropped most of their lives, and their grateful sons had assisted them in buying a little bungalow on a residential street not far from downtown. Their price was right and included breakfast, supper and a packed lunch.

It would be unfair to say that the place was filthy. Looking back from the perspective of three decades in Saskatchewan, and quite a few duststorms endured, I concede that perhaps the week had been dusty and they hadn't gotten around to tidying a vacant room in which some dust had collected. But come to think of it, the subsequent days brought no improvement. We had drawn our initials in the dust on the mirror, and they were still there on Friday. The bureau drawers were no dirty, we did not put our clothes into them. Something told us we might want to leave with a minimum of notice, and perhaps not on the best of terms.

Any thought of complaining or even mentioning inconvenience or inadequacy was discouraged by the three tough-looking, six foot two or three sons who seemed to be constantly in the house, and who seemed to resent our presence as much as if we had been billeted there by an occupying army.

At about five o'clock on that first day, Mrs. Johnson knocked on our door — our room was on the main floor just off the kitchen — and told us we might take our supper immediately, or any time later, whichever suited us best. Bob and I looked at each other in puzzlement. We were used to being told dinner (or supper) was being served, and that was that. It seemed a bit early so, seeing ourselves as being graciously accommodating, we said a bit later would be all right.

"It's up to you," said Mrs Johnson and marched off

We heard the sound of clinking dishes in the kitchen, but sat back and waited for the next call which, presumably, would come within fifteen minutes or perhaps half an hour later

We waited, and waited, and waited, until hunger pangs prompted us to step into the kitchen and ask Mrs Johnson if we might have our dinner fairly soon

"Any time," she replied "It's all on the table and ready for you Course it's all cold now — I only heat a meal once"

So we sat down to a congealed meal of fried food that had been sitting on the table for an hour

At our first meal with the Johnsons next afternoon, we saw signs that xenophobia might be at least partly responsible for a thinly veiled air of dislike on their parts Mr Johnson asked us where we were from and when Bob said he was from Seattle, the elderly Texan said he had been to the coast once but didn't like it

"Too many foreigners there to my liking," he said pointedly Bob's jaw looked like it might drop right off his face Of Belgian Norwegian extraction, and having lived all his life in the Seattle area where racial and cultural diversity had always been taken for granted it was a new experience for him to be seen as a foreigner

Mr Johnson almost softened when he learned I was from Canada which he obviously thought of as an Anglo-Saxon bastion, perhaps even a degree purer than the Texas Panhandle

"Did your folks come to Canada straight from England?" he asked almost amiably

Rolling my eyes and my e's, I replied, "No My parents came from Rooshia"

You could have heard a pin drop

Our "brown bag" lunches for work consisted of three sandwiches each, made with overripe tomatoes smothered in mayonnaise We took one bite and discarded the sandwiches and went to a nearby restaurant to eat For the rest of our brief stay we took our lunches — we didn't dare offend the Johnsons and anyway did not want to spare them any expense — and garbaged it as soon as we got to the plant

For the rest of the week we planned our departure in such a way as to make it as mysterious and unexpected as possible The Johnsons, no doubt, were considering options for getting rid of "them fornin devils" (probably Red spies) as soon as possible

We were working evening shifts at the Times, and the most complicated part of our plan was to get our pay cheques and travellers cards (separations from the Amarillo local of the International Typographical Union) by Friday's shift-end near midnight

This arranged we made sure what little of our belongings had been placed in drawers could be packed in two or three minutes Before going to work Friday afternoon, we made it known that we needed to take out a large batch of laundry and dry cleaning, then went out and stored these in the trunk of my car

Off into the night

At the end of the shift pay and "traveller's" in pocket and the car gassed up, we drove to the Johnson home, let ourselves in and made enough noise to arouse we were hoped but not enough to offend an alarm In our room we quietly threw what little was left in our drawers into suitcases opened the window — previously checked and waxed for easy opening — turned off the lights climbed out the window closed the window tiptoed to the car like Indian scouts, and drove off into the night to a destination yet undecided We were kept awake and alert on the high of having put one over on the Johnsons

Not much but a laugh

Thinking about it later we realized the whole thing hadn't even been very smart Had there been any serious crime committed in Amarillo that night surely our sudden and mysterious departure would have marked us Although we presumably would have been able to clear

ourselves it would have been embarrassing and the authorities might have been offended just enough to revoke my immigration visa

Texas was different as we discovered during our two or three weeks in El Paso and Amarillo Printers showed up for work in cowboy clothes and riding boots and nobody so much as smiled about it

Both Bob and I were treated coolly but when word got around that I was Canadian, there was a softening No one mistreated us or was openly hostile, but there was an attitude of aloofness that almost shouted "I was twelve before I knew damn yankee was two words" In bars, of course, Texas hospitality was very much in evidence and we quickly learned that "Y'all hurryback y'hear!" was alive and well

One day a young man from another department, having learned I was Canadian, came over and asked in a friendly manner if I might know a Miz Burkenan in Winnipeg I replied that I did not but encouraged by his congeniality asked whether a Texan using the word "Miz" meant "Miss" or "Mrs" Visibly offended he stiffly replied that "Miss is 'Miss' and 'Miz' is 'Miz'"

St Louis was our next temporary stop following our evacuation from Amarillo We touched bases in Wichita Topeka and Kansas City before slipping up in St Louis

What was exciting about the whole tramping exercise was the constant exposure to new people, different parts of the country and the varying trade practices in the different newspapers and union jurisdictions Both Bob and I were genuinely interested in the printing trade fascinated by the complexities of ITU laws and contracts and diverted by the people with whom we came into contact

In a normal lifestyle it is usual to fall into several fairly rigidly defined groups the gang at work — which in a large office boils down to a fairly small clique — and the neighborhood crowd, favorite relatives a few friends from previous associations and perhaps a church or avocation group This doesn't leave too much time or room for experimentation with new acquaintances

As itinerants, all faces change with every move a new job brings a whole new set of people, including a few other newcomers receptive to new friendships new landladies and a new set of fellow lodgers That would be about it because during a short stay the chances of meeting people outside of these groups are pretty slim

Landladies tended to be memorable characters Unlike the Johnsons of Amarillo, who probably took in a few boarders for the extra money, and didn't really take to strangers, landladies tended to be outgoing, chatty individuals who couldn't live without a houseful of people

Sometimes they had interesting pasts

Take Vinnie Solomon in St Louis A talkative, friendly short-tempered woman, she was raised an Irish Catholic in some Tennessee backwater She had been married and divorced three times, to a Jew on the last go-around

She had also been a night waitress in a seamy Chicago restaurant where some of Al Capone's henchmen hung out One of them she told us "got smart" with her and she laid him cold with a frozen ham He didn't survive and when the police questioned Vinnie and asked her what she had hit him with, she claimed to have replied "What the hell does it matter what I hit him with? He's hit, ain't he?"

We were in St Louis over Easter, and on Good Friday Vinnie, despite her own distance from a state of grace, tried to make us promise not to eat any meat on that day She argued that a lot of Protestants refrained from eating meat on Good Friday

A wiser person might have promised and used his own judgment later but with the inflexibility of youth and perhaps inherent stubbornness I must naturally argue the point

"Why shouldn't I eat meat?" I demanded

"Because it's Good Friday"

"So what's that got to do with it?"

"Well didn't Christ die or sumpun'?"

In Portland Oregon where we had spent Christmas, we had quite an elderly landlady who led

us something like chicken a-la king on Boxing Day. She didn't eat any herself and watched us intently with every bite. When the meal was over she sighed her relief and admitted she had been worried. The glass dish in which she had kept the left over chicken had broken, and she had been afraid there might be glass shards left in the meal.

From St. Louis I headed in the general direction of Des Moines, Iowa, while Bob opted for remaining with the Globe-News until conditions in Seattle became conducive to his return to the Post Intelligencer. Because I missed the company I had become accustomed to, and had pleasant memories of my own hitch-hiking experiences in Ontario, I picked up a thumber near the Missouri-Iowa border. He turned out to be a penniless ex-convict with a Neanderthal mentality, and I felt grateful to emerge from the experience alive and in one piece.

Averages don't help

ERNESTLY *August 4 1982*

Driving home from Saskatoon Sunday afternoon, and passing the occasional hitch hiker, I reflected with regret that our society is such that one places oneself at risk (by stopping) to offer a ride to a young student. In light of the recent Professor Duffy slayings, many motorists will even have second thoughts about stopping to help a fellow motorist in trouble.

Authorities in fact have always cautioned the motoring public against picking up hitch hikers, but until you've had a bad experience with one, it is difficult to pass them by if there is room for them.

I did some hitch-hiking as a teenager, and thoroughly enjoyed doing it, so naturally I resolved that if I ever owned a car I would never pass a hitch hiker that looked halfway respectable, providing I had room.

My first and really only bad experience with a hitch hiker came with in a few months of getting my first car, and I've been just a bit wary ever since.

It was early 1950, and I was driving from St. Louis to a new job in Des Moines, Iowa. Shortly after noon I stopped for what looked to be a harmless individual with his thumb out. I was sorry I had stopped the moment he was in the car, because he just didn't look right.

My suspicions were confirmed when he started asking me if I had ever been in this jail or in that one. When I politely told him I had never been in any jail anywhere, he went right on with advice about which jails to avoid at all costs, and which were reasonably good ones.

Although I had eaten a full meal only hours earlier, I suggested a snack, hoping to give him the slip, perhaps while he visited the washroom. When he made an move to use it, I went to the washroom, then straight to the car. He was already waiting beside it, and though he didn't say anything, I got the distinct feeling he didn't appreciate my move.

Perhaps he allowed me a point or two for paying for his lunch, because he naturally was penniless.

His next subject was his girl friend, whom he reviled at length in language usually reserved for worst enemies. She was a slut, a two-face, gold digger and tramp, to use some of the more repeatable expressions. Then, hardly through with this diatribe, he produced a photo of her, shoved it in front of my face, and asked what I thought of her.

What do you say to a person who is obviously criminally insane, and has asked you for your opinion of a sweetheart he has reviled in several thousand well chosen words?

So I allowed she was pretty, which seemed to satisfy him.

I breathed a sigh of relief when we reached Ottumwa, which he had said was his destination. But when I slowed down to let him off, he told me that since I was going to Des Moines, he and decided to go there too.

Thus with the sun beginning to sink in the western sky, I headed for Des Moines, hoping and praying to get there before sundown, so I wouldn't have to be out on the highway alone at night with this creep.

By this time he had reasoned, loyally, that since I had a car, I probably had a few dollars as well, and since he had nothing, what would be simpler than moving it with me?

He burbled happily about the prospect the rest of the way, while I, sweating profusely, didn't say a word.

We reached Des Moines shortly after sundown. I drove downtown, and eventually came to a busy intersection with a policeman on duty nearby. When the light turned green for me, I told (the hitch hiker) that this was as far as he was going.

The look on his face told me he was considering immediate and extreme punishment for my betrayal, but he sized up the circumstances quickly — cars were honking at us, and the policeman looking our way — and took his leave with at so much as a "thank you".

It was a long time before I offered a ride to another hiker.

Des Moines was good for an interesting month or so with a congenial group of printers at the Register-Tribune, and a glimpse at human nature adjusting to the strictures of a "dry" city in the American Midwest.

Iowa law or Des Moines local option — I'm not sure which — did not permit the sale of hard liquor or beer of greater strength than 3.2 percent in taverns. Yet you could get any drink at "going" prices seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. But to ask for beer off hours earned you a hard, suspicious stare. I learned that to be caught selling beer outside legal hours could cost a bar owner his license. Selling liquor only attracted a fine of a few hundred dollars, which could be earned back in no time.

Any bar I visited exhibited a diploma signed by the chief of police, identifying the owner as a citizen of stellar quality. There were occasional raids, including one on a Sunday while I was in Des Moines. Even I, as a newcomer, knew about it days before the fact. So the bars closed down that day or sold only soft drinks.

Being a beer drinker myself, I didn't frequent the bars much on off-hours. One thirsty Sunday afternoon, about my second week there, I went for a walk in the general area of my boarding house. I noticed a small deli across the street displaying an off-sale sign. Something didn't look right. The something was that there were too many cars parked beside the deli for the day and hour.

I crossed the street and the moment I entered knew I had struck gold. Everyone was drinking out of coffee mugs but all, including the beefy proprietor, looked at the stranger (me) with narrow-eyed suspicion. I seated myself at the counter and said I would like a coffee, "just like the others are having." The waiter-owner looked at me for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and poured a coffee mug of three-two beer.

I thought I had my Des Moines Sundays taken care of, but the following Sunday, while I was sitting at the counter sipping my unlawful brew, the telephone rang and the owner, after listening for about five seconds, turned and told us "to get the hell out" as he was about to be raided.

We fled, and not much later the police arrived. A few hours later I passed the deli again and found it boarded up. You did not serve three-two beer off-hours in Des Moines, Iowa.

In Des Moines I also added to the collection of characters one encounters when on the move. It was my shift night (night off) and I had stopped for a brew at a downtown bar. A young man stepped up and asked me if I was not the new compositor at the Register-Trib. I admitted I was and he asked permission to join me, mentioning that he was a linotype operator at the paper.

Naturally I agreed and we had a pleasant chat, which eventually yielded the information that he had learned the printing trade in Iowa State Penitentiary, where he had been a guest for six years following conviction for armed holdup. He made no excuses, saying he had come from a good family and should have known better. He had learned his lesson, he said, and was now "straight."

He asked me to his hotel room for a drink, and I saw no reason to decline. We talked some more, and suddenly I looked up from something I had been examining, and found myself looking into the business end of a handgun. Amazingly, and uncharacteristically, I did not panic, but asked him just what he hoped to achieve. He laughed and put the gun away, bragging that just to be caught with a firearm would cancel his parole and put him back in stir.

So much for going straight!

Next came my expedition back to Winnipeg to "rescue" my family from the Red River flood. The flood, more endemic to the Red River than I had realized, was big news in Des Moines, and I hurried northward with the earnest belief that I could make myself useful evacuating flood victims from Winnipeg. This got a good laugh when I arrived, for while distress had been real and the damage ran to millions, there had never really been any thought of evacuating the city. I had a good visit with my family there and in Steinbach, my first return in three years; then returned south of the border to Minneapolis for a stretch at the Star-Tribune.

An oldtimer in the Star-Trib composing room confided that he had been born in a house that stood right where the newspaper office then stood. He never in his life he had stayed overnight in fourteen different cities or towns, perhaps it was even seventeen.

Going down the elevator one day I noticed a pressman wearing the traditional cap made out of a newspaper. Clever me! I asked him if it was true that pressmen spent about half of their

apprenticeship learning to make caps. This was a standard (and tired) composing room gag.

He smiled and said something pleasant. When he left the car one of the comps told me, with a pitying look, that the man was a millionaire, having made a fortune on attachments and improvements to printing presses he had invented. Beside being one on me, this incident tells a bit about the type of person one might run across in the mechanical departments of daily newspapers.

In bits and pieces the earliest stories of hostilities in Korea hit the typesetting mills, and it soon became evident that U.S. military involvement in that cooforntation would translate into a national commitment.

While I had planned to spend several years barnstorming my brief holiday in Manitoba before going to Minneapolis had developed an attachment that was in direct conflict with my long range plan. Constant changes in jobs and the accompanying stress were also taking some of the glamor out of it all, and the implications of the Korean war added the final straw. I spent two weeks each at the Milwaukee Journal, the Chicago Tribune and the Detroit Free Press, then headed back to Manitoba on a mission that ended in the tying of the nuptial knot.

It was probably fortunate for me that my tramping ended as it did. It was a bit like eating a good steak which might have contained just a few more ounces, but which is preferable to forcing down too big a cut and ending up with the discomfort of overeating.

Sometimes still, something stirs my memory and I recall the sensation of, for instance, entering California for the first time on a beautiful sunny winter morning with a few snowflakes in the air, stopping for a coffee to celebrate our arrival, and asking the waiter why he might be looking so unhappy on such a beautiful day, and getting the gruff reply that a country where it snowed ought to be given back to the Indians, driving through Beverley Hills on a star-studded night and listening with quickening heart to a popular female singer of the period singing "Some Enchanted Evening", entering the unbelievable brilliance of a winter day in El Paso, passing through Kansas in early spring and seeing with nostalgia, for the first time in several years the incredibly bright green of trees coming back to life in the North American midwest.

It was an interesting phase of my life that I have never regretted, and one which I know contributed immeasurably to my eventual undertaking to become the publisher of a community newspaper on a strange city.

Good folks everywhere

ERNESTLY *May 13, 1981*

As a tramp printer I became accustomed to living and working among strangers, and quickly learned that they were all people and many of them pretty nice people.

Chicago however overwhelmed me by its very size, and only pride prevented me from taking to the road again and heading for the relative warmth and familiarity of some smaller urban centre.

I found a room in a residential area home and on my first evening in town decided, since I was scheduled for an afternoon shift the following day, to scout around for a tavern where I might while away an hour and perhaps get the feel of this frightening mysterious city.

Naturally I didn't have to go far to find one. I seated myself on a barstool and was soon approached by the bartender whose eyes narrowed when he approached me. I thought perhaps I had blundered into the hang-out of a Capone-type gang, but after chatting with the man off and on during the evening I decided he was a reasonably decent person (for a Chicagoan). In retrospect, I attribute the narrowed eyes to the bad lighting, nervous habit or perhaps even bad experiences with strange young men dropping in and "casing" neighborhood taverns.

At any rate it was several days before I had a free evening again and when I did, I decided to stop in at the same tavern instead of exploring the area. I had no sooner seated myself when the bartender who turned out to be the owner, came over and threw a handful of change on the table in front of me.

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's yours."

Still not understanding and just a bit leery of being sucked into some sort of racket by a Chicago bartender I asked "What for?"

"It a just yourn!" he explained. "You left it on the table when you were here a few nights ago."

The amount of money involved wasn't great, but in those days a couple of bucks was a couple of bucks. He knew that I would never be a steady customer and chances were I would never come back. He could even have pretended it was left as a tip, but I guess he had me pegged even in that department.

In that same wicked town...I found myself without cash because of unexpected repairs on the road and paying for my room in advance. The bank wouldn't cash my (Milwaukee) pay cheque nor honor a personal cheque until my account had been transferred.

I mentioned my problem at the shop, wondering how I was going to eat for the next few days. Immediately one of the fellows asked me how much I needed. I told him a ten would see me through nicely. "Twenty would be safer," he said, and handed me a bill. That may not sound like much today, but $20 in 1950 was not far from $100 today.

What it boils down to is that you can be ripped off or mistreated by someone down the road whom you have known for years, and you can find kindness among strangers, and it has little to do with east or west, north or south, small town or big city.

11. Highways and byways

Flights from the mundane

Not much can or need be said by way of introduction to this chapter. Fascination with far away places is by no means unique to myself, but ever since I became aware that the road past my home extended not only to the nearby traffic artery—but was a link in the route to anywhere in the world—I have been drawn to travel.

My year or two of tramp printing whetted this appetite, and although subsequent responsibilities and practical considerations — finances, employment and business, and family — limited me to wishful thinking for close to twenty years, we have since managed to work in a trip a year, more, in recent years. These flights from the mundane have fueled many of my columns and the comment these have generated has encouraged me to include a number of them in this volume.

For those who, understandably, find no satisfaction in reading accounts of someone else's personal expeditions and the enjoyment of them, it should be a relatively simple matter to skip this chapter or indeed to close the book.

Quit while you're ahead!

A FEATURE *March 9 1967*

That Las Vegas is different than anything you have ever seen before becomes obvious as soon as the neon lights of 'The Strip' become visible. The chief thing that makes it different becomes apparent as soon as you leave your airplane and walk into the airport building.

Anywhere else, the cluster of disembarking passengers makes a beeline for the baggage claim points. In Las Vegas, a column of one-armed bandits picks them off as they come into the airport building. Only the strong and the natives get through without losing at least their loose change.

The legislators realized that in almost every human being there is the urge to gamble; the conviction that one of these days, given half a chance, Lady Luck will smile and come through with the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

This instinct, suppressed in every other state and province in the United States and Canada, is not only legalized, but catered to, encouraged and nurtured on a staggering scale. And that, with a few other minor sins, is Vegas.

For my own part, I feel pretty gamy when losing the toss for four cups of brew on Coffee Row. I agree to one turn of pitch and toss with the loser at the next table. Imagine my feeling when the well-dressed colored gentleman peels off 15 $100 bills and calmly asks for chips.

Somewhere, perhaps in another dimension, is an other Las Vegas where people scrub floors, produce newspapers, build houses, go to school or church and

wash dishes but from the tourist s eye view on the Strip it s not visible

A three-day visit is not exactly a sound basis for a thesis on gambling--night life and vice in Las Vegas--so I must make it clear that this is not what it is intended to be Just a few impressions of a world as different from ours as a Bantu village

I ll admit that I went to Nevada with some fears that the gambling casinos would be a bit like Gyp Row at our local fairs except on a grander scale You know the hawkers who make sure you understand you are nothing but a square hayseed if you don t spend two-bits on a 25 to-one chance of a 20-cent prize?

In Las Vegas where gambling is a year-round industry and the visitors have already submitted their surrender to a secret vice by their very presence no such vulgar come-ons are needed All they need is a huge sign (the larger the better) advertising their stock in trade a battery of slot machines and the business comes streaming in No extravagant promises or enticements No pretty girl beckoning you in No need The nearest thing to merchandizing I saw was a promise of a pair of nylons with every jackpot (In Vegas as elsewhere it would seem it is the women you have to cater to)

They know their customers pretty well

Now in case I ve still left the impression that these gambling casinos are strategically placed every block or two like drug stores or restaurants let me put you straight Not only the Strip but downtown Las Vegas, is casino on casino on casino And in every one of them the slot machines number in the hundreds

If you have any fixed idea about the type of person who plays the slot machine forget it When you look around you see mostly people who might have come straight from a stuffy picnic a church supper a Chamber of Commerce meeting or a quiet walk in the park

In a downtown casino where we whiled away some time two dear old ladies whooped with joy every time their machines paid back a few nickels First timers? Nosiree They were from Los Angeles and spent about every fourth weekend in Las Vegas Did it cost them a lot of money? Not to hear them tell it--but perhaps the definition of money varies with the circumstances

One elderly pensioner with a game leg came in early in the afternoon dragged a chair to a slot machine and proceeded to pump in the nickels I had a feeling he operated the same machine every day Now everyone knows you can t make money that way! but he was still there a few hours later Come to think of it he had several cups full of nickels

Now if you really want to beat the machines you ve got to have a system Take myself I wasn t even going to bother with the lamentous gadgets at all seeing as I was there as sort of an observer However I decided to plunge and purchased two dollars worth of nickels I didn t click for even a two-nickel payoff until I played my 20th and then they came — and oh what a lovely sight!

I decided to use my sudden wealth for research and developed a system that would have been foolproof if I hadn t run into some tough luck Here s how it works You play five coins in one machine and move on if you get no returns If you get even a few nickels back you stay on the machine until you ve mussed for five turns

It s surprising how many jackpots I hit using the system Believe it or not my two-dollar investment and grown to a $15-$16 bonanza by the time I left the casino a few hours later Easiest money I ever made

True I ran into some tough luck the next day and lost most of my winnings But I m sure my system would have come through with flying colors if only I d stayed for a few more days

The nickel slot machines of course are the small time stuff There are dime machines quarter machines and silver-dollar machines — and then if you really like gambling there is roulette chemin de fer dice poker blackjack and you name it

In the big games you see the blank faces the cold eyes the tense nonchalance Every player is suspect, and you have the feeling that no one had better try to pull anything Dealers of card tables are spelled frequently and a house observer is never far away Armed guards are strategically located Nobody shouted "Wheeee!" when they won a hand

This is where the big money is and hard faces bring to mind tales of the Mafia You have the uneasy feeling that you re farther from home than you realize

A big attraction and one that probably lures a lot of people to Las Vegas is the floor shows you can see for a modest charge which includes food and refreshments Every hotel spends tens of thousands weekly on live shows starring name performers The cover charge is small on the well founded assumption that the house will make it up on the gambling tables

In our three nights in Vegas we saw Myron Cohen Jerry Lewis Buddy Hackett and several others who I am assured are big names in entertainment

Are the shows wicked?

This depends entirely on the point of view Grandmother would have been shocked at the bare bosoms but I found that after about 15 minutes my eyes became accustomed to the spectacle and I was able to concentrate on the action Some of the jokes I ll admit were risque but frankly I ve heard worse from amateur entertainers in Weyburn

Should you dear reader go to Las Vegas?

Well suit yourself If you feel you must go you ll probably have a fairly interesting time If you feel an overpowering urge to go for heaven s sake don t let me talk you into it

But just a few words of advice if you decide to take the plunge be quick with your tips if you want good seats, don t expect gourmet meals when entertainment

is the real hell of fare expect to stay up late for life doesn t begin at 8 a m in Las Vegas eat well before you get on an American plane and quit while you re ahead of the slot machines — if you re lucky enough to get ahead

Hawaii . . . Pacific paradise

A FEATURE *March 13, 1969*

If you ever have a beautiful dream from which you don t awaken even when you get up in the morning then you ll know you re in Hawaii

This at least was how I felt last month when after over a month of continuous sub-zero weather I found myself basking in sunshine beside an outdoor swimming pool a scant twelve hours after being plucked from a snow-covered freezing windy tarmac at Regina airport

In common with thousands perhaps millions of people I have always longed to see the fabled isles of the South Pacific where the sun is always warm where smiling brown damsels dance the hula and where the workaday world seems light years away

The opportunity came when realizing that no alarming number of Weyburn and district residents were travelling to Hawaii I felt duty-bound to report to Review readers just what was luring away our citizens and their shekels

Well I m back and to be perfectly honest it would take at least six more months of research to give you a comprehensive picture But if you ll settle for a few quick impressions gained between lazy sessions beside the pool researching sun-worship come along

I think my first realization that I was actually headed for a world that exists not only in picture books came when our DC-9 put down for a station stop at Calgary International Airport and rolled to a stop beside a giant Wardair Boeing 707 A direct charter flight just back from Hawaii the monster was discharging about 200 brown-skinned people into the brisk morning They were clad in light clothing many wore less — the garlands of flowers traditional in the Hawaiian Islands — they seemed in high spirits and were happily shouting Aloha! to friends awaiting them at the airport

Something just had to be different where they had come from

The flight to Honolulu took only a few minutes more than five hours it was smooth and had a bit of the atmosphere of a bay ride as most of the people on board were not visiting Hawaii to service juke boxes or to bury Uncle Ben The mood was definitely holiday and champagne came with the entree

Suddenly there we were the topcoats which had seemed so unsensible in Regina that morning were oppressively heavy and with palm trees gently swaying in the background we were borne on a small motor train (operated by a mennen-clad Hawaiian lady) to the terminal building

The seven-odd miles by taxi with a driver who must have been a tour guide in his youth provided the first hint that Hawaii was not exactly as I had imagined it

How do you think of Hawaii?

A sleepy lagoon a tropical moon? A few hotels surrounded by grass huts along miles of beach? Well not exactly Think of miles of showy hotels bars restaurants and souvenir shops and pedestrians like on Portage Ave when there are sales on at Eaton s and Hudson s Bay traffic like the Gardiner Expressway in Toronto and you re much closer to the picture

But gentle reader the air is warm the breeze is gentle and the water is inviting even to a prairie clodhopper accustomed to being primed with dust

It didn t take us very long to realize that our attire, while not downright illegal nevertheless would not qualify us for a picture on a travel poster I had fish casual enough when I left Regina in my faded blue stay pressed pants and sports jacket but combined with a white shirt and tie (a rid culous combination anyway when you come to think of it) I was far from a *la mode de chez nous* of a warm evening in Waikiki

Waikiki is the beach area It is a tourist city completely distinct from Honolulu itself which struck me as a rather drab city in an exotic sort of way

The first evening was disposed of rather quickly for suddenly after a swim a snack and a half hour watching the tide rolling in and lovers strolling hand in-hand along the darkened beach one suddenly becomes acutely aware of the fact that whatever the time piece may say it lot of hours have passed since we slogged through the snow in Regina So off to bed at 9 p m which after all is 1 a m in Regina and to our weary bones

The result of course, is that we re wide awake by 5 a m and ready for a hearty breakfast Common decency restrains us and we fight wakefulness for another hour but that s the limit But surprise of surprises we re far from the first ones on the breakfast terrace Some I suppose were also up against the time differential others had places to catch but there were also some, I m sure, who just couldn t bear to miss a minute of that golden sunshine

Breakfast under the spreading branches of a banyan tree is something to remember Twenty yards distant the waves are gently washing the beach brown skinned black haired beachboys are setting up shop for the approaching day beachcombers-circa 1969 are "scanning" the sands with a device like a mine-detector which will reveal lost coins rings and trinkets and the first of the sun worshippers are spreading their bodies over the white altar of sand Meanwhile busy Japanese waitresses pour coffee and serve pineapple spears that melt in your mouth pancakes with coconut syrup and golden-eyed eggs

Beside you above you under you and around you are the omnipresent pigeons not too timid to eat out

of your hands, but confident enough to step only two inches out of the way for you. Throw them a crumb and while five of them are deciding what to do about it, a sharp-eyed, quick witted sparrow perched on a branch 30 feet distant swoops down and snatches the prize.

An hour or more passes quickly in this atmosphere: fresh air, coffee cup replenished as often as you like, a few cigarettes (Caution: these may be hazardous to your health) and a glance at the daily paper to read the one or two stories with mainland dateline.

Tables on the terrace were large enough to seat six, and it was quite the accepted thing for complete strangers to plant themselves beside you if no tables were vacant. You meet some charming people this way.

Then comes the time when we too must face our destiny and join the throngs on the beach. A quick purchase of shorts, sandals and a colorful Hawaiian sports shirt, and I too am one of the minuteti — though still painfully conscious of the tell-tale white skin which brands me as a recent arrival. It is quite permissible in most hotels to dash through the lobby in your swim suit. Imagine trying that at the Royal York!

The beach is an experience not to be missed. You start walking on coral before you are deep enough to swim. Then a wave comes along and deposits a mouthful of salt water on you. Repeat that a few times, and you realize that the beach is okay for sunning, but swimming is a poor proposition.

Having had your initiation to sunshine — and you had better not overdo it the first day — and you are ready for your first stroll along Kalakaua Ave. This is the main drag, as far as Waikiki tourists are concerned, and it must beat Times Square or Piccadilly Circus for meeting people you know.

Pacific paradise, Part 2

A FEATURE *March 20 1969*

But back to Kalakaua Ave. Motor traffic like any city you would care to name, and the wide sidewalks are packed with people, but they're not in a big hurry to get anywhere. Men in shorts and sports shirts and women in mumuus are the rule rather than the exception. Shops, particularly in the International Market Place, are loaded with beautiful wares of wood, lava, mother-of pearl and Polynesian fabrics. Okay, so they're tourist traps, and you could get it cheaper on Higgins Ave., but I'd still love to go back with about $2,000 to spend and a special exemption from customs.

I have made mention several times of the mumuu. This is a high necked, ankle length dress along Mother Hubbard lines. The ladies find it most comfortable. Legend has it that the missionaries who came to the Islands in 1819 introduced the mumuu to cover the unabashed nakedness of the Hawaiian girls. However, one must not think too harshly of the missionaries, as the mumuus are really quite attractive. In fact, on matrons they look better than bikinis.

However it is not only the attire and the souvenir shops and the leisurely pace of the pedestrians that makes Kalakaua Ave. different. Perhaps it is the fact that all business is tourist-oriented. Restaurants, hotels, bars, delicatessens, travel agencies, airlines offices, sidewalk cafes, everything the tourist might need, want or find difficult to resist.

People will tell you that Hawaii has become too commercialized.

Let me put it to you this way. If you want a more quiet place, with few people and no service, don't go to Waikiki. But if you want good meals when you want them, prompt maid service, room service, a taxi when you need it, and all the conveniences you demand when you go on a holiday, you'll find them there — and that's commercialism.

Commercialism is also what places the price of these commodities within my reach. Perhaps I too would prefer the Hawaii of 50 years ago if I could afford the time, the cost of staying in one of several luxury hotels, and personal servants at my beck and call.

It takes people, and lots of them, to place hotels, airlines, restaurants, guided tours and dozens of other services on a footing which brings prices down to my level. We met two Canadian working girls making their third trip to Hawaii in five years. I don't think they could have afforded these visits to an uncommercialized Hawaii.

Speaking of commerce, I couldn't help but notice some of the differences between business in a tourist-oriented society, and the atmosphere to which we are accustomed. Most businesses rely heavily on the repeat business of satisfied customers. In Waikiki, where most people remain only for two or three weeks, everything is geared to capturing the attention of the potential customer whenever he happens to be and right then. Once he's gone, he's gone for a long time.

This brings up the subject of tourist traps again. Of course, they're there, but not counting the souvenir shops I have already mentioned and where I did not feel badly taken, I cannot say they were there in excess.

Some of the conducted tours struck me as borderline cases. In a few instances the people selling you the tickets were really selling you transportation, to a point of interest (plus admission). Later you might discover that four people sharing a taxi could get to the same place faster, more comfortably and at less cost. However, many people swear by these tours; so why should I complain?

One of the tours we took was a boat trip to Pearl Harbor, where on Dec. 7, 1941, 350 carrier-based

Japanese planes struck with a crippling surprise attack which brought the United States into World War 2. The battleship *Arizona* still lies submerged in the harbor where she sank on that fateful day. A beautiful memorial with an assembly area large enough for 200 people spans the hull in memory of the men of that and other U.S. ships who lost their lives that day. The bodies of 1,100 men are still entombed in the rusting hulk of the Arizona.

One of the tourists on our bus was a Japanese man, 40 to 50 years old, and inevitably I wondered whether this might be his second visit.

While tourism, sugar and pineapples are the leading industries of the Islands, the military also plays an important role in the state's economy. Beside substantial army, navy, air force and marine installations, it is the mix of rest and recreation facilities for U.S. forces in Viet Nam. Families are flown from Los Angeles at about half price to meet the boys back from the war front.

One sees hundreds of couples walking blissfully arm-in-arm as though the present would last forever. At Honolulu airport comes the moment of truth — and tears — as they are separated once more, often forever. Young men leaving for the battlefront present an inherently sad situation, but doubly so when their embarkation is from an "uninvolved" base, triply so when they depart for hell from a summer wonderland.

Incidentally, my references to Hawaii heretofore may be slightly misleading. The state of Hawaii includes seven major islands and several lesser ones. The island of Hawaii is the largest, but not the one on which the "action" is. Oahu (pronounced not unlike "Wahoo") is third largest, and it is here that Honolulu and Waikiki are located. Our round trip of the island totalled just over 100 miles. There are daily tour flights to the other islands, and most who have taken the tours recommend them as giving you a better look at what Hawaiian life really is all about. For our part, we felt there was sufficient to keep us occupied for a two-week first visit.

The state flag of Hawaii, admitted to statehood in 1959, boasts the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner, and horizontal bars representing the islands. I have to admit to some nostalgia at seeing the Union Jack waving overhead once more.

For the Oahu-based tourist a glimpse of Polynesian life is available at such places as the up-island Polynesian Culture Centre. Here are huts representing the various islands, with costumed natives displaying their fabrics and apparel, explaining the construction of their abodes, and dancing their national dances.

We found the native people — and I include here the Chinese and Japanese who now are predominant on Oahu — charming, friendly and courteous. The Hawaiians, most of whom are now mixed with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and other Caucasians, seem to have a rich sense of humor. I am told that Hawaiian songs sung by native night club entertainers not infrequently poke fun at the haole (pronounced "howly" and means white people) rubbernecks for whom they are performing.

One day while studying a menu, my wife and I got into a difference of opinion about the pronunciation of luaiau (that's sort of a Hawaiian kelopshi with leaves instead of cabbage and fish instead of meat). She said it was "low low" (rhyming with "cow") and I made it out as "lo-lo." We called the Japanese waitress to arbitrate, and after agreeing with my wife a version she laughingly added that lolo means stupid.

I thought I caught the word several times subsequently in Hawaiian songs.

In most places, beach wear is acceptable providing you wear shoes. Not so at the Royal Hawaiian, formerly the royal palace of Hawaii. Here gents and dresses are required, and the prices rise with the standard of dress.

I have rambled on beyond my original intentions without even mentioning the fish market, where the night's catch is auctioned to retailers early each morning, and where a little old heavily-tattooed Hawaiian fisherman insisted on posing for a picture. I haven't mentioned the Ala Moana shopping centre — the world's second largest, with about 90 shops on two levels downtown Honolulu with its grimy little shops and generally neglected appearance but bright plans for the future; the boys diving for coins in the dirty harbor water; T.T. the avant millionaire and Bucky the baker from Chicago who, until restrained by the hotel management, kept the pool area lively as in a scene that was a cross between Tarzan's victory yell and a log sergeant's bark; the winged one and all to jump in, of the myriad birds greeting passersby with a shrill "Aloha" of things I might have seen.

During our last week in Waikiki winds were heavier and there was more rain than the natives had seen in years, but they tell me this story wherever I go. But what's a bit of wind and a few drops of rain when the temperature is 70, and you know it's freezing cold in Saskatchewan?

So with that final thought, "Aloha."

Sunny Mexico: an experience

A FEATURE *February 22 1973*

"The exciting and colourful spectacle of the bullfight can be seen on Sundays in the cool of the late afternoon when the bullring is full of atmosphere and color and anticipation the bands play the people roar then "Ole's and you will be carried away by it all. You may or may not enjoy it but it certainly is an experience."

Thus our prospectus of optional tours described the national sport of Mexico and I can think of no more fitting introduction to an account of 14 days in a land of contrasts where bliss exasperation pity help-

bizarre revulsion wonder admiration and confusion vie constantly to be one's foremost emotion

I give fair warning that since it was a period of shameful self indulgence with notebooks and pen a safa 3 000 miles away and even a camera cooperatively giving up the ghost halfway through the fourth film this epistle is not represented nor should it be read as a documentary it is not a judgment a defence a eulogy a critique — and especially not a history or political or economic analysis — of a nation of 50 million souls which shares this continent with us

I write only of what I saw or thought I saw heard or thought I heard if I seem like the blind man who gazed his impression of the elephant by feeling one member I accept this not only as a possibility but as a distinct probability

Having opened with the bullfight theme, and since this was one of my first Mexican experiences I may as well use the battle between man and beast as my jumping-off point

The bullring in Acapulco the southern Pacific seaport resort where I spent two weeks in the sun while the rest of you were suffering in unseasonably warm January temperatures has a capacity of about 5 000 (compared to something in the nature of 85 000 for the Mexico City ring if memory serves me) affording all a good view of the fight in every detail including the blood glistening on the shoulders of the tormented animals

I beg indulgence if my terminology is faulty but while our bullfight tour ticket entitled us to "transportation a full explanation of the bullfight and a cushion the explanation delivered in heavily accented English on a crowded noisy bus consisted mainly of the advice that one might shout "Ole!" if pleased by the bullfighter's performance

The routine is roughly this a gate is opened and an angry bull (an especially violent species trained in violence and further enraged by a rosette pinned to his shoulder just before he comes out) charges into the ring there to be teased and tired by four men who can flee for protection behind wooden barriers The matador that does some pret mundane work with a silk cape, getting the feel of the bull and his tendencies. Next two men charge the bull and sidestepping plant two pairs of barbed staves in the shoulders of the animal — which doesn't improve his disposition any — before mounted picadors allow the bull to charge their horses while one of them plants a pike pole into the bull's neck

After the weary wounded and maddened bull is ready for the "hour of truth" when he faces the matador for a final round of charges and graceful evasions until the latter is ready to make the kill by sinking the blade between the bull's shoulder blades just behind the neck "Ole!"

With hawkers peddling beer soft drinks, chips nuts sausages and what have you around us — whole families including toddlers watching with no more excitement than if they were taking in an exhibition ball game and every move made so safely as to appear rehearsed (rehearsed with the bull's co-operation that is) — the fights might have seemed phoney to us except that the very first matador lost his footing and was badly gored by the bull He never learned whether he lived or not but this shocking introduction clearly impressed us that here was a game being played for keeps — even though the bull is inevitably one of the losers

Every bull is different one jumped the fence twice another went down on his knees as if in supplication and refused to get up until prodded and a third just kept getting up after he was supposed to be dead

A gory spectacle Did I enjoy it?

I admit to both exaltement and revulsion I wouldn't have missed it and I don't care if I ever see another bullfight One fight inattentally takes a matter of 15 or 20 minutes and there are four "bouts" on the program

I mentioned contrast and the contrast that is most striking is the poverty of many when it serves as the backdrop for Americans Canadians and Europeans spending playing and feasting in the midst of want

Right next to our hotel which while not lavish by Canadian standards nevertheless catered exclusively to the whims of vacationers stood three or four shanties on a piece of ground perhaps a bit larger than a residential lot in Weyburn

Shanties?

Don't think of any substandard home you may have seen in Canada but of a crude shelter from the sun made of poles branches crates and sheets of tin Each housed a family and if you chose to take the alley down to the main street you were accosted by half a dozen urchins — the younger ones completely naked — imploring you with beautiful brown eyes for "pesos" You quickly learned that it was easier both on your pocketbook and on your conscience to take a taxi or the hotel's courtesy car

Walking along the main thoroughfare at night every lamppost was the station of a beggar woman perhaps with infant at breast outstretched hand and a whispered "Peso"

We asked one little girl — perhaps four or five years old — peddling chewing gum late at night why she wasn't in bed Her answer "Have no money to buy food"

There is no welfare system in Mexico you work you steal you beg or you starve

At the fabulously beautiful — and I use the term with discretion — cathedral in Mexico a silver capital of Taxco, you cannot enter without passing four or five shrivelled and ragged old crones each with outstretched hand and the plea for pesos which becomes all too familiar One wonders what happens to

the proceeds of the poorbox which confronts you immediately upon entering the building with its statues and elaborately carved panels of solid gold, its priceless murals.

Even the beggars change with the times however. While a tourist brochure explains that Caribbean and American change is worthless even as a tip, one little girl made it clear that her values had been updated. Leaving the cathedral at Taxco we were surrounded by a swarm of children selling trinkets, begging or offering anything else which might earn pesos. One of them, a beautiful but ragged and dirty little girl — wearing lovely, dangling golden earrings — offered to sing for a lady for a peso. When the woman said she had no pesos, the child asked in disappointment: "Not even a quarter?"

Acapulco is hot.

On this one point the brochure does not lie.

Your first thought upon deplaning at Acapulco early in the morning, long before the sun has reached anywhere near its full potency, is how pleasant it would be to find a displaced snowbank and submit yourself completely to its cool embrace.

Forget it, there isn't any.

Through the winter season even rain is rare, and temperatures hardly vary from one day to another, reaching a humid high of about 85 degrees (my estimate) in midafternoon and a low of perhaps 70 at night. In Acapulco the 1-to-4 p.m. siesta is generally observed by shopkeepers, but no longer universally, as merchants realize that tourists there for a brief week or two are crazy enough to shop in any heat. Mexico City, with an elevation of almost 7,500 feet and therefore cooler, has dropped the siesta.

At the height of the afternoon, even many sun worshippers sneaked away from the beach chairs in the area exposed to the sun and sought the shade near the bar. In January, warm is wonderful, but sizzling hot is hot at any time of the year.

We were disappointed at first that our hotel was too far from the ocean for convenient seashore swimming, but we changed our minds when we heard of treacherous undertows which can carry a swimmer out to sea, and learned that the Mexicans would not use the tourist beaches because they are too near the outlet where the city's raw sewage is discharged.

The hotel pool was beautifully warm, however, to the point where even a notorious coward like myself could jump in cold turkey without so much as a shudder. No heating was required, because the coldest water in Acapulco without refrigeration is lukewarm. Even your morning shower could be taken straight from the cold water tap.

The taxi drivers of Acapulco are a breed apart, and you consign yourself to their care with a whispered prayer. While speed limits are posted they are observed mainly in their violation, particularly along the six-lane main boulevard which follows the coastline.

All vehicles switch lanes constantly and without notice, but cabbies have a special knack for adding to the thrill by hurling their vehicles toward a traffic opening not yet wide enough to accommodate the taxi, but which by their minds' computerized calculation will have stretched just enough to allow them to slip through.

On the narrower, winding, hilly and poorly paved streets on the mountainside, they slow down by a few mph, but given the extra hazard of cobblestones, oncoming traffic on narrow streets, blind corners, strolling pedestrians and playing children who scatter like chaff before the wind at the taxi's approach and you quickly pray for a return to the straight, well-surfaced road.

In contrast to the pleasant, smiling faces one encounters among most of the populace, the cabbies are a surly lot. Few speak English beyond stating their tariff and sound as though they couldn't care less.

Cabs are unmetered, and while fares are set by the tourist department, you are warned to establish the fare to your destination before you enter the vehicle. Rates may vary considerably. This situation, too, may be exaggerated by skew, as I found on many occasions when I neglected to demand the rate in advance. I paid roughly the same fare as when it had been established.

On the other hand, on the very last day, we took a taxi from a hotel to downtown, and were charged 15 pesos ($1.20). An hour later, we took another taxi from within a few feet of where we had left the other back to the hotel which had been our starting point and paid only eight pesos.

Special situations also lend themselves to special exploitation. Following one Sunday's bullfight and with darkness rapidly falling, we found ourselves separated from our tour group and the transportation which was to take us back to the hotel. Caught up in a milling crowd of people seeking transportation home and in a rough section of town, we managed to flag down a vacant cab. We asked the price to our hotel and it was 50 pesos. I was about to start clambering but the grin on the driver's face told me to forget it, it was a seller's market. In truth, it was not all that high by Canadian standards, but by tourist department tariffs 50 pesos should get you a two-hour tour of the city.

Shopping in Acapulco is a happening, as in most of the hundreds of shops — many of them the size of a carnival stand, especially in the beach and market place areas — price tags are non-existent, and bickering is the order of the day.

Amigo!" you are accosted. "Only 60 pesos — for you."

"Sixty pesos?" you exclaim in outrage. "I give you 30 pesos."

A look of abject distress. "Amigo, hand-made out of pure silver, and you say 30 pesos? Please, I pay 40 pesos for it. You tell me how much you wanna pay."

You offer 145 pesos feeling like a miserable cheat and the sale is made before you know it. Later you see the identical item in a department store tagged at 35 pesos. But what matter?

You are particularly vulnerable on your first two or three outings when your white skin gives you away as a novice, as does your lack of confidence and the queasy look on your face showing you are not yet conditioned to the ever-present medley of aromas — Mexican cigarettes frying onions spices seafood the sea and the sewers which flow just below the pavement and which advertise their presence at every broken concrete manhole cover

Spotted in this weakened condition you are besieged by every shopkeeper and sidled up to by fences and frauds offering jewellery of great value at give-away prices not to mention youngsters many of them knee-high offering to dive into the bay from a 10 or 12 foot gantry for a peso. Abuse your shoes hail a taxi for you or whatever else might induce you to part with a coin (anything less than a peso definitely not welcome though). Enough to send you scurrying for the safety of your hotel pool and its adjuncts

A few days later with browned features marking you as a "veteran," and a hardened ear about you you go forth again and find you can actually enjoy shopping with all its haggling and are not besieged by the sucker-spotters, and can in fact pick up some astonishing values in silver copper gold and leather wares at reasonable prices. Even if you are not a good bargainer and pay slightly more than the going rate you are remunded by the tour director you are still paying mighty low prices for the painstaking hand labor of some craftsman

After that baggage space and customs regulations are the greatest inhibitors — next of course to rapidly diminishing financial resources — not withstanding the myth that prices are low

Not knowing Spanish need not discourage any plans you may have for going to Mexico but don't think you won't encounter a language barrier

Everyone dealing with tourists naturally must have enough English to be able to tell you the price of something and if hawking enough to give you a salespatch But if you ask anything beyond that you are as likely as not to be met with a shrug and "No comprende" or perhaps rewarded with a pleasant smile and no answer meaning roughly the same thing

It may seem surprising with tourism the main industry of Acapulco that she should be so but we are told that this beautiful spot was "discovered" by the U S and Canadian tourists some 30 years ago Today English is a compulsory second language in Acapulco schools so future generations of English-speaking tourists will probably find they can get by without so much as learning to say "si" gracias or "por favor"

A pity perhaps and it may rob the place of its charm but inevitable when it caters to people who charge halfway around the world to demand ham and eggs for breakfast a T bone steak at night Kentucky fried chicken down the street and not so much as an alien odor — in short home sweet home in a palm tree setting

But that s in the future for all the tourists overrunning the place and whatever the changes that have taken place since Acapulco was a sleepy seaport things are different

Even the amenities provided for the visitor retain the Latin touch toilets with leaky tanks showers with the showerheads missing knocks at the door not only to tidy the room but throughout the day to change the towels check the bar replenish the bar install a new rate card and to turn down your sheets, elevators out of service or refusing to stop at certain floors cash registers out of order so no charges to your room permitted today no breakfast served after 11 a m but eggs on your plate at noon when you ordered a ham sandwich dishes removed from the table while you re still spearing the last mouthful but don t hold your breath waiting for the check, transportation for the bullfight leaves at 4 30 but you re still waiting at 5 and when you arrive at the bullring you find yourself languishing in the broiling sun for another hour before the event begins no free matches left and none for sale

"You will quickly learn " our tour director explained at an orientation briefing "that there is little point in rushing to be on time just to wait for those who aren t

A common expression is "Just a Mexican minute " and that can mean a long wait Our guide in Mexico City explained. "If someone says a Mexican second he means a minute a Mexican minute an hour a Mexican hour a day and if he says manana forget it because manana never comes

I was successful for a few days scrounging San Juan s (Mexican department store) matches at the hotel desk but my greed finally killed that The desk clerk had given me a book and I pleadingly asked for three He tossed me a second one and with a gesture of dismissal said "That s plenty " After that they were always out of matches Perhaps they were because even the smoke shop beside the pool selling matches at a peso per "penny" box was out of them and all over the hotel people were stopping each other to plug into lit cigarettes

About the most unforgettable experience was the bus drive to Taxco High in the Sierra Madre mountains and about 150 miles from Acapulco it is reached by a well surfaced but narrow two-lane highway with no shoulders uneven edges hairpin curves steep inclines and declines, crumbling cliff wall on one side and a sheer drop of 1 000 feet or more on the other

Along this twisting ribbon the driver pushes the bus at a speed that would seem to be prompted by a death wish passing on blind curves, tailgating almost nudging smaller oncoming vehicles off the road and with utter disregard for pedestrians...burros and cows trotting along the edge of the road

Some passengers confessed that the four-hour trip had completely cured them of their fear of flying anything had to be safer than that bus

Going back to Acapulco the driver was trying to make up time he had lost when he ran out of gas (well short of gas) and had to fill up at a highway filling station) he passed two buses at one time, on a curve and well after dark

The people of Mexico are a mixture of Indian and Spanish, with some Negro and Asian influence particularly around Acapulco whose beautiful natural harbor attracted slavers from Africa and traders from the Orient The mixture has produced a dark-skinned strikingly handsome easy going fun loving intelligent people artistic and very expressive people As already explained their ways are not our ways but then perhaps neither are their aspirations then philosophy their values or their needs

I have heard Mexicans referred to as a lazy lot, but I don t see any laziness in peddling sandals or hats in the blistering sun from early morning till late in the evening, or in a 10-hour day hustling cool drinks for a bunch of demanding tourists or hurtling long hours through hot congested streets in a taxi or a bus

They are different... they are people... and I liked them

They are descendents of a people that built pyramids which are still engineering miracles and another race which led in the discovery and conquest of the western hemisphere so I wouldn't sell short their potential

Maybe some day the incentives and the economic base will be there to give them greater expectations and a higher standard of living and make them more like us

And then you know the easy smile may also be erased from their lips

Deep-sea fishing

AFEATURE *March 8, 1973*

In my account several weeks ago of my journey to Mexico I didn t even mention the latest major accomplishment garnered for my store of memories, deep-sea fishing

A group of us had been down to the docks to see the fishing boats coming in flags proudly announcing their catch and had watched enviously as the successful fishermen posed for pictures with beautiful five or six foot sailfish Our tour literature advertised fishing expeditions but the rates sounded a trifle high By cutting out the middle man and taking advantage of the Mexican penchant for dickering we reasoned we ought to be able to get in a day of fishing at half the "sucker" rate

We weren t disappointed at the dickering possibilities As soon as it became apparent that we were in the market for a day's fishing...we were besieged by boatmen or their agents each with a better deal than the next

"I guarantee you catch fish...muygo No fish no pay

Wa ll now... whoever heard so attractive an offer?

Wa didn t bite on the spot but over a council of war back at the hotel we agreed upon suitable days and our most competent dickerer was despatched the following afternoon to firm up the arrangements

He returned from the expedition looking very thoughtful and about a day later announced that we were booked — through Gino the hotel s tour representative at advertised rates

"How come?" we asked "Wa thought you were going to get us a real deal

"Well "he said "it was this way I didn t quite like the looks of the guys I was dealing with so I went to Gino and asked him if he would give us the same deal no fish no pay And Gino said, no, he couldn t guarantee no fish he could only guarantee that we d get back

Wa were rather grateful that he had enough sense to go for that guarantee

Early next morning we were off armed with great packages of lunch that would do justice to a Sunday School picnic The boat was a beauty about 40 feet long two decks protected from the sun six fishing chairs a comfortable galley and a crew of three no less It quickly became apparent that not only was the rate reasonable for a day s outing but there was no possible way the price could pay the wages of three men plus boat expenses and overhead

Before we were out of the bay our lines were baited and out and we were sitting in our chairs, feeling very professional

We were hardly out of the bay when we made our first catch and this was encouraging enough to keep us in our fishing positions for the next hour even though with the boat s heading, we had the full force of the tropical sun beating down on us

As the hours passed without a further nibble it dawned on us that we were just as well off dozing in the sheltered bunks reading playing cards or munching away at our provisions as there was a bell that rang when a fish hit the line there was lots of time for the lucky man to get to his reel, and one of the nimble crewmen usually got there first and had things under control

Anyway we discovered the catch about the low rental rates

Whatever fun resolve no red-blooded male of the

tourist species can bring in a huge sailfish without weakening to the lure of seeing in his mind's eye this lovely specimen mounted and on display in his office or den back home. And that's where they've got you. Believe me: it isn't cheap and by my reckoning there's a neat kickback to the captain for every mounting contract.

Oh, how did I make out? Well—our group caught three sailfish and a dolphin; most of them in the last half-hour of fishing just before we pulled back into Acapulco Bay.

I brought back the steer cookies and one hard boiled egg left over from my lunch. But at least I didn't have to pay for mounting and shipping a fish and don't have to worry about where to put it.

Espana, por favor!

A FEATURE *February 28, 1974*

"Y viva Espana, y siempre la recordaran,
y viva Espana, la gente canta con ardor,
y viva Espana la vida tiene otro sabor
Espana por favor!"

You haven't been in Spain very long before the tune and the key words of this unofficial national anthem become pleasantly familiar. For wherever a group of musicians holds forth it won't be long before they break into "Y viva Espana" with a joyful fervor that is contagious. If the musicians are around all evening, it is not unusual to hear this piece half a dozen times. You may even receive a transcription copy to encourage you to join in.

And join in you do—for not only is their gaiety infectious but the Spanish can't bear to see anyone missing the fun. Try to sit out a dance and likely as not you'll be dragged to your feet and paired off with another wallflower — perhaps a five-year-old girl, maybe an 80-year-old dowager. The generation gap does not seem to exist in Spain—certainly it is not in evidence where people are having fun.

"They are the happiest people in the world," explained a young Frenchwoman working as a Madrid tour guide when we asked her what had made her decide to stay in Spain. She had started out with the idea of working in as many countries as possible, but when she got to know Spain—she didn't want to leave it.

"The people are poor," she said "but they are so happy."

This was confirmed by another foreigner who worked as a tour guide-cum hostess at our hotel in Torremolinos. Lisa, a young Norwegian, told us she had been there too long now—she could never leave. She complained that the Spanish were inclined to lose their tempers at the drop of a hat — "and when they're angry, look out" — and that they teased her mercilessly "but when they're happy, they're so much fun."

This happiness runs counter to what one might expect of a people — a highly intelligent people — who have been living in a police state for well over a quarter of a century. But if there is trouble brewing (and trouble might well erupt after Franco's death) it doesn't show on the surface. The December assassination of Spain's premier—of course, is an indication that all is not quite as it seems. Where public debate and discussion is not permitted, no one is likely to express disagreement except secretly and violently.

"We live in a political vacuum," explained a Basque tour guide. "There is only one political party (I think the official version is that there are none and that thus the best qualified person can be chosen to serve each area) and government policies are simply announced—not explained or discussed. You can ask a taxi driver or a bartender if he is in favor of the monarchy, and he may say yes or no—but if you ask him why—" Our guide ended the sentence with an eloquent shrug.

He staunchly maintained, however, that the Spanish have complete freedom of speech. "I can think what I like and say what I like. I can say Franco should go to hell as loud as I like and this man" indicating another tourist listening in two or three feet away "can be a policeman and he won't report or arrest me. Just don't make no troubles."

He conceded that there might be valid ideological objections to such a system—but that he was well suited. "I can work, earn a living and educate my family. I'm satisfied."

Complimented on how safe one felt on the streets at night, he admitted with a grin that it isn't that Spain oh people are so much better. "We have more policemen and tougher ones."

Indeed, one of the first things we noticed in Madrid was how heavily the streets are sprinkled with efficient-looking police cermen—and as a corollary how quickly one lost the sense of uneasiness that grips one in a strange city in a strange land and among strange people. We were constantly assured that you could feel perfectly safe anywhere in Madrid, day or night, whether you were rich or poor, old or young, tourist or Spaniard.

Madrid, where my wife and I spent the first five days of what in some circles might be termed an "observers' travel seminar," struck me as a marriage of ancient history and *1984*.

Narrow downtown streets are lined with buildings hundreds of years old, while the outlying residential areas are masses of high rise apartment buildings with more under construction wherever there is a vacant lot. No doubt the wealthy have their villas but we didn't see them. For most of Madrid's population of 3.5 million, it's an apart-

ment with little hope of ever acquiring a home of their own

The crowds in Madrid are unbelievable day or evening On your first trip downtown you are certain you must have hit the city on the day of a special celebration — something on the order of V E Day But no you soon learn that it s always like that With no suburban shopping plazas (at least I saw none) and only groceries and liquor available in the neighborhood "supermercado" (little more than the average corner grocery in Canadian cities) a trip downtown is a must probably several times a week A modern subway system on which a dime gets you an all-day pass makes it feasible

Taxis also abound Painted a uniform black with a single red horizontal stripe the length of the body for identification they hurtle along the main thoroughfares like missiles On the crowded streets often only slightly wider than two small cars they slow down slightly It is awe-inspiring to sit in a taxi with the driver leaning on his horn bearing down on a crowd of pedestrians The crowd parts at the last moment as miraculously as the waters of the Red Sea for Moses with none of the people giving any other outward sign that they are even aware of the auto s presence

Roaring along the high way to the airport on our last morning in Madrid I nervously asked our driver how fast he was travelling "Ninety miles per hour" he announced cheerfully "No speed limit in Madrid" I asked him if he had many accidents but he told me not to worry that he was the second best driver in the city I asked him who was the best and he replied "My father and he s dead "

Shopping hours in Spain are difficult to get used to Most business places open at 8 or 9 in the morning close at 1 for three full hours then reopen for the evening at 4 p m They don t call it a siesta any more that s a word which apparently doesn t fit into the vigorous mood of today They simply close down for three hours

Another oddity of Spanish life that I had been told about was that supper is eaten some time after 8 o clock "You just don t eat until 8 or 9" I was warned

We ll see about that, I muttered to myself convinced that the full force of Spanish history custom and tradition could not convert this confirmed 6 o clocker

Well, surprise The dining rooms don t open until 8 Presto I was converted Once or twice we weren t even the first people in the restaurant

Aside from failing to make a dint in their custom of late dining I made little more headway with imposing my beverage preferences upon the Spanish I drank three or more cups of coffee with a meal and when eating out my water tumbler requires several refills

In Spain a request for water causes great consternation The idea of drinking the stuff strikes them as outlandish You have a bottle of wine or a pitcher of sangria with your meal and finish off with a demitasse of the potent brew which they call coffee and which leaves you almost as thirsty as when you started out So I learned to drink wine with my meal and must confess that I have had greater hardships thrust upon me

Drinking sangria is a custom which we might seriously consider importing My guess on its preparation is this, pour one glass of wine into a huge pitcher add lots of ice a few chunks of fresh fruit for garnish then fill the pitcher to the brim with fruit juice The result is a pleasant drink you can sip for hours with no discernible effect, except perhaps that everyone becomes decidedly more congenial after a few pitchers of the stuff

Many people return from Spain disappointed with the food but if you like seafood in variety you've got it made I loved most of it particularly a full course seafood meal I had one night (including shellfish soup) My greatest disappointment was the national dish paella which makes every Spaniard s mouth water and which I had looked forward to because I imagined it to be a seafood stew with rice on the side Instead it consists mainly of saffron-tinted rice with some shellfish and indefinite chicken pieces mixed in Each to his taste but I'll pass on paella

For a snack there s little to top a Spanish-style toasted ham and cheese sandwich Bread ham and cheese seem to melt in your mouth You get it with a knife and fork Europeans don t seem to take kindly to our barbaric custom of picking sandwiches up in our hands

The major part of our Spanish visit was spent in Torremolinos a Mediterranean fishing village turned resort city with a vengeance

Even today the centre of the old community has been overpowered by the apartment hotels which dominate the landscape to accommodate sun seekers from every European country and North America. And in this town alone (not even an incorporated municipality in its own right but administered directly from the nearby provincial capital Malaga) of there is one apartment hotel under construction there are 100 How a community already said to be overtaxing its utilities will cope with the added burden is beyond me

The weather was good even for a Mediterranean January we were told and in contrast to Saskatchewan weather which we learned about from incoming tourists the only source of Canadian news it was heavenly Even at that however it wasn t swimming weather although there was an occasional splash into heated pools by hardier souls than I Some diehard sunworshippers even spent the day in bikinis on beach chairs and almost every second or third day some brave soul would strife determinedly into the

Mediterranean a sight which would stop the natives in whatever they were doing and cause them to shudder visibly

In Torremolinos during afternoon closing hours and after shops close in the evening you are accosted by gypsies who suddenly appear out of thin air to offer you genuine "Omega" watches (if inspected under a powerful microscope the word is probably "Omeca"), scarves, tablecloths and other goodies

Walking a dark street one night I declined a shoeshine and the young man asked for a cigarette I gave him one and in seeming gratitude he pounced upon my shoes and began to shine them I generously fingered my change for a top thinking I couldn't allow him to do that for a mere cigarette The first inspection that I was being taken came when he started hammering cleats onto my heels The bill was 150 pesetas (over $2 50) He settled for 100 pesetas when he noticed a policeman watching from a doorway

Espana, Part 2

A FEATURE *March 7, 1974*

Being a tourist area the language barrier was less marked in the Costa del Sol region than in Madrid where sign language and an English-Spanish conversational guide are the only aids for communication in most shops In Torremolinos many posters and signs are in four languages Spanish French German and English — with Dutch and Danish thrown in occasionally for good measure We joined a conversational Spanish class offered free of charge in the hotel and this turned out to be one of the highlights of our stay Every day at noon (when we weren t away on tours) we would meet with a small group of tourists from various parts of the world to be instructed in Spanish by a beautiful vivacious senorita who spoke only a few words of English Because the make-up of the class changed from day to day you might find yourself going through several consecutive lessons of counting from one to 20

The lessons were held in the restaurant and were enjoyed by the waiters as much as by ourselves I couldn t help imagining our own delight if we witnessed a group of Germans Ukrainians and Spaniards painfully repeating for the third or fourth time "I am ver fine-tenk you and who are you?"

One evening at supper we happened to be waited on by one of the waiters who had listened with delight to us going through our lessons He wouldn t serve us until we obediently went through the prescribed "Camarero ye quiero por favor ... and so on

One day Maria Antonia announced that on the following day there would be a "classe practicale" All her classes from the various Sofico hotels would be picked up and taken to the town of Marbella for lunch The outing would be free except for lunch

So we went two buses strong to a Sofico dining room in Marbella where we were plied with sangria, dragged onto the dance floor we sang national anthems of the various countries represented, and tried to converse with the Belgians Germans French and Dutch at our table Maria Antonia and Lisa were terrific There were folks on the trip who could hardly negotiate the bus steps but these girls had them on the dance floor swinging away as though they had just shed 30 years It was hilarious The practical Spanish part consisted of the waiters telling us as they served us the Spanish words for "knife" "fork" "plate" and the dishes we were eating A good time was had by all!

A healthy portion of our time both in Madrid and Torremolinos was taken up by guided tours of the various places of interest

In Madrid the city tour taking you to the royal palace and the famous Prado Museum satisfies the appetite of the most ardent art lover with thousands of paintings by the world s masters priceless tapestries and elegant chandeliers by the hundreds

A day at Toledo famous for steel crafts takes you through narrow winding streets from a centuries-old cathedral to an ancient synagogue and to the last home of the famous painter El Greco (Toledo incidentally was the capital of Spain until about the time of Columbus)

A modern wonder is the monumental bush to honor the fallen of the Spanish Civil War (an estimated one million died) Overlooking a rugged valley about 35 miles from Madrid a basilica equal in size to St Peter s in Rome is built into the solid rock and rising majestically above it s across about 450 yards high

Named El Monumento Nacional de Valle de los Naidos (National Monument of the Valley of the Fallen) this tremendous piece of engineering took almost 20 years to complete The guide didn t mention this but we were told that labor for the project was supplied by prisoners of war — the losers in the civil war

At Nerja not far from Torremolinos we saw what I consider perhaps the most beautiful natural phenomenon I have ever seen — the caves discovered there just a few years ago by a group of youngsters It is futile to try to describe the cathedral like amphitheatre sized caverns I can only say the stalactites and stalagmites formed over thousands of years have a grandeur which cannot be matched

A countryside tour took us into tiny villages where life goes on very much as it did a century ago Peasants plow their tiny fields with oxen take their produce — and themselves — to the village market on donkeys, and live out their years in tiny but scrupulously clean huts

Tour guides explain the passing scene in four languages as the average busload of tourists contains at least that many nationalities But even this can vary amusingly On the Nerja tour there were only six paying customers and the guide had to give his pitch

in three languages, while on the Tangier trip...everyone on the well-filled bus spoke English

And that brings me to our visit to Tangier — an unforgettable experience for anyone with a North American or western European background.

Actually, we spent only a few hours in this Moroccan city, what with a two hour bus ride from Torremolinos to the ferry terminal at Algeciras (a mile or less from Gibraltar) and several hours more on the ferry. But for me it was enough. Eye-opening to see... good to leave, and something to nag at you for the rest of your life.

Taking us on a quick tour of the picturesque countryside around the city (beautiful for a vantage point with its whitewashed buildings glittering like jewels in the sun), we pass the luxurious villa of an American heiress...a graveyard for dogs of the wealthy, and scant seconds later women washing their laundry in a tiny stream that is little more than a muddy trickle.

In the old Casbah we are taken on foot along dirty streets so narrow that you can almost touch the walls on both sides of you at the same time. Your group of 20 or 30 people has three guides for this exercise — one in the lead, one in the middle, and one bringing up the rear. You are warned, only half in jest, that if you lose the group, you might as well be written off.

You are followed all the way by Arab peddlers... young and old...trying to sell you their wares. Bargaining is the name of the game; no one pays the first price offered, and the final price depends on your skill. This applies not only with the street peddlers but to the two "department stores" (three or four-room buildings) where we were taken. I didn't do very well there either.

The peddlers weren't allowed in the stores, but were waiting for us at the door the moment we left, to dicker and beg for a sale, grabbing our arms and clothing for attention.

They surrounded us when we stopped for the traditional camel ride out of town; they ran after the bus as long as they could; their downtown counter parts were on the spot the moment the bus stopped; they followed us till the moment we stepped on the gangway of the ferry.

I didn't realize how badly I was probably taken on my own purchases until I witnessed a deal being made while lined up for the ferry. A man was offering a beautiful handmade tablecloth for 4 000 pesetas (about $75). A young Englishman was interested, but stubborn — and finally got the article for $10.

Going back to Algeciras, the outside passageways of the ferry were filled with Arabs, sitting on boxes of personal belongings or with knapsacks strapped to their backs — off to European countries which need their labor.

I couldn't help wondering whether this might not eventually be the salvation of the Arab world — their young men being initiated into a world of regular work, regular pay, comparatively dignified standards of living and greater expectations.

When I stepped off the ferry onto Spanish soil and into clean Spanish streets, I felt as though I had returned home.

For me, after Tangier, it was definitely "Espana, por favor".

Ontario ice storm

ERNESTLY *March 18, 1976*

I was surprised upon returning to Weyburn from eastern Canada recently how little publicity had been given in this part of the country to the worst ice storm in history to hit southwestern Ontario.

You ask, "What in the world is an ice storm?"

Well, it's not great big gobs of ice hurling down from above in the manner of some of the hailstorms we have hereabouts, but when you survey the damage, it might as well be.

All day Tuesday, March 2, a heavy sleet fell on the entire southern Ontario "belt", heavy, wet, sticky stuff that clung to whatever it encountered — branches, windshields, roofs, power lines, television aerials, and even the walls of buildings.

A friend drove me through this mess along the Queen Elizabeth Highway from Toronto to St. Catharines...where another party was to meet us and take me on a Cook's tour of community newspapers in southern Ontario.

We were to meet on a parking lot in St. Catharines at 10 a.m., so we left my Toronto hotel at 8:15 a.m. — lots of time under normal circumstances for the 75-mile drive. But with the highway covered with about six inches of slush, and every egress plugged with traffic, 10 o'clock found us only at Oakville, some 20 or 25 miles outside of Toronto.

Sleet continued to fall most of the day, and by the time we stopped for the night at Tillsonburg, a freezing drizzle was firmly cementing the sleet wherever it lay or hung.

The thought ran through my mind, "How do the trees stand all that weight?"

The answer, as I was to discover next morning, was that they don't.

As it turned out—Tillsonburg wasn't as hard hit as the area to the west. There was little evidence of damage in the morning, and by noon, the temperature was high enough to allow trees and roofs to shed their heavy burden.

Farther west, however, a heavy fog obscured the sun, and we hadn't travelled very far before we reached the disaster area. Power and telephone lines were down wherever you looked. Huge trees had broken down the middle and crashed to the ground. Television aerials had simply buckled under the weight of five or six inches of ice. Boulevards in all of the towns were strewn with large branches which had

been torn from the beautiful old trees that line the streets of all the towns in the area. Because of the widespread damage to power lines many towns were without power until Friday or Saturday. In towns which had no standby gasoline-powered pumping equipment people were also without water. In some of these communities all commerce ground to a complete stop. Without heat or light, and in some cases without water or telephone, business places couldn't even pretend to offer service. For the most part, men joined the clean up effort, while women and children huddled at home in sweaters and blankets.

I was fortunate in that the home where I spent the night in Rodney was steam heated so at least we were warm. When you know most people are worse off, it's not that difficult to nibble cold food by candlelight although for a coffee addict I, like myself, cold fruit juice, however delicious, as a substitute for the morning java, leaves something to be desired.

My hosts in Rodney, while able to keep warm, were not spared the storm's devastation. Four beautiful, tall trees, believed to be over 100 years old, all had large branches torn from them, leaving them standing there tattered and bedraggled.

Driving through the area, especially through the murky fog which often revealed only the silhouettes of drooping, tattered trees, left one with the eerie feeling of travelling through a country where an invading army had wreaked its vengeance and the inhabitants were still in hiding.

Puerto Vallarta confrontation

A FEATURE *February 24 1977*

They broke it to us gently but quickly.

We had just deplaned at Puerto Vallarta and entered the reception area when Mary Ann, the resident tour guide, called us together for an important announcement.

Not to be alarmed, but there was a local political difficulty we should know about, a "very unpopular man" had been elected mayor of Puerto Vallarta, and in protest the citizens of the community had, a few days earlier, blockaded the bridge over the Rio Cuale, closing off the only traffic link between the north and south sections of the city.

Those tourists booked for the Hotel Tropicana would have to take one taxi to the bridge, cross on foot, then take another taxi to the hotel. Their baggage would arrive later by boat.

With a commendable heartiness, Mary Ann assured us that everything was peaceful—no one was about to be shot, and that the difficulties would likely be settled in a day or two.

On this cheerful note of welcome we bounded our taxi for our own accommodation (on the airport side of the river), wondering how so extremely unpopular a man could manage to get himself elected mayor, and how long this situation would remain peaceful with an important traffic route being blockaded by protestors.

From our suites we could travel downtown without crossing the bridge, but by the second day of our stay we decided to visit Weyburn expatriates Jim Freda and Freddie Graham, who now make their home in Puerto Vallarta, and this made it necessary to cross the barricade.

This turned out to be as easy as promised, for although large crowds were gathered in the general area of the bridge, no one paid much attention to the people crossing the bridge on foot. Everything was peaceful, and numerous armed policemen were on hand to ensure that things remained that way.

A sound truck was stationed north of the bridge, and at any time I was in the vicinity, day or night, there was a speaker holding forth to the gathered crowds, and if his words were as passionate as his voice I wonder how long the peace would have been maintained.

Not helping matters was the fact that loaded trucks, some carrying perishables like bananas, were lined up for blocks on both sides of the bridge, unable to move in either direction. The thought occurred that it might not be long before the truck drivers would get impatient with their cargoes spoiling.

We learned also that essential services were being affected. The south, for instance, was without garbage removal services, and open garbage fires burned and smoldered at almost every street corner. The purified water source on the other hand was in the south, and it was only a matter of time before northern supplies of this vital commodity would be scarce.

As it happened, the protestors carried things a bit too far a few days later (perhaps deliberately, to force a solution), when they set up another blockade at a strategic point at the northern entrance to the downtown area.

With the mountains blocking the east, and the sea lying to the west, this effectively isolated the city core from automobile traffic to and from the outside world. So for a few days taxi travel from north to south, or vice versa, involved a taxi to the first barrier, a walk past the barrier, another taxi to the second barrier, another walk, and a third taxi to the final destination.

This brought the army into town in force to get things moving again, but without any violence. The demonstrations continued, but without blocking traffic arteries, and downtown was pretty thick with soldiers, provincial police and city police. I sensed that this development changed the atmosphere a bit, but our stay ended without any untoward incidents that we were aware of.

Of course, since Puerto Vallarta has no newspaper and the English-language daily out of Mexico City made no mention of the mini revolution, a lot of things may have happened without the tourist population being aware of them.

I interviewed a Vallarta businessman who spoke fluent English and he filled me in on the background of the difficulty

According to him the whole problem stemmed from a rift within a major political party Partido Revolucionario Institutional when the group nominated for the mayoralty (actually I believe the municipal presidency) a candidate unpopular with one segment of the party The dissidents nominated a candidate of their own choosing and this resulted in further bitterness and finally demonstrations by both sides at several polling places on election day

Since political demonstrations on election day are forbidden by law the returning officer had the ballots collected and counted at a central point rather than at the various polling places as required by law

His action in doing so was quite lawful according to my informant but when the opposition candidate was declared defeated by a margin of 15 percent his supporters didn t accept the verdict and hence the demonstrations

Toward the end civic groups such as the Chamber of Commerce and service clubs issued an appeal to both sides to settle the matter in an orderly and constitutional manner rather than hurting the city s tourist industry and risking the violence inherent in public confrontation As my acquaintance said all it would take was for two people to get into a fight about a completely unrelated matter and you might have a riot

Puerto Vallarta on Mexico s Pacific coast lives largely on the tourist trade which discovered the little fishing village of 10 000 about a decade ago after Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor built homes there following the filming of the movie "Night of the Iguana

Today the population is estimated at 100 000 and growing There are already 45 hotels listed on a place mat I brought home with me and there are more being built

Weatherwise it is ideal for a winter vacation with the sun hot enough to suit most sun worshippers but my shaded area quite comfortable even to people who have been plunged overnight into the climate from the prairie winter

The sand on the beach might be hot enough to burn your feet but under the parasols — large umbrellas made from palm fronds provided by hotels for their guests and which dot the beaches — one can lie back in comfort read a book chat watch the Canadian and American chickeners try to outwit the native peddlers lazily let the eyes follow the brightly colored parachutes carrying adventurous souls across the bay or watch the foaming surf beating against the shoreline

The parachute flight looked inviting but between a queasy stomach and the warning that anyone taken up must first sign a paper releasing the concessionaires from any liability whatever I had second thoughts

A little story deing the rounds concerned an overweight middle-aged lady who wanted to go up but because she was frightened decided to have a few drinks first Unfortunately she had one too many and found afterwards that she couldn t remember a thing

Reassured by her safe return the first time she went up again the second day sober this time Trouble was she forgot her glasses and couldn t see anything

In for a penny in for a pound so she went up again the third day sober and wearing her glasses This time they dropped her when she came down and she broke a leg

Another interesting phenomenon one encounters in beach life (or loafing) in Mexico is the wandering artist who for a few dollars will turn out a 12x18 crayon sketch

The one we "commissioned" was a young man with a sense of humor who smiled and chuckled to himself as he developed the caricature with many nods of approval from the Mexicans who gathered around him glanced from unfolding sketch to the subject and threw in a suggestion here and there

Back to the queasy stomachs mentioned earlier just about everybody we spoke to seemed to be suffering to varying degrees from *la turista* or Montezuma's Revenge " the malady which keeps you from wandering too far from home while the bug is active This in spite of purified water brought to the suite in sealed 10 gallon containers daily medications and avoiding downtown food vendors

I was amused to read in the airline s guidebook an article on how to avoid *turista* without going hungry in Mexico

The writer offered 11 tips on how to eat well and stay healthy in Mexico Her advice included boiling the purified water and adding purification pills avoiding most foods except those still hot or thoroughly cooked by oneself

She summed it up like this

"Always be super careful Always think before you eat and drink Unpasteurized milk from the prettiest glass at the poshest place is as dangerous as at a country store No matter where you find yourself — in a small cafe a first class hotel or a splendid Mexican home — seek with these 11 tips and you ll eat and stay well and have a wonderful time in Mexico "

Can t you just see yourself in a splendid Mexican home " rebolting your host s water in front of his eyes and refusing most of the food? And get asked back?

My own suggestion is that there are about four alternatives open to persons considering a Mexican holiday

1 Stay at home and avoid any risk of Montezuma s Revenge

2 Go to Mexico pretend you re at home drink

water and eat food anywhere and be absolutely sure of getting sick.

3 Follow the 11 tips (which we can dig up for you if you want them). Live in constant dread, have a lousy time, and enjoy about a 75 percent chance of not getting sick.

4 Bear in mind that you are in Mexico: use care and prudence have a reasonably good time, take a 50-50 chance on getting sick (and live in constant dread).

If the fourth alternative sounds a bit foolhardy, remember that the swimming pool or sea water you unavoidably ingest when you go swimming is not likely to be preboiled and purified.

The sea water is apt to carry a bit more than Revenge as well. I spent a pleasant hour or so standing in the surf and fighting waves that swept over my head—but after I noticed the scum floating on top of the water, the enjoyment went out of it.

If I have left a negative impression of Mexico so far, I would like to add that my own feelings about the place were much more favorable than when I visited Acapulco four years ago.

This may be due to the fact that Acapulco is an old seaport, and much older as a tourist resort, possibly resulting in a more hardened populace than that of Puerto Vallarta which, until a decade ago, was an unspoiled backwater fishing village.

On the other hand, it is just possible that even four years has brought about substantial changes. I had the feeling, at least, that in spite of the bureaucratic and government corruption considered endemic to Mexico—someone—somewhere—is trying.

The people, particularly young people, look clean and healthy. In many cases this cleanliness is achieved under circumstances that are unbelievable. On a trip back into Vallarta in the courtesy bus of a hotel some miles out of the city, the vehicle stopped to let off a teen-aged girl, obviously a hotel staffer, at her home in a little village. She was a beauty—spotlessly dressed, and she disappeared into a little hovel which structurally wouldn't pass as a chicken coop in Saskatchewan. How she could come out of a place like this looking as she did is a mystery.

In the Rio Cuale, the muddy little river which flows through Vallarta, women can still be seen at any time scrubbing their laundry on the rocks, then spreading them out—perfectly clean—to dry in the sun. A few hundred feet away, girls of the next generation, sales-clerks in the supermercados and gift shops, make their calculations with electronic calculators as though born with them.

In Acapulco—on our previous visit we found it prudent to agree on fares in advance with taxi drivers or risk being ripped off. I started off the same way in Vallarta but soon didn't bother. The fare was always the same: 30 pesos (about $1.50) to any downtown address south of the bridge.

Bargaining is still common, indeed standard procedure when dealing with peddlers selling their wares on the beaches, but by now this practice is so deeply rooted that the tourists expect it too. Any peddler starting off with his final price would end up making no sales or losing money.

I wondered at the number of Mexican children on the beaches on weekdays, peddling or providing services, and learned that school shortages require instruction in shifts. Thus some go to school in the mornings and some in the afternoons, and since many are from poor families they have to help their parents earn a living.

Another improvement, either in Mexico as a whole, or in Vallarta over Acapulco, was in the begging situation. In Acapulco, after dark, the streets were lined with beggars plying their trade, sometimes young mothers with babies at breast. Even then it was done under the pretense of selling penny packages of chewing gum, but this was only a cover.

In Vallarta we did not encounter anything resembling begging; about the nearest thing was a youngster asking for a peso after I declined his offer to sell me a newspaper.

The chief evening form of entertainment was the fiesta, and most of the resort hotels had at least one a week. The evening would begin at about 8 o'clock and a cover charge of about $8 per person entitled guests to all the margaritas (something like lemonade and tequilla) they wished as much as they could eat from a buffet of Mexican food, and continuous Mexicon entertainment in the form of musical and dancing groups.

These buffets saved my life, enabling me to load my plate with the few foods my stomach didn't reject.

One afternoon we took a bus trip (about 35 cents per person) with the Grahams to the annual fiesta of a little village some 30 miles out of Vallarta. Communi cations being what they are in rural Mexico, we learned from one person upon arriving that we were a day late (or maybe early)—from another that the fiesta was to start four hours later; from a third that it was to start in two hours, and from a fourth, finally, that it was already on.

The fiesta was not (at least not at that time of day) on eating exercise; more like a small rodeo, with local riders displaying their riding and roping prowess to a crude corral before a crude grandstand filled with cheering fans, some of them happily waving large bottles of tequilla in encouragement.

When I refer to a crude grandstand, I mean so crude that it almost defies description or belief. It was made entirely out of peeled logs six to eight inches in diameter. These logs served as uprights, supports and benches, and since no great care had been taken care in choosing them for suitability for this use (perhaps there was little choice), fans were perched at weird angles.

I snapped the camera at many interesting and beautiful scenes on this occasion but found out later that the film had come off the sprocket and that I had not in fact taken a single photo

As I mentioned in my "Ernestly" column some months ago we took the Conversational Spanish course offered by South East Community College last fall but I found that tourists without a word of Spanish didn't have much of a problem since most people in service jobs had at least a smattering of English in the areas required by their jobs

Arriving at our suites with our baggage missing however I was able to get this fact through to the non English-speaking manageress or concierge and was not inconvenienced very long It was also handy when asking the staff of the suites for something and asking directions downtown Not that I could understand their replies but they would point us in the right direction and after a block or two we would have another go at it and eventually reach our destination

However I made a point out of using my Spanish as much as possible in ordering food giving directions to taxi drivers and whenever it wasn't critical to get the exact information immediately

The Mexican people seemed to appreciate the effort encouraged and helped me and it was fun to find that even in two weeks a few words could be used quite naturally without doing a mental translation Even some of the words of the replies came to have a familiar ring

All the streets in downtown Puerto Vallarta are narrow and cobblestoned the cobblestones evidently retained for esthetic reasons saving the genuine Old World flavor

Since the streets are not level however it makes a taxi ride something of an experience particularly if the driver is not concerned about his vehicle and is somewhat of a hurry Pedestrians flit across the roadway everywhere—some of them not even seeming to notice the oncoming vehicle but always managing to be out of the way by at least six inches at the crucial time

On the whole taxi drivers didn t seem to have as much of a death wish as appears common in some countries I have visited but we managed to have one on the last evening that made up for all the others Going across town for a final fiesta, we hit a traffic tie-up and the way this driver took advantage of every little hole—preempting other taxis with the right of way and charging along narrow passages with only a few inches clearance on either side was something to behold Of course we abetted by shouting "Ole" at each achievement

We became more familiar with lizards and iguanas than we had expected or hoped to The iguana is an ugly but harmless reptile of the lizard family and some of the beach peddlers lead live ones on a leash to attract attention and earn a few pesos allowing people to have their photos taken with the creatures Dead ones were being sold as souvenirs and this commerce may well endanger the species

With lizards we became familiar on a more intimate basis Since there was not a pane of glass in the suite — all windows and doors were louvred — the little reptiles had easy access and there were always a few around.

This was not as bad as I had feared from accounts of other visitors to Mexico I had somehow gained the impression that the lizards were scurrying around the room getting into things Actually a lizard will cling to one spot for hours if not disturbed Since they eat flies they are not at all unwelcome

Chris the five or six year-old son of the Vancouver people in the next suite was always trying to catch lizards and one evening when there was one on the supports of our lanai I tried to help him corner it

It disappeared into the shadows and when I was trying to figure out which shadow was the lizard Chris gave me this solemn piece of advice "If it moves that s him and if it doesn t move it s not h m "

It wasn t him and I wasn t all that sorry

So that s Mexico revisited I m glad I went I m glad I m back and next time I think I ll try for some place else with all due respect to a charming country and a charming people

Homeward bound

ERNESTLY *February 3 1977*

It is high noon pleasantly warm and we are preparing for departure from the suite that has been our home for the past two weeks

Pleasantly warm

Two weeks less two hours ago the same temperature seemed incredibly hot to the 100-odd fugitives from the minus-30 of the Prairies who disembarked at Mexico's beautiful Puerto Vallarta airport

For the next hour or two we are in limbo — no longer officially entitled to the use of our suites which must be tidied for the next bunch of white-skinned Canadians — and no place to go until taxis come for our baggage Our suite is the one designated as the hospitality suite really more of a temporary refuge for all who have vacated their quarters and it hardly seems right to see our erstwhile neighbors walk in boldly and deposit their baggage on our patio and in our living room

The water of the fountain cascades into the bay pool a few yards away — a sound which has become familiar particularly when it lulls us to sleep at night

At poolside sit people who were strangers a fortnight ago — to us and to each other — dangling tanned legs in the swimming pool sipping drinks normally frowned upon at this time of day relaxing the high-

lights of a holiday that already has begun to seem unreal. Thoughts return to anxieties postponed or deliberately banished, and in almost everyone there surfaces an excitement at the prospect of returning home to family, friends, work responsibility, and to the cold and snow that at the moment seems as unbelievable as heat and surf and iguanas seemed two weeks ago.

"First one back at work!" I explained to a neighbor who looked questioningly at my scribbling.

"No," he replied, "the second one." Seeing that he had spent the last two hours working on a shipment his firm was importing.

There are a few who won't give up till the last possible moment. They are still in beachwear, enjoying until the last possible moment the unreal luxury of winter sunbathing.

I feel this way myself, as my gaze falls on the opened book I abandoned in favor of this first gesture to the workaday week ahead.

Oh heck. I think I'll just quit writing now and go on reading.

I just did.

Adios amigos.

It is 24 hours later as I type this, and I feel a year older in terms of travel experience.

First...over two hours in various lineups at that hot (earlier identified as beautiful) Puerto Vallarta airport. A late takeoff and the good news that we would have to stop at Mazatlan for refueling, adding perhaps another 45 minutes to the flight.

Then, when the trip was about over, we learned that Calgary airport was closed down by snow and fog, and that we didn't have enough fuel to hang around and wait for a weather change, so we had to fly on to Edmonton for refueling, clear customs, and wonder for another hour or so if this is where we would have to spend the night (with a blizzard blowing up there too).

Finally we took off for Calgary again with a 50-50 chance of being able to land there. We made it, but it was getting mighty late and our flight to Regina was booked for 7:15 in the morning. The one bright spot, the morning flight was four hours late and the airline was kind enough to wake me at 6 to let me know.

Think I was mad? Not a bit. That extra four hours snooze brought me back to Weyburn just racing to go. But don't ask me where.

Once upon a freeway

ERNESTLY *November 16, 1978*

You've heard every possible horror story about the California freeways, so there's really no good reason to bore you with mine. Except that mine happened to me.

The happenstance of back-to-back meetings in Los Angeles and San Diego last week set the mental calculator going and I reasoned that the return price of cabs between downtown and the L. A. airport, air fare to San Diego, and cab fare from the San Diego airport to my hotel would be balanced by the cost of a rental car. And I would be "my own boss," not subject to airline timetables and availability of taxis. Plus the luxury of driving along a limited access freeway admiring the beauty of the countryside for 100 miles (110, 120 or 130 miles, depending on my source of information).

Oh, I had heard all the stories, but I reassured myself: thousands of others are doing it every day. That friends is precisely the problem. Thousands of others are doing it every day, thousands and thousands, and thousands, and maybe even millions.

My first lesson was that the Californian's smile and concern for the tourist is a cul-de-sac. She (or he) is quite sincere in the desire to help you because since you have come to her counter or booth, the natural assumption is that you are there to purchase the product or service offered. Confine yourself to that and you will receive efficient, courteous, honest and friendly help. Step beyond it and it becomes your problem.

That is why I used the term "cul-de-sac," because you are left with the feeling that there is nowhere to turn.

Anyway, my experience began with obtaining the rental car. Done. No problem. Even when I asked for directions to my hotel, the attendant was ready with a pre-printed map of the greater Los Angeles area and quickly traced my route with a pen. But when I asked if the first left turn would be an actual left on a light or a cloverleaf loop I had overstepped the line.

"There will be signs," she said with finality, and I knew I was on my own.

The first turn was, in fact, easy, and the freeway was well marked with signs on the left keeping me posted as to the next three exits. It was just a matter of watching for Santa Monica Boulevard and turning right.

So I turned right on the Santa Monica Freeway.

According to my recollection of the instructions, I should've have far to go on the Santa Monica to reach my next and final turn, and entered this freeway confidently. My confidence turned to doubt and finally despair as the miles rolled by and there was no sign of my exit.

Finally there was nothing left to do but leave the freeway, find a well lighted service station and refer to my map and instructions. That's when I found out the city had both a Santa Monica Boulevard and a Santa Monica Freeway and I, naturally, had taken the wrong one.

The young service station attendant was reasonably helpful but couldn't locate his position on my map and didn't know east from west.

But we finally made it.

I faced the next day's trip with confidence in spite of my minor error. All I had to do was get back to the San Diego Freeway—the route I had taken from the airport—and keep going.

So I got on the San Diego Freeway and I kept going and going and going until some inner instinct told me that a freeway which I expected to take me to San Diego ought not to be marked "Sacramento" and "Bakersfield." Right freeway, wrong direction—and not even a good excuse for it.

I got myself turned around and in the ensuing few hours learned about Los Angeles smog at night, the dizzying effect of miles and miles of multi-lane headlights and taillights all moving and shimmering in the mist. I got off the freeway once or twice until I learned to stick to the centre lane and never mind the impatience behind me and cars whizzing by on both sides—almost got creamed getting into the exit lane too quickly—overshot the San Diego access because I didn't see the city limits sign, and once even miraculously remained on my route when I thought I had lost it.

Once upon a freeway, buckle up, hope, pray, keep your head up, your eyes open and on the road.

Visit to Disneyland

ERNESTLY *December 7 1978*

A plug for Disneyland—which we visited for the first time.

A few although not too many have referred to Disneyland as a ripoff. So I wasn't hoping for too much.

A ripoff it isn't. If somewhere in your heart there is still a smoldering ember of imagination, a faint memory of the boy you once were, Disneyland will bring it all back. It is the fairyland you expected to find around every corner before you grew up to the facts of life and had long ago put aside as a childish dream.

We were lucky in some respects. I've heard of crowds and line-ups and can well believe that these could take the edge off the enjoyment. But we went on a midweek day with a threat of rain. It was cool enough to keep the crowds away but still warm enough for comfort.

The cost? We went for the $9.50-per-person guided tour which included a trip around Disneyland in the miniature train, a few more of the popular rides, plus two tickets for rides of our choice.

This we thought would take care of openers — perhaps half an hour — and after that there would be an open season on us. To our surprise we had a full afternoon enjoying ourselves and left with a ticket still unused — and a lot left to see if it is ever our good fortune to return.

The whole place was spotless, the rides were fun (I passed on those not recommended for pregnant ladies), employees were friendly and helpful and I left with more admiration than ever for the late Walt Disney, his limitless imagination and his compulsive desire to put fun into life.

We stopped for coffee and a snack (good food, reasonable prices) at an outdoor restaurant. Of course the birds were very much at home in the place and almost ate out of our hands. I noticed a sparrow having some difficulty hopping and attributed this to the slippery floor until I saw one leg slipping away from him.

I asked the young waiter if he thought the bird had a broken leg and he replied, "Oh no. He's got a mail-formed leg but he gets along all right. He lives in that big tree over there."

Where but in Disneyland?

A place in the sun

ERNESTLY *April 26 1979*

What triggered this year's excursion was an afternoon late last fall at California's Disneyland — an afternoon stolen from a convention.

It was a cool November day, threatening rain and in the middle of the week, conditions which kept California at home or at least away from Disneyland. We saw so much in a few hours and so enjoyed ourselves that we decided then and there to come through with a long-standing promise to take what's left of the family to this delightful place.

We settled for Disney World in Florida for a variety of reasons and naturally went during Easter break.

This time there were no clouds and no threats of rain. The Floridians were out in force as were the Canadians, Mexicans, you-alls, Yankees, the Germans, Swiss, Italians and Japanese, the black, the white and the brown, the old and young, the whole and the hale, the rich and the poor, and if there are any classifications I've missed, they were there as well.

Crowd control was terrific though and not withstanding waits of up to 45 minutes for a ride, everything was orderly, consideration for invalids, the elderly and parents with small children took away the element of despair that usually goes with crowd scenes. Monorail trains and ferries moving crowds between the parking area and the actual Disney World site perform so efficiently that what might be imagined as a nightmare becomes simply an experience.

It is a fantastic place, and I salute the showmen, the humanitarian, the dreamer and the salesman in the late Walt Disney.

But admittedly a 10-minute ride is seen in a slightly different perspective after a 45-minute wait than after a five-minute wait, and I'll confess that there were times when the coffee crowd in Waybum would look better than all the sun tanned beauties of Florida. Too many is just too many.

Wonderful tourist traps

ERNESTLY *July 23, 1980*

We've all heard and read about tourist traps and in this day and age there breathes hardly a man with soul or dead who has not been sucked into paying fancy prices for viewing a scenic wonder with about as much historic or esthetic value as a two-weeks-dead cockroach.

However I'm talking about the kind that gets a build up through highway signs along the route that teases your curiosity until you are fair bursting...then drops you flat after you've paid a fancy price.

On a recent visit to the Black Hills of South Dakota my wife and I fell for one of these. It wasn't that the attraction was out of line with the price of admission or was the way we got lured off the beaten track that got us.

We had no sooner entered the Black Hills area when a huge billboard made it evident that our whole trip would be wasted if we failed to see the "Wonderful Wonderland Caves." Having seen the beautiful caves of Nerja Spain, a few years ago we were in quick agreement that...should the opportunity present itself a visit to these caves might be worthwhile.

Our first morning in the area, heading naturally, for Mount Rushmore we were confronted once precisely with another billboard announcing that the next turn would take us to the "Wonderful Wonderland Caves."

I should have been suspicious because the sign gave no such inducement in "only 300 yards" or "that is as close as you'll ever get." No. Just the next left turn.

So what could a pair of keen tourists do but hang left and head for those wonderful caves?

We hang left and drove in the prescribed direction. And drove. And drove. About five miles down the road we were stopped by road construction and asked the flagperson how far to the caves. She assured us with a smile that the turnoff was only about 10 miles distant.

Now 10 miles was slightly more than we had bargained for, but what's a few miles on a hard surface on a beautiful day! So we continued...and sure enough, nine or 10 miles down the road, another billboard invited us to take another left turn onto a gravel road. Well...what's a few yards of gravel when you've come that far?

We drove five miles on a rough narrow winding gravel road and just about the time we were ready to throw in the towel were greeted by another billboard welcoming us to Wonderland Caves.

With a sigh of relief I swung into this trail confident that we would find the caves just over the next crest. Wrong! Another two miles at least before we finally arrived at the ticket office where we awaited the next guided tour. There was no line-up, incidentally.

The young tour guide when he arrived not more than 10 minutes after the appointed time led us to the mouth of the cave, then proceeded to tell us of the sins of previous tourists and warned us in a deadly voice that if we removed anything from the cave and were caught, we would be faced with a fine of $500.

Now I know they have to warn people about these things and I know tourists have been guilty of many deeds of selfishness, thoughtlessness and downright vandalism. But when you're in a larger group, you assume he has you pegged for honest people and is simply warning the others. When there are only two of you, you know exactly where it's at, and your throat gets dry and shivers run up and down your spine. I was debating between agreeing to leave immediately with a complete pardon for even coming or meekly requesting that I be read my Miranda rights.

Then down 126 steep slippery stairs to the wonderful Wonderland Caves. The guide warned us that if we felt ourselves slipping, to please shout a warning so that he could jump out of the way.

So we viewed the wonderful caves, which were worth the $3.50 admission but not a great deal more, and climbed back up the 126 steep slippery stairs.

A glimpse of Edmonton

ERNESTLY *August 20, 1980*

Last week was not our first visit to the city of Edmonton, but previous stops have been either too brief to get a flavor of this exciting city, or in one of the three seasons that do not show a northern city in its best perspective.

After a summer of more rain than Edmontonians really appreciate, the city was clothed in a lush greenness one might expect in mid-June, but hardly in mid-August.

Verdancy, or the lack of it, may seem a strange quality to dwell on in describing a modern city since the green zones of most metropolitan areas are so restricted in size that they can be soaked and manicured to present beautiful little oases regardless of weather conditions.

Edmonton, however, as a young city learning presumably from the errors of the rest of North America, has through the wisdom of past city administrations preserved the banks of the North Saskatchewan River and all ravines running through the city as parklands.

Perhaps there have been other incentives or regulations requiring beautification—or maybe the people of Edmonton are unusually nature-conscious; in any case, looking down from the Chateau Lacombe tower over the city's residential section, the impression is almost one of viewing a forest with a few houses scattered here and there. The houses are there, of

course but they are hidden from view by towering trees

A city council a few years ago evidently decided to use one of the ravines to accommodate an expressway and much of the groundwork for this project — such as installation of storm sewers and other services — was laid Someone blew the whistle however and nature has almost reclaimed this intrusion

Now of my eulogy is tempting you to pull up stakes and move to beautiful Edmonton a word of caution

From the real estate prices cited by our guide on a bus tour of Edmonton you would be well advised to sell everything you own cash in your life insurance policy and pension plan hock your wedding ring and perhaps even pledge the paper route money of your children and grandchildren

If the guide is to be believed the most modest house in Edmonton sells for about $50,000 When you look at homes such as the standard six room bungalows built in Weyburn in the late 1950s and early 1960s think in terms of $100 000 to $200 000

By the time you are interested in the size and style of homes now found in Weyburn s better residential areas the price tag is more likely to be upwards of $300 000

Obviously since over half a million people choose to live in Edmonton they are also finding the wherewithal to pay these fancy prices Maybe if you are young and vigorous you too can go there and end up owning a home with a princely resale value

Villages of Amana

ERNESTLY *June 3 1981*

We hit another jackpot when we stumbled across the seven villages of Amana

We had scheduled perhaps too easy a day s drive and found ourselves settled rather early in the evening into our motel in Iowa City Iowa

Casting about for something to fill a bit of the early evening we ran across several ads for restaurants in Amana, only half an hour out of Iowa City and offering "Amish" foods and Amana-made wines

The adjective "Amish" I naturally connected with the old Amish Mennonites who have settlements in Iowa scorn modern clothing and vehicles and work and live in the manner of a century or more ago.

It seemed a contrad ction for such people to be advertising food and wine but the evening was bound to be interesting—and the motel clerk smacked her lips when she described the food, so with stomachs rumbling we headed for the villages

At luck would have it our waitress was a native Amana girl ("My only move has been from one room to another in our house ") She worked as a tour guide in summer thus was unembarrassed by questions and enjoyed talking about the religion and culture that had created the Amana colonies

The Church of the True Inspiration differs from other Christian churches (among other ways) in that there is no baptism or other formal ceremony attending an individual s acceptance of the faith As our "guide" explained it a person may be five or 55 when he or she accepts Christ

The sect was formed (on November 7 1714 she recited proudly) in Germany at a time when many groups formed the mainstream Roman Catholic and Protestant churches too rigid and ceremonious for their liking

Most of these sects were small and localized and most of them simply disintegrated when their leaders died Sixty-five years after the original organization the same almost happened to this group but in 1817 there was a revival under a new group of leaders

The sect adopted a communistic constitution rented a large estate in Germany and there lived as one big family very much like the Hutterite colonies we have in Saskatchewan Because of rel gious persecution however they decided to head for the United States and there formed the Ebenezer colonies in the state of New York in the 1840s

They quickly outgrew their New York holdings and only 10 years later sent scouting committees to Kansas and Iowa They bought land in Iowa in 1854 added some more a few years later to gain access to the railways so that the colony had a total of 26 000 acres This parcel still embraces the seven villages and some 1700 people

About 75 years later the people of Amana decided that the communist way of life was not suitable to the lifestyles of the 20th century so in 1932 after a historic vote which must have split the community down the middle church and livelihood were separated The Amana Society was formed as a commercial tax paying corporation (if the name sounds familiar this company makes Amana freezers furniture and microwave ovens) while the Amana Church Society became a non-profit organization The Amanas are a ew strong free-enterprisers and their communities and homes reflect a thriving economy and modern outlook

In spite of a century and a half in the U S—people of middle age and older still speak with heavy German accents but the young speak and look like other Americans

The church still has services in both German and English There are no ordained ministers only elected elders who take turns preaching from one week to the next.

By the way the beatwurst and sauerkraut were delicious the home-baked bread feather-light the cherry wine was smooth but the rhubarb some a tad on the yeasty side. But one learns to live with an occasional imperfection when everything else is fascinating

Mark Twain's caves

ERNESTLY *August 12, 1981*

One of life's dreams came true for me a few months ago when my wife and I found ourselves within easy driving distance of Hannibal, Mo. — the boyhood home of Samuel L. Clemens — better known as Mark Twain — and the prototype of the village of St. Petersburg, locale of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

One of Tom's adventures occurred when the school class took a supervised trip to the caves a short distance from town. Tom and his heartthrob, Becky Thatcher, became separated from the others and eventually got lost in the labyrinth and were almost given up. Before finding a new way out of the cave they run across Injun Joe, a wanted murderer against whom Tom had testified, adding another dimension of terror to the tale.

This cave is now a national monument and there are regular conducted tours through the entire maze. We learned that Mark Twain had used generous literary license in adapting the Hannibal cave to the Tom Sawyer story. The entire cave system covers less than a quarter of a mile at its longest point, and while it would be a terrifying challenge for a stranger, it had been thoroughly explored in Mark Twain's time and most youngsters in the district knew every inch of the network.

The unknown entrance was also fictional, as one we were told—had ever found an opening overlooking the Mississippi.

Limestone caves, such as those at Hannibal, are quite different from the cathedral-like caves with their beautiful stalagmites and stalagtites formed from calcium carbonate deposits that are the usual tourist attractions. The Hannibal caves probably were formed when surface water was at a higher level, and have been subject to very little moisture seepage since the water level dropped. While less spectacular they are just as interesting, particularly to Mark Twain buffs who can relate the various formations to Tom's adventures.

We were told one of the larger caverns at one time was used by hibernating bears, and that local youngsters, on their frequent visits to the out-of-bounds caves, used to scamper past the sleeping animals on dares. That may be "tour guide's license," but it would fit my image of Mark Twain and his friends as boys.

Because of uniformly cool year round temperatures, nearby farmers also used the caves as root cellars, but this had to stop when tourist traffic became common. The whole tour took less (or just over) an hour, but it was one of the most interesting hours in my life.

Abe Lincoln's birthplace

ERNESTLY *September 28, 1983*

Travel...they say...is broadening...and I'll buy that. I also find it humbling.

Whenever I visit a historic site I am impressed by how much more everyone else knows about the history of whoever or whatever is enshrined at a particular place.

Then, once in a while...occurs an incident that restores my confidence, my sense of being at least at the fringe of historical literacy. I ran into such an instance last week, after about a week of travelling the highways and byways of old Kentucky.

First we (my wife and I) were drawn, by appropriate signs, to a little cabin identified as Abraham Lincoln's boyhood home, a one-roomed log cabin which could not have been more than 15 by 20 feet in size — if that large.

To think that even a small family (Lincoln had only one brother and one sister and the brother died at an early age) could survive winters, or hot summers, in such modest accommodation was in itself mind-boggling. But then we learned that this had probably been the most prosperous of the numerous Lincoln homes and we wondered how so renowned a president could ever have sprung from so humble a beginning.

In this case, the site was privately owned and operated, and admission was only 25 cents...which was just about right for what there was to see. The owners made their money on a sizable gift and souvenir shop a few yards from the old cabin.

This was not a long stop—perhaps five minutes—and we were back on the road again. We had not travelled far when we came upon a huge ballboard gunding us into a small national park at the site of Lincoln's actual birthplace.

We walked into a modern office where a uniformed park attendant explained to us that the log cabin in which Abe Lincoln was born was located a few hundred feet away in a handsome shrine reached by climbing 56 wide concrete steps — one for every year of his life.

Not far from the shrine was another set of stairs taking visitors down to the spring where the Lincolns drew their water...and a short distance from this stood what was left of a 300-year-old tree which had through the years marked the southwest (I think) corner of the property. The tree died only about 10 years ago and part of the trunk is still standing.

He also suggested we wait for a few minutes and see a 15 minute film on Lincoln and his early years.

We made ourselves comfortable and a few minutes later a young man marched-danced strode into the building approached the attendant and demanded, "What's to do around here?"

The attendant replied with a surprised but polite "Ah, beg your pahdon?" whereupon the visitor re-

pected. "What's to do? Like what do you do around here?"

The attendant explained how one reached the birthplace, and was about to continue when the young man asked, "Whose birthplace?"

The attendant looked at him for a moment in disbelief, then broke into a wide grin and countered, "Wal, I guess who?" After he had somehow established in the visitor's mind that it was Abe Lincoln's birthplace, he went on to mention the spring.

"Can you drink the water?" asked the visitor.

"No sah." "Why not?" "Because it's polluted." "Polluted? Why is it polluted?" was the next question, with the added comment that he needed water for his family.

The attendant explained that clean water was available from taps, and that the spring simply was polluted. The visitor's expression left one feeling that the pollution was a plot against him.

The visitor stayed for the film, and afterwards we caught glimpses of him strolling from one point of interest to the next, looking around suspiciously as though the entire thing was some sort of fraud being perpetrated on him.

Somewhere the fact that it was Abe Lincoln's birthplace must have sunk in, but I'm not sure he ever figured out just who Lincoln was.

By the way: just to show off my newfound erudition: the Lincoln family remained in the cabin of his birth for only two years, then moved out to the second home a few miles away, living there until Abe was about seven. Then the Lincolns removed to greener pastures in Indiana, and eventually to Illinois where the future president later began his climb to political fame.

Freeways revisited

ERNESTLY *October 5, 1983*

Last winter, when I visited Los Angeles for the second time in several years, and navigated the city's lacings of expressways with relative ease (albeit with several swerganers), I was convinced that I was now a journeyman freeway traveller. Show me any city where the signs are in English, and one drives on the right hand side, and I am the master of the situation.

That's what I said to myself.

Oh how I deceived myself!

And where did I get my come-uppance? In New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Miami, Philadelphia? Nope. In the uncomplicated little mid-western city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

We arrived at Cincinnati airport late of an evening, and just as a final precaution I had the girl at the car rental counter confirm my route to the motel. "Just take the Fourth St. exit just before you reach the river, hang a right, and you're right there."

Oh how simple, and technically quite correct.

We even caught a glimpse of the inn's well-known neon sign until I "hung a right" and suddenly found myself travelling a one-way street that obviously wasn't going to take us anywhere near the inn. We stopped at a drug store or whatever received a new set of simple instructions and the assurances that we couldn't miss it.

I drove as instructed, came to an intersection where the view was blocked by a large building, and caught a glimpse of the inn's sign just as I found myself on the entrance ramp of I-75 going into Cincinnati.

This was at nighttime, of course, making orientation a bit more difficult, and it was at least 45 minutes before we found ourselves at the inn we had bussed by one block.

Next morning, on the advice of a Cincinnatian, we visited Eden Park, the city's feature attraction. This was going to be a snap. "Take the first exit after you cross the river and just keep going. You can't miss it."

Miraculously, it worked — up to a point.

I had just begun to feel less whoozy as I spied the sign: "Eden Park Entrance."

Breathing a sigh of relief, I entered, took a few random turns looking for a parking area, and suddenly found myself on a one-way drive identified as "Eden Park Exit." After that it took almost an hour to find an entrance again.

By evening, my confidence was again restored, and we decided to see "Am I Misbehavin'" at an establishment called "Showboat Majestic." Again the instructions were simple enough for an idiot to follow. "Take the first downtown exit, follow Second St. to Broadway, and you'll find the Showboat at the foot of Broadway."

I successfully exited at Second, found Broadway, hung a right — and found that Broadway ended at a street running parallel to the river. Which way to go? I was in the right-hand lane and a young man was in the car to my left. I waved frantically and he leaned over and turned down his window.

"Can you tell me where to find the — uh, uh — the Steamship Magnificent?" I shouted.

He pondered the question for a moment with an odd look on his face, then asked if I was looking for a show of some sort. I nodded vigorously; he asked me to follow him. The motorist behind him kindly waved me into the lane, and half a minute later we were in the parking lot beside which the Showboat Majestic — not the Steamship Magnificent — was moored.

Again that night and on every subsequent trip into Cincinnati, I took the wrong exit and found myself driving north instead of south on I-75, and I had to go through all sorts of maneuvers to get turned around. On the evening we saw the Reds play, I crossed the freeway at least three times, almost ran out of gas, and I swear I passed at least five Eden Park entrances on every fly-past.

That wasn t all...nearly But I ll end with a tip of the hat to Kentucky and Ohio drivers With all the lane jumping I did to compensate for errors I never once heard a horn tooted at me in anger or saw a fist shaken at me Or perhaps it is just that the faculties of sight and hearing are also leaving me

Visit to Shakertown

ERNESTLY *October 12 1983*

Churchmen today — and parents — in North America worry as members of the traditional churches particularly the young are lured away by offbeat religious cults usually built around the aura of one strong leader

The phenomenon however is not new

A few years ago when my wife and I motored through Iowa we discovered the group of Amana villages established in the last century by a small religious sect dedicated to communal living We learned there that after the Reformation when it became relatively easy to break away from the established churches hundreds of sects were founded in Europe most of them dying out with the death of the strong leaders who had organized and inspired them

When we ran into references to Kentucky recently to Shakertown (in tourist brochures on maps and signboards) we weren t sure just what to expect Shakers are mentioned frequently in American history books and novels but for one didn t know whether they had survived as a functioning religion and/or society

When we saw the dormitory-like brick residence at Shakertown (Pleasant Hill) a few miles southwest of Lexington we thought it was a return of the Amana situation certainly the structures were designed for communal living Our guide a bonneted old lady in colonial dress spoke so proudly of the Shaker beliefs that another first impression was that the religion was still active

The Shakers were indeed a communal society but with a difference They preached and ostensibly practised complete celibacy

Married couples joining the sect became brothers and sisters lived from then on in the men s or women s sections of the buildings and met only at meal and meeting time Then children became wards of the colony

It seemed obvious that a cult built around this principle had its own extinction written right into the constitution so to speak but we were told the Shaker villages established in New England New York and the South proliferated through the adoption of orphans from the big cities These children of course were educated in Shaker beliefs and the religion depended on them and on converts for perpetuation

While the entire sect is down now to several ancient sisters it survived and thrived remarkably enough for over one century Evil mind that I have I could not help wondering how many of the orphans adopted by the colony came not from the big cities but from one of the neighboring buildings or colonies where nature must have occasionally overcome religious zeal and good intentions

At the meeting house we were treated to a 15-minute ballet based on the cult s religious dances Thus was before we had completed the tour and the current state of the religion was not quite clear to us So when we saw the earnest and dedicated faces of the performers we were almost convinced that a handful of the faithful had survived It was soon apparent however that this was a highly professional performance The dancers it turned out were members of the Louisville Ballet who come down for one or two weeks every summer to render this beautiful performance several times daily

The Shakers we learned were an offshoot of the Quaker religion A small group of believers followed their prophetess Mother Ann Lee from England to the New World They earned the title Shaking Quakers because of the frenetic shaking and whirling dances of their worship

During the civil war both Union and Confederate forces stopped by at Pleasant Hill and helped themselves to the Shakers stores According to a brochure the Shakers never recovered from this depletion I still suspect the reason for the sect going downhill had a more basic cause.

In 1805 the village had nearly 500 inhabitants who led the state in scientific farming in the propagation of sheep cattle and hogs and in the development of agricultural equipment Again quoting the brochure The sale of flatbrooms preserves garden seed and herbs throughout the Midwest and South made the Shaker name a hallmark of excellence

The last Pleasant Hill Shaker died in 1923 and the property was auctioned off the following year After several changes of ownership a group of private citizens organized in 1961 to preserve the remaining 27 structures and the farmlands The village was returned to its 19th century appearance and has been open to the public since 1968

Some day maybe we ll be preserving Moony colonies

Red Wing, Minnesota

ERNESTLY *September 12 1984*

One of life s more pleasant surprises came our way last week when we visited Red Wing Minn

Where in the world you may ask is Red Wing Minn and what earthly reason would anyone have for going there?

To answer the first imputed question Red Wing lies 40 to 50 miles southeast of the Twin Cities on the bank of the Mississippi River The second is slightly

more difficult to explain. Over late spring and early summer of this year, we at the Review have kept ourselves occupied with familiarizing ourselves with and becoming proficient in the operation of the new generation of computerized news storage and typesetting systems, which is the way the newspaper world is going these days and is supposed to make life simpler for us beside improving the final products.

To reduce the suffering it is sometimes desirable to visit a plant of similar size using the same equipment...and compare notes.

It was in this context we learned that the Republic Eagle of Red Wing has equipment identical to ours, as well as a supplementary device we have been considering. This combined with its nearness to an airport easily and (relatively) inexpensively accessed from here determined our destination.

Naturally, it is desirable to book accommodation in advance so I turned to my trusty Triple-A tour guide and learned that Red Wing has, beside several motels the 60-unit St. James Hotel "an 1875 Victorian hotel restored to original elegance."

New they say is not always better, nor is old but when something has been restored to original elegance there is the suggestion that its quality was worth restoring. Thus cherishing the hope that restoration had not been so total that modern conveniences had been overlooked...I made reservations and said a silent prayer.

Well, she was a beauty.

Sixty units may not sound like a lot when measured in terms of compact motel units, but when each room is larger than the average living room, and has an adjoining bathroom almost as large, plus hallways as wide as a country lane, it adds up to quite a bit of space.

What once was either a massive main floor rotunda or perhaps a ballroom has been converted into a mall of boutiques, antique shops and art galleries. The bedrooms, as many oned are hngai with old-fashioned high beds, beautiful old style chandeliers exceedingly uncomfortable chairs and very little else.

The monstrous bathroom boasted an old-fashioned tub about a foot off the ground, a toilet with an overhead tank and pull-chain, and a little shower stall with only hot and cold controls. When I turned off the shower I guessed wrong, and that jet of ice-cold water sure did wake me up. I consoled myself that for a bad guess, it was fortunate one. I might have been scalded to death.

The hotel had three restaurants, and on an uncharacteristic impulse, I chose the most expensive one. The menus were beautifully printed, but almost impossible to read because of the low lighting and the fine script type, so we settled for the house specialties, veal and salmon.

My, the was salmon and I wondered how salmon could be processed into hard thin slices. By the time the meal was over and we made comparisons, it became evident we were both eating veal, which I hate. How do you mistake veal for salmon? I guess I'm just easy to fool.

Waking in the morning we were treated to mysterious noises in the walls. I don't know whether the hotel was restocked with mice in the restoration process, if they never left, or if sound effects were added for atmosphere. Maybe it was something else altogether, and I incorrectly identified the noise. Certainly the hotel was clean.

The town itself, with a population upwards of 13,000, is beautiful, and we learned that its tourist business has doubled since the restoration of the St. James. There are beautiful scenic drives along the Mississippi, a huge pottery factory and sales outlet we did not manage to visit, and it is near to Frontenac State Park and Lake Pepin. I wouldn't half mind another excuse to visit Red Wing.

Oh, that sunny south!

ERNEST Y, *January 30, 1985*

If you happen to encounter me in the next few days sporting a skin as brown as a Hawaiian's, you will assume that I have been basking in southern sunshine while you have been freezing.

You will be wrong. My wife and I did indeed spend some time in the southern United States (well, relatively southern), but when we were picked up at Regina airport last Wednesday evening, the minus-one Celsius temperature that greeted us was the warmest we had experienced in a week to 10 days.

Now, before you burst into tears of sympathy, allow me to explain that while we hadn't exactly counted on the Alberta Clipper as the bitter cold snap was dubbed on the southeastern seaboard, neither had we expected to soak up excessive sunshine, which induces skin cancer, nor to gargle salt water which not being reduced fails to arrest goiter.

Thus did we reason. Neither of us is a golfer, swimmer, water skier or beach bum—and in fact we just don't care for excessive heat at any time of the year.

On the other hand, wouldn't it be nice to have a week or two away from the inevitable sub-zero weather of a Saskatchewan January? We enjoy sightseeing and taking in some of the tourist attractions so we were looking for an area where tourism does not shut down for the winter and where we might browse around without either sizzling or freezing.

What seemed to lend itself well to this preference was the North and South Carolina region, loaded with history and beautiful scenery—and with January average highs of 50 degrees Fahrenheit or better. Just up our alley. We might even luck into slightly warmer-than-normal temperatures.

Taking into account that according to minin-

peachable sources it rains something like three days out of 10 in January in those parts we booked our flight to Charlotte, N C and our return out of Charleston S C

Thus reasoned we further Should we arrive to favorable weather we could spend our time exploring the Carolinas, then head for Charleston to return home On the other hand, should luck not be with us and we found ourselves sloshing around in wet, cool weather, we would head for northern Florida and still be within a day or two's drive from Charleston for the return trip

Ever-innovative nature imposed another frame of reference

We put down in a coolish but sunny Charlotte where we learned that until our arrival the weather had been unseasonably warm but now colder weather had come and it was expected that it would turn colder still and remain that way for a spell

From a tourist's point of view, Charlotte closes down pretty well for the winter, so after two days there we set out for historic New Bern on the coast Thus in a small old city originally settled by Swiss and Germans, which briefly served as the capital of North Carolina.

It was interesting but cool, and with rain threatening we opted for heading south at least to Charleston and perhaps to Savannah, Ga —with nor them Florida still an option if the weather became disastrous

The weatherman was co-operative in the sense that there was never during our stay at any given city more than a trace of rain He balanced this, however, with record low temperatures for the area.

On Tuesday (Jan 22)- the Charleston News and Courier reported "Monday s record-cold temperature of six degrees at the Charleston International Airport and an icy 10 degrees downtown created havoc throughout much of the area as thousands of homes and businesses were left without electricity and workable plumbing Motorists also were left standing on local roads without antifreeze "

Even a day earlier driving into southern Georgia we noticed that highway shoulders near cities were dotted with abandoned cars Motorists had left their homes driving cars with frozen radiators Then these cars heated up and the ball game was over

Temperatures such as those cited don t sound all that wicked from the perspective of western Carolinas but bear in mind that many of the homes down there are not equipped to cope with there

We stopped for coffee and a bite in a fast food outlet just north of the Florida border one afternoon The place was without heat and the waitresses were serving in heavy overcoats, leggings and woollen hats- They didn t look very comfortable and for that matter, we didn t dawdle over our coffee It was warmer in the car

We prudently tried to have the antifreeze checked in our rented car but the station didn t have the equipment to do it Removing the rad cap however revealed a strong enough green tint in the water to indicate we were well protected

Would we take a chance on the Carolinas in January again? Sure would! But just about now the thought of lying on a hot beach reading a book isn t all that unattractive either

Why do they do it?

ERNESTLY *February 6, 1985*

For a person who ekes out a living in the news media I have been accused of having shamefully short ears — figuratively speaking naturally It has been said people at the next table to ours at a restaurant could be planning a revolution at the top of their voices and I would go on munching and woolgathering in blissful ignorance

On our recent trip to the Carolinas however eavesdropping was almost forced upon me as I emerged if not wiser or better for the experience at least greatly entertained

I say it was forced upon me because of the circumstances of our dining Partly because it was not exactly the height of the tourist season and partly because we are early diners we found ourselves eating our evening meals in almost empty dining rooms

Under these conditions most people will lower their voices since their words will not be scrambled into the buzz of conversation as happens in a full room of people speaking in normal voices

But there are exceptions Yes, indeed there are exceptions We had two delightful eavesdroppings on consecutive evenings at our hotel in Savannah Ga

On the first evening we were sharing a dining room large enough for several hundred people with perhaps four or five other small groups Most of the diners were travelling couples and the clink of their cutlery or glasses was louder than their intimate hushed conversations

Suddenly there was a new presence in the room and it quickly dominated the scene The early middle-aged people was being shown to a table near the wall not far from us when the woman demanded loudly enough to turn every head that they be seated in the centre of the room "where it is warmer "

This presented no problem, and they were shown to a table in the middle stage centre one might be tempted to say The husband helped her out of her coat and was about to take it (to the cloakroom) when she ordered him to drape it over the chair next to her in case she got cold By this time water was being poured into their glasses and announcing that she had "a condition " the woman asked that she be given instead a glass of "tepid water you know room temperature "

Her next instructions were that her salad be tossed and then be allowed to warm up before being served

When the heated loaf of bread arrived...she ordered her husband to cut her a slice out of the middle He obliged dutifully and without a murmur She told him also to order some soup and to taste it to see whether it was suitable for her

Her highball was set before her and she blew up when she found it had ice in it She explained in an aggrieved tone to the waitress that she had asked for it to be "straight up" that this meant without ice and in her case with tepid water

The waitress apologized and offered to exchange it but almost lost her arm when she tried to remove the offending highball Her ladyship explained that it could be left to warm up while she brought another drink without the ice

She requested and received coffee immediately, but the waitress — probably trying too hard — forgot to bring the cream She (the shrew) didn't wait for the waitress to return but held up a finger imperiously and shouted "Please!" to the receptionist "May I please have cream for my coffee?"

"Actually how can you eat it?" she demanded of her husband who...desperately was trying to cut his salad

We left on the note of her complaining that "this soup is pretty hot"

The next night it was the turn of the male of the species to provide the entertainment in the same dining room

A different couple naturally an elderly well-fed pair with northern accents They came to our attention when they were ordering their meals The waitress told him his choice wasn't on the menu and he exploded. "What! No liver and onions?" and went on to tell the waitress just how many miles and how many hours he had travelled to get there only to learn they didn't serve liver and onions

"Well George" said the wife quietly "You've had liver and onions the last three nights"

"So what! I've got to eat g —— d —— chicken every night at home; so what if I have liver and onions every night"

To get even with the world he refused to eat his salad and when his wife quietly reproached him for not eating something he screamed a few names at her that would have been in poor taste in the privacy of their home

"And this was supposed to be a g —— d —— vacation" he lamented loudly to the whole room after she commented that perhaps food would make a good substitute for the additional drink he had ordered

He levelled a finger at her and intoned "Next year! Next year I'm taking a trip to Panama" (I think I heard correctly) "and you're invited If you come okay If not, I'm going anyway "

"I thought we were going to California next year" she ventured him "If I wanna I can go to both " he answered triumphantly

And so on

Why do people do these things?

The moral of all this is do your fighting and screaming at home, or you may wind up in someone's column

Famous people

ERNESTLY *February 13 1985*

I thought we had arrived in Charlotte in time for an all-star convention of some kind.

At the car rental counter, the rack for rental contracts was filled with folders bearing names like Steve Garvey Gloria Vanderbilt, Desi Arnez and many others you would recognize

"Are those names for real?" I asked the attendant "Oh the names are real " she replied, "but the people aren't coming We just get bored once in a while and do some wishful thinking " So instead of marking the pockets A B C etc they used the names of their favorite stars of movies sports or whatever with surnames beginning with the appropriate letters of the alphabet

La belle province

ERNESTLY *August 14 1985*

It was as though we had been dropped into another world

Not that it was immediately all that apparent Since my wife and I arrived at the Quebec City air terminal near midnight, aside from an immediate consciousness of the predominance of French the limousine ride to our hotel didn't differ much from what it might have been in any other North American city

In spite of heavily-accented English the driver was tourist-conscious enough — and tip-minded — to identify points of interest along the way for his travel weary fares

What became apparent immediately when we hit downtown was the fact that tourism was no casual sideline In summer at least Quebec City is Tourist ville to the core

This was near midnight; you will recall and the downtown streets were alive with happy looking people strolling along at a comfortable pace bar crawling cafe-crawling or just enjoying the warmth of a beautiful July evening in an enchanting setting

Now let's hold it right there

When I say Tourstville this does not evoke the most pleasant image for all of us I might be turned off myself if someone else used the term to describe a place So take it from me that the instant impression was one of relaxation amiability and happiness

In most cities nowadays if the sidewalks aren't exactly rolled up at sundown they tend to be aban-

donald by all but a few of the more venturesome and foolhardy canoeists and a neiheworld of near ahens who send shivers up the spine of anyone who finds himself at large through misadventure Thus the contrast gives one a sense of being transported into some sort of fantasy world

Even the pleasant first impression of the old ost city in North America didn t tempt us to expose ourselves overly long to the inviting atmosphere We had a snack downstairs and hit the pat But oh the glory of awaking the next morning — and torture wouldn t extract from me the hour — throwing aside the drapes lasting in the sunshine and gazing out onto the rolling verdant Plains of Abraham stretching from the citadel on the distant left and as far as the eye could see to the right with the shimmering St Lawrence River beyond

Going out for breakfast once more confirms the impression of "la difference "

Stretching the equivalent of several normal city blocks on both sides of Rue Grande-Allee (main drag) are sidewalk cafe npon sidewalk cafe immediately changing the mainsphere to southern European rather than North American

Tables at these cafes are small and close together and in most cases are protected by parasols or canopies The reason for the shelter becomes quickly apparent When the sun is out one is soon grateful for the shade and when the sky is cloudy an occasional shower is almost inevitable

Each of the cafes has menus posted just outside the entrance and one quickly becomes accustomed to checking the house specialties — and prices Crepes may be the forte of one establishment pizzas the next, and so forth

Taking a table, one very quickly becomes aware of the French fact of the city Having said earlier that it is a tourist mecca the inescapable thought is that the throngs are English-speaking visitors from the United States and English-speaking Canada with only the "hired help" speaking the native language

Not so Quebec province has upwards of six million people mostly French speaking, and to them too Quebec City is a mecca of beauty history and recreation Thus one is addressed first in French and when one answers in English the waiters and others are very accommodating But it is quickly apparent that their English is confined to the most basic words and phrases necessary for their jobs

But they are friendly courteous and obliging—and while you feel you are in a different world and indeed a bit of a foreigner you feel welcome and appreciated

Then for someone raised on the flat prairies where few communities have passed their 100th anniversaries there is quick awareness that beside the beauty of a city in a hillside setting — it is a condition which exacts considerable physical exercion — the knowledge and the evidence of Quebec City s age of almost 450 years is awesome

It is the only walled city in North America and these walls were not built for fun They were built by the British after they took the city to safeguard against the very real threat of an invasion by American forces

The name "Quebec " we were told is a francofication of the Indian world "Kebek" meaning "where the river narrows " The city is located on a hill overlooking the narrowest point of the St Lawrence River Hence both the name and its strategic import ance in the days when the New World was spor adically the battlefield for wars of European origin

Quebec City is probably the most beautiful and interesting city I have ever visited If you ever get the chance to go there — do it!

More about Quebec

ERNESTLY *August 21, 1985*

While I was breathing in the Old-World charme of the continent s oldest city it seemed that every sight and sound would be indelibly written into my memory Yet less than two weeks after leaving beautiful Quebec City I find it hard to believe I ever really left drought stricken grasshopper infested Southeastern Saskatchewan and spent a whole week in a part of Canada where one manages to feel foreign and at home at the same time

There are three ways of seeing the sights of the city walking tours calechos (horse-drawn carriages) and tour buses Naturally there is the additional option of driving your own car but as one guide pointed out—it is much easier to park in Quebec City than to drive in it

A word here is appropriate about the size and nature of Quebec City Most statistical sources draw the city as having a population of about 165 000 placing it somewhere in the category of Regina ri Saskatoon for size

This is extremely misleading

Greater Quebec City may be divided into three sections the walled city a small area taking in the city as it existed in the days of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and the ensuing British occupation (circa 1759) the incorporated city which included the walled city but also takes in the expansion of the next century or so and the suburbs exceeding the incorporated city both in size and population— and resembling most other North American cities— except for an undeniably more beautiful setting (than most)

The metropolitan area then has a population of about half a million and we were told in tourist season this swells to close to a million So we are not really talking about a small backwoods city but for all the well preserved charm a bustling metropolis of the order of Edmonton or Winnipeg

But back to viewing the old city If you think you

can manage streets the width of two European cars winding up and down hills like those of Duluth. be my guest. but for myself, no thanks. (Quebecers tend to compare the hills with those of San Francisco, but I find that a bit thick.)

I also declined the walking tours, that is, the official ones. After trudging downhill into the old city and uphill back to the hotel heaven knows how many times wearing out an inch of shoe leather, I was not about to pay for the privilege of following a guide around. In that week I either added five years to my life or subtracted five, depending on whom to believe. Participation or my bones.

We walked several miles, it seems, just to get to Parc d'Esplanade, where one engages the calèches for a 45-minute jaunt through the Plains of Abraham and past some of the historic sites, such as the Citadel, the National Assembly buildings and some of the old churches.

We drew Martin with his milky-like calèche, drawn by a bilingual horse named Willie.

Bilingual? Well, when we were about to start the tour, Martin whispered into the horse's ear, "All set, Willie?" and also addressed him in English to start him off. When I asked him how the horse understood English, he told me he had been training him. Later he admitted the horse was tuned in to his tone of voice rather than the words. "I could say it in Spanish or German and it wouldn't make any difference."

En route we passed another calèche (one of hundreds) and Martin cried out, "Salut, Tommy!" to the other horse. "Every driver in Quebec knows Tommy," he told us, explaining that Tommy is over 20 years old, knows every inch of the route and each new driver is assigned to him for training.

Martin demonstrated a horse's sharp memory. He told us that on his first run of the days they had encountered a gardener trimming shrubs with long shears near the entrance to the Plains. Willie hadn't liked the looks of those shears and had given the gardener as wide a berth as possible. In the afternoon, when we approached the same spot, Willie flattened his ears in unhappy anticipation although the gardener was not around.

Every few minutes Martin would ask Willie if he would like a carrot — the usual reward at the end of every tour. This presumably kept him interested in his work.

Our bus tour on the first day gave us the most comprehensive view of the city, but threatened at first to turn into one of those disasters that tend to speckle my travelling experiences. After loading the fares at the hotels, the driver explained that he had to pick up some people at a tourist camp. This turned out to be about 20 minutes out of our way, but on a beautiful day at the beginning of a holiday, what's a few extra miles or minutes?

The tour had just begun when the driver found he had lost his power steering, and so had to drive us back to his headquarters base to switch buses. Five minutes on the substitute bus and he discovered he was about out of gas, so he pulled up beside a service station pump. He got out and found the gas intake was on the wrong side, so he gave it another try. Hoping but coming back on the other side of the pump, giving him the same problem.

After that the trip went smoothly.

The driver did give us an idea of how Quebecois feel about bilingualism, if his view is typical. Assuming probably, that his fares were all Americans, he explained that Quebec is French and the rest of Canada is bilingual. I offer that without comment, but it is food for thought.

My wife also mentioned that the women were the most beautiful she had ever seen anywhere. Not wishing to appear inobservant or indiscerning, I agreed.

New Orleans and precincts

ERNESTLY *February 5 1986*

A city such as New Orleans, which we visited last month, is good for a few days, at least, and once on the road, it's surprising how few miles eat up a day when you get up when you feel like it and stop at every tourist trap. In off-season there is the risk that some of them will be closed, but there is always another one down the road.

A high point of visiting New Orleans (really a must) is strolling through the French Quarter — the restored old section of the historic city — in the evening.

Every evening Bourbon Street is blocked off to motor traffic with pegs set into sockets imbedded in the pavement for the purpose, freeing the whole width of the street (which isn't all that much) for pedestrians seeking a jazz joint, restaurant, girlie show or whatever else someone dreams up to attract your attention and your dollars.

New Orleans is situated at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and is a creature of that great waterway. I believe the tour guides said it is now the second largest seaport in the world, next to Amsterdam, Holland, and finally ahead of New York City.

Of course, the information peddled by tour guides cannot be regarded as gospel. I was slightly puzzled the first time a guide, expounding on the greatness of the Mississippi, went on to say that beside draining a substantial part of the United States, it also drained two Canadian provinces.

This set me wondering about which two provinces these might be. The Maritime Provinces are out, and Quebec and Ontario water flows into the Atlantic via the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes systems, save the northern waters that drain into James Bay or

Hudson's Bay. Manitoba, through the Red River system... Lakes Winnipeg, Winnipegosis and Manitoba, and the Churchill and Nelson Rivers...also drains into Hudson's Bay.

The Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle and Souris Rivers dump what little moisture Saskatchewan can spare into Manitoba's system and into Hudson's Bay. British Columbia, being on the other side of the mountains...naturally drains into the Pacific Ocean unless someone has built a lift system. I don't know about.

Some of northern Alberta's waters...according to my map, seem to spill into systems emptying into the Arctic Ocean, and the central portion drains into the two Saskatchewan Rivers. That leaves the possibility that the extreme southern part of Alberta, and perhaps the southwestern corner of Saskatchewan yield a few gallons into the Mississippi system.

Thus, next time a guide told us about the Mississippi draining "two provinces of Canada" I buttonholed him afterwards...and asked just how that had been worked out. He was a very obliging young man and rushed off to his cabin (this was on a river cruise), and returned a bit later with a reference book evidently supplied to guides, and triumphantly showed me a map.

The map was obviously drawn several hundred years ago, with many western states still shown as territories, and some of the dimensions completely out of proportion. All detail stopped at the Canadian border except for two words in italics: "Alberta" and "Assiniboia."

"There," said the guide. "The provideences of Alberta and whatever that word is."

Perhaps some day I'll go back to New Orleans, and if I do, I hope I have the foresight to take along some Canadian maps or brochures explaining where Canada's water goes. But then...a friendly little difference of opinion after a tasty meal aboard the *Bayou Jean Lafitte* added interest to a lazy, pleasant day in Louisiana.

More about the south

ERNESTLY *February 12, 1986*

(We had a chance to spend the better part of two days in beautiful historic Vicksburg, where one of the key battles of the American Civil War took place in 1863. The city was under siege for six or seven weeks, until the Confederate general finally surrendered to General Ulysses S. Grant.

The battlefield has been turned into a national park and a 15-mile drive through it enables a visitor to get a look at the terrain, the sites of the various batteries, trenches, memorials, one remaining wartime building, and a cemetery where 17,000 Union troops are buried.

It was also at Vicksburg where, half a year earlier, the Confederates blew up the Yankee ironclad gunboat *Cairo*, the first vessel in history to be sunk by an electronically detonated mine. The wreck has been brought to the surface, and its remains are now on display as part of the *USS Cairo* Museum near the park entrance.

Another interesting place to visit in Vicksburg is the Biedenharn Candy Company, where Coca-Cola was first bottled. The soft drink had already become popular as a fountain beverage when Biedenharn, a candy maker and bottler of carbonated beverages, got the idea of bottling Coca-Cola and sold it in that form in rural areas. He became the first franchised bottler of the product, and the rest is history.

The little museum now on the site of the original plant has several rooms full of Coca-Cola memorabilia, and you can still buy a bottle of Coke for a nickel. Of course, you have to drink it there, because you can't take the bottle with you at that price.

Another interesting way to spend time is in that part of the world is to visit some of the numerous antebellum homes maintained as or restored to the elegance of the prewar period. These homes cover a pretty wide range, from near-sham old homes taken over by wealthy johnnies-come-lately and filled with whatever appointments from that period (roughly) they could lay their hands on, to stately homes which have been in the same family since prewar days, and still have original furnishings and decor.

Perhaps the most impressive building we visited was Longwood in Natchez, Miss. It was a beautiful octagonal building of palatial dimensions, built by one Dr. Nutt. Construction began in 1860 but ended a year later because of the war with only the exterior work and the basement completed. That is its condition today. Nutt's family lived in the servants' quarters while the main building was being built, then moved to the finished basement where descendants lived for the next 100 years.

The property was presented to the Pilgrimage Garden Club in 1970 and is now a National Historic Landmark. It will likely always remain in its present state because to complete it and furnish it as planned would cost an estimated $6 million or more, and to do it otherwise would destroy its authenticity.

Another pleasant surprise was Natchitoches (pronounced Nacktush). La. This little city's claim to fame is that it was the first settlement in Louisiana Territory. A full-scale replica of Fort St. Jean Baptiste has been constructed not far from the site of the original fort, and is open to visitors the year round.

There is also an interesting-looking antebellum plantation a few miles out of town, but this was closed for the winter season. The community has a population of only about 17,000 but boasts a 150-unit chain motor inn and another fair-sized independent.

Street cars and Amish

ERNESTLY

Do you remember street cars?

You have to admit to a pretty mature age to remember these conveyances in western cities but they are alive and well in Toronto New Orleans still has one street car route in operation but it is chiefly a tourist attraction much like the cable cars in San Francisco

In Toronto the street car is still very much a part of the public transportation system and the newer models are pretty neat looking and quite comfortable to ride in outside of rush hours that is when you are able to get a seat, and travel is reasonably fast

Toronto does not have street cars because the people of that city do not know any better A few decades ago when cities all over the world were chucking their street railway systems for buses and trolley buses, Toronto had a study done on its transportation system and the recommendation and decision at that time were to stick with the street cars It had something to do with the city s grid system of fairly wide major streets both east west and north-south running pretty well from one end of core Toronto to the other

Toronto also has east west and north-south subway systems so suburban residents do not have to rely on street-level transportation to get them downtown to at least the edge of suburbia

The obvious disadvantage of street cars is that they require both tracks and overhead electrical wires from which to draw their power This means obviously that if the street is shut down for any reason — accident repairs, etc — the street car cannot simply be detoured

They have a number of advantages over motor buses For one thing when traffic is heavy—buses can lose a lot of time working their way over to the curb to pick up and discharge passengers Street cars cannot pull over to the curb and once they are near the intersection and open their doors other traffic is not permitted to pass Thus loading and unloading is quicker and they are faster to get rolling as they do not have to inch their way back into the traffic stream

The stink of diesel fuel on or near motor buses is a disadvantage, and their air brakes make for a jerky ride even in moderately heavy traffic

For reasons I myself fail to understand I have always been fascinated by street cars When I was a lad I could draw a map of all of Winnipeg s major streets showing all bus and street car routes I told people about this proudly and always wondered why they looked at me strangely or asked me outright why anyone in his right mind would want to know anything more about street cars than obliged to

What got me on the subject now was a visit to Toronto a few weeks ago—when I was not only able to see these noble carriages once more but was able to ride one My wife claims that however good my reason for using the street car, I simply wanted to ride one She may have a point but we were going downtown to dine in Chinatown the western loop of the Queen car was only a block from our motel and riding the street car saved me both from fighting traffic and from looking for a parking spot downtown

I'll admit I had no good excuse after supper for taking the Queen car to its eastern loop at Neville Park before going all the way back west to Long Branch But all the years I lived in Toronto I always wanted to go to Neville Park Now I ve been there

The fare I noticed has gone up slightly If memory serves they used to sell a block of four tickets for 25 cents That s just over six cents per ride Now it is an even dollar per ride and don t expect the motorman to make change for you

Our brief Ontario visit included two days in Kitchener-Waterloo It was my first visit to this little metropolis and left me unimpressed I believe it in Edmonton that has been described as a bunch of small towns pushed together I would describe Kitchener-Waterloo as two tiny cities turned into one by filling the vacant area between them with suburbs and industrial zones That s what it is and that s what it looks like

The surrounding countryside, however is beautiful and particularly interesting because thousands of Amish Mennonites live in the area The men are all bearded and wear dark clothes and hats the women and girls wear long (usually dark) dresses and kerchief-like head coverings They use no modern vehicles machinery or appliances and do not even have electricity on their farms Their horse-drawn buggies are common sights on the country highways and in the streets of all the small towns in the district

They are allowed bicycles possibly because they rely on no black magic such as electricity or motor power

We saw two of these folks coming out of a Radio Shack store and couldn t help wondering what took them in there Maybe their idea of a wrecked day out on the town is to have an illicit tryst with a computer

Winter fortnight in Tennessee

ERNESTLY *February 4 1987*

Tennessee has four seasons and by coincidence one of those seasons happens to be winter although not the way we normally know it in Saskatchewan According to our tour book the high mean January temperature s 49 degrees Fahrenheit and the low mean is 31 degrees

Cold we learned, is not the greatest nemesis of Tennessee weather The real enemy is snow They tend t get much of it but few winters go by without

any snow and when it comes it causes huge problems The snow they get you see is usually closer to sleet and in the sub-zero temperatures that usually accompany it it quickly freezes on road surfaces trees power lines and the like. Thus an inch or two of snow may quickly disappear or it may develop into instant disaster

One of the problems, a New England-born waitress confided is that Tennessee drivers simply do not know how to handle cars on the ice and snow I gathered that they don t slow down for it either so you can imagine the results on slippery freeways

When we arrived in Tennessee they still hadn t had their first snow of the winter so it was well overdue Add to that the fact that temperatures began to dip and humidity was high it was only natural that the weatherman should forecast snow every evening Every morning through the first week and beyond however we rose to black asphalt red dirt and green grass although once or twice a slight flurry of snow reminded us that the weatherman didn t have to be kidding

We spent most of our last Wednesday in Chattanooga We might have stayed there for the night but our departure point was Memphis over 300 miles distant and with the continuing gloomy forecast and hopes of finding interesting tourist traps along the route, we opted for putting in a few miles before stopping for the night

A fortunate decision because we awoke next morning to find over an inch of snow on our automobile and on everything else The TV advised that Chattanooga had received three or four inches and everything was in a state of chaos The snow where we were disappeared quickly from the road surface and we had an trouble until the afternoon when we hit heavy flurries and poor visibility and had to abandon a scenic route in favor of holing up at 3 p m

The weather was fine though cool and we left Memphis clear and snow free in spite of continued forecasts of bad weather On Sunday — when we were safely home — the forecaster got lucky and the whole state of Tennessee received winter in spades closing up schools and highways and bringing down power lines

So how did we enjoy our visit? It was terrific Tennessee was everything we expected it to be and more The natural beauty of the state is exceptional Some of the views we came across driving along secondary highways as I prefer to do, equalled anything I have encountered anywhere everything looks tidy and prosperous, and as in all the southern states I have visited (except Florida)- strangers will still nod to you in greeting If it looked beautiful in winter I can only guess at how beautiful it is when all the trees are green and flowers are blooming.

Country and western capital

ERNESTLY *February 11, 1987*

I probably knew in a vague way that Nashville was considered or considered itself the country and western capital of the world but had not realized the importance of this industry to the whole character of this city of nearly one million people

Country music and showing off the stars that made it popular is a big business in Nashville and an important part of what makes the city a tourist Mecca Actually once the Music City theme had been drummed into me I absorbed with it the assumption that this was Nashville s strongest suit Wrong again! The top industry is printing followed by insurance and banking Music is No 3

Naturally I had heard of the Grand Ole Opry but if pressed for an explanation of it, I wouldn t have gotten far beyond some vague stuttering about it being some kind of western show

It is a live radio program that is broadcast by WSM Nashville every Friday and Saturday the year round and has not missed a Saturday since its founding in 1925 It began as "The WSM Barn Dance" with a young announcer and an old fiddle player bringing in musical soloists and groups to volunteer their talents on the weekly broadcasts The show s present name was inspired by an ad lib of the original announcer George Hay in a late 1920s show "At the time the country music show followed an NBC program of classical music and operatic selections and Hay opened his program with these words: "For the past hour you ve been listening to grand opera Now we ll present "Grand Ole Opry " The name stuck

The show has had many homes but for many years was broadcast from the famous Ryman Auditorium in downtown Nashville The old building is now used mainly as a museum and point of interest on city tours The Grand Ole Opry moved in 1974 to the outskirts of the city where it is part of the Opryland Showpark complex a multimillion dollar musical theme park The Opry House holds about 4 400 people

Naturally we attended the Grand Ole Opry Literature warned that it is difficult to get tickets except through advance mail order but we had no trouble probably because January is not exactly the height of the tourist season Had I read the literature closely it might have been difficult to talk me into going because the off-season Friday evening program lasted 3 ½ solid hours You ll have to admit, 3½ hours is a long nonstop session even for an ardent devotee But I was surprised how quickly and pleasantly the time passed

The show was divided into seven half-hour segments The curtain came down — just for the length of the commercial — and when it was raised there was a new emcee (obviously well known to the audience) with his own particular style The guest entertainers

were moved onto and off the stage briskly with no delays in between.

It was fun too watching the audience which seemed to include many loyal fans who visit the Opry at least once a year. A lady in our tour group had visited the show annually for over 20 years.

The entertainers could still be defined as volunteers since we were told they receive only about $150 per performance on the Opry. The show is an excellent springboard for a performer launching his or her career and a good medium to advertise talents for those who have passed their peaks. Many stars realizing how much they owe to the Opry, put in an appearance when they happen to be in town.

Another country western show we found interesting was "Nashville Now," a live television taping of a show hosted by Ralph Emery. This too took place at an Opryland auditorium and the guest entertainers were Reba McEntire and the man who discovered her in Oklahoma a few years ago. McEntire last year was voted the country and western entertainer of the year.

Nashville also boasts a number of museums relating to the craft in general and individual stars and most dining places and lounges have entertainers hoping to make it their first step to stardom.

Nashville we learned has some 1 500 registered musical entertainers.

More about Tennessee

ERNESTLY *February 18 1987*

my wife and I had a brief January vacation in the Volunteer State (whence the nickname- I still haven't discovered) but it seems I've had a hard time thinking of anything else to write about.

Tennessee is a major tourist state the year round because its attractions fall into three distinct categories.

It is one of the most scenic states I have visited and beside offering beautiful drives through mountains valleys and forests and across streams and mighty rivers it has numerous beautiful caverns to be toured. It has become a wealthy state and a drive through the residential sections of Nashville and Chattanooga for example- is a pleasant experience.

Secondly- in no state except Virginia were more Civil War battles fought than in Tennessee thus it is rich in history and has numerous museums and commemorative battlefields dedicated to that traumatic period in the evolution of the United States of America.

And last but not least, Nashville is the acknowledged world capital of country and western music. Recording and publishing this brand of entertainment is big business and if you didn't know it before you arrived the Music City theme woven into every facet of the city's business life quickly clues you in when you arrive.

I was one of the ignorant few who associated Tennessee mainly with hillbillies, moonshiners old-time religion and perhaps some stomping at barn dances Saturday nights.

That description may apply in varying degrees to parts of Tennessee. I am sure the hills still harbor stills country music is strong as it is elsewhere nowadays you could probably find some authentic hillbillies in remote mountain towns. Religion is certainly alive and well throughout the state if this can be established through the number of churches. It seems that around every corner you find a handsome new (or old and historic) church and the city of Nashville has more churches per capita than any other city in the United States.

Most of Nashville's tourist attractions are centred around country and western music. Country Music Hall of Fame Country Music Wax Museum, Barbara Mandrell Country Twitty City and other monuments to still-living artists.

While I found them interesting they probably have a greater attraction to worshippers of that particular medium. They also reflect the American preoccupation with automobiles and cars owned by the stars are displayed with the reverence one might associate with the thrones of ancient Egyptian pharaohs.

Give me the caverns and other natural attractions which with an assist from human imagination and ingenuity offer fascinating diversion for the tourist.

An example is Rock City on Lookout Mountain adjoining Chattanooga.

The owners of a rocky tract of land on top of the mountain were struck by the resemblance of the rock formations to a city. They laid out a 4 000-foot path which takes the visitor at times through defiles so narrow that it is necessary to slide through them for perhaps a dozen feet.

There are many beautiful rock formations a look out point offers a breathtaking view of the surrounding countryside into seven states (if you can believe seeing 120 miles even on a clear day) and ends up with Fairyland Caverns and Mother Goose Village displaying three-dimensional scenes from fairy tales and nursery rhymes. You don't have to be a child to enjoy them either.

The Lost Sea is an underground lake reached via beautiful caverns. It is large enough to allow half a dozen tourist boats to navigate at the same time with about 16 persons per boat. The lake is stocked with trout which obligingly leap for the food that is thrown to them by the guides.

Ruby Falls inside Lookout Mountain is another interesting attraction. Visitors are taken underground on an elevator conducted through caverns that lead to a chamber where a cataract tumbles straight down from a height of about 100 feet (my guess). The cavern leading to the falls was discovered quite by

accident and to this day no one knows where the water comes from and where it finally goes

At both of the battlefields we visited (Chattanooga and Murfreesboro) there were interesting slide presentations explaining the battles and their importance Confederama near Lookout Mountain has a scale model of the whole area showing troops and weaponry positions and 650 flashing lights to indicate positions discussed on the audio presentation of the taking of Lookout Mountain Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge by federal troops

Tennessee offers enough to take care of at least a one-month stay

P S I just telephoned the Tennessee tourist information centre and learned the "Volunteer State" nickname derived from the state's impressive record in supplying volunteers for the Mexican War and the War of 1812 (won by Canada)

Away from it all

ERNESTLY *February 25, 1987*

Taking a holiday is sometimes referred to as "getting away from it all" and for a very good reason It is not as much a matter of getting away from the physical environment in which we spend our lives but in breaking out of the cocoons we create for ourselves through habit and inertia. Most of us tend to become slaves to schedules and routines far beyond necessity

It is this we yearn once in a while to get away from and the easiest way to accomplish this is to transfer ourselves to a strange environment far away from people and places we know thus forcing ourselves to live new experiences meet new people and solve problems that do not exist when we are in our own back yards

Driving in a strange city is a sure-fire way of chalking up new experiences and it often entails moments when I find myself wishing ever so sincerely that I was back in my cocoon driving a mile and a half along very familiar routes to and from the office

How so many tourists survive the close encounters of strange expressways and super-highways will always be a source of amazement to me. As usual our recent trip to Tennessee added a few more paragraphs to my personal book of horrors Two of them came within minutes of each other just as we were leaving Nashville for the open road

We were still close to downtown and looking for Highway 31 South After a number of wrong turns and dead ends I finally saw the sign I was looking for I swung into the street sighed with relief and as a traffic light turned green at the intersection just ahead of us I charged right across it

I was silently congratulating myself for getting on track with a minimum of confusion when my navigator calmly announced that we were travelling along a one way street. I wondered why she should happen to mention this until she added that it was one-way going the other way

Fortunately it was Martin Luther King Day, and very little traffic was about so I was able to make a mid-block U-turn and get us going in the proper direction A right turn at the next intersection put us back on 31 South and within another block a sign designated the left-hand lane for 31 South traffic I misunderstood and moved right into the left-turn lane The light had just turned red and I had time to absorb the fact that 31 did not turn for another block

There were no cars behind me so I backed a few yards and swung into the lane to my right and charged across the intersection

"Almost got sideracked again," I remarked cheerfully "Yes," said the navigator "but you went through a red light " To my relief to get into the right lane, I had failed to notice that the light was still red. Again light traffic and the absence of policemen saved the day

That day *ended* with the young registration clerk at a small-town motel asking me if I was a "retired person " I think she meant senior citizen, which in the U S is defined as over 55 because when I replied in the negative she said I could have fooled her "Ah reckon you're just one of those people who look a lot older than they are " she consoled me Thanks kid You really did it for me

My signature tends to draw the odd comment when I stray from familiar territory but I wasn't quite prepared for the reaction it received at a Tennessee tourist trap I used a credit card to purchase our tickets and was just signing the slip

"Would you please jot down your area code and ah my gawwwwwwd is that really your signature?" The poor lady just doubled over and laughed for about two minutes almost choking in the process "You just made my day " she said "I really needed that " A few more chuckles then "Don I folks laugh at you a lot? Hey you-all ain't a doctor or something are you?"

Business was slow that morning and while I was looking at the exhibits I could see her showing the slip to incoming customers then pointing my way and breaking up again

Everyone who has ever stayed in a hostelry anywhere on this continent is familiar with the Gideon Bibles that are inevitably in every room Usually they are closed and lying on the night table or in a drawer We stayed in a small motel in a Weyburn-sized town in western Tennessee where the Bible had been left on the table carefully opened

This bothered me a bit. I read a lot of whodunnits, and am always amazed at how much motel operators and employees remember about their guests And I recalled that the elderly lady who had checked me in was particularly stern visaged My conscience never being completely at ease, I could just hear her complaining to a sheriff or whatever " and I don t

think they were very good Christians, because the Bible was still open just where I left it."

My wife was sitting near to the table and I suggested she just flip the Bible over a handful of pages. "I already did," she admitted. Which seems to indicate that when people have been married long enough they not only start looking alike, but begin to think alike as well.

On a Safariarianio

ERNESTLY *May 20 1987*

Driving across southern Ontario from Kitchener to St. Catharines last week our eyes were caught by a signboard advertising an African Safari adventure just a few miles off the beaten path. That night a quick reference to our Triple A tour guide confirmed that there was indeed a listing for an African Safari near Cambridge, that a tract of land had been developed by local entrepreneurs as an "African park" containing a number of varieties of African animals and birds. Visitors, for a fee, could drive along the roads and stop and watch the uncaged jungle beasts pursuing their fancies beside the road.

Naturally I must go and see the place and after taking an oath not to leave the car while in the park nor to open the door or turn down the car window, I was given leave to take us to the African Safari on our last day in Ontario. Upon entering the premises we were greeted by a sign welcoming us to the wonders of "Deepest and Darkest Ontario" and several conspicuous ones with the warning "Trespassers will be eaten!"

We were warned upon purchasing our admission tickets — not cheap but probably not unreasonable considering the expense involved — that animals might damage our cars and that we entered at our own risk. We were cautioned not to leave our vehicles under any circumstances, and asked to sound our horns in case of car trouble.

The park was fenced off into various fields housing different species and winding roads took us past lazing grazing or whatever denizens of the Dark Continent. A pair of beautiful Bengal tigers in the first field immediately obliged by fighting each other and had to be separated by a young girl in a zebra striped truck charging at them until they snarlingly separated.

I looked with some apprehension at the hippos (or rhinos) and had the uneasy feeling that if they took a notion to be offended by our presence a lot more than our car would be at risk. The same with the buffaloes (American) in another field.

Zebras walked right up to cars to be fed by those who were unconcerned with the rules against feeding. The wimp in the car ahead of us actually encouraged his tiny children to feed the beasts. Had they bitten, he no doubt would have sued. Giraffes lowered their long necks to car level and gazed through the windows with soulful eyes and moved on when we had nothing to offer.

As in zoos, however, the chief attractions were the monkeys. These manhandled and mischievous little sixth cousins of our own species hopped onto car hoods, peered through windshields, poked and pulled at the rubber weatherstripping. Stopped vehicles risked having any loose chrome strips removed. Discarded strips abounded throughout the enclosure and we quickly realized that this was what the warning had been all about.

* * *

A few days in Toronto offered an excellent opportunity to give the Blue Jays a little more encouragement. When I purchased our advance tickets at Exhibition Stadium the sky was overcast and the forecast had called for rain, so I prudently asked about the refund policy. The ticket seller asked me where I lived and when I said "Saskatchewan" his face brightened up and he exclaimed "Now isn't that a coincidence. I was just talking to my friend who's a pig farmer in Kitchener. He's coming to the game tonight too."

After recovering from the initial shock I realized here was no mental prisoner of regional stereotypes. Did he assume that because I was from Saskatchewan I must be a wheat farmer? No sir-ree did not. He took one look at me and said to himself: "This individual may be from Saskatchewan from Canmore Alta. from Reliance NWT or from Come-by-Chance Newfoundland but that does not make him a wheat farmer... a coal miner a soapstone carver or a fish eyeman. Here surely stands the quintessential pig farmer."

Having made this deduction he quickly and logically went on to make the connection with his pig-farming friend from Kitchener who would also be attending the game. may he catch a foul ball with his teeth. Had I been wearing my Sunday suit I might have been a touch offended. As it was, my sympathies to pig farmers everywhere.

Last bat also first

ERNESTLY *August 5 1987*

Because Newfoundland became Canada's 10th province in the late 1940s most of us mainlanders tend to think of this huge island — almost a subcontinent — as a newcomer to our national family. Perhaps in the strictest sense of the term, it is since no one can dispute the fact that within the chronology of Canadian confederation Newfoundland is indeed the youngest province.

Few Canadians realize, however — I certainly the not — that Newfoundland, discovered by John Cabot in 1497 and claimed as an English colony in 1583, was the first overseas colony of Britain, thus the cornerstone of the first and only empire truly global in scope.

This knowledge removes any inclination the first-time visitor may have to think patronizingly of Newfies as Johnny-come-latelies. Instead there is just a bit of awe in realizing that one is rubbing shoulders with descendants of people who were overseas subjects of the crown before Britannia had any claim to ruling the waves before New Zealand and Australia were discovered, before the flag was planted anywhere in Africa, Asia, South America, the Pacific islands or even the North American mainland.

All this acknowledged, it is still permitted as Newfoundlanders will be the first to tell you, to laugh at Newfie jokes. Just don't get carried away with the joke because if you take it as gospel, the joke may well be on you. To the friendly but canny people of that province you and I are CFAs (Comes From Away) and while the expression may not be entirely pejorative, it is a gentle reminder that in their experience strangers too may act strangely.

Riding a taxi from the airport to the hotel after arriving in St. John's shortly after midnight, we were entertained by a rabbie who enthusiastically described the features of the city. He mentioned Cape Spear, describing it as "the most easterly p int in the entiere wurrld."

I shook with silent laughter at this little Newfiesism and repeated the story every day to every mainlander who would listen. Then one day someone gently warned me not to underestimate or misinterpret Newfie humor.

That's when I suspected I had been had, or at least had failed a test. I cringe now at the thought of the man telling his wife later on that while most CFAs laughed at him or with him when he called Cape Spear the most easterly point in the world, he had finally met one too dumb even to appreciate the joke.

The same cabbie, before dropping us at the hotel, also went a few blocks out of his way to take us to an elevated point offering a beautiful view of the harbor and the lights on the far side of it. He assured us he was giving us the side trip at no extra charge. He didn't have to charge extra because his fare was $9 and any subsequent trip we had between the hotel and airport area cost only $6.

Not only are you permitted to laugh at Newfie jokes but the natives enjoy telling them. A local who addressed our convention told us about the Newfie who got skidoo boots for Christmas and wore out two sets of laces trying to start them.

Having heard Newfoundland described so often as a poor province, I confess that I went there expecting to see nothing but shabby hovels, filthy streets, grubby wharfs and ugly people. Forget it. Even in the tiny fishing villages all the homes, however modest, looked newly painted, the children were clean and neatly dressed, the streets of St. John's — even in the waterfront district — looked cleaner than the streets of most cities I have visited, and the people looked generally neat.

A tour guide told us Newfoundlanders spend all their money on their homes and their children and from what I saw I can well believe it.

And they were friendly. While I can't think of any outstanding instance to back up this statement, it seemed that whenever the locals spoke to us, their friendliness just seemed more genuine than a forced smile and "Have a nice day." Perhaps the intimidating environment in which they live induces them to share warmth with whatever people with whom they come into contact.

It is a vast land that might be described as a massive rock covering thousands of square miles. If it were not for their fish that provide them with a bounteous harvest, the province probably would have to import everything eaten there. When you leave a city or town, that is the end of civilization. You can drive for miles without seeing any sign of life not related to the highway itself. Agriculture in any form seems to be non-existent, and I couldn't even find the word in the province's Vacation Guide.

In this booklet it is acknowledged that the history of this province "is one of continuous struggle against terrible odds. It is a multitude of stories of rugged individuals surviving in spite of the rigors of climate and occupation — for it has never been easy to earn a living by fishing — the backbone of the economy for centuries. It is a series of successes wrested from the virgin forests and the seas — for failure would have resulted in a deserted and desolated country."

So California and Florida don't exactly have to move over and make way for Newfoundland as a tourist haven. But if ever you should have the opportunity to visit our 10th province and Britain's first colony, grab it. You may have a language problem because the Newfoundland brogue can be baffling and they find "foreigners" equally hard to understand but they will forgive you if you forgive them.

St. Pierre et Miquelon

ERNESTLY *August 12 1987*

The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus in 1492 naturally set off a whole series of exploratory sailings from the seafaring nations of the Old World. Thus early in the 1500s a Portuguese explorer discovered off the south coast of Newfoundland a tiny uninhabited archipelago. Since he landed on the feast day of St. Ursula, he named the group "The Eleven Thousand Virgins."

Not long thereafter Jacques Cartier on one of his early sailings between Quebec and France claimed the islands for France. By that time French fishermen were already using the harbor of St. Pierre. The other islands were named Miquelon and Langlade, and the latter two have since become connected by a five-mile

dune, created by sand drifting up against hundreds of wrecks of ships attempting to pass through the narrow and treacherous strait during poor weather conditions.

In Saskatchewan bad weather means you move the picnic indoors or cancel the hockey game. For sailors it can mean heading for the bottom of the sea. Barrel I guess there are few things to be said for drylanding or landlubbing.

Anyway, these islands have been held by France for most of the time since shortly after the discovery of the continent and are inhabited by 6,000 to 7,000 people who are mostly descendants of Acadians expelled from Canada in the 1770s. Of these, about 6,000 live in the town of St. Pierre on the like-named island.

My natural interest in visiting such an exotic place was intensified by my disappointment when I attended my first Halifax convention of our national newspapers association (in 1961). An added attraction was a post-convention flight to St. Pierre — and of course anyone who was anybody made it a point to take the trip. I was nobody at all and more importantly could afford neither the extra money nor the extra time.

For reasons that are slightly clearer to me now, subsequent Halifax conventions have not offered the St. Pierre-Miquelon side trip, so I had written off any hope of ever visiting the historic isles. Then, and for the first time in our association's history, St. John's, Newfoundland, was designated as the site for our 1987 convention. And of course, while it wasn't an official part of the convention package, a visit to the French islands again became an option.

There was a choice between a return flight from St. John's with a two-night layover, or a visit by ferry with a one-night stay. Time once again was at a premium, so we opted for the latter. Frankly, I had visions of a four-hour drive through lazy, picturesque fishing villages. Instead, as described last week, it was a dreary drive through rugged unpeopled regions — up and down, swing left, swing right, and up and down.

We had been warned that if we decided to drive on our own to the village of Fortune for the 22-mile trip to St. Pierre, we should be at the ferry office at least one hour before the scheduled departure time. Naturally, I thought this was catering it a bit thick — but for once some guardian angel whispered to me that it might not be the worst idea to play it safe and get there as requested.

Good thing. The ferry office, as made eminent sense, was located several hundred feet from the dock. The parking lot for motorists leaving their cars while travelling to the island — it is not possible to take automobiles over on the ferry — was approximately one mile away along a narrow lane crossing a hill. Thus travellers have to unload their baggage, pick up boarding passes, follow a van to the parking lot, hook up the car, catch a ride with the van back to the ferry office, check the car keys with the attendant and receive a receipt for same.

With a slight wait at each point, most of the hour was consumed in the parking exercise. My prudence in arriving early was further rewarded when I returned to be able to witness a confrontation between a huge American couple who hadn't allowed the extra time and had arrived at the office five minutes before scheduled departure time.

"If I'd known, you can believe I wouldn't be in this position," bellowed the man. "And if I'd known I wouldn't be here either," shouted the female, adding: "So go and park the $#%&! car and Tootsie and I will take the ferry to St. Pierre."

Off he went, but I don't think he was left behind, because Newfoundland is not on the lightest of deadlines, and the ferry was at least half an hour late leaving. Additionally, the trip took half an hour longer than the scheduled two hours, and with St. Pierre half an hour ahead of Newfoundland, it soon became evident that there would be little to do for oldtimers like us but to have supper and hit the hay.

Since the ferry was scheduled to leave St. Pierre at 1:30 the following day (the time to check in half an hour early, folks!), I began to have an uncomfortable feeling that I had goofed in opting for the one night stand.

Al Capone slept here

ERNESTLY *August 19, 1987*

Quickly adjusting my mental schedule, I decided to try for an early supper followed by a sight-seeing tour, leaving the morning for all the other adventures presumably available to us on that picturesque little island.

We were scheduled to arrive at 6 p.m. local time, but by 6 we weren't even entering the harbor. It must have been 6:30 by the time we were docked, disembarked and lined up for mercifully speedy processing by French customs and immigration.

Passing through the waiting room, we were urgently enjoined by an attendant (who turned out to be the manager of the Hotel Robert, where we were to spend the night) to wait until everyone had been cleared, so that we might all be taken to the hotel at the same time. This made sense, until we set off for the hotel 15 minutes later, not in a bus as we had supposed, but via shank's pony across a vast paved common that lay between the ferry terminal and the hotel. It would have made more sense to have a garçon pointing us in the right direction as we cleared immigration. However, as we were soon to discover, it was all part of a master plan.

Upon arriving at the hotel we were told that Rooms 1 to whatever were in the original building, one short block down the alley (we had been assigned room numbers earlier), and naturally we had room No. 1

We were thrilled to hear that this was one of the rooms regularly reserved for Al Capone in the rum-running days that seem to have been the high point of the colony's history. Had I imagined a carryover of lavish traditions such as complimentary champagne and other perks I dare not even mention I would have been bitterly disappointed. Fortunately my travels have not yielded that many pleasant surprises (of that nature) and we were relieved to find the room clean... the plumbing operational windows that opened to let in the sea air and a bed wide enough to sleep two undersized Japanese quite comfortably.

The purpose of the briefing outside the hotel was to make certain all of us would after half an hour to freshen up show up at a reception and further briefing where we would receive a free glass of wine and some background essential for our stay. We were left with the impression that to attempt anything without attending the briefing would be about as foolhardy as strolling into Beirut's area without a handlist.

Actually the briefing conducted again by the hotel manager... left us with a fairly complete insight, humorously presented into the history of the islands. More of that later but when it was over the little hand had reached 8 and the big hand was at 12; so it clearly left little time for exploring. In fact except for the tireless younger generation, there wasn't time for anything except a relaxed supper and early bedtime.

Again our Gallic *maitre d'* rose to the occasion. He noted that the town of about 6 000 had a number of good and very expensive restaurants but that if we were prepared to sacrifice high prices for excellent cuisine (buffet style) in the Hotel Robert's dining room, meal vouchers could be purchased at the bar for only $20 Canadian per person. Naturally we went for it and were not disappointed for the food was good and the atmosphere most congenial.

Next morning it was up bright and early (by vacation standards) for the gratis continental breakfast of delicious croissants and strong coffee and then across the common to wait for the 10 30 bus and the one-hour tour of the island.

The tour commentary was conducted in both French and English although I wasn't aware of any francophones on the bus except for the bus driver's granddaughter. The guide's English was several degrees harder to understand than a Newfoundlander's. He pronounced "water" as "waiter" and "partridge" as "partridge" somewhat like Inspector Clouseau in the Pink Panther movies. He said living in Canada for 10 years had brought his English up to a standard that enabled him to work as a guide.

The tour was totally interesting and covered all of the island that was accessible by road. The town itself is very European in architectural style, and since it is old houses are built right up against each other. Streets are very narrow, barely accommodating two compact vehicles passing.

Mechanized fish processing plants — the main source of private sector employment on the islands — have obsolesced the fishing shacks along the coast of the five-mile-long island and these have now become summer cottages for the townspeople, giving them a little space to move and air to breathe during the brief summer. We were told almost everyone has a summer cottage either on St. Pierre or the neighboring island of Langlade but I find that just a bit difficult to swallow.

The tour extended about 10 minutes beyond the scheduled hour leaving us just a few minutes of browsing through the shopping area before the shops closed for the lunch hour. We were hard put to find even a place that served lunch and settled for a hamburger and coffee in a second-floor bar. After that we were left strolling around and killing time before it was time to get back to the ferry terminal for the trip back to Newfoundland.

What it all came down to was that we ended up being not all that disappointed not to have another day in St. Pierre because there wasn't that much more to do or see that would have justified another day. I hasten to say that I render this judgment within the context of our own tight schedule with more time to burn a second day would not have been a problem. As a matter of fact best of all doubtless would have been a three day visit including a tour of Miquelon, which requires a day in itself followed perhaps by something like deep-sea fishing.

Why he slept there

ERNESTLY *August 26, 1987*

Judging at least by the manager of the Hotel Robert who gave our ferryload of visitors a humorous and informative briefing on the history of the islands St. Pierre residents who are old enough to remember the Prohibition years of the United States still wipe away tears of regret when they think of the brief prosperity brought them by the then powerful temperance movement.

For those who have forgotten what Prohibition was all about or who have never known it was the culmination of the battle against the "demon rum" by elements in the United States who sought to wipe out the evils brought about by excessive use of alcohol by banning the product entirely.

I don't know why people have a strong tendency once elected to political office to consider themselves not so much servants of the public but guardians of the public conscience but I suppose that is simply one of the facts of life that we constantly have to live with and must always guard against.

In any case a long and bitter fight led by Re-

publican Congressman Volstead of Minnesota and an army of Bible-belt preachers succeeded shortly after the First World War in getting support from the necessary three-quarters of the state legislatures and in early 1920 the National Prohibition Act was passed by Congress

This legislation banned all sale of alcohol for human consumption throughout the land and brought into being organized crime — for the purpose of trafficking in liquor — to an extent that it became and still is a powerful force in the U S

In Canada too the temperance movement waxed strong but here it was left to each province to solve the problem Thus it provided Canadian distillers with a legitimate reason for continuing production and since the federal government received handsome revenues from this source no one asked how the distillernet managed to sell enough liquor to give alcohol poisoning to double the population of Canada According to our hotel manager rowboats would pull into the loading docks of distilleries on the Great Lakes in the evening take on a cargo waybilled for Cuba and return the next evening for another load

The hypocrisy of the Canadian government was not lost on the dry elements in the United States and the president s seat to have loaned on Prime Minister Mackenzie King for more cooperation The result was legislation in Canada making it necessary for liquor exporters to prove that shipments had indeed been delivered to destinations in countries where the sale of liquor was legal

St Pierre and Miquelon being a French possession filled this requirement and thus became the headquarters for the rum running trade for the eastern seaboard of the United States and for the dozen or so years that Prohibition remained in effect the islands flourished from that trade All the patrol boats at the command of the U S coast guard were unable to stem the traffic

Hence the visits to St Pierre by Al Capone and his cronies hence the rooms constantly available to him at the Hotel Robert, and hence my opportunity for what it was worth to sleep more than half a century later in a room that may have been occupied by him during the 1920s

Liquor cases we were told, provided free building materials for the people of St Pierre where all lumber must be imported There still stands today just outside the town a cottage known as Cutty Sark Villa since it was constructed entirely of Cutty Sark whiskey cases

The liquor trade almost killed the fishing industry since every warehouse on the island was turned over to the more lucrative storage of spirits in transit One of the very first shipments to arrive consisted of 12 000 cases of Canadian rye whiskey

The rum-running instinct, I sensed was still strong on the island It was immediately pointed out to us at the briefing that since liquor on the Islands attracts little or no taxation Canadian visitors can take home as much liquor as permitted under Canadian law pay full customs duty and still save money

An event unrelated to fishing or smuggling that rates high in the islands history was their final invasion Naturally in its long history control of the islands more than once passed from France to England and vice versa sometimes with unhappy consequences for the residents

When Hitler s armies overran France in 1940, the governor of St Pierre and Miquelon remained loyal to Marshal Petain and his Vichy government Seeing this as a real or potential springboard for German sponsored hostile activities such as espionage and sabotage, the American and Canadian governments are said to have discussed the merit of invading the islands

The Free French commander General Charles de Gaulle got wind of these plans and ordered four warships under his command in Halifax to take possession of the islands They left Halifax under the guise of a routine exercise and took the islands on Christmas Eve of 1941 without a shot being fired

As president of France in 1967, de Gaulle visited St Pierre Perhaps he too spent the night in Room 1 of the Hotel Robert I guess I ll never know

Serendipity discovered

ERNESTLY *February 10 1968*

One of the rewards — or penalties — for taking on unconducted unstructured half-planned tour of any part of the world is that it serves as a springboard for a second trip to see the many things missed the first time around and maybe even the mere satisfaction of not visiting some of the stops you wish you hadn't bothered with

A return to New Mexico would certainly see me spending at least three days in the old city of Santa Fe visiting Taos the state s centre of art and tourism and a few other places I could think of

One of the things I would enjoy missing would be a meal at a certain chain hotel in the little city of Las Cruces It would be a pleasure to sit on a park bench eating a stale bologna sandwich and washing it down with lukewarm coffee and rejoicing in the sure knowledge that I was probably faring better than if I had elected to patronize the hotel s dining room Perhaps we just were not in a dining mood It wasn t even a case of the food tasting terrible, it simply didn t taste like anything

A bonus of taking potluck in the realm of tourist attractions is the occasional discovery of the true meaning of 'serendipity " defined by my Webster as the faculty for finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for It happened to us at Isleta a Tiwa Indian pueblo just 16 miles south of Albuquerque A pueblo as defined by the selfsame Webster is a village or

communal dwelling in an Indian village consisting of adobe or stone dwellings some of them several stories high often contiguous

The pueblo of Isleta, very much inhabited looks just as it might have several hundred years ago with a large clay (or adobe) baking oven behind each home

The guide book and other literature mentioned ceremonial dances at the village and suggested stopping at the pueblo governor's office for information A cold January Sunday morning hardly seemed the time to expect tribal ceremonies to be taking place but we were prepared to settle for a drive through the narrow streets of the pueblo and a visit to the ancient Mission of San Augustin de Isleta This was built in the 1620s and except for a brief period during the Pueblo Rebellion when it was partially burned has been in constant use ever since In fact a church service was in progress when we arrived so we were unable to go through the building

We were about to leave when we were attracted by the beating of drums about two blocks away We aroused a large field on which dozens of cars were parked and followed our ears to another large common reached by a narrow passage between two adobe huts Here we found scores of Indians both sexes all sizes and ages from six year-olds to quite elderly ones engaged in ceremonial dances or sitting and watching the ceremony

The bodies and faces of the dancers were painted, they wore traditional Indian dress and had small pine boughs attached to their heads and forearms most carried drums or gourd-like instruments They danced and played their instruments in rhythm with the chants of 10 or 12 robed elders

This was not a tourism gimmick there were not more than half a dozen non-Indian people in the crowd and the Indian people paid no attention to us Abruptly about 20 minutes after we arrived the dancers stopped and dancers and crowd dispersed to their homes or drove off in their cars A man who seemed to be familiar with the customs told me there was no tell ng when they would dance again They might return an hour later or not at all

A recommended experience is visiting the world-famous caverns at Carlsbad Visitors descend by a spiraling steep-grade path over 800 feet into the bowels of the mountain visiting several interesting chambers on the way and ending in a huge chamber that is one of the world's largest

Because of the steep descent (with few or no stairs) we were cautioned to wear flat heeled shoes with rubber soles Since the nearest thing my wife could produce was a pair of high-heeled rubber boots I walked ahead of her and took her hand wherever there were no handrails On one such occasion I thrust back my hand to the body behind me and realized something was wrong when I heard her shuckling at least six feet back I turned around and here was a tall dark and handsome young man staring with disdain at my proffered hand "Heh! heh! heh!" I chuckled lamely

Over 800 feet translates into the equivalent of 80-some storeys in a building so we were grateful to learn that there was an elevator at the bottom to take us back up

A must stop if only because of the town s name was Truth or Consequences in southern New Mexico

Originally it was named Hot Springs, but in early 1950 radio broadcaster Ralph Edwards host of the popular "Truth or Consequences" show expressed the hope that somewhere in the United States a community would be named after his show It was a long shot but Hot Springs council (presumably) realizing that their community shared its name with towns in South Dakota and Arkansas and perhaps a few more voted for the change It brought lots of tourists and publicity to the resort town, as well as annual visits from broadcaster Edwards and friends

Deep in the heart of Texas

EDITORIAL *February 17 1958*

With my ears and fingertips still tingling from frostnips absorbed during my daily walks in the past few weeks it is hard to believe that only a month ago my wife and I were as the heading suggests exploring the highways and byways deep in the heart of Texas

The opening paragraph in my Texas tour guide introduces the Lone Star State thus "The image of Texas as a flat land of prevalent braggarts in 10-gallon hats has long since passed into myth Today it is the state s multi faceted contemporary face that is recognized worldwide without need for exaggeration Texas evokes accurately a picture of cosmopolitan cities and enterprising industries in a setting that ranges from seashore to lake country to mountaintop from rolling woodlands to level prairie Although the proud individualism of the people who settled and built this energetic state remains as its base the 20th century perspective is truly international"

Now that that is a rather modest piece of written but ah can t rahtly believe the words came from an Okie or New Mexican they just convey too much deep Texas pride

And I might add, with justification

Notwithstanding James Michener s book "Texas," which we read last year and which inspired us to switch our winter holiday plans from Florida to Texas and which was at pains to explain the different and distinct regions of Texas Tomfess that I too could not help thinking of the Lone Star State as a vast, flat, treeless semi-arid expanse If you saw the movie "Giant" some years ago and have it fixed in your mind s eye as typical Texas you ll know what I mean

Not that that version of Texas is invalid. It s there

all night and covers a pretty respectable chunk of the second-largest state of the U S but large areas of the state are quite different and as scenic as any place you would care to visit

Texans are still a slightly different breed of people leading to be friendlier to strangers than most folks — it seems to be *de rigueur* for males to greet other males wherever they encounter them whether they know them or not Men wear their 10-gallon hats at restaurant tables while eating steak is normal breakfast food the Texas drawl is unlike the accent of other Americans and of course Texas pride seems to run pretty deep

In his book, Michener predicts that the southern belt of the state will be more Mexican than traditional American in the near future in almost every sense He may be right Even today many of the state s towns and cities have predominantly Mexican-American populations

Because of its unique history — originally explored by gold-seeking Spaniards in the early 1500s and since then a violently disputed possession — the flags of six nations have flown over Texas They are the flags of Spain France Mexico the Republic of Texas the United States of America and the Confederated States of America As you can imagine none of these changes came about all that peacefully

One of the most interesting places we visited was the Lyndon B Johnson National Historical Park honoring the late president of the U S This was another instance of stumbling across something that proved to be much more interesting than we had expected

A few days earlier we had visand Fredericksburg where we saw signs advertising the park only a few miles away For some reason we weren t attracted to it Perhaps the advertising was ineffective Then on one of the last days of our visit we found ourselves in tiny Johnson City where the president-to-be had taught school before entering politics The Johnson City Unit of the LBJ Park is located here and includes the house Johnson grew up in as well as a walking trail to the restored cabin of his grandparents

Something about the place just caught our fancy and we quickly headed toward the LBJ ranch only 14 miles distant On this 700-acre tract along the Pedernales River (pronounced Pentenalees by us Texans) are the modest home in which LBJ was born the larger ranch house acquired many years later from his uncle s widow and the tiny schoolhouse he used to trot off to and sat on his father s lap when he was four years old

Throughout the day free buses take tourists on tours of various parts of the ranch A particularly interesting stop was the former home of the ranch foreman This is staffed by people not only wearing turn-of-the-century clothing but carrying on a full farming operation using only methods implements tools and appliances in use in the early 1900s They plow their sizable vegetable garden with a horse-drawn plow slaughter pigs make sausages bake delicious smelling pies on a wood stove and keep chickens turkeys and geese that make more noise than the population of Old MacDonald s farm

Luckenbach, Texas

ERNESTLY *April 27, 1988*

After returning from Texas in winter I used up so much column space describing our experiences that I felt obliged to stop writing before I had used up all my ammunition But I simply cannot go to my grave without telling you that we — now here this — actually visited Luckenbach Texas That in case it has slipped your mind is the village of song where life is basic and people don t make like the Hatfields and McCoys

We had visited the little city of Fredricksburg and were heading for San Antonio and were studying the road map to find a pleasant little country road to travel along Suddenly my navigator pointed out that we were only a few miles from Luckenbach so naturally that was the route to take

We almost missed it Luckenbach consists as near as we could tell of a large feed mill and one oversized farmhouse Outside the house was a sign advertising T-shirts and postcards for sale inside Who would have expected such rank money-grubbing in dear old Luckenbach?

Near the driveway leading to this urban conglomerate was a hand-painted sign with a legend about as follows "You are now in Uptown Luckenbach To go to Downtown Luckenbach continue two miles south turn right and drive to the river (but don t cross the river)

When I was a teenager and it was becoming apparent that the war would end before I could join the army and see the world I told my mother almost tearfully that I would die content if only sometime in my life I could see either the Rocky Mountains or Niagara Falls

You ll notice I wasn t greedy- I only expected to see one or the other So here I am still virtually a lad and already I ve seen not only the mountains and the falls but also Luckenbach Texas

Discovering New Brunswick

ERNESTLY *November 9 1988*

One of the more pleasant surprises in our travels has been our discovery last month of the province of New Brunswick another source of real pride to being Canadian

It is a beautiful province peopled by warm and friendly folk and its capital Fredericton is a charming city Fredericton lies in picturesque wooded

country on the banks of the Saint John River about 75 miles inland from the city of Saint John. It is not only the capital of the province but the home of the University of New Brunswick thus is more cosmopolitan than might be expected of a city of only about 50,000 population.

The excuse for the trip east was that our son recently received a teaching post in the university's computer science department after spending three or four years working on his doctorate at the University of Waterloo in Ontario. We had been in New Brunswick on two previous occasions but had never had the opportunity to enjoy it in anything near a leisurely manner.

Over 20 years ago we attended a newspaper convention in Saint John and we did rent a car to see the Maritimes it being so far from home. Seeing the Maritimes consisted of driving at top speed from Saint John to Cape Tormentine to catch the ferry to Prince Edward Island driving the length of the island province and returning to across the strait then driving wearily and in darkness along narrow curving hilly and wooded highways to Dartmouth. Next day a few hours in Halifax and another non-stop trip to Saint John to catch our flight home. Our one other visit consisted of a convention in Moncton where we never left the hotel.

That was then. This time we were able to spend four glorious days touring the province at our leisure sometimes following the coastal roads instead of busy highways inspecting colorful fishing villages and taking in the scenery.

As it was the trip went faster than expected because all the tourist attractions were closed for the season. In the heavily travelled tourist areas of the U.S. at least some of the major attractions are open the year around, and some are open for reduced hours or days during the off-season. In New Brunswick however Labor Day weekend ends the tourist season quite noticeably because the province is quite isolated from heavy-population areas.

Even the observation tower at the famous Reversing Falls just outside Saint John was closed although a telephone number was posted for information on the times. We thus discovered we were just 10 minutes past low tide and were able to see the waters flowing inland.

On our 1966 trip we did take a few minutes near Moncton to experience the strange phenomenon of the Magnetic Hill where optical illusions conspire to make you feel as though you are coasting uphill. At that time it was easy to find because there was nothing else there except a little information hut and a sign with instructions on experiencing nature's apparent reversal of its own laws. This time the area was so filled with tourist traps (all closed, of course) including a theme amusement park that — what with dusk coming on — we couldn't even find the famous hill.

My biggest disappointment was that half the seafood meals I had at restaurants were so-so but then the good ones almost made up for it. Naturally seafood was plentiful and reasonably priced in markets, so we had several excellent home-cooked meals of *fruits de mer*.

Having been introduced to the delight of lightly-spiced herring for breakfast some years ago I had expected to see something of that nature on most breakfast menus. Not once! I asked a waitress in exasperation why they didn't have kippered herring on the menu and she almost went into shock. "You wouldn't actually eat those things for breakfast?" she asked with genuine astonishment.

Heck I do that even at home when I get the chance which isn't often, but I always take care to gargle with a strong mouthwash for at least a full minute after breakfast.

A first at least for me on a breakfast menu was "fresh fried country bologna." I had some, and it was delicious.

We were struck by a customer new to us but since confirmed as a long-standing one in that part of the country. Both in small towns and in city suburbs hundreds of homes displayed Halloween decorations even though when we arrived there the night of spooks was still almost three weeks off.

Lifesized figures (Frank Jennings tells me they are usually scarecrows) propped up in insolent positions on verandas or perhaps lolling in armchairs with a leg slung casually over the chair-arm are common. Some have pumpkin heads. Sheets with ghoulike visages are pinned up in a way that makes them appear to be flying by witches and jack-o-lanterns abound. It almost seems that Thanksgiving and Halloween have been joined together in one long harvest festival.

And oh the coloring of trees in autumn! Our trees in Weyburn were pretty well bare when we left but in New Brunswick they were only starting to shed and most were in spectacular shades of crimson and yellow to contrast with the green and brown of the evergreens. Fir tree growth too had contrast because of the large number of tamarack (larch) trees the leaves of which are deciduous and turn yellow before falling off.

A little wish granted

ERNESTLY *November 2 1988*

Sometimes wishes are granted. Motoring at leisurely speed toward Acadia we stopped at about 1:30 for lunch at a motor restaurant in the town of Richibucto. The supper menu was so inviting that we wished out loud that we might have arrived there for supper instead of lunch. The genie was listening even though we hadn't seen him or released him from a bottle.

After leaving we followed the coast and 'sightsaw' several interesting fishing villages and arrived in Chatham around 4 p m It seemed too early to stop for the night but we decided to stop for a coffee break Again we saw several restaurants that looked very inviting

So on to Acadia The first two towns of any size in that historic region offered no motels that looked acceptable By this time we were getting past our usual stopping-over time so when we arrived at Tracadie we decided that had to be it We found a large motel with an attract ve dining room and found that there was indeed a vacancy

The clerk however had such an apologetic way of saying that the room was in the "old part" that I thought I had better look it over I have seen chicken coops that looked more comfortable

Then a decision had to be made press on or back track? We knew nothing about the towns ahead, and we knew that at least Chatham was of a size to offer acceptable accommodations So we backtracked, still found nothing en route and arrived in Chatham where with some difficulty and detouring we found a fine-looking motel

It being off-season the last thing we had expected was the 'No vacancy' sign lit up in front of the office By this time we were getting hungry tired and worrying about missing the World Series games (starting after 9 p m in New Brunswick) So I went in and threw myself of the mercy of the manageress

She explained that a nurses' convention had taken every room in town then with the friendliness and helpfulness that we had come to expect of New Brunswickians she proceeded to call other inns in the district

There was not a room available in either Bathurst or Newcastle but finally she found a room for us at a motel which would not guarantee reservations but agreed to hold a room for the hour or two it would take us to drive there

So off we hurtled through the dark wet night toward our last hope for a warm bed a roof over our heads, a bite to eat and perhaps even seeing half of the baseball game

And where you might ask were we headed? Well where but the Silver Birch Motel in Kichibucto where we had eaten lunch about seven hours earlier! The room was at least acceptable and clean and we were too tired to mind that the bed was a bit narrow Supper was marvelous and the Dodgers won the ball game (in case you were wondering if the outcome was the same as here)

So it all worked out rather better than it might have All the same watch those wishes

12. The boiling hot sea

About many things

The subjects on which I have allowed myself comment, preachment, pontification and speculation over a thirty year period obviously are so varied that they do not accommodate themselves conveniently to the chosen chapter headings. Further classification threatened ambivalence and still left dozens of items lacking umbrellas. So it seemed best to throw them all together under one heading as simple as "Odds and Ends" as poetic as "Potpourri" or as pompous as "Omnium Gatherum." Guidance came from the wisdom delivered, as often has been, through the words of the wonderful characters of Lewis Carroll—in this instance the Walrus in "Through the Looking Glass":

"The time has come," the Walrus said
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings,"

And so, off into that boiling sea!

The dry years

EDITORIAL *March 15, 1962*

Seven local men received a strange award Sunday afternoon—one which only they and their kind can properly evaluate.

To many people 10 years of sobriety may seem a negative achievement—something very much like staying out of jail for 10 years—or not beating their wives for a similar period of time. But to the seven men thus honored—and to 250 other members of Alcoholics Anonymous from throughout the province who gathered in Weyburn Sunday—the achievement is by no means negative. It is a history of very positive self-denial—minute by minute—hour by hour—day by day—week by week—and month by month—on the part of people who have accepted and are successfully living with the fact that to them the first drink is synonymous with insanity.

Thus—the A.A. may be said to have a double impact — removing himself from the liability side of the community ledger—and becoming—instead—an effectual worker for society's betterment.

Labor Day thought

EDITORIAL *September 6, 1962*

Labor Day came and went this week in the glorious tradition of many Labor Days before it, a happy holiday for most, tragedy for the unfortunate victims of highway and resort accidents, and all too little contemplation of the meaning of the holiday and what it stands for.

It is this, of course, it is not alone for religious and patriotic holidays, likewise have become in too many cases little more than an excuse for a long weekend.

The large cities had their usual Labor Day parades but these are, for the most part, feeble efforts if they are designed to represent the solidarity and dignity of labor in the second half of the 20th century. Almost forgotten are the obstacles fought by early-day unionists to achieve recognition and the opposition and persecution they faced in achieving even their most basic objectives. Even more unfortunate than this lapse of memory is the apparent lack in the labor movement today of a goal which can have the wholehearted sympathy and support of the labor force of the nation.

Things were simpler a century or even half a century ago. Working under harsh conditions dictated by the most oppressive elements in management, any improvement was a tangible goal and the right to organize and bargain collectively was an objective which promised the correction of many of the evil conditions so prevalent.

Having succeeded in establishing working conditions which were unthought of at the outset, organized labor stands at a crossroads today.

The goal of shorter hours and weeks—more pay, and increased fringe benefits have lost their appeal to thousands of workers who realize that from here on in only increased productivity can bring better living, particularly in view of the increased burden placed on the working force by greater life expectancy, compulsory retirement and later entry into productive work by young people.

That this is so is indicated by the organizational stagnation of the labor movement in North America today, although there are other reasons for this which we need not enlarge upon.

There is room, we feel, for the union to take a closer look at what it can do for the individual member in assisting his advancement to the fullest extent of his capabilities—to assist and encourage talented persons performing unskilled or semi-skilled work to rise to responsible positions or more suitable callings, which would help them achieve better conditions for themselves, and also leave them jobs open for those with limited potential.

It is also something which might eventually break down the wall of distrust and misunderstanding between labor and management and open the way to working together harmoniously for better conditions for all.

Civil defencelessness

EDITORIAL *November 29, 1962*

If our recent venture to the brink of nuclear war reassured us that even in the most critical situations positive action and common sense can prevent the worst, it also presented a picture of unpreparedness in Civil Defence that is disturbing.

Perhaps there is no such thing as preparedness for the type of disaster with which the world is now constantly threatened, but if there is any justification for the large-scale expenditure on Civil Defence which is being undertaken and encouraged by federal and provincial governments, then it would seem that this would have been a time to set into motion the machinery on which so much is to depend in a national emergency.

When the Cuban quarantine was announced by President Kennedy, a number of Civil Defence directors from all over the country — including Weyburn — were in the middle of a course at Arnprior, Ont. One might suppose that with no odds-on chance of war within 24 hours or less, the directors would have been flown to their homes immediately. Instead they continued working on their hypothetical problems while the very real problem looming on the horizon was left to take care of itself.

We note too that not a single information medium carried, during the crisis, any information which might have been useful to the public in the event of a surprise attack — such as whether children should be picked up at schools — and the answers to a few other questions which must have been in a lot of minds.

Southern law?

EDITORIAL *March 25, 1965*

Council must have been astonished last week to hear one of its members suggest that action be taken to confine or restrict a person about to be released from prison. The person in question has a sordid record of molesting people when he is intoxicated and his return does nothing for the peace of mind of people in the southern section of the city.

It must be borne in mind that whatever the sentence handed down by the court, this is not the end of it. No decree can remove the stigma of court conviction or alter public opinion and private prejudice. Even though technically free, the punished offender must start from the beginning in convincing each person in the community that he merits trust and respect. This is not easy and often impossible.

This fact of life is both cruel and understandable, but personal prejudice is something not likely to be erased completely. It cannot be, for its complete absence is tantamount to complete gullibility.

However, even to suggest that these prejudices be reflected in the treatment of individuals by society is to advocate a dangerous double standard that is frighteningly close to what is happening in the southern United States.

Full circle

EDITORIAL *August 5, 1965*

Today — particularly in the United States — reform seems to be moving out of the hands of legislators and into the jurisdiction of the courts. To some it seems that constitutional guarantees are no longer so much for the protection of law-abiding people against arrest but to hamper the prosecution of criminals.

This may seem a harsh judgment, but it is said that in many U.S. cities there is such a degree of lawlessness that a person cannot walk along on the streets in broad daylight without fear of attack. If this is so, law enforcement seems to have gone full circle and its original intent, the protection of society, has been aborted.

One wonders what happens when concerned citizens realize that when they take the law into their own hands they too become criminals, and as such entitled once more to the full and jealous protection of the courts. Sounds like anarchy, doesn't it?

Where to draw the line?

EDITORIAL *February 10, 1966*

It was a temptation this week to let the Sunday sports issue take care of itself, but then, how many times does a newspaper have the opportunity to get almost half the population mad at it—whatever it says—and without trying?

On both sides of the issue, the word "freedom" is being used extravagantly. Perhaps each has an equal right to applying the word, since without question, the freedoms of two groups of view are affected by the result of next week's vote.

When you go to the polls Wednesday, you cannot avoid infringing upon someone's freedoms, but you can, if you are concerned about freedom, ask yourself two questions.

Firstly, you might ask yourself which is the greater freedom: the right to be entertained, or the right to maintain a day of rest from work? Secondly, where, if at all, do you wish to draw the line on the commercialization of Sunday? You will never again have a Sunday completely free of commercialization, nor will a vote in favor of this bylaw end the matter. If the bylaw is passed, there will be more votes on more Sunday activities, until you, the voters, decide to draw the line.

So in respect to the second question you have a purely personal decision to make: when and where to draw the line, now or later; and if later, how much later. Whichever way you feel about it, ignoring the vote won't help anyone either.

(It has been suggested that an introduction would be appropriate for this item. It seems to me, however, that the exact nature of the 1966 vote is immaterial since the comments apply to whatever happens to be the objective of a vote on this question, at any point in time.)

Thou shalt not steal unless . . .

EDITORIAL *September 8, 1966*

It was with some shock we read recently that a Roman Catholic educator-priest had said in Nova Scotia that when a man in need "takes something he needs from someone who has much more than he needs, he is not stealing."

Defining a change in the attitude of his church the priest was quoted as saying that formerly the church held that a man in dire need might take what he needed on the assumption that the owner would condone the act if he knew the circumstances. Now the needy person is regarded as the owner of what he needs in the sense that God intended property for the community of men.

It is unlikely that the church intends its position to be interpreted as giving anyone the right to claim anything he wants as his property simply because he had decided he needs it more than the possessor. Nevertheless, we cannot visualize an orderly society unless most of its members regard the Mosaic law, legally and morally, as an absolute. The commandment is quite simple: "Thou shalt not steal," without any "except as hereinafter provided."

Military unions

EDITORIAL *January 12, 1967*

In Germany we hear the military has now organized a union, and that recognition has even been granted.

Now that the first shock of the idea has worn off, we must admit that there is more than a little justice in the principle of an organized military. We may not find it particularly convenient; but human rights cannot always be measured in terms of the public's convenience or comfort.

Increasingly in the past few years, we have seen our country brought to its knees; the entire economy threatened; by one or another large union exercising what is now regarded as a God-given prerogative — the right to strike.

Perhaps even this right will be seen differently when it is practised by an army which may at its

pleasure and under foreign direction exercises it at a crucial moment

And then we start at the beginnings

Joint services

EDITORIAL *March 16 1967*

Next Sunday joint worship services are being held in St Vincent de Paul Church with Roman Catholics and most local Protestant denominations participating A similar service last year packed the same church — the largest in Weyburn — and like experiments in other communities throughout Canada have enjoyed equal success.

We hope that Sunday s joint service is a success and one of many more to come that it helps create mutual respect trust and understanding that it fosters friendship co-operation and unity of purpose that it breaks down old and harmful superstitions and suspicions

But please let these aims be sufficient Let s not permit a good thing to be destroyed by idealistic and possibly destructive objectives Some of us just don t feel we d ever learn to handle a rosary and others couldn t be without them Surely there is room for both

The moon looks different

EDITORIAL *January 9 1969*

George Low head of the Apollo program which during the Christmas holidays successfully placed three U S astronauts into lunar orbit and brought them safely back to earth is quoted as saying after it was all over "The moon looks different tonight "

Is there a human being living who has not on the past two weeks gazed at that orange orb in the night sky and felt with Mr Low that indeed the moon looks different?

To most of us the moon has always been simply a convenient light in the darkened skies It s not that we didn t believe the theories of the scientists about the moon s size distance topography source of light atmosphere and so forth but they were just theories worked out on slide rules and did not have much relevance to most of us

Now suddenly the moon is no longer a disc of light but a distant place which reflects the light of the sun a place which has been visited by men who have watched the earth rise on the moon s horizon

There are many who decry the spending of billions of dollars to reach the moon while there is poverty filth and ignorance on earth that cries for the relief that these dollars could bring

Whether the moon project merited the priorities it has enjoyed is certainly open to question But man a universe would still be a pretty small place — in more than one sense of the word — if it were not for the instinct to explore even at the expense of some items which might bring quicker returns

We can but ask

EDITORIAL *January 29 1970*

We have been asked by a reader to comment on proposals for a guaranteed annual income being championed by politicians and sociologists as an alternative or supplement to existing welfare legislation

the proposition raises more questions than comments in our minds The first question is At what figure would a guaranteed wage be pegged in order to satisfy our collective conscience that we had truly assumed the role of our brother s keeper?

Assuming that only people earning less than the guaranteed wage are subsidized will they feel any more dignified about receiving the subsidy than they would feel about welfare handouts? Is a wage a wage simply because we call it that or is our dictionary meaning valid i e a payment to a person for service rendered the amount paid periodically for the labor or service of a workman or servant?

Even today the dignity of the welfare recipient is so cherished that payment is usually made to the head of the household even if he is a drunkard and wastrel If this same principle is applied with payment of the guaranteed wage will we allow his wife and family to starve while he leads a princely existence on what is intended as a dignified wage for the whole family or do we step in and look after the wife and family as well thus affording the whole family an income which most lower middle class people would envy?

And what is money? Currency to be sure is valued in relation to gold dollars held in reserve but is the value of the hypothetical gold dollar not balanced against productivity? When you receive a dollar for your labor it entitles you to the equivalent value in the fruits of someone else s labor ingenuity or investment Thus dollars might be said to represent these factors If you the worker pay a wage to those who do not work are you not purchasing his leisure and non productiveness to give him dollars to buy your labor and productiveness? Who will sell his labor for the same currency he is entitled to for non-labor?

These gentle reader and many more questions come to our mind But comments none save that a guaranteed wage would be a wonderful thing

Pollution

EDITORIAL *May 14, 1970*

The war on pollution is getting underway none too soon for if one is to give even a measure of credence to some of the dire prophecies being voiced, the survival of the human race may well depend upon steps taken immediately to protect our environment

Nevertheless some of the self righteous rhetoric emanating from the anti pollution camp would lead one to suppose that we are victims of a monstrous conspiracy that pollution is a crime of modern society and particularly of the generation alive today and over 25 years of age

In fact pollution is as old as the human race and has resulted from man s failure to comprehend the unhealthy effects of his own practices. The old cities of the world were cesspools in which people waded knee-deep in their own wastes. Ignorant of the fact that their practices were more than unavoidable inconveniences folks polluted their environment and paid for it in epidemics which they blamed on a vengeful providence witchcraft or whatever other whipping boy happened to be handy

People lived in unventilated garrets and hovels and accepted their condition as part of their low estate in life but had they realized that their lives were being robbed of half their potential they might have strained more vigorously against the social political and economic shackles that furthered this form of pollution Many of our early pioneer farmers having never heard of germs thought nothing of continuing their homeland practices of dumping manure beside streams if it happened to be convenient — so long as the water had no discernible taste

Today we are again victims of our ignorance We knew the importance of our immediate environment but failed to grasp the dangers of wastes created by our advancing technology or the limits of our atmosphere and our oceans to serve as disposal grounds for these wastes Now we know and it is imperative that we act at once if we are to survive But can't positive action be taken for once without a lot of recrimination?

Ecology

EDITORIAL *June 18 1970*

All this talk about ecology and the danger to all life through the extinction of some species is rather frightening Concern has now reached the stage where all one has to do is holler "ecology" and any argument is won hands down

It is a good thing too because the problem is not as far away as the coral reefs Consider the common housefly A few decades ago no meal was complete without a few thousands of these useful creatures buzzing cheerily around and joining in the fun The diseases they spread helped control human population

Banished from its natural feeding grounds and persecuted wherever it is found the housefly s numbers are diminished and instead we have a human population explosion The proliferation of the latter species and its demand upon the world s natural resources threatens the survival of life itself

So think of this next time you dispose of your garbage in a covered container which will not admit insects and perhaps you ll save a juicy bone or a handful of melon skins and throw them out to the little fellows who play so vital a role in the life cycle

The establishment — what is it?

EDITORIAL *November 26 1970*

Among the many words in the lexicon of the dissatisfied is the term "establishment" and much invective is directed against what is darkly hinted to be a powerful and sinister conspiracy against the public

Powerful it is and it can be sinister at times but in few cases is it a conspiracy The establishment is really the counterbalance to public apathy and it becomes weaker or stronger in inverse proportion to the degree of public participation and interest in its particular area of influence

The establishment will change in nature only as people fully participate in the institutions they have created for their advancement Then these institutions will truly reflect the will and the objectives of all, rather than those of the power structure

This is the challenge for the generation which finds so much ill in what has been to earn their living feed and shelter their young be their brother s keeper and still give so much of their time energy and thought to the workings of government political parties their trade union or association the various charitable organizations their church their sports and recreational groups that all move briskly ahead without a self-ordained establishment

In the near future

ERNESTLY *January 28–1971*

It would be interesting to know whether people have always been happy to have lived in their particular age rather than earlier or later

Not that one has any choice in the matter but it pleases me that I live in the age of auto and jet travel automatic heat instant communications and hundreds of other conveniences which our grandparents didn't even dream about

On the other hand some of the technological advances right around the corner and which promise to leave their mark on every facet of life leave me with the feeling that however fascinating some of these developments may be that the year 2000 would be about the latest I d care to check out if I happen to last that long

What got me on this train of thought was last week s Rotary meeting when our speaker was Chuck Hodgson of Saskatchewan Government Telephones with some staggering prognostications on what can reasonably be expected to happen in the communications industry in the next few decades

Chuck tells of a wave guide tube about two inches

in diameter with a theoretical capacity of 480 000 voice channels (a system has already been designed to carry 240 000 voice channels)

Laser systems expected to be in operation in the 1980s will be capable of handling seven million telephone circuits or the equivalent in data or television via a beam of light one square centimeter in cross-section

Chuck showed us an integrated circuit already commonly used in communications so tiny that we had to look at it under a microscope to see the circuits. This device...the size of a little chip of metal...contained 34 transistors 22 resistors 14 diodes and two condensers Future integrated circuits he told us will have close to one billion circuits per cubic inch which is near the density of the human brain

By the year 2000...we were told people will hardly have to travel for business reasons but for those that wish to supersonic flight and suborbital rocket service will take them anywhere in next to no time...there will be computer-controlled jitney service within cities and automatic pilots for cars

Many people won't get to work at all because through the use of communication systems such as the picture phone they will be able to handle their jobs from their homes Now that's a possibility with appeal for people in large cities who must fight their way to and from work through hours of traffic jams, or for the citizens of those cities where it is no longer safe to set foot outside the home But how many marriages will survive when the old man is underfoot all day--every day?

Perhaps that will be the age of the Great Leap Forward for the women's liberation movement With the women away working as receptionists and in other jobs which will still require the physical presence of people the husband can sit at home making his business decisions dictating letters and plotting charts while keeping an eye on supper changing diapers and watching his favorite matinee sportscast

The miracle of flight

ERNESTLY *August 26 1971*

I never quite get over the miracle of flight.

Had I lived in the days of the Wright brothers I would surely have been among the unbelievers at best I might have conceded the possibility of a contraption capable of lifting an individual and carrying him for a distance slightly above ground level

But even today I see an airliner, and the idea of raising it high above the clouds and off to a distant city or land still seems incredible

I've been no enough flights now that this awe should begin to disappear but even after becoming relatively accustomed to air travel and seeing the activity around some of the large airports where flights leave every minute or oftener for every corner of the world it still seems unreal to me

In day to-day living though we all acknowledge the shrinking dimensions of the world as a result of rapid transit and instant communications many of us nevertheless accept the idea as a mental cliche with little personal relevance Only when we find ourselves whisked away from the familiar prairie and set down gently a few hours later in a setting which belongs in a story book or rotogravure section do we realize that tomorrow has almost become today and far away is pretty near

From the foregoing you might suppose that I'm just back from the Orient or Europe In fact, it was just a little hop to Vancouver and one familiar to many of our readers But to me Vancouver remains a distant city probably because of a time dimension in my own associations with it

You see I lived in Vancouver for almost a year back in the late 40s and until last week had only been back once for a visit Moreover I had been living in Toronto and made the trip by auto through the U S Thus I think of the distance in that context days and days of driving through strange terra n and cities my first glimpse of the mountains in Utah and still a few days of driving before finally reaching that fabled city of the Pacific

Thus to hop into a plane and find myself transferred so quickly into what has become a faint memory impresses me as much as would a much longer flight Perhaps more so for the reason that the flight is so short that it is measureable against casual in-provance travel

Communal living

ERNESTLY *January 6 1972*

I was mildly surprised at the detailed rebuttal to last week's paper to unsaid statements and judgments read into what I had considered rather mild speculation

My exact words in this column two weeks ago were as follows "University students living in housing communes claim to be proving that people can live quite comfortably on about $80 a month if they are prepared to stick to basics and don't let the establishment entice them into a lot of frivolous unessentials

"If they accomplish nothing else--they may--when they get to run the country--change some of the current concepts of the poverty level."

Into this has been read a blanket condemnation of co-operative living experiments and ominous political overtones Not to be so sensitive young friends While I confess to some skepticism as to the durability of communal living arrangements when not enforced by imperatives of law religious or political fervor or economic necessity this was really not the thrust, actual or implied of my little observation

Since it has been brought up however I might add

that most civilizations have evolved around the family unit. the younger members breaking away to build their own families in due course. Judging from the wedding write-ups which continue to appear with consistent regularity in this and other newspapers this tradition is not yet completely on the way out. whatever the acknowledged pitfalls of the marital arrangement. Bearing this in mind, my identification of those abusing those — uh — co-operatives may be subject to exceptions. but outside of Hippieville no other group of people in our society really fits the prerequisites

I think my critics will acknowledge that in order to have a compatible group you cannot simply draw half a dozen names from a hat. set up house. and live happily ever after

You need first of all a large group of people to choose from of roughly the same age group old enough to have left the family fold by and large unmarried and with independent sources of revenue sufficient at least for basic needs

Now conceivably in spite of the foregoing a housing co-operative could consist of a janitor a apprentice, an airline pilot an Indian chief a professor a street cleaner and a member of the legislature. and I am prepared to concede that there are doubtless many groups with exactly such a make-up But if I must commit the sin of generalization I will say that the conditions precedent to a housing co-operative fit no stratum of society better than university students

The sharing mentioned by Hello s friends *("Hello" was the nom de plume of the Review s contributor at the University of Saskatchewan)* is indeed a valuable lesson and one they will long remember both for the successes and mistakes Our pioneers used to help each other build houses and barns the generation of the 30s helped one another through the depression and many of the comforts we enjoy in our communities such as skating rinks, curling rinks swimming pools, churches libraries and parks would not have been possible but for people sharing common interests sharing also energy and manpower to give the group the benefit of facilities which individuals could not possibly build for themselves

Sharing is not entirely new but people have also learned that even virtue can lead to excesses

A wise man many ages ago came up with a saying

"Familiarity breeds contempt "

I do agree with Hello s friends on a major point and that is the need to establish a new attitude on "what is being really rich " Many of our generation scrimped so hard for the basic needs that when times became more affluent, they lost sight of the difference between essentials and luxury This reached the point where we found ourselves berated on one hand for being greedy and acquisitive and condemned on the other for not providing for others (as a matter of need) the material things we were expected to feel guilty about

And that was my point

Perhaps some day Hello s friends will decide rightly or wrongly to invest the effort necessary to acquire a few more material things for themselves But they may be a bit tougher than we have been when it is demanded of them that they support others at levels which they know to be exaggerated

How's that again?

ERNESTLY *November 16 1972*

An example of the generation gap

Last Thursday, Regina airport was so badly fogged in that most Air Canada flights had to land and take off at Moose Jaw CAF base buses taking travellers from one airport to the other

Naturally hot meals could a t be taken aboard at Moose Jaw so those of us who had counted on an in flight meal found ourselves with grumbling stomachs. particularly after the two-hour delay in take-off

So I called over a stewardess and asked if they were bringing a mess of hash aboard for us in Winnipeg. She stared at me in horror and demanded "Did I hear you correctly?"

"I don't know." I replied, "but I asked if you were taking aboard some hash for us in Winnipeg "

"Hash?" she almost screamed at me, and I suddenly realized that what we oldtimers called a concoction of warmed up leftovers has an altogether different meaning to the "now" generation My question made me as suspect as if I had called out "Hi Jack!" to an acquaintance

Environmental safeguards

ERNESTLY *June 7 1973*

During last week s SPC sponsored press tour of Cypress Hills Provincial Park media representatives were shown a film on a feasibility study being conducted by a group of companies interested in constructing a natural gas pipeline from the far north to the United States

The film centred around the main thrust of the study which is to determine the extent to which construction of such a pipeline would harm the environment or ecology The cost of the survey alone is in the neighborhood of $5 million

Perhaps for a multi-billion-dollar project such as the pipeline promises to be a $5 million expenditure on environmental considerations is not out of line Certainly with the hindsight of how we have managed to foul up our world through ignorance indifference and blindness in the past it would be inexcusable to embark upon such a colossal undertaking with no thought about environment and ecology

But $5 million is still a lot of bread and by the time the survey concerns itself with such considerations as whether ground-nesting birds will again nest on the right-of way under which the pipeline is buried it strikes me that things are being carried a bit far

On the 300-mile drive from Cypress Hills to Weyburn my car killed at least half a dozen gophers and about as many birds Beside that the road was dotted with dead bodies of rabbits skunks and other small creatures The same would happen on a northern highway

A pipeline isn t going to sit up and swat any animals or birds that walk over it

On excesses

EDITORIAL *June 21, 1973*

There are places even today where the police are not a service but the authority and where the perpetuation and protection of the rulers wealth is paramount to all other considerations To question the wisdom or morals of any official decision or pronouncement was once an invitation to be labelled a "pinko "

There were times when there could be no distinction between public mores and individual morals and when having less than five children was neglect of duty toward society when criticism of the principle of settling international disputes through bloodshed was not only unpatriotic but suggestive of cowardice A minor crime was punishable with death often without fair trial There were times when you dared not pick your own friends for fear of being considered not healthily racist.

We share (the) opinion that the pendulum probably has swung too far in a number of the areas mentioned but note that one thing has not changed to dare to think for yourself is to be an oddball How ever as long as the right to do so is enshrined in law we dare hope that common sense will guide us away from one set of excesses as they have from the other

Don't tell them about cake

EDITORIAL *October 4 1973*

A few weeks ago Saskatchewan social services minister Alex Taylor outlined his views on controlling inflation through controls on profits interest rates and advertising

If one accepts the premise that inflation is created by too many dollars chasing too few existing products and services then it makes little sense to reduce the incentive for making more products Interest rates go up as people who have lost their buying power borrow indiscriminately to compete for what they want

Of advertising Mr Taylor has this to say "It becomes apparent that the whole realm of advertising needs to be looked at, especially when we consider that advertising creates false needs in people and that when people satisfy these false needs the inflationary spirals that are so common in our economy are given added momentum

A famous Frenchwoman once said, "If the poor have no bread let them eat cake." Mr Taylor s updated version seems to be "If the poor are content with bread for heaven s sake don t let anyone tell them there is such a thing as cake."

The innocence of the female

ERNESTY *February 20 1975*

Counting myself by now as the product of a female-oriented household I m afraid I cherish very few illusions any more about the innocence of the so-called fair sex

But to sit in on one of those clambakes local rinks throw for visitors during the ladies bonspiel is to reach a new depth of despair for the future in feed the survival of our gender, except as we might fit into some very clinical and futuristic reproductive process

My survival instinct has long taught me to behave dreamily at all times and ever mindful and appreciative of the tolerance which permits my continued tenancy

But when adult females of the species descend upon the household literally in droves I experience the sort of panic a family cat displays when its owners have decided to babysit a brood of young terriers

I have long learned of course as witness my continued existence that open panic attracts attention so it is much better like my friend the chameleon to blend into the woodwork and concentrate on pretending I m not there

My flowing locks help some, and having achieved a certain middle-age obesity and donned one of those heavy wool sweaters for which there is a name that escapes me I don t have much trouble passing for one of the girls

You may think I m going to reveal to you some frightening plot against the male

Wrong!

It s gone well beyond that stage

Oh for the days when a group of women gathered to bemoan their hardships and hallucinate about what they would do to the men were the situation reversed At least then you had the smug inner satisfaction of knowing who was in control

But it s well past that stage The flies as they used to say have taken the flyswatter

The vindictiveness has gone from their voices and the hurt as well they should Instead there is a callous indifferent contempt for the broad (cake?) warmer tinged with some pity for his utter stupidity

To tell all would spell sheer doom for me, but better martyrdom than sheer, abject silence

The matter of the storm that kept the girls in town.

The first soft flurry of snow brings a gleam to the eyes of the ladies and the first gust of wind feeds their determination to be storm stayed more than it bothers the packed snow. Carefully laid contingency plans quickly come to light allowing for everything including how to keep the storm going.

The one chosen to throw the lead rock as it were after carefully rehearsing the obstacles and alternatives phones home ("That you hubby?") and recites her litany of woes fear of the elements and concern for her brood.

Finally convinced that there is no way his wife can make it home the husband sets himself to the mental task of planning his wife s way out of the emergency and lo with only the slightest bit of prompting from the other end comes up with exactly the plan she had in mind all along.

With the first one out of the way the rest is simple as borscht. The others phone the "old man" and simply tell him that even Jan s husband —"and they live much closer to town you know" — positively won t let her come home because you can t even see across the street.

Then with the air of veterans who have just drawn to the button...last rock score tied coming home they relax and tackle their enjoyable problem of how to make the most of their victory over the weather.

Actually it did get to be quite a storm but I have a hunch the outcome would have been much the same in any case. Either that or the weatherman is also married to a curler and had his explicit instructions as to where to lay it down.

The ombudsman

EDITORIAL *April 3, 1975*

In the second annual report of Saskatchewan ombudsman E C Boychuk he recommends that the act be changed to the end that deputy ministers not be excluded from the jurisdiction of the ombudsman. The concept is not unique in that according to Mr Boychuk s report Saskatchewan is the only province which has placed a protective shield around deputy ministers and others in a like capacity from the scrutiny of the ombudsman.

While curtailment of bureaucratic power at any level tends to be attractive to most of us we are not sure whether a simple transfer of that power to another appointive office serves any good purpose while it carries with it...to this instance some danger of interfering with government policy and administrative processes.

To hold that an ombudsmen ought to be empowered to judge regulations and laws on the basis of their fairness presupposes that properly trained for such a position an ombudsman s judgment would be fairer and wiser than that of the elected government. Maybe so but that s too close to a benevolent dictatorship for our liking.

The inflation trail

EDITORIAL *June 5, 1975*

Who is responsible for inflation?

For many decades we have enjoyed at relatively low prices imported commodities raised or wrought by people working under conditions which we would find unacceptable in our country for wages which barely kept them alive let alone afforded them most of the amenities we take for granted. How we prayed and wept for the misery of our fellow creatures but like Lewis Carroll s walrus we held up a large handkerchief before our streaming eyes, and gobbled up the oysters just the same.

But as people in other lands start working shorter hours receive living wages and expect to send their children to school care for their sick in hospitals and perhaps even take a week s vacation the cost of their product must go up. But do we expect to curb our appetites for these commodities? No. We expect our salaries and our profits to go up proportionately so that we may buy as many of these goods as before. This eventually depresses the value of our dollar and the goods must go up in price again.

But this problem is in our view, minor compared to the gobs of money taken from us by governments and recirculated by paying people for performing work which the public neither needs or wants and which goes into competition with the money we retain for the goods and services we want and need.

And governments are not content to spend the extra dollars generated by the increased number of dollars created by higher salaries and higher prices. This would leave them too where they were in the first place so they raise taxes in various ways plus spend more money than is generated by tax revenues in order to "give us" more than we paid for.

And all this does is create greater competition for products and services while productivity does not increase proportionately. So we have inflation.

Toughluve, circa 1976

ERNESTLY *July 8, 1976*

At the lake last weekend I ran into a new twist in child disciplining that has a lot of promise.

About five adults were trying to make themselves

heard while three pre-school children were holding forth in competition in a manner which defies description but doesn't need it for anyone who has been exposed to children

Finally wearying of the scene the father put the kids outside to play It was just after dark and the mosquitoes were out in hordes, so it wasn't long before the youngsters were clamoring at the door

"Are you going to behave?" demanded pop

"Yes yes let us in!" chorused the children

"Well...you had better remember," said daddy..."or next time it's the nuthill."

I am considering a special column with tips like that for noise-crazed parents

"Cold Journey"

ERNESTLY *December 9, 1976*

There was a difference when the National Film Board's production of "Cold Journey" opened at the local theatre Thursday evening The difference was that Johnny Yesno and Buckley Peshawhance, two native Canadians who played the lead roles were present to say a few words to the audience before each showing...and to mingle with the folks during intermission.

The movie...a pleasant if troubling change from the blood-and-sex theme of most Hollywood movies convincingly portrays the frustrations of a young native boy sent to residential school in The Pas Man where he is bombarded with information (such as the meter of poems) useless to the life that is probably in store for him--meanwhile losing the skills which he may need for survival in Canada's harsh northland

Without nitpicking however there is one little piece that didn't ring quite true There are several scenes where the boy (Buckley) is at home with his family for summer vacation and has to converse with him/mother through his brother because she speaks no English and Buckley has forgotten Cree because he has been away at school

That scenario might wash in 1940 Victoria or Toronto--but this is not hard to take in Saskatchewan where over half of us are of non British origin. We know that the language one learned at home may become hard to retrieve after many years of disuse but it is not forgotten in several years at school with a bunch of kids of like background

At least if I understand the situation correctly. If children are taken from the reservations at primary age and dumped in a residential school--that is a different story. But in the situations I have encountered--they receive primary and elementary education on the reserve and go to the larger towns for secondary education. If I'm wrong about this I'll eat those words

I object to it because it weakens an otherwise strong case by reducing credibility To those who are dubious about the language situation the rest of the argument may become equally unbelievable

Eating my words

ERNESTLY *December 16, 1976*

Looks like I have to eat crow In last week's column I questioned one point made in the movie "Cold Journey" shown recently in Weyburn That was the matter of Indian children forgetting their own language while away to resident schools

I found it hard to swallow that a child in residence with children of like background would forget in a year or two the language learned at home

I have been corrected by a friend more knowledgeable on the subject, who tells me that during the 60s there was a deliberate effort on the part of the authorities to remove Indian children from their homes and from the reservation at as early an age as possible and take them away to schools in an effort to integrate them into Canadian society

Speaking then own language at school or even in the residence he tells me...was forbidden...and punishment quick and severe for those who disobeyed Sounds like another 'big daddy' plan that didn't make it

Big Brother cares

EDITORIAL *May 12 1977*

A few decades ago the four o'clock school bell was a signal for an army of workers to join the labor force of the nation They were high school students who worked from four o'clock until closing time to augment the allowances (if any) they received from home

They did it mostly for the money--not for the fun or the education But in the process the young girl or boy who filled shelves and packed bags at the grocery store learned to be courteous to customers and a lot about what made things tick in a retail outlet In many cases it also led to a summer job to help pay for tuition--books and clothing

For many it also opened the door to a lifetime career in a business which may have seemed boring from the outside but was found to be interesting once involved in it A few were also saved from going into occupations which seemed glamorous from the outside but turned out to be humdrum at least to the individual concerned

Today this army is an more For the most part,

those students not involved in extracurricular activities go home to listen to loud music watch the boob tube or go downtown to hang around and spend money gained not through honest work but inherited from parents who since they are not paying for any services no longer know how much is fair "

And the odd parent who decides it simply can t be true that there are no jobs available for their offspring, are met by the businessman s answer that he cannot afford to pay $3 an hour to youngsters and that in any case the law does not permit bringing in part-time help for less than three-hour shifts

But I don't care how little you pay We just want Tom to learn to work " protests the parent "But Big Brother cares" replies the merchant

So we are all the poorer The parent has little means to occupy the student s spare time productively the student loses the experience learning and remunerature of on-the-job learning and the employer loses prospective employees with at least some familiarity with the business and with work All because provincial governments across the nation know best

Northern fishing

ERNESTLY *June 30 1977*

Every year come June for almost as long as I have been in Weyburn a group of fishermen (the term is used loosely) of my acquaintance sets out to invade northern Saskatchewan and bring home a mess of fine fish that average out to something like $40 per pound plus some yarns that are worth considerably less when fairly weighed

And every year I promise myself that come what may I intend to be among the happy and carefree heading out for sun fun and relaxation

As it happened this was one of the years in which while the stars were not in the right configuration I out-configurated them and snuck off at the last moment

That first morning is a mite difficult Some 700 miles of driving even with changes of drivers and vehicles is a long haul

But one thing has changed and as far as I m concerned for the better and that is the accommodation available in the great north We used to drive to La Ronge or beyond wait for hours for a bush pilot who might be several hours behind schedule land at a camp with a crude log cabin outdoor privy and little else set up camp and cook some supper then clean up before falling into a sleep of exhaustion

Turn up your nose at me if you will but I m much happier throwing my gear into a heated (if necessary) cabin with maid service and indoor plumbing and a steaming meal waiting for us at the lodge Not rough ing it exactly but who s proud?

I added to my education this year when I found myself suddenly and alone at the controls of no outboard motor for the first time in my life A few of us were casting from a rocky strip that formed one of the banks of a channel joining two lakes My line snagged on a rock about 20 feet away and I bravely and independently jumped into the boat and paddled toward the spot where my hook was caught

The current it turned out was more rapid than I had bargained for and I found myself drifting backward faster than I could paddle forward This caused no great concern (except on my part) because in 1977 it is commonly held that anyone over the age of seven knows how to run an outboard

"Turn on your motor" someone advised casually and I replied, "Sure How do you do that?"

"You mean you don t know?" Sheer anguish erupted with disbelief in the question

Well we had our little moment moving the motor forward instead of stopping it, and plunging full speed ahead toward shallow water with ugly rocks protruding and actually leaning toward me to get closer Remind me some time to write an editorial on water safety

The highlight of the trip for me was that glorious moment I have envied so often in others

Have you ever been in a group where one person was hauling in fish like someone was putting them on his hook down below the others catching a few and the fish rejecting your bait so thoroughly that you wondered if even they sensed your incompetence and insecurity?

That has been the story of my fishing life but for two glorious hours on the final afternoon I was the one hauling them in while others watched in envy

And boy did it feel good!

Never imagine . . .

EDITORIAL *July 7 1977*

" If you d like it put more simply — Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise "

— The Duchess- in Lewis Carroll s "Alice in Wonderland"

Try that one on for size and when you have it figured out you may be qualified to explain to us what the prisoners in the Regina Correctional Institute perceived themselves to be when while acknowledging that conditions in that institution were "not all that bad" and compared it to a college campus when compared to a British Columbia jail never-

thoiess felt constrained to hold a 5½-hour "peaceful demonstration in order to state their cases for their "brothers" in the Prince Albert Correctional Centre the recent scene of a very unpeaceful riot.

Another complaint that the guards are 'running a concentration camp

What are they supposed to be running...a rest haven?

Not to be completely outdone the director Lund came out with a fine one himself. "I have no complaints of illegal acts ..." So what are we complaining about? "Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise

Flimflammed?

EDITORIAL *July 14 1977*

Some things about the energy crisis are puzzling

It wasn t very many years ago that the Saskatchewan Power Corporation was buying advertising space and time to urge farmers to leave their yard lights on as guides for the nocturnal wayfarer

Had the SPC been the only power utility so engaged it could be argued with justification that our provincial corporation was operating in an insular situation an area of still untapped natural resources and a population and industrial base expanding only at a crawl compared to many parts of the continent. But as we understand it other power companies provincially municipally and privately owned were all doing it promoting increased use of energy as though resources were unlimited

Then came the crunch and lo we are presented chapter upon chapter of convincing evidence that things cannot go on as in the present

It makes sense but we still are not aware of any real effort to bring our expectations in line with what our resources reasonably can be expected to provide

If the problem is indeed a long-range one one might suppose that a long range plan would have been announced and publicized providing disincentives for the wasteful use of electricity over a sufficient period of time to allow ourselves to reeducate ourselves to less wasteful practices Failing this it leaves us with the feeling of being flimflammed just as we were when we were being urged to use power for every possible purpose

Money and things

ERNESTLY *August 25 1977*

An acquaintance told me recently of an incident observed in the Estevan shopping mall A young mother trying to do her shopping was being pestered by her pre-school youngster already brandishing obviously current purchases for more spending money Finally in exasperation the mother yanked a dollar bill from her purse and handed it to the child with the warning "Remember this is the last one you get today

My friend wondered how much the weekly trip to the mall cost such a woman in spending money for the child Int alone all the goodies such as ice cream chips popcorn and pop carried home as "groceries

Hearing this my mind naturally drifted back to those good old thirties that my generation and our seniors love to dwell upon

In our family at least there was no such thing as spending money Some of the wealthy kids received an allowance and I will always retain the memory of the ones who made a point of bringing their treats to school so that they might smack their lips as they nibbled their chocolate bars sucked their candies (Should I eat the red ones last?) and chewed their gum They would even rub it in by offering some to those classmates who could be absolutely counted upon to return the favor the next day or so

But these things were a problem only when flaunted in our faces Out of sight out of mind and when not subject to temptations the lack of cash didn t deprive us completely of treats

Did you ever pull a six inch cucumber off the vine peel it cut it in half sprinkle salt and pepper generously on the cut sides of both halves then rub them together until they foamed? Try it I did the other day but the largest cucumber I could find in our garden was only three inches long But it tasted just as good as I remembered it

Another treat was a carrot fresh from the garden We didn t wash it because that would rob it of a certain something in the flavor Instead we would rub the carrot top to remove all the dirt Perhaps it was what rubbed off from the top that would add flavor missing from a washed and scraped carrot

Sometimes on a hot day we would even be able to talk our mother into making lemonade without lemons

And how do you make lemonade without lemons?

It s easy Take a pitcher of cold water stir in sugar add a rock of keeslah tah stir until this has dissolved then add a teaspoon of baking soda stir to effervescence and ahhhh what a treat!

Now you re going to ask what in the world is keeslah tah

Don t hold me to the spelling but keeslah tah is the Russian word for tartaric acid a white very hard crystalline substance that is extremely sour

What its chief use was I don t remember but there must have been something beside making lemonade and lemon tea because we always had a little bag of it in the house. I do remember that one of childhood s great embarrassments for me was the first time I was

sent to the store by my mother to buy the stuff. She took it for granted that I knew the English word for it, and I assumed keeslah-tah was the only word for it.

It took long enough to establish what I wanted, but from that day on, whenever I went to that particular store they would ask me if I had come for keeslah-tah, then roar with laughter. Worse than the boys at the skunk works.

Now don't go dashing off and buying a big stock of tartaric acid. You'll probably find that in recent experiments conducted by health authorities that when a number of wood termites were fed twice their weight in tartaric acid over a period of one week, one out of every 129 developed planter's warts. Or something like that.

Kindness in Calgary

ERNESTLY *November 23, 1978*

Last Friday I had one of those heart-warming experiences that bring home the realization that for all that may be wrong with the world we humans have created, there are still a lot of good people around.

An afternoon meeting at Calgary took me to the foothills city for a day, and because the session was scheduled to end at 2 p.m., two hours before plane time, I didn't even bother to take an overnight bag. As it happened, some pretty lively discussion developed and suddenly it was 4.30, or plane time minus one hour and 25 minutes.

Still nothing to get upset about, for I was assured that the airport was only half an hour away. It is indeed only half an hour away from the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology, but it was near rush hour, and Friday was ever snowy and blustery in Calgary as it was here.

When the cab dispatcher told me I'd have to wait for 20 minutes, I felt less assured. It's been my experience that after 25 minutes the driver—the dispatcher—or perhaps even a higher authority—assumes you have found alternate transportation. That evidently was what happened in this case, because 45 minutes later I was still waiting.

So, at 5.20 p.m. (35 minutes before takeoff time), I threw myself upon the mercy of a student whose wife had just stopped to pick him up in their tiny imported car.

"How's the gas?" he asked his wife. "It shows empty, but it often does," she replied. "I think we can make it.

So not only did they give me the much-needed ride, but they did so ungrudgingly. It seemed as natural as though they were seeing off a favorite uncle.

I started biting my fingernails (through my gloves) when we got caught in slow moving traffic, but they assured me it would be clear sailing after two blocks. It's not that I didn't believe them, but I was counting more on the aircraft being a few minutes late on the bad weather.

But they were right, and we got to the terminal five minutes before scheduled plane time, which turned out also to be actual takeoff time.

God bless you, Claude and Susie.

Orbiting space colonies

ERNESTLY *January 25, 1979*

"It will never replace the horse and buggy." was the general consensus when the first horseless buggies made their appearance.

"It'll never fly," said the doubters when a few crackpots were fooling around with flying machines, and when the Wright brothers finally proved that a mechanical people-bearing device could be rendered airborne, even the prestigious New York Times dismissed that accomplishment as one with no significant commercial or social consequence.

Even when the beeps of the Russians' first grapefruit-sized Sputnik shocked the world into the space age, some of the most respected people in the scientific world pooh-pooh'ed the idea that space travel was just around the corner, pointing out that no technology of the foreseeable future could produce the thrust or accommodate the life support required to put an astronaut into orbit around the earth, let alone send a living human being to the moon and back.

Thus, to be skeptical today is to live dangerously and risk having to eat your words before the ink is dry (in the case of the Review, that can be a comparatively long time, but you know what I mean).

But I'm prepared to live dangerously when it comes to the prediction that colonies of human beings will some day live in spacecrafts orbiting the earth in order to alleviate the crowding of our planet.

First of all, I'll concede that the technology can probably be developed, at a cost of untold billions of dollars, to place a moderately self-sufficient colony into orbit.

But to create, launch and maintain these satellites in sufficient numbers to relieve the congestion on earth is simply too great a strain on my imagination.

Consider first of all how many people would have to be removed from the planet to make a dent in over-population. We have several billion people now, and increasing by what — one million weekly?

Thus, if one million people were settled on orbiting colonies we would be hailing a miracle as technological accomplishment but would still have removed only a drop from the bucket. If one million were sent into orbit every week (or however long it takes the world to generate one million new lives), we would be achieving only zero growth.

In the meantime, all the se people up there would rely for life support and waste disposal on the resources of our planet.

Yes, we are told they will grow their own food. In what? In topsoil sent into orbit with them? We re

running out of arable land on earth In e substitute growth promoting substance? If it can be done it can be done right here on terra firma

Then comes the question are we really out of living space?

If we all expect to live in a moderate climate and pluck our food off the trees as we walk by yes But by that standard we ran out of space several centuries ago

But by the time we are prepared to take up living in orbiting space colonies and all that that would entail, we might think about the fact that only a small portion of the earth s surface is inhabited now

The vast Arctic spaces of Canada the USSR Scandinavia and Greenland offer limitless settlement opportunities They are warmer than outer space have unlimited supplies of air and as much sunshine as anywhere Food could be created by the same processes now planned for space colonies

And look at the ocean floor which covers the greater part of the earth s surface A colony down there would be dealing with an environment no more hostile than outer space and would be a lot easier to keep in place

But really I don t know what I m getting all fussed up about

I just got a postcard from a distant cousin living on one of Saturn s moons and he s perfectly happy

Are we being lied to?

EDITORIAL *April 19 1979*

Do you ever get the feeling that we are being misconsciously lied to?

About 18 months ago I attended a convention in Winnipeg where one of the featured speakers was a representative of the nuclear energy authority for the province of Manitoba He presented what I considered to be a rational realistic case for the development of nuclear energy capabilities Asked about the hazards of nuclear plants to people working there the potential danger to residents of the area from plant accidents and environmental damage he put on the tired smile of a missionary explaining for the 113th time to a tribe of savages that there are no witches

He explained toxicity as a relative thing — water for instance is toxic if ingested in excess quantities — and that safety precautions are commensurate He cited the low accident rate and it sounded very impressive when translated into millions of man hours as statisticians are wont to do And he very distinctly made the point that a power plant is not a bomb which is about to explode and blow up the countryside Contamination dangers all taken care of with devices and procedures as near to fail-safe as anything on this earth can be

Then we have the malfunction at Harrisburg Pa. and the sudden prospect of evacuating one million people — equal to the entire population of Saskatchewan Beside the expense dislocation, mental anguish logistics and disruption accompanying such a mass evacuation there remains the unanswered question of how much long term damage might have occurred had the worst happened

Were the people of Pennsylvania told by the authorities when the plant was built exactly what the dangers were the safety factors established and the degree of risk to their lives and environment? Or did they simply have to choose between doom and gloom predicted by the environmentalists and half-true assurances of the authorities?

If we choose to live in an energy-oriented society we *may* have no alternative in the long run but to accept the hazards that accompany the production of nuclear energy but we should be able to decide on the basis of fact not on distortions or outright lies

ZPG and Eskimo tradition

ERNESTLY *May2 1979*

A book I skimmed through the other week touched lightly on Eskimo tradition with respect to the elderly Evidently it is or was Eskimo custom that once a person became too old or physically unable to carry a fair share of the workload he or she left the igloo and sat down somewhere in the wilderness and let death take over

This custom developed not from cruelty but from the simple fact that beyond raising children it was not possible to wrest from the cruel Arctic environment the wherewithal to feed and clothe anyone unable to contribute toward the material well-being of the family

The thought sometimes imposes itself that our society may be headed toward a modified form of the Eskimo practice as a result of the pill

Don t laugh and don t get mad but think about it.

Read some of the articles about planned childlessness and the blessings this option has brought to couples who are now free to find full self-expression without the bother and mess of bringing up a passle of brats These fortunates are now "free" to pursue careers holiday and travel to their hearts content without worrying about baby-sitting or the need to put something aside for the education of their children So long as they make sure that their employers and/or the government are accumulating on their behalf a healthy pension plan why by age 55 they ll be ready to retire and live really happily ever after

Personally I have no great moral objection to this arrangement for those who want it and I may even be a bit envious but I have some reservations about how it will all work out

We may be a long way from the simple society where grandpa and grandma remain a part of the family and share in its life This is probably not to our credit, and invites treatment in kind when we reach

that golden age However most of us do feel a certain obligation toward the elderly and infirm and as a result our society has established homes and hospitals where they are cared for as well as is possible in so impersonal an environment

Even those of us who no longer have living parents tend to identify the elderly with those who reared fed and clothed us whose lives were often little more than constant drudgery to provide for us the necessities and the headstart for a better way of life

Will this same sense of obligation obtain when a substantial percentage of our adult population has lived a lifetime without contributing toward the renewal and advancement of the species?

For one thing will the blissfully childless have community attitudes that will earn them the gratitude of the following generation or will they exercise their numbers and democratic strength to curtail what is now provided for the young? Will they say "Let those with children pay for schools universities rec reational programs and playgrounds We didn't create the problem and we re not going to pay for it."? It may be unfair to presuppose unwholesome attitudes but our history has not been one of marked philanthropy

So time marches on and our happy contributors toward ZPG find themselves no longer able or willing to work, and together with their "parent peers living off the avails of the productive generation of that time

The question is will the producers be enthusiastic about providing for that part of a generation which had lived only unto itself? Cut it any way you like and move as many figures from one column to another as you wish but it still boils down to a decreasing proportion of workers providing food and shelter for a larger proportion of non-workers

Can they do it — and will they? Perhaps they ll just invoke an ancient and honorable Eskimo tradition

Meeces, I now hate you

ERNESTLY *August 16 1979*

Mice have played an important part in my life When I was a child having mice was as normal as blueberry pie More so in fact because we didn t live in blueberry country and blueberry pie was a rare treat

Mice were not a rare treat—and owning a cat was standard practice that bore no relationship to the householder s affection for cats No more than a scarecrow symbolized the owner s love for life-size dolls Simply the lesser of two evils

For my own part, perhaps because Mickey Mouse came into being on my birthday I always cherished the little rascals and I wept bitterly whenever one of them became the victim of the cat or a trap It was my fondest hope that I might some day have a pet mouse

Once in a weak moment (or perhaps it was a trick) my mother even managed to rescue a mouse from the clutches of one of our cats (we sometimes had more than one due to circumstances unrelated to the mouse population) and saved it for me in a glass soaker Alas it was dead by morning and again tears flowed

Years later my second childhood home (i e the second home of my childhood not the home of my second childhood) faced a vacant lot which demanded all manner of delightful creatures I once caught a field mouse with my bare hand and despite my tender verbal assurances that I meant well the l ttle blighter bit my hand and escaped in the ensuing confusion

That ended my affection for the species and as time went by it became no more respectable to have mice than to have (or admit to) lice scabies bedbugs social diseases alcoholism or lunacy

I would like to state categorically that we are not afflicted with lice scabies bedbugs social diseases alcoholism or lunacy Not even dwarfism

Now mice that s a different story

Intermittently for several months various members of the family sneaking down to the kitchen in the wee hours for whatever unholy reasons have claimed to have seen one of the little creatures scooting across the floor Since there were no other signs of their presence I discounted the evidence until one night I spied one myself and couldn t very well admit to hallucinating

A referendum was held and mouse traps received if not more votes at least more important votes than acquiring a cat So we bought the only traps we could find fierce-looking metal devices that have about as much snap as a five year-old rubber band

The good news is that the trap snapped twice the first night The bad news is that the first time it caught a family member s toe The second time it was triggered by a mouse which ran laughingly off with the cheese

When another week went by without any action at all we picked up some of the old fashioned wooden traps that would stop a bear Never a snap but the cheese is always gone

They may be hateful meeces but they re smart if I do say so myself Looks like we re about ready for another referendum on the cat question

Looking ahead — and back

EDITORIAL *September 27 1979*

For countless centuries those resources that produce our energy today lay unused and for the most part useless—because we had not learned to apply to them the physical laws that would convert them into light heat and power Then within a lifetime knowledge and technology advanced to where we think of energy not as a luxury to be appreciated but as the very basis of our lifestyle

Very few of us actually contributed one iota to the expansion of energy uses sources or availability We

simply sat back and enjoyed. We wallowed — particularly through the last two or three decades — in the convenience afforded us by the inventiveness of a few. And now we find ourselves facing the prospect of a setback because of a diminishing supply.

Today's children look at us almost unbelievingly when we attempt to describe to them how it was when a single kerosene lamp provided light for the whole family's after-dark activities, studying, reading, knitting, darning, quilting or playing Parcheesi.

Try to explain how it was when television wasn't here, and even radio was a toy for fiddlers, when water was pumped out of a well and heated in the reservoir of the kitchen stove, when furnaces had to be stoked, kindling chopped and ashes carried out, when cars and telephones were for the wealthy, and errands or messages depended on shank's pony for everyone else. You'll get a blank stare or a smart remark about "olden days."

I simply got off track from wondering how it might be when our children tell their youngsters wistfully about all the fine things they used to have and how unfortunate it is that those luxuries can no longer be had at prices everyone can afford.

Nowadays we offer bargain rates for seniors at theatres, on public transportation, and for a few other services in recognition of what they did to build up our country and give us our affluence. Maybe when we get there, the signs will read, "Seniors, double price. You've had your share!"

Wanted: well-worn pliers

ERNESTLY *December 20 1979*

I need a pair of pliers, the oldest, rustiest, most-beaten up pair that I can lay my hands on. I need them to pay a debt that has been outstanding for over 40 years.

Before I started school, our home was about four doors from a meadow which served as a three hole golf course and a hardball field; besides, of course, the basic function of a pasture.

Late one afternoon, or perhaps it was early evening, I was drawn to the meadow by the excitement of a ball practice session, and hadn't been there long when I was approached by this old guy — he was 12 or 13 at least — who wanted to take part in the activities, but was hampered by a pair of pliers knocking about in the pocket of his overalls.

Pete was an acquaintance of my older brothers, and in the pecking order of the times, this gave him a certain authority over me.

In any case, he handed me the pliers with the firm instructions to guard them carefully and to return them to him, undamaged, at the end of the ball practice.

Do you know that they played ball for 10 hours without intermission that evening? Well, they didn't really, but to a four or five-year old, swatting mosquitoes it seemed like hours after the first five minutes.

I wanted to go home, but I didn't dare walk onto the playing field, and I was unable to attract Pete's attention. If he saw my frantic waves, he ignored them. Now if there is anything that makes a little boy want to go home very badly, it is an impediment to doing so, and it wasn't long before preference became an imperative. I simply had to go home.

So, believing that he knew exactly where I had been standing, and with unquestioning faith in the honesty of the human race, I laid the pliers carefully on the ground and headed for home.

Early next morning Pete was there demanding his pliers, and he wasn't very happy when I told him where I had deposited them. He took me to the playing field, and I recall going there without any doubt in my mind but that I would walk directly to the pliers, hand them to him, and be vindicated.

It didn't work out like that. Not only were we unable to find the pliers, but Pete was not at all sure that I hadn't deliberately hidden them.

The search, accompanied by free-flowing tears, took another 10 hours or so by my reckoning.

From that day forward, I dreaded meeting Pete anywhere, for he never failed to scowl at me and demand his pliers. I would hide behind a fencepost when I saw him approaching at a distance, but suddenly he would be there, looming over me, and snarling, "Come on kid. Where's my pliers?"

Years passed. Pete's anger abated and my fears lessened, but I never met him but that he demanded his pliers.

Once, when I returned to the old home town after an absence of about five years, I walked into the soda emporium, and there was Pete — so he into his cups he couldn't see straight. But the moment his eyes lit on me, the inevitable question came. "Where's my gosh-darn pliers?"

My sin took place in the early 30s, and going into 1980, I hope that some time in the next decade, at least, I can lay my hands on an old, rusty pair of pliers, at least 40 years old, and send them to Pete with the comment, "Here's your darn pliers. What was your big hurry anyway?"

Can anyone help?

Hythe gets on the map

ERNESTLY *June 5, 1980*

If you found your eyebrows lifting ever so slightly when you read last week that the Chamber of Commerce in Hythe, Alta., had passed a resolution calling for public execution of drug pushers, just try to look at it from the Hythe, Alta., point of view.

Hythe, possibly through an act of God, is located north of the 55th parallel and according to my trusty Alberta road map is about 15 miles southeast of

Dennnit which is really Dannnit with a German accent

According to the same vintage road map, Hythe has a population of 445. Admittedly the map was issued in 1968, (and) the population may have grown or declined in the 12 intervening years but since I had never before heard of the place it is a safe bet that it still is not rivalling Calgary. Perhaps it is not even rivalling Dennnit.

Now supposing you found yourself living in Hythe, and were by instinct a community promoter, exactly what would you do to get yourself on the map?

Remember that one rattlesnake town in Nevada that became known the world over by becoming the divorce centre of the United States when divorce laws in most states were tough? Why Reno still gets repeat business from satisfied customers who just wouldn't dream of going anywhere else with their divorces.

Somebody in Hythe got the townspeople together and said "Look, folks. If Reno can do it so can we. But we've got to be original."

So they put on their thinking caps. Divorce as an attraction was out. By the time you can get one in any town in Saskatchwan or one is going to travel to Hythe, Calgary has the Stampede, Edmonton has Klondike Days all sewed up, and even the nearby mountains were showing no signs of volcanic eruption.

"How about holding public executions?" suggested someone in the audience.

"Wellllll, now," replied the chairman with mixed feelings, seeing as his brother had recently been handed a suspended sentence for shooting his mother-in-law. "sounds like an interesting and original idea but I was thinking of something we could start with a local cast until things got rolling."

"Could we make it public execution of drug pushers?" asked the local bootlegger—with his mind half on the competition and half on the hateful druggist who sold aspirins for hangovers but was also known to advise sufferers to stick to store liquor.

"I think we've got something going for us," said the chairman. He pounded his gavel, a resolution was born, and Hythe was well ensconced on the map of Canada.

Fifteen miles southeast of Dennnit.

Anything for a laugh

ERNESTLY *June 26, 1980*

A few months ago I issued an appeal in this column for an old beat-up pair of pliers to get back at a fellow in my home town who made my youth a nightmare for me.

As I explained it, I was about five years old and watching some teen-agers play baseball when one of them asked me to hold a pair of pliers for him—because they were uncomfortable in his pocket.

My interest in the game waned quickly and unable to catch the eye of the owner, I carefully laid the pliers on the grass. Naturally he never found them, and he made life miserable for me for many years.

It was always to the back of my mind that some day I would send a beat-up pair of pliers to Pete Tarasenos (though I haven't seen him in more than 20 years). A reader responded to my appeal, and I was able to send a bent pair of pliers to Pete a few weeks later, together with a note chiding him for his impatience.

I was somewhat disappointed when no reply was forthcoming, when Ie one day gracing my home town paper, the Steinbach Man. Carillon, there was a picture of Pete and the precious pliers.

Oddly enough, his story is slightly at variance with mine. In his note to the Carillon Pete says: "Who says advertising does not pay?

"Here is proof. Thirty-six years ago I loaned a pair of pliers to a chap who had a problem with his bike at the time. I never did get it back till today, May 23, 1980. I did have some leads during the years but none worked with police on the tracking bit. But with mug shots and writing to different papers my pliers found their way back to its rightful owner.

"But from where? Weyburn, Sask.

"The thing has somewhat lost the shape of good pliers. But then through almost four decades what should one expect? I do feel sorry for what you must have gone through all those years. Thanks. Ernie."

The note is signed by "the never-again pliers lender."

Now I leave it to the readers to choose between Pete's story and mine.

I stick with my own, unless time has erased from my memory a second incident from my rotten teen years in which I took Pete for a second pair of pliers. In which case I owe him another pair.

Anything for a laugh.

Is the leisure ethic here?

EDITORIAL *July 31, 1980*

A popular theme of the middle and late 1960s — one that was shocking until the novelty wore off — was the proposition that in the not-too-distant future technological advances would so increase available leisure time for the average person their learning to cope with the luxury of idleness would become a major challenge.

In those days, the 1980s seems like a safely distant time-frame for the fulfilment of this utopian philosophy. As the 60s became the 70s, and the 70s marched on toward 1980, the dream of near total leisure seemed to fade away. That it was a bit like a confrontation with the Ghost of the Christmas Past to come across an article in "The Credit Union Way" (reprinted in the Radville Star) not only reviving the "leisure ethic" theory, but declaring that it ought to be here.

That there are still a few lotus-eaters around

dreaming and yearning for a work-free existence is not surprising. The work ethic was never so strong but that some shunned and resented it. Nor is it astonishing that a 'leisure ethic' addict should put these hallucinations into writing. After all forced by an unkind economic system into hiring out his modest talents instead of pursuing an idyllic life of drinking beer all day (or perhaps finger-painting) it is not surprising that he would devote his efforts toward the realization of his own dreams.

It is more surprising that the credit union movement founded neither by the idle nor the rich but by people to whom the work ethic needs neither explaining nor justifying should serve the sort of tripe to its hard-working realistic supporters.

A nostalgic time

EDITORIAL *December 17, 1980*

Christmas is a nostalgic time. To most adults brought up in the Christian faith — even to the extent of simply celebrating Christmas — it is a time when minds wander back to those simple Christmases when life was less complicated when giving was more moderate when celebration was more relaxed.

Those were the perfect Christmases.

Perhaps this is because we still like to believe that the Christmases of those days were really as simple as we remember them. For we were the children who had little to do in preparation but to learn a Christmas verse to spend a few dollars provided by our parents on inexpensive gifts to feel excitement grow in us as we sang carols daily in school and again at Sunday School until finally the morning came when Santa had really come and a candlelit tree sparkled above a modest heap of gaily wrapped gifts and mother out of the clear blue produced a feast such as did not grace the table at any other time.

But was it really all that simple for the parents who provided those long remembered Christmases for us? Perhaps they did not go into debt as many do today in order to lavish their families with everything the heart could desire. But how much self-denial anxiety and extra work must have gone into providing the gifts, the peanuts and the sweets that helped make the day so special!

And how many parents had aching hearts because they knew how we yearned for those special requests we made so desperately from Santa Claus and how they wished they had the where-withal to make our dreams come true! Those meals they didn't come out of the clear blue either not even neatly packaged from the supermarket. They represented many weeks of extra baking that must because custom demanded it take precedence over other needs.

And was the Christmas holiday a day of unreserved joy and serenity for our parents or did they perhaps shed a silent tear for the wonderful Christmases of their youth with brothers and sisters now separated from them not only by time but by oceans and cultures?

So if Christmas today is in how more complicated than it was when we were kids, we may as well accept it as part of the complicated age in which we live. Things won't become simpler and the Christmas Eves of going to the country church in a cutter aren't about to return.

But if we keep the spirit of joy in our Christmas and remember the origin of the festival our young too will look back some day to the "simple wholesome" Christmases of their childhood. So Merry Christmas!

Good neighbors

ERNESTLY *April 15, 1981*

A few weeks ago I received an unsigned letter from a reader having trouble with his neighbor. (He had a fence which he considered adequate but which did not stop balls from coming into his garden when his neighbors kids played games in their back yard. To retrieve the balls the kids — naturally if not legally — climbed the fence and after a protracted period of this activity the fence sagged quite badly. The writer had complained to his neighbor on a number of occasions and the neighbor pointed out that another type of fence would solve the problem and offered to go halvers on the cost. No more said the writer he felt the fence was suitable and that the neighbor bore the onus of either keeping his kids in line or erecting an additional fence to control the problem.

I can sympathize with the writer in the matter of the sagging fence because it reminds me with a twinge of guilt of the page wire fence that separated our front yard when I was a youngster from the huge garden of the elderly couple next door.

My mother had a healthy respect for the property rights of others and we were forbidden under pain of spankings and other strong measures from climbing over the fence to retrieve balls. Thus I find it difficult to account for the fact that over the years that old fence sagged more than a bit. In fact as the years went by and the fence sagged lower and my legs grew longer I was able to step over it without touching the top strand of wire.

Every two years or so, the neighbors complained (mildly) my mother scolded and threatened (severely) and we played our games with renewed caution.

But what do you do when a foul hit pops over the fence or a sloppy catcher is unable to stop a wild pitch? First we would try a rake and you'd be surprised how often the ball could be reached if you leaned on the fence hard enough. And then there were other times when the ball lay just a foot beyond the

rake. On those occasions with a furtive look in the direction of our windows and the neighbors house it was over the fence and back like greased lightning.

The only thing I can say in my defence is that I never swiped one of those red tempting tomatoes. Well maybe once or twice in 10 years.

Anyhow our neighbors complained only mildly and rarely, and they never called the police or demanded that we put up a better fence on our side. They even gave me a cheery "hello" when I passed them house on the way to or from school. What it boils down to I suppose is that from my earliest days I have never been a model neighbor myself, but I've been fortunate to have had a lot of good neighbors. Maybe they all secretly hated me but they certainly were pleasant about it.

No less than trees . . .

ERNESTLY *February 18, 1981*

Several thousands of years ago Moses leading the Israelites on their trek through the desert to Canaan retired to a mountaintop and after many days of meditation returned to his people with a set of tablets on which he had set forth a simple set of rules governing human conduct.

The Ten Commandments are still recited today and form the cornerstone of basic law in Judeo-Christian societies. Valuable as these laws have been as reference points through the ages, they are not particularly comforting or nurturing. It is probably for that reason that another philosopher whose name is unknown to us, decided a few hundred years ago to write a document of similar length without harsh imperatives or prohibitions, but offering guidelines for mental serenity.

"Desiderata" was found in Old Saint Paul's Church in Baltimore dated 1692. It has been reprinted many times and many homes and offices have wall plaques bearing the simple and soothing message.

I ran across "Desiderata" again in the home of a friend a few months ago and my eye fell upon one line that I consider particularly relevant in today's confrontation between extreme environmentalism and equally extreme waste and despoilation of natural resources.

The line is this: "You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here."

I find those words comforting and encouraging because I confess that to me much of what has been produced by the human race is beautiful and thrilling and that nature need not be completely free of the human touch in order to be lovely.

When an ambitious colony of ants builds a new hill we do not say they are destroying the environment by building a castle. We acknowledge them to be a part of the environment and that something must give way to their needs.

When a pair of birds builds a nest in a tree, we do not say that the tree is somehow diminished or despoiled by the addition of these creatures' homes. We are more inclined to feel that the tree is enhanced by its colorful and cheery tenants.

When beavers build a dam on a river or stream, we may take counter-action because the beavers' plans are at odds with our own. But we do not say they are enemies of nature because they have interfered with the course of flow of the stream. They are natural.

I find it natural and even beautiful that an expanding human race seeking an ever-improved standard of living makes its presence seen and felt throughout nature.

Perhaps to some people a mountain is beautiful only if it is devoid of any sign of human existence. To me however nothing is lost and perhaps something gained if a brilliantly engineered highway spirals around the incline carrying trucks and cars and buses to a lofty pass.

I'm not really anxious ever to live in a large city again but one of the most beautiful sights to me is still a metropolis at night especially seen from a high vantage point with street lights like strings of pearls, marking the thoroughfares, and the changing patterns of headlights and taillights bringing the whole panorama to life. Bridges and skyscrapers and cabins on lonely lakes and ships at sea and jet vapor trails across a blue sky are all beautiful to me.

Wasting and despoiling nature is criminal and should be so regarded. But to me not all human incursion adds up to despoilation. We too are children of the universe no less than trees and stars.

A winner at last

ERNESTLY *April 14, 1982*

Turn green with envy. I finally won a big prize.

I don't like to leave the impression that my life has been one of unalloyed hardship because it hasn't. In that sense I count myself with the fortunate rather than with the unfortunate.

But all those windfalls have always eluded me: the traps around the world; the new cars; the Winsday and the bars of silver.

Oh sure I come home triumphantly from newspaper conventions with the occasional package of serviettes or stationery. And come to think of it the first time I went to Las Vegas my wife and I hit it lucky at a downtown casino and dragged $75 worth of nickels halfway across the United States. (We lost about the same amount in two hours on our next trip to that naughty city.)

And then there was that long weekend at a resort in Quebec a Gaspe Peninsula.

Our convention was in Montreal that year about 10 years ago and the Quebec tourism department had

donated as door prizes about a dozen all-expense weekends for two including transportation from Montreal at a government-operated resort in the beautiful Gaspe

Yes, I really won one of those weekends for two

Most of the winners were from the west so the Quebec government generously decided that to make it just a bit less expensive to take advantage of the free weekend transportation from Toronto would be thrown in One proviso the package would apply on one weekend agreeable to the greatest number of winners

I don t know exactly what happened but somewhere along the line the whole deal was cancelled So we ended up one weekend poorer but richer by two return fares to Toronto

The prizes I have always bankered for are the return trips to far away places offered by airlines to publishers attending our national and provincial conventions and workshops

There have been trips to Belgium Holland Germany Hawaii Fiji Israel Australia and some where the winner can pick any destination flown by the donating carrier

The odds have always been best at the Saskatchewan workshops Only publishers are eligible to win they must register on opening night and be present at the closing banquet when the draw is made

Since there are only about 75 publishers in Saskatchewan and some of them never attend workshops that in itself makes the odds fairly attractive Add the fact that the workshops are held in winter and business and personal pressures that cause others to skip the event arrive late or leave before the draw and the odds may be down to 25-to-one Sometimes better than that

So you will forgive me if I tell you that I have gone to these workshops for years almost casting the trip to Australia Fiji or wherever

But always it was the same At the last bell I d be forcing a smile and extending envy tainted congratulations to one of my colleagues — often one who had won the trip the previous year or had never attended a workshop before

But that s life and most of you have experienced the same sort of thing

Thus by now I had become resigned to the fact that the winner was always someone else We didn t even talk about the trip on the way to Regina for last month s workshop and when the moment for the draw arrived my heart didn t miss a beat Naturally I was curious to see which of my friends would win but that s about all

Even when the CP Air rep who made the draw prolonged the suspense by asking how many Ernies were in the room I was 90 percent sure the winner was Ernie Gould of North Battleford

When he further qualified by asking how many Ernies from Weyburn were in the room I knew that Lady Luck and finally smiled on me

So here we are the winners of return trips to a distant part of the world.

And where in this vast and varied globe will these tickets take us?

Well where else but fun filled fabulous Buenos Aires in sunny Argentina! A well washer on coffee now suggested that perhaps I had won the second prize, that first prize was a trip to the Falkland Islands

Don t ask me what it feels like to be a winner

(Note to posterity The British-Argentinian conflict over the Falkland Islands broke out shortly after the tickets were won)

De-escalation

ERNESTLY *November 17 1982*

I count myself among those who believe that the prospect of a nuclear holocaust has contributed toward deferring an open confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union at some point between the close of World War 2 and the present But for how long can this go on as both sides continue to increase their stockpiles and sophistication of nuclear weapons? Ten years? Twenty years? Thirty years? Forever? I can buy anything but forever Sooner or later some madman will find it necessary to pull the switch if he decides his side has the advantage

Already the world s nuclear armories we are told contain enough hardware to blow up civilization many times over So what do we need, enough to blow up the whole universe?

The cost of the arms race alone is enough to ethrul nate it as an easy solution We are told that the U S is committed over the next five years to spend an amount equivalent to $6 000 per family per year Is that easy?

Then there is the logical question of whether bilateral disarmament if accomplished would work I don t know But I remember visiting the Canadian peacekeeping force in Cyprus where U N troops supervise an uneasy truce between Greek and Turkish Cypriots — two peoples who have lived together in hatred and distrust for centuries.

We were told by an army spokesman that the U N. objective there was de-escalation Throughout the capital city of Nicosia there were military checkpoints or posts Greekcyp and Turkcyp army boxes stood on opposite sides of the narrow streets manned by armed soldiers glaring at each other across 20 feet of no-man s land or less

Between there was another sentry box manned by a United Nations soldier whose duty it was to keep an incident from deteriorating into bloodshed The objective of de-escalation was described by the Canadian officer as being in part the reduction of the

number of these manned posts. Their experience had been that as the number of these posts — open invitations to confrontation — were reduced the number of unpleasant incidents was reduced correspondingly.

Would the same principle apply on an international basis? It remains to be seen — and tried — in the era of nuclear warfare.

Our inheritance

ERNESTLY *June 9, 1982*

It is not unusual these days to read a novel or printed article, or to see a movie or television show in which a young adult upon being chastized by parents on a way of life or moral decision whirls around with the accusatory question "How dare you judge me considering the world your generation left me?"

The state of the world is indeed shocking. The superpowers armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons stand ready to blow each other and the rest of the world apart on sufficient provocation or perhaps even to save face.

But to blame the state of affairs on any particular generation does it seem quite "cracker." Certainly, each of us has a role to play and the nature of our society is the sum total of our input. But to blame the state of the world on the individual middle aged mechanic, shopkeeper or farmer makes about as much sense as to blame it on an Obi tribesman or a Chinese rice farmer.

For that matter, let's take a look at the world inherited by the adults of today taking them in 10-year batches.

The 40-year-old of today — about the youngest to face the present youngsters — was 20 in 1962. He or she too grew up in a world in which the superpowers already were armed with enough nuclear weaponry to blow the world to bits. These then had nothing to pass along but what they inherited.

The 50-year-olds of today were 20 in 1952. Then too, the world already knew the horrors of the atom bomb. The U.S. was trying at the time to keep the secret to itself, but "liberals" like Klaus Fuchs decided it would be best if Russia shared the knowledge. Whoever was right is a matter of opinion, but it is certain that the average parent of the day was not consulted — either by the U.S. government or Mr. Fuchs.

The 60-year-olds of today came to maturity in 1942 — and millions by the time they were 20- were already up to their necks in history's bloodiest war: a war not of their making or choosing, but one to determine whether democracy could survive the 20th century. This they inherited.

The 70-year-olds of today turned 20 in 1932. In North America and in Europe they inherited a world deep in economic depression, unemployment at a level that was despairing, and with warclouds gathering in a Europe still not recovered from the first world war. Who then was to blame for what ensued: the doves who refused even to prepare in the face of Hitler's military ambition, or the hawks who finally blew the whistle though not ready for battle?

Perhaps the blame goes farther back. It's a fair guess, however, that everyone inherits a world full of woe. It is how we react to it and conduct ourselves in the circumstances we are dealt, that we pass along as a legacy to family, to mankind, unity and ultimately to the nation and the world. And the first step is to forget the negative inheritance and look to the many fine things we have all received, unearned, from the people who went before us.

The talking car

ERNESTLY *March 2, 1983*

Some scientific miracles are so instantly gratifying they are immediately acceptable, both to the conscious and subconscious minds.

For instance, I cannot imagine anyone, upon first installing automatic heat, resenting the convenience and yearning for the old days of breaking clinkers and hauling ashes through knee-deep snow to the back alley.

And turning to bells and whistles on automobiles, which is where this column is heading, I cannot conceive of anyone — even on dry one — yearning for the hand signal. Remember those left turn signals at busy intersections in sub-zero weather with a howling wind blowing into an open window? It didn't take long for the car interior to cool off to refrigerated freight temperatures.

Too often, under these conditions, the signal simply wasn't made, and other motorists had to guess at one's intentions.

Many innovations are unfamiliar, but not necessarily offensive, when one is first introduced to them, then settle in slowly but surely as accepted parts of the whole.

The talking car, however, is going to take some getting used to.

"Talking car?" you ask. "What can the man be talking about?"

Yes, dear reader, the talking car is here. At least two weeks ago it was in California, so it's a safe bet that it will find (talk?) its way to Saskatchewan before long.

Now I didn't go to the car rental people and ask for a talking vehicle, nor was I even warned I was getting one. But I found out quickly enough.

I turned on the ignition and before I could do anything else, a voice, not unlike that of Earl Nightingale — though slightly more mechanical in tone, and not as flowing — intoned "Please fasten your seat belts."

We langhingly obliged whereupon Earl said "Thank you."

So far you'll agree nothing to get sore about

But next as is my custom with a strange car as a result of some bad experiences I familiarized myself with the controls and switches — wiper controls, light switches, dim switch, air-conditioner and finally the inside door latch

As I opened the door Earl immediately cut in, "A door is ajar." At the same time on a facsimile of a car on the dashboard the front left door was highlighted in an open position

Again when I closed the door, I was sincerely if mechanically thanked

When I finally pulled out of the parking spot the voice announced "All monitored systems are functioning."

All very inoffensive and even helpful. Certainly it is nice to know that an improperly closed door will be brought to your attention. But it becomes a bit irritating when some faceless, nameless device takes you to task every time a door is opened to admit or discharge a passenger. It reached the point where I took to answering in abusive language but that wore thin when I realized I was making a fool of myself.

Eventually I found myself making smart-alecky retorts. For instance, when the voice told me the door was ajar, I would reply "But a jar is not necessarily a door."

(Ho, ho, ho! Get it?)

Then I would close the door, and the machine a "thank you" would seem to be in response to my gratuitous jest.

Finally I gave up and accepted the gimmick for what it was, a safety device that is an irritant 90 percent of the time but it may just save my bacon some day.

I didn't find out what other systems were being monitored. Does the computer tell you when air or oil pressure is low, when the headlights are left on after the ignition has been turned off, when gas or windshield washing fluid supplies are running low?

I don't know. But we'll all probably know soon enough because, as I said, the talking car will likely be here as big as life before long, adding a new dimension to backseat driving.

The hotel mini-bar

ERNESTLY *May 4, 1983*

Spending a night in a Winnipeg hotel a month ago we didn't notice until late in the evening a noise that was familiar yet somehow out of place. Investigating, we found a low, shallow cabinet about the size of a small safe. I tried to open it but it was locked.

"Maybe that's what the small key is for," ventured my better half. My blank look prompted her to produce her room key and attached to the holder was a second, smaller key. Mine didn't have one. We tried it and lo and behold, the door opened to reveal a small refrigerated bar, stocked with a variety of sizeable size bottles of liquor.

Now wouldn't that be something for the late revel ler returning to his room after room service had ended and he just had to have one last drink before retiring? Or the late traveller checking in after bar-closing hours and needing a sedative to relax before hitting the pillow.

Since we were checking out fairly early in the morning, I wondered how the bar charges would be handled since the drinks could not conceivably be complimentary. I need not have worried. At check out time, the cashier simply asked if we had used the mini-bar, and when I said we hadn't, she took my word for it. Naturally, someone will have checked the bar after we left, and had there been missing bottles, the charges would have caught up with us fairly soon.

In any case, what fascinated me about the bar was its existence in a private hotel. How things have changed, whether for better or for worse depends on the point of view.

You don't have to be white-haired and feeble-limbed to remember when liquor could not be served with food publicly; when there were no women's beverage rooms (at least not in Manitoba) and heaven forbid! barkeepers when you had to fill out a purchase order to buy a mickey or a six pack.

If anyone had dared suggest three decades ago that before the century was out a family might dine out with mum and dad having a glass of wine or a highball with the meal, the skeptic would have shaken his head. Anyone suggesting a stocked bar in a private hotel room, or beer at football games, would have been a candidate for a trip to the moon.

Who knows, we may even get around to beer and wine sold in grocery stores and even a friendly door-to-door delivery man selling the stuff out of a refrigerated van.

Residential crime

ERNESTLY *August 17, 1983*

Things have come to a pretty pass. Judging from a news release received the other day from a national security systems company, setting out on vacation nowadays requires about as much definitive preparation as heading into a war zone. The difference is that these security measures are not for the protection of your person but for the home you leave behind.

It makes one look back wistfully upon simpler times. The home I grew up in, in a small Manitoba town, didn't even have a lock, if I remember correctly. If it had a lock, it probably didn't have a key, and if there was a key, it would have been difficult to find.

But then we never went on family vacations, and on the few occasions when the house was left un-

occupied my mother would say (whistling past the graveyard, no doubt) that anyone who needed our humble possessions was welcome to them. Vandals, of course, we were not bargaining on.

In any case, this was probably par for the average small town prairie home. People were less mobile, strangers were quickly identified and their movements closely followed, out of curiosity if not suspicion.

But even in my boarding house days in Toronto, I never had a house key. The first one was locked only on Christmas Day, when the landlady did not serve supper and spent the afternoon and evening with her sister. At the second one, half a block off Bloor St. where it borders on High Park, even the landlady had no key. She said she had one once, but lost it years earlier.

But things have changed.

The changing seasons

ERNESTLY *December 7, 1983*

Spring is probably a more appropriate time to start barbing about the charm of our changing seasons, but the theme has been on my mind since my visit to Kentucky several months ago. I was attending a convention and happened to be sitting alone at a cafeteria table drinking a cup of coffee when a woman accosted me with the unlikely question, "Do you want to sell your newspaper, by any chance?"

"Only on Wednesdays," I replied, and by this time her roving eye had taken in my name tag and the information that I was from Saskatchewan.

She was a newspaper broker — a middleman or middleperson for buyers and sellers of newspaper businesses — but she was sufficiently overcome by meeting so alien a visitor that despite my unwillingness to unload the Review on the spot, she stayed long enough to ask a few questions about my habitat.

An inevitable question was how cold does it get in Saskatchewan. When I gave her some ballpark figures she shuddered visibly and wondered out loud how a person could live in such a climate. I take it for granted when Canadians moan about our winters. I'll even forgive recent immigrants — suffering alongside us, after all — for not speaking in rapturous tones about our beautiful sundogs, thrilling blizzards and challenging snowdrifts.

But when our friends south of the border start making like I'm from igloo country, I get sensitive. As far as I can make out, there are more howling blizzards in the Dakotas, Montana and Minnesota than we get, and our own worst storms seem always to develop in the Denver area.

The brokeress didn't stick around long enough to hear my protestations, nor my pitch about the changing seasons, but that didn't prevent me from making the spiel to myself.

What would Christmas be like without snow? Anyway, in these days of automatic heating, heated automobiles, attached garages with electronically activated doors, paved drives, efficient snow removal (and an inside job), winter isn't what it used to be.

When I was a kid, the coming of winter meant stacking load upon load of firewood, cleaning stovepipes, cleaning windows and storm windows, and carrying the latter up a rickety ladder and compensating for a poor fit by stuffing rags into the cracks.

In spite of these and other unpleasant preparations, not to mention the adversities of winter itself, I was always thrilled by winter's arrival. It was a time of listening to Foster Hewitt's twangy salutation, "Hello Canada and hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland." It was a time of studying the Eaton's catalogue and making long lists, unmuddled by the realities of what was affordable.

It was a time of playing Parcheesi by lamplight at the kitchen table with the cat between us, hind legs on the bench and forepaws on the table, helping us move the pieces once in a while. It was a time of planning snow forts with elaborate interconnecting tunnels, when the snow got deep enough. (It never did, or we never got around to it, but the planning was fun.)

Yes, even in these days, winter had a lot going for it. And today it is a snap.

I love the changing seasons. I can hardly wait for the next change, and it's only early December.

Will it reduce staff?

ERNESTLY *May 2, 1984*

Every time I launch on a discourse on computerization in our industry, as I tend to do whenever no one has the foresight to turn me off, I am inevitably asked the question, "Will it reduce your staff?"

The question is prompted by three distinct approaches to the whole question of technological progress and innovation.

One attitude might be expressed as, "I'm willing to be shown. If you can establish that you were able to reduce staff, I'll take a good look at it for my own operation."

The second attitude is perhaps parallel, but more negative. It says, "I'm from Missouri. I've heard you bragging about your new equipment for the past 25 years, but I don't notice any fewer people working at the Review. So what's the big deal with all the time-saving hardware?"

The third approach is the more time-honored fear that progress and time-saving devices will reduce the work force and put more people on the soup line. It says and asks, "Here we are in the worst unemployment crisis in half a century, and you, you greedy ogre, are trying to replace people with machines. Have you no shame, no decency, no concern for your fellowman?"

None of these approaches is completely without validity, but all miss the point to some extent since the day is long gone when the reduction of the work force is the prime motive for improved technology

Just take a look at the computer industry itself

An advanced student in computer science told me the other day that one of the first computers built — it was called the ENIAC and occupied the equivalent of several city blocks — was considered so advanced that the wise people of the day said four such machines could handle all the computer work for the entire world

They were probably right within the context of the state of computer art of that day

A computer is not even an intelligent machine, even though you hear such terminology as "intelligent terminals."

The computer is dumb

It simply has the ability to calculate, compare, store and retrieve data on the basis of some information at some time programmed into the device, and to do so at lightning speed

If you ask the computer what Aunt Bessie might like for her birthday, it won't be much as say "Ehh?"

But if the computer is loaded with data on the type of possessions owned by most women of Aunt Bessie's age, social and economic status and personal preferences, you would be able to determine what Aunt Bessie lacked that was desirable to her peers. Still not a very practical computer application, even today, but it may serve as an analogy

Put it the way when all programming had to be wired in, instead of tapped in from a keyboard, the idea of dedicating a monster computer to do the payroll of even a large company would have been preposterous

Today thousands of small companies own complicated high powered computers occupying only a few cubic feet of space. This was made possible through micro-circuitry, silicon chips and many other advancements in the computer technology

Jobs?

The space program, just to mention one industry, has opened thousands of jobs and expanded human horizons. Without computers it would not have left the ground. It all started with someone trying to find a better way of doing things, without even imagining the far-reaching consequences and ramifications

Now to printing

When Johann Gutenberg developed the printing process about 500 years ago, the main application was printing the Bible, until then painstakingly copied page by page by monks

Granted, it must have put a lot of monks out of work, or redirected their efforts at the time

But Gutenberg's contribution was the forerunner of all mass production as it is known and accepted today. It made possible education of the masses instead of preserving literacy as the prerogative of the wealthy and privileged, and thus made possible most of the good things (and admittedly, some of the bad) we enjoy today

It is an industry that employs millions of people around the world today

At the Review, despite all the technological updating we have constantly been involved in, our staff has increased by 50 percent over the past 25 years

So what have we gained?

We are producing almost three million printed pages monthly compared to about 170 000 pages 25 years ago

The equivalent production with 1960 equipment and machinery would probably require a building covering several city blocks, and employing several times the number of people we have now

Aha, you may say, that would have created more jobs

It is a safe bet, however, that the production would never have developed.

A good rule of thumb, I've found, is that if there is a better way of doing things, and it is affordable, it is worth — and maybe even necessary — taking a mighty close look at it

Benefits usually come in undreamed-of forms, and any reduction in staff is usually temporary or non existent

The status quo

ERNESTLY *May 9, 1984*

A Latin phrase that has become part of our everyday language is "status quo", which translates, according to my dictionary, from that ancient language as "state in which" and is interpreted as being the equivalent of "the existing state of affairs"

When it is said of someone that he or she wishes to preserve the status quo, it is usually implied that that person is getting fat and wealthy on existing conditions; naturally wants to leave things as they stand for personal benefit, and has no moral or ideal basic reason for the preference

Often, to be sure, this is true. An individual getting rich, for example, by using legal loopholes to outlet the public, may be quite anxious to preserve the status quo. He doesn't want the loopholes closed, taking away a profitable though morally reprehensible source of wealth. So yes, in many instances, when a person seeks to preserve the status quo, the reason may be personal and selfish

On the other hand, when it is said of someone that he is working to change the status quo, it is said more often than not in an approving way. He is automatically a champion of the underdog, the oppressed, the disenfranchised. Would he be seeking change for the sake of personal benefit? Perish the thought! Yet it is almost axiomatic that when benefit is taken away, it is conferred somewhere else

Sometimes this is and has been most desirable. Sometimes it simply takes benefits away from one set of rascals and bestows them upon another set of similar ilk.

For hundreds of years very little changed in the world. Technology was and remained at a centuries-old state to challenge religious, economic or political doctrine was to invite exile, imprisonment, torture and death; the questioning of clan taboos invited retribution ranging from ostracism to stoning. Things had been done in certain ways for centuries...and from the point of view of the majority (from a perspective of ignorance, superstition and indoctrination by leaders who had a vested interest in the status quo) things were going pretty well, thank you.

It is a tribute to those who sought to change the status quo against overwhelming odds that freedom of speech and democracy were instituted as well as universal education, freedom of religion, the cure of diseases that once reduced life expectancy to age 30 or 40, collective bargaining and industrial revolutions that have attained for us standards of living inconceivable for even the wealthy and privileged of a century or two ago.

So we owe a lot to imaginative, brave and daring individuals and groups who sought to change the status quo and were successful in doing so. But before we attach a label of righteousness to everyone who seeks to change the status quo, let us remember and know clearly that the rights and advantages won for us by those who dared to change the status quo have become part of today's status quo. So if it is fair to be suspect of anyone who seeks to preserve the status quo, it is also reasonable to question anyone over-anxious to change the status quo.

It is or should be our duty, working to improve our society and our lot as members of society, or may there also be a vested interest for the changers in nullifying the rights and privileges we have come to take for granted, but which are also part of today's status quo?

Didn't I tell you?

ERNESTLY *October 3, 1984*

Actually, I didn't tell you, but if you had asked me, I just might have. And this, I'm certain, was the triumphant reaction of thousands, perhaps millions of others who read or heard last week that chicken soup has finally been acknowledged by no less an authority than the respected Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., as an effective treatment for the common cold.

According to the Associated Press, the soup should be home-made and contain herbs, spices and noodles.

All this, of course, is old hat for those of us who have benefited for decades from this remedy, handed down over the generations by mothers and grandmothers who did not have a drugstore down the street or miracle drugs, and were still charged with seeing their families through the ravages of disease with whatever means that were dictated by experience and tradition.

I could mention countless times from my childhood and my adult life, where the last line of defence against a cold or the flu was chicken noodle soup, and while it wasn't a sure cure, it certainly worked sometimes (or seemed to), and at least could be credited with being part of the solution.

One instance in particular stands out. About 10 years ago, I set out from here on a full afternoon to go to Manitoba and pick up a CARE package for my family from Grandma. (Not really CARE, of course, but that's how we labelled the periodic handouts Grandma decided we couldn't (possibly do without.)

Anyway, somewhere during the trip a cold started to develop, and by the time I arrived in Steinbach in the early evening I was feeling horrible, and said so.

"I've got just what you need!" said a sister-in-law. "We've got chicken noodle soup for supper so we'll get you back into shape." Since the soup has always been a favorite of mine, I accepted gladly, but wasn't entirely optimistic.

Anyway, I ate many bowls of soup, went to bed early, headed for Saskatchewan in the morning, and was halfway home before I even remembered I had been struggling with a cold the day before.

Paying one's way

ERNESTLY *October 10, 1984*

My thoughts evolved from our minister's sermon on Sunday, and it, like sermons in probably every one of Weyburn's umpteen churches last weekend, was predictably on the Thanksgiving theme (and his) reference to thankfulness for things we have not earned.

Consider that, aside from the simplest foods, almost anything we buy is the product of technologies to which most of us have contributed very little. Be it a home computer unavailable a few years ago, or a timepiece available in some form centuries ago...it is available because someone, somewhere, at some time, used his inventiveness, productive skill and marketing art to put it on the store shelf at an affordable price.

We don't have to invent the wheel, or even for-hoe it every time we need one. The products of inventiveness, skill and mass production are at our disposal to exchange for very little work and brain power on our parts.

It doesn't matter that these things were made available to us for selfish reasons on the part of the inventor, the manufacturer or the sales network. What matters is that they are available and affordable to us not as a result of what we have done, but because of what others have done.

When Columbus set sail in the Nina, the Pinta and

the Santa Maria he had no dream of finding a vast beautiful and rich continent which might offer a new home and new hope for hundreds of millions of people. He went because he was convinced the world was round and that by sailing westward he would find a shorter route to the Orient, and earn the glory of having found it.

But we can be thankful that someone found it and that our forefathers — centuries ago or perhaps only a few years — saw fit to risk the hardships of opening and settling a new land which we ultimately were born to inherit through no efforts of our own.

Most of what we enjoy and take for granted: our schools, our parks, our skating rinks, swimming pools, churches, paved streets, indoor plumbing, automatic heat and air-conditioning, fire and police protection, concerts, newspapers, novels, telephones, radio and television programs — the list goes on forever — are ours to use because of what other people have done out of altruism or pure selfishness.

When summer comes, we don't worry about our children contracting polio. This wasn't the case even two decades ago. It has changed because of what someone else did with little or no help from the rest of us.

So what am I preaching about, what am I asking you to do? Really, what you do about it is up to you. But most of what we have and enjoy, material, esthetic or spiritual, is largely unearned. The value far exceeds what we have paid.

Night marauder

ERNESTLY *December 5, 1984*

What is a cowardly person to do when there are strange noises in the very bedroom he is sleeping in, in the middle of the night?

It might even be interesting to know what a normal person ought to do, but for me that becomes academic because I'm a coward and I've always had the wisdom to know it, if not the grace to admit it.

I recall back in the thirties, when Saskatchewan was drought-stricken and any dark cloud was a dust cloud, or as has been said, an empty going back to Manitoba. We in Manitoba (continuously) had, it seemed, oppressively hot days followed by nightly thunderstorms.

The thunderstorms were phenomena to be experienced in order to be believed, and I endured them hidden under my blanket where I begged forgiveness for my grievous sins such as failing to hoe the potatoes when I had been enjoined sternly to do so, and had given my word. I was certain the storm had been directed at me for no other reason than to punish me, and I even felt guilty about bringing calamity to my innocent family for my failure.

I have since come to like thunderstorms, but not because I have become braver. They just don't make thunderstorms like they did when I was a kid.

Talk about whistling while passing graveyards! There was a little church about a block nearer to downtown than where we lived, and it was one of the few remaining ones that still had its own graveyard — no longer being used for burials, but still there.

It didn't bother me during the day, but going home alone from skating or whatever at night, there was no other way short of a half-mile detour but to pass that church and that graveyard.

So did I whistle when passing it? I did not! I ran.

I ran as fast as I could, beside the wooden sidewalk both to reduce the noise and because at night it was hard to identify the loose boards which I recognized during the day, but which might send me tumbling at night and leave me at the mercy of the pursuing banshees.

And they were there, believe me. You may be too cynical to believe it, but I know Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn would have been on my side.

Then there was the matter of the long detours to avoid the Hanover gang. This was a group of toughs from Hanover St. who lay in wait for me every day, noon and after four, for about 100 years, to avenge some ill-considered act of mine. To thwart these hoods, the kid next door, who was also in their bad graces for associating with me, and I would choose a circuitous route home that would add several blocks.

One result of this was that I was always late for lunch. The family dog had an inner alarm clock that told him just when it was time to go out and meet the kids coming home from school. As each appeared on the distance, he would race happily to meet him or her, accompany that one home, then wait for the next one. When all but myself were home, he would go in with the last of them because he had learned that lunch would begin without me. He never knew how much he hurt me through his blatant discrimination.

I have matured somewhat, but at heart I am still a craven. I confess that I do not like the feel of an empty house with all the weird noises of electrical appliances plumbing and heating, insecure doors and the phantom motorist whose electronic device opens my garage doors in the middle of the night.

With the foregoing as background, imagine my mental state when I awoke the other night to strange sounds coming from within the bedroom or so near as to make the difference academic.

Had the noise been downstairs, at least I would have had the option of hollering, "Who's there?" loudly in the hope of scaring away the intruder or simply letting him take what he wanted and settling with the insurance company later.

So within seconds I was wide awake and believe me, not moving a muscle or breathing.

After a minute or a year or whatever, the window above the buffet eased gently but audibly, and I was certain the intruder was making sure our screams

wouldn't the heard too easily on the sleeping street

My eyes became accustomed to the darkness finally and I could see nothing strange in the room. Eventually I either fell asleep or fainted I don t know which And good news. I woke up in the morning still alive

So you think it was all a dream..don't you?

It was not The particular window that closed during the night overlooks the garage roof I looked out the window first thing upon rising and there was the proof the footprints in the fresh snow on the roof

There has been no positive identification but I ll bet you dollars to doughnuts those prints belong to that nosy Siamese cat next door She pulls it on me about once a year — just often enough for me to forget about it and be vulnerable once more to pure terror

My turn will come cat, and don t you forget it

Case of the urban agrarian

ERNESTLY *September 3 1986*

A strong case for outlawing agricultural land ownership by city dwellers was made a few weeks ago when a local businessman went out to visit his rural holdings

For reasons one can only surmise this citizen purchased a farm in the Grassdale area about 10 years ago At least three times each summer — once during seeding time once during the growing season and once again at harvest time he saillies forth to view his domain defying wind and weather

This summer during growing season our friend ran into a hitch Driving west on the Grassdale road he was brought to a stop by a sign announcing that the road was closed due to construction Undaunted he tried several detours but was always turned back by impassable mud roads dead ends and disappearing trails

The problem decided our urban wheat king was that he was always trying to approach the property from the east as he had been accustomed to doing since he acquired the property

Boldly and imaginatively he decided on another tack approaching from the west This he did one sunny Sunday afternoon Not quite sure of the distances in metric terms, he drove west on Highway 13 until the seat of his pants told him he was farther west than the farm then turned south on the first road that looked passable

Once again being out of his depth when measuring distance in terms of miles rather than city blocks he wasn t sure how far south he had to go He crossed a likely looking east west road but again the north-south road deteriorated into a dirt trail

Swallowing his pride he stopped and walked over to a group of farm men working on an adjacent field and asked if the road he was on would take him to the Grassdale road

"Where do you want to go?" asked one of the farmers

"To the Grassdale road"

"Yes but exactly where do you want to go?"

"Well uh you see I ve uh got some land around here and uh I m trying to find it

The farmer gave him a pitying look

"Your car is standing on your land"

The urban agrarian looked around and said, "Yuh Ha, ha, ha I guess you re right Gee looks altogether different from this side Well thanks Ha, ha, ha"

Loyalty and compassion prevent me from revealing the name of this individual but I can attest to the truth of this story (give or take a bit of exaggeration of omission)

I was there

Helping out the Jays

ERNESTLY *May 28 1986*

It has taken 10 years but I finally attended a Toronto Blue Jays baseball game..In fact two

I think the weatherman who had the Saskatchewan beat for the past three or four years had been transferred to Toronto because he was calling the shots just as wrongly but this time to our advantage As we were driving from Kitchener to Toronto on the Friday morning he kept predicting rain for that evening and almost certainly rain for Saturday afternoon

The games naturally were on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and the dire predictions had us wondering whether to forget about baseball but we decided what the heck We were rewarded with a beautiful evening and a perfect afternoon

It is said about sports fans that they cheer you when you re good and boo you when you re bad Toronto on our weekend there was an outstanding example of that

When the starting lineups were announced at the Friday evening game the whole stadium booed when second baseman Damaso Garcia s name was read Not having seen the day s newspaper I asked a fellow fan what that was all about He told me that on the evening before Garcia frustrated with the day s poor performance and burned his jersey in the dressing room after the game

Saturday afternoon started the same way with a cngiuty boo when his name was announced Then in the early innings a near-miracle happened Cleveland had a runner on third and one batter hit a blooper behind second base that looked like a sure base hit Garcia however managed not only to catch it but even though he and fallen down in making the catch managed to throw from the ground to double off the runner at third This brought a burst of spontaneous applause from the crowd and when the Jays came up to bat next and Garcia rapped out a neat

double, you could tell all was forgiven

"I always was a homer" sighed the man in front of us, and grudgingly marked Garcia as his second base choice on the all-star ballot

This chap the one in front of us was one of a stereotype cast the day baseball was invented and which has thrived ever since. You have to sit near one of them to believe and appreciate them. He kept up a running chatter of comment, advice and encouragement from the moment the first ball was thrown until the last out

The count is two balls and no strikes on the Cleveland batter, and pitcher Jimmy Key goes into his windup. "Keep it down, Jimmy baby, keep it down," shouts our grandstand coach

Key tossed the ball outside and high for a third ball "Great pitch, Jimmy boy," shouts this character, explaining to his companion that "I want the batter to think he missed hitting a good pitch." The batter was half a mile away, but never mind

At the Friday evening game we sat next to a fan of another type

The Jays had been losing and were behind the Indians through five innings, and this chap looked like he had been dragged to the game against his will. He wasn't interested in the game and hated everything about it. Then the Jays hammered out five runs to the sixth to take a good lead and suddenly this chap was on his feet cheering, shouting and obviously enjoying every play

I guess that's baseball

Virginia, there is a Vixen

EDITORIAL *December 16, 1986*

Some might call it a coffee crowd, but considering the high calibre of personnel of the group with which I meet for a warm beverage once or twice daily, I would really prefer a term more respectful than crowd.

I consult my thesaurus and the words "aggregation" "assemblage," "congregation," "meeting" and "communi-gatherum" are suggested

"Ommmm-gatherum" sounds nice and formal- although it does have a suggestion of all-inclusiveness that I might have preferred to avoid. On the other hand- I must admit that membership tends to extend to anyone who has the brass to sit down with the rest of us and who is thick-skinned enough to leave smiling (or at least crying quietly) after suffering unkind commentary for the duration of the meeting.

But back to the make-up of the group. Without fully listing the participants and certainly without identifying them, it should suffice to say that it includes a pharmacist, accountant, lawyer, judge, optician, realtor, retired surveyor, of several vocations, including agriculture, and occasionally a clergyman and an optometrist.

From this it should be apparent to anyone that while the mood of this august group may tend to be light and jocular to take our minds off heavy business and professional problems, it is natural that at times we drift into philosophical discussions that leave even Wayne Gretzky and the Saskatchewan Roughriders behind.

This, prompted by the season, it was not unnatural that the other day we should launch into a full discourse on that old favorite, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," and in particular the names of the six (sic) reindeer named in the classic.

All remembered Dasher and Prancer, Donder and Blitzen, but for all our concentration we couldn't get much farther.

One member suggested Vixen with some confidence, but this was scoffed at by an individual who pointed out with some logic that Santa Claus would never name a reindeer after a female fox or a shrewish woman. The princely amount of 25 cents was wagered on Vixen being or not being one of the harnessed host.

Naturally one peasant mentioned Rudolph to everyone's amusement, other suggestions included Dopey and Doc, and Winkin, Blinkin and Nod, but these were dismissed with deserved derision.

Some members took the matter seriously enough to take it home with them. One complained bitterly that he probably wouldn't be able to sleep that night; another found to his amazement that his wife could recite the whole poem without so much as a hesitation; a third was surprised to receive that day or the next a Christmas card with the entire poem printed on it.

In any case, the complex and very lonely puzzle was solved the next day, and we all now know that there were not six but eight original reindeer named Dasher, Prancer, Dancer, Comet, Cupid, Vixen, Donder and Blitzen- and I'll concede that I'm not certain whether it is "Donner" or "Donder" but I'm not about to appeal the matter to another coffee break.

Let's learn from history

EDITORIAL *July 22 1987*

We have been told many times that those who fail to learn the lessons of history are doomed to repeat the mistakes of the past. We and sagely and blithely go along closing our eyes to the lessons of history and repeating the mistakes of our predecessors.

Immigration is a case in point. For thousands of years North American Indians lived in relative peace on this continent. Since no one knew they were here they did not have to worry about strangers sneaking into the land. Thus they had no immigration policy.

Along came Columbus, soon to be followed by other European explorers, and it wasn't long before immigrants came by the thousands from France, Britain, Spain and Holland. And the natives, if they didn't welcome these intruders with open arms, at least they looked the other way, and pretended there

was no harm in the whole development

How wrong they were! Now had they set up regulations and established quotas things might have worked out differently

Well it is simply too late to turn back the clock and the calendar What is done cannot be undone But does that mean we have to make the same mistakes?

Rightly or wrongly...there was a time when there was a pretty close check on immigration to this country There was still considerable latitude in the admissions policies but the authorities of the times did seek to establish something resembling a continuum in the cultural, economic and political evolution of our turf

Now like the natives of old we stand helplessly with arms at our sides while blackguards get rich dumping illegal aliens on our shores And if the trespassers refuse to eat the food set before them because we have relieved them of their ceremonial daggers we return the daggers to them

If we fail to take heed the sacred cow may soon replace the beaver as the national symbol

Somewhere: next door?

ERNESTLY *December 9 1987*

There was a time when smallpox epidemics were regarded as acts of God to be dreaded but accepted as punishments visited upon humanity or as accidents that simply befell a city a country or a continent without prejudice certainly they were not perceived as preventable

Today whatever woes remain as part of the human condition smallpox at least has been eradicated or nearly so A case reported in Morocco is worthy of headlines in New York This has come to pass because we have recognized that such things can be beaten given the will and the means

Many of the world s ills once accepted stoically have been and are being challenged if not always with the same success as the battle against smallpox at least with a return that is rewarding A condition getting increased public attention is illiteracy not only the illiteracy of third-world countries where many have never been introduced to the printed or written word, but illiteracy right here in Canada, indeed in Saskatchewan—where the rate is higher than in most Canadian provinces

A surprising number of residents of this province cannot read or write at all; and there are thousands of others whose literacy skills are so underdeveloped (or deteriorated) that they are unable to understand the dosage on a bottle of cough syrup or circle the expiry date on a driver s license

The cost to our society is immeasurable but a hint of it is found in the statistic that over half of the inmates of our correctional institutions are functionally illiterate The hurt to an individual s dignity and sense of worth also defy measurement

Literacy training will be made available by existing educational institutions such as community colleges and libraries both through traditional programs and through volunteers It is a program to which you might give some thought It may be an opportunity to help fellow citizens somewhere in Saskatchewan

Somewhere like—possibly—right next door

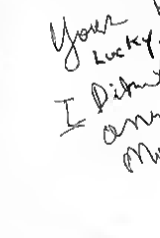
Note from a thief

ERNESTLY *October 19 1988*

We were off to attend a function that required us to be in Saskatoon by noon or a bit earlier so we decided to drive up on the night before rather than get up early in the morning the day went well and we left for home

About halfway between Saskatoon and Regina my wife was driving and asked me to hand her a package of cigarettes out of the carton that had been lying on the floor of the car throughout the trip I fumbled around and my hand encountered one loose package which I passed to her with the comment that the carton must be hidden somewhere

Next morning she checked out the car herself and found this note written on the back of an envelope lying on the floor of the car



I could have sworn I locked the car doors overnight Funny the chap didn t want my in-between cost

Anyway you ll have to admit it s different to get a note from a thief Maybe I ll retire soon and take up travelling if my heart can stand the excitement

13. Year of grace, 1989

Portentous times

Happily all things come to an end and early in 1989, my research and collection of editorials and columns for this volume were completed. Perhaps this is where it ought to have been left as the accumulation already covered just over thirty years of publishing, more than satisfying any debt real or imagined to posterity.

But what a year 1989 turned out to be as the world witnessed with little or no warning the crumbling of the Communist empire which for most of the century had vowed to impose its regime on the entire world. So dominant has been the confrontation between the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on one hand and the Warsaw Pact bloc on the other to the nature of our time, that when the apparent need for it ended a political pundit in the United States was quoted as terming it — nonsensically in my opinion — as the end of history. History needless to say, will search on and often take unexpected directions. But whatever happens, I believe that 1989 will be remembered as the year when anything became possible, and the improbable became reality.

In Canada the deadline for ratification of the Meech Lake Accord considered a condition precedent to a unified nation approached as this was written the outcome casting its shadow on a country to which "the twentieth century belongs" (according to Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1904).

A further incentive to add selections from 1989 and 1990 was that these present editorial commentary in a chronological setting, rather than in chapters determined by subject matter. World affairs, personal experience national, regional and community concerns become the mix for the thirteenth chapter as they were spun from the loom of editorial comment.

Our endangered planet

EDITORIAL *January 4 1989*

Since those midsummer days in 1945 when nuclear fission moved from science fiction to ominous reality there has been universal concern with and speculation about, the possibility of the world being blown to smithereens in a holocaust brought about by a confrontation of the world's overarmed superpowers.

A group of respected scientists has for some years set a hypothetical clock according to their collective view of the world situation and for decades it has hovered dangerously close to midnight indicating that in their opinion we are perilously close to the unthinkable.

Just as new developments of the past year notably new policies in the Soviet Union offered some promise of a reduction in international tensions we were confronted with realities almost as frightening as nuclear war.

There's a saying that just because you are paranoid doesn't mean no one is following you. Likewise just

because we have been looking over our shoulders for the man with the nuclear bomb and not seeing him... doesn't mean the job of destroying our world isn't being accomplished almost as effectively by other means

For most or all of this century, it has been the custom of *Time* Magazine possibly the most respected print medium in the world, to feature in its first issue of the year that individual (rarely group of individuals) deemed to have done most in the previous year to change the world for better or for worse. Issue No 1 of 1989 featured instead the planet Earth in some 40 pages of articles and photos showing the despoliation of it through the wasteful and needlessly destructive practices of our species

The series of articles and pictures that flowed into this week's magazine were prefaced by a brief quotation from the book of Ecclesiastes "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh but the earth abideth forever" *Time* concluded that this promise is predicated upon the human race's ability not only to adapt, but to take immediate action to stem the threats to our environment

This means all people and all nations and the action must begin now

Wonders of the swamp

ERNESTLY *January 25 1989*

With grace that belied their unelegant forms the three alligators sheared through the water as cleanly as a formation of fighter jets cleaving the ozone at an air show

Standing on the back of the middle alligator the lovely young woman held onto lines running to the necks of the outer two Suddenly the middle gator with a quick arching of his back flipped his human rider through the air and into the water 20 feet ahead she had barely broken the surface when a fourth alligator zeroed in from nowhere picked her up in his powerful jaws with unbelievable gentility and deposited her seconds later on the diving platform

All four of the reptiles then went into a series of complicated maneuvers that had the onlookers holding their breath gasping in amazement and finally breaking into wild applause

True or false?

I suggest you vote "false " or you might find yourself thrown in with the gators to see for yourself

The fact is that we visited the alligator zoo out of curiosity rather than out of any attraction to reptiles or any great expectation of entertainment or esthetics. After all it can't every day that prairie chickens get to see hundreds of live alligators not to mention a number of crocodiles turtles of various sizes boa constrictors and countless other varieties of slimy beasts of every shape size and hue

In fact we were surprised upon entering the zoo, to see a sign announcing that the next show was scheduled for such and such a time We have seen various aquatic shows and some with a pretty surprising range of participants, but none had ever included alligators or any similar creatures

So never having seen trained alligators we made sure we were back in the show area of the park well before the posted hour in order to have a good vantage point for what we eagerly anticipated to be half an hour of entertainment novel to our jaded tastes

At the appointed hour a young man entered (via a walkway) a wooden platform in the centre of the pond The platform was heavily fenced in — and I don't mean with chicken wire — and before the start of the show the young man whom I shall call the trainer for lack of an appropriate title secured himself by fastening one end of a metal chain to his belt and the other end to a sturdy, battened-down part of the platform

He then rang a huge bell attracting several large gators to the area at a leisurely speed reacting evidently to a vague memory that the sound of the bell was a prelude to some tasty food available without much effort Salivating like Pavlov's dogs they definitely were not.

On a metal line strung a few feet above the surface of the water (sort of like an old-fashioned clothes line) the trainer ran out several chicken carcasses jiggling them back and forth and shouting repeatedly and loudly "Gator! Jump for the chicken!" Sometimes he would inject a heartfelt "Please"

He tossed several pieces of raw meat into the water below the chickens to draw the attention of the beasts to the area and presumably to bring them within smelling range of the tantalizing tidbits hanging only a few feet above them

The object of the exercise was to get one or more of the reptiles to leap out of the water to snatch the food and thus demonstrate the agility power and speed of the species Failing in this after about 10 minutes of trying the trainer held out a chicken over the water with the hope of getting a gator to snatch the food from his hand Hence the chain securing him to the platform In the remote event that the alligator were to grab his hand in error he would lose only a hand or even an arm instead of being dragged bodily into the pool to almost certain death

He told us the alligators were very dangerous "animals " appearing very slow and lazy but incredibly fast when they went into action and having powerful jaws and very sharp teeth He assured us however, that alligators are out in the habit of attacking humans unless provoked and that most instances where attacks have occurred have been brought about by human stupidity or ignorance

For some time the species was considered endangered and killing gators was against the state law

However they have multiplied so rapidly under this protection that they may now be harvested for their leather and meat under controlled conditions In fact the zoo we visited and other similar farms now raise alligators for commercial purposes and hundreds of the little rascals were on display

All gators we were told grow to lengths of about 12 feet and have lifespans of 80 to 120 years

As you may have guessed we didn t run across the gator zoo while driving through McTaggart or Hume or even as far afield as Yellow Grass We were scouring southern Florida for material for winter columns

By the way the alligators never did jump for the chicken in the trainer s hand and he finally gave up with apologies to the paying customers Maybe it s like that a very day?

A visit to Riot City

ERNESTLY *February 1 1989*

"Weren t you afraid?" people ask when I mention that our recent trip to southern Florida included a brief stay in Miami at the time of the riots in the Overtown and Liberty City districts of that city

To tell you the truth we did feel a trifle uneasy when we checked into our hotel (near the international airport) turned on the television news and heard of the rioting and looting that had taken place the previous night as a result of the death of a black motorcyclist brought down by the gun of a Hispanic police officer

Naturally we didn t go sightseeing in those troubled sections and to have done so would have invited problems But once you are on a tour bus with a dozen friendly people and all about you is calm and normal the trouble spots seem just as far away and unreal as they do when you hear and read about them in Weyburn

Miami is certainly different from most American cities that I have ever visited largely due to the fact that inhabitants seem to be either tourists or Hispanics Pardon me I almost forget several hundred thousand blacks A tour guide explained that only 15 years ago Miami had a population of about 600 000 and now it is nearing five million Beside the massive "invasion" of Cuban refugees in the 1570s and the more recent influx of Haitians the city is now trying to cope with thousands of people who have fled Nicaragua and its poverty and strife So whatever is being done wrong by whoever it is understandable at least that some mistakes have been and are being made under the pressure of immoral growth and unsolicited immigration

A large section is completely Cuban This is not a downtown ghetto but a large suburb that begins north of the airport

As we approached Miami my wife asked for half an hour at a mall before we turned in our rental car So I pulled into the parking lot of the first mall that was convenient I m telling you Premier Bourassa would have been proud of that mall not a word of English on any of the signs not a word of English spoken by customers shopkeepers or clerks Bourassa would prefer French naturally but you know what I mean It took me seven tries and a lot of sign language to discover that American coffee was not available anywhere

But regardless of its problems Miami still continues to be a Mecca for tourists from all over the world When our little tour group was joined by half a dozen people coming off a short cruise the woman who sat down next to me made some casual remark to which I replied "My God!" she said to her husband, "He speaks English

Indeed the 13 people in our city tour group represented seven countries The guide was a Brazilian who spoke passable English (tourists were) a young girl from Paraguay two Austrian girls (waitresses on an Italian cruise ship) two Japanese ladies one Swiss two Canadians and four Americans

We started off on Floridian excursion with a few days in pleasant Key West It is a wonderful way to start a vacation While most of Florida is bumper-to-bumper traffic downtown Key West with its narrow streets is still geared to the pace of pedestrians While traffic lights abound on Duval Street the main drag they are taken seriously only by motorists Pedestrians tend to regard red lights more like "yield" signs

On Saturday morning we were greeted by the strange sight of an army of people of every shape and age sweeping the streets sidewalks and gutters Asking about it we learned that this is a voluntary "broom brigade" that turns out every Saturday morning to sweep up the mess made by tourists The trees of course also contribute to the weekly accumulation of detritus being green the year round they also shed leaves throughout the year

Sweepers ranged from kindergarten aged to pensioners The man I asked about the custom explained in a heavy Spanish accent that "we are doing it for love

What amazed me is how some people can keep their folks-back-home style of simple genuine humanness amidst a population that changes daily We were walking down Duval Street looking for I forget what, and a woman of about 80 recognizing that lost look stopped explained that she was a native and asked what we were looking for so that she might be of assistance

Not quite in keeping with this gentle philosophy was the sign on the parking lot of Faustos Market a few blocks away "Faustos says, We forgive those who trespass against us but they will be towed away all the same.

Difficult to understand

EDITORIAL *February 1 1989*

People of every faith have been told since they were little that the Lord s ways are not those of humans and that therefore they may often be difficult to understand

Perhaps we should be taught the same thing early about those who spend our tax dollars so that we might be encouraged to keep tighter control on such spending Taking it for granted doesn t help because there obviously is no limit to the imaginative ways in which money is spent by people who don t have to earn it

What brought on this preachment was an article in last Thursday s issue of the Leader/Post dealing with s project aimed at helping hookers and for which the allotted $30 000 in federal funding is running out

Lest this be taken as cynicism of the fact that s study on the so-called oldest profession is being carried out please be assured that this is not so If it is not necessarily the last frontier of sociology it is certainly one that seems to have been neglected considering its persistent presence throughout human history

But it is one thing to identify s problem and seek remedies for it It is another thing altogether to accept prostitution as just another ubiquitous phenomenon and calmly look for ways to improve the lifestyle of those engaged in this trade

According to the Leader s article the person carrying on this research in Regina and who evidently is available as a consultant (no slur intended) is quoted as saying that she won t rate the success of her program by how many Regina prostitutes retire because of it Our goal is to provide meaningful change and improve their quality of life in some way As defined by them — not by us It s all the better if they happen to get off the street

Most of us given some understanding of the underlying causes of a young woman taking up prostitution could find charity in our hearts for s girl sexually abused at home and otherwise maltreated who finally runs away and too quickly finds that her bad experience is bad best (and stunningly sadly) stock in trade To do something to salvage these individuals would be worthwhile But to concern ourselves and spend our tax dollars to improve lifestyles within the profession (unionization pension plans performance bonuses?) is not quite what most of us see as a top priority

We must be vigilant

EDITORIAL *February 22 1989*

Weyburn and area residents who turned out for last week s meeting — and the turnout was fairly high weather conditions and other distractions considered — were pleased to hear what sounded like a fairly firm commitment to improve the intersection of Highways 13 and 39 near the city s western limits

The deputy minister of highways the chief engineer and the minister Hon Grant Hodgins were there and none questioned the need to improve the intersection Mr Hodgins admitted that you have a terrible intersection there and promised that it would be improved in the not-too-distant future

So that settles it doesn t it?

No it doesn t

The unsatisfactory and dangerous configuration and other features of the intersection have long been acknowledged In February of 1981 under the NDP administration the department of highways offered several plans to alter the alignment at the intersection and to most of us it must have looked as though it was all over but the shouting Subsequently the proposals seem to have faded away like a morning mist

Let s remember that politicians and civil servants are faced with many desires and needs in the greater constituency and even when they have identified a priority it doesn t take much indecision on the local front to deter them After all there are many other places where half s million dollars can be spent

So this time let us be vigilant and ensure that the alterations to the intersection become a reality While we sympathize with individuals and groups who do not like to see land taken out of agricultural use many improvements constructed for the common weal — railways highways airports hospitals schools and dams to name just a few — necessarily cause displacement for some

Freedom: use it cautiously

EDITORIAL *March 1 1989*

Yes It is most improper for the leader and government of a nation to place a price on the head of a resident of another nation particularly for so unjust a reason as exercising freedom of expression a right most of us think of as God-given

Yes it is proper for the government of Britain to protest and to cut diplomatic relations with Iran And yes it is admirable that most free European nations have supported Britain s protests with similar responses

But with all that said and done isn t there just a touch of poetic justice in the whole situation? Did not writer Salman Rushdie push his luck just a tiny bit?

The past few decades have seen a heavy influx of third-world people into the wealth er western democracies It is understandable that they would prefer to enjoy the ready made affluence and privileges of the west to fighting for similar amenities in their native countries But having migrated they might be wise to use prudence in taking advantage of unfamiliar freedoms

Rushdie was born into the Islamic religion. He was not exactly weaned on the freedoms dearly won for us by our forefathers (and which we also tend to abuse at times). He was well aware that Islamic leaders do not take kindly to lampooning of their religion: that they have punitive powers and authority over their constituents to an extent rejected in our world centuries ago. And he knew the strong Islamic feelings about apostasy.

So when he left his country and his religion for Britain couldn't he have settled for writing novels about wood nymphs or distant planets?

Freedom of speech is important and its defense is vital to our way of life. But individuals must also use it prudently, and with an eye to its acceptance in the environment to which it is exposed.

An L.A. plan for Earth

ERNESTLY *April 12 1989*

Legend has it that an early Anglo-Saxon king walked into the sea and bade the tides subside. Naturally nothing of the kind happened. The purpose of the exercise was to demonstrate to the king a underlings the limited nature of his power: even in an age when the monarch's authority was unquestioned. By implication, of course, this limitation extends to all authority.

In fact, for most of human history, many ills that beset us were accepted as being as inevitable and irresistible as the tides: war, disease, famine, ignorance and many other woes were regarded as acts of God, rather than as challenges to be met and overcome.

As human knowledge expanded it became apparent that nature itself, or at least much that had been considered purely natural, could be controlled, diverted or modified to become a boon rather than a threat. Diseases that once were capable of wiping out a large portion of a generation, for example, have been all but eradicated through medical science.

Los Angeles, for decades synonymous with smog, recently announced a bold plan to restore air and sunshine within the next two decades. This will include reduction of automobile use in an area where the automobile has been almost sacred.

It looks as though the world itself is in dire need of a bold "Los Angeles Plan," even if it means stepping on some toes and taboos.

The Rafferty decision

EDITORIAL *April 19 1989*

Supporters of the Rafferty Alameda dams project, and we suspect this includes a majority of the residents of Southeast Saskatchewan, were disappointed when a federal court last week voided the permit issued by the Canadian government on the grounds that the government had failed to live up to its own regulations respecting environmental impact studies.

To most of us it seemed that construction had already been held up long enough awaiting provincial studies and hearings, financial red tape and the many other time-consuming details inherent in so great an undertaking.

Because we view Rafferty as a blessing, one of the points in the multi-toned instrument of recurring drought with which we are almost constantly tormented in this part of the world, the court ruling, which brings construction to a temporary halt, is viewed by us as a slap in the face. While we don't quite kill the messenger, we take the next humanly logical step of blaming the opponents of Rafferty, many of them non-residents of the district, who initiated the court action.

Comment appropriate at this time is that many of us who have supported and continue to support Rafferty as an undertaking with promise of more benefits than losses, and who believed that our governments were acting properly, feel betrayed by those very governments. If Rafferty's not a good thing, we should be told, told why and offered alternatives. If it is good, as we still believe it is, it should stand up to tests imposed by law. And if the tests are unfair, then change them so that they do not bedevil others forced to contend with them.

They can be hard to please

ERNESTLY *April 26 1989*

At the recent Farm, Home and Leisure Show, a district farmer was listening to a pitch from an enthusiastic young lady at the SaskPower booth. She was extolling the wonders of movement-sensitive lights being demonstrated.

"Suppose someone drops in at night to — er — borrow some gasoline. If there is movement within (whatever the range) of the device, the light turns on."

"Oh," said the farmer. "You light the way for him!"

I explained to the crestfallen young lady that a person would have to get up pretty early and stay up very late to invent something a Saskatchewan farmer couldn't find fault with.

The Emerald City, well named

ERNESTLY *May 31 1989*

(To describe) the Emerald City upon my belated return two weeks ago, (I) invoke a cliche of the 1960s or thereabouts: "Paint it beautiful."

First of all, someone and I am certain that a project of such proportions depends on the active cooperation of many, has done an all-out job of cleaning the city. I said (last week) I had found Seattle (in 1949)

dreary-looking and that the downtown buildings were sooty and grubby in appearance. Seeing Seattle now for the first time in decades, I almost convinced myself that all the high-rise buildings had been built in the last 10 years or so, and simply had not had time to become dirty and discolored. The architecture belies that theory, and while I'm not an expert on architecture, I noted reference to several buildings as having been for several decades, the tallest west of the Mississippi. I learned that some of the buildings had been cleaned up at some time, but what sort of a program was involved and how it was carried out I don't know.

The streets of city at least in the downtown area, are kept clean and walking along them presented no problem. We had a downtown hotel and I walked my mile before breakfast every morning and encountered no unpleasantness.

We asked about street safety when we checked in and were assured Seattle's streets were relatively safe. We were advised to stay off First and Second Avenues because these are the sanctuaries of the street people. It is difficult to spend any time in downtown Seattle without being on these streets, but during the day the worst thing we ran into were the panhandlers who can spot a tourist a mile away.

Oh, we passed one corner where several policemen were wrestling with a (presumed) wrongdoer of some sort with several police cars with sirens screaming coming from various directions to assist. However, we didn't feel threatened. On another occasion we saw a policeman gently tapping the forehead or cheek of a long haired young man lying spaced out by the wall of a building. My impression was that the cop was checking whether he was dead or asleep, rather than hassling him.

Seattle's aquarium, ferry offices and several good sea food restaurants are located on Alaska Way right on the waterfront. I was amazed to discover a complete absence of the dead fish and rotting flotsam stench that tends to be endemic to waterfront areas. Walking along the pier of Elliott Bay we encountered no more unpleasant odors than one might on the bank of Regina's Wascana Creek.

What has probably helped the burghers of Seattle in creating and maintaining a pleasant and clean downtown is that it is more fun to than most cities. For instance, when a city expands outward from a commercial core there is an ever-expanding ring of deterioration as the downtown's fringe becomes unsuitable for residential applications, yet is too far from city centre to attract downtown commercial development.

Seattle's downtown area as near as I could determine is defined by Elliott Bay on the west, Lake Washington on the east, and Lake Union on most of the north. Thus it must have been relatively simple at least to define a downtown area designated for restoration, clean-up or protection.

Lake Washington and adjacent residential areas, incidentally, are something to make your mouth water. Seattle's relatively mild climate and heavy rainfall make it possible to grow just about anything. And people do. So at this time of year every yard in this beautiful district is a riot of color in a lusciously verdant setting.

Our tour guide explained that only a few decades ago signs were posted on the banks of Lake Washington warning against swimming or fishing because of the lake's toxicity. Today it is one of the city's recreational features, and huge fish are being caught. This didn't just happen either; it took a determined and ambitious program to restore it to something resembling its natural state.

What probably contributes to Seattle's clean downtown and healthier atmosphere is the relatively light vehicular traffic. How come? One factor is the free bus travel offered by metro buses within a fairly generous downtown area, and only modest fares outside the free zone (55 to 85 cents). A further incentive to keep cars out of the downtown is scarce on-street parking and low time limits and high rates for what is available. Private parking lots charge an arm and a leg, so public transportation and car pools are the way to go.

Thus for a city of its size (half a million in the city a million and a half in the metropolitan area) I found driving relatively easy. The trick was finding convenient, inexpensive parking. The result was that we used public transportation more than I ever have in a strange city in many years.

The trouble with freedom

EDITORIAL *May 24 1989*

Very few parents would admit to wanting to run their children's lives. They see their own roles as those of teachers, guides, protectors and providers among other things and then hope to see their progeny strike out on their own, exercising independence — freedom — in tune to some extent with their teaching and training.

Then comes the time for the youngsters to go out on their own, and a high percentage seem to take courses that fly in the face of everything parents and worked, prayed and hoped for.

That's the trouble with freedom. It is just that. It's the right to weigh what each individual wants and believes in against what has been drilled into him or her by teachers, parents, authorities, preachers and peers. Very often this entails flirting with the forbidden in order to test to their own satisfaction all sorts of dire consequences warned of as the fruit of nonconformity.

On the long run the system works fairly well. For while it is common for parents of recently matured

children to wring their hands and shake their heads how often do you hear parents of 40-year-old com planning? By that time pop sticks out his chest and allows that he must have learned them right " else how come they have such good jobs or businesses live in such beautiful homes and drive such swell cars?

Russian kingpin Mikhail Gorbachev s dilemma these days must be not unlike that of the parents of newly emancipated children described above. The first leader of the Soviet Union ever to have allowed anything resembling personal freedoms free elec tions and the right to criticize government and offi cialdom one would sympathize if he had expected a contented constituency and perhaps even a touch of gratitude

So what happens? He gives people these freedoms and they use them to complain that there isn t enough local autonomy that there is too much corruption and nepotism in government and that consumer goods are too scarce and too costly

But that s the trouble with freedom It s like that

We can only hope that Gorbachev and his allies have patience and the courage of their convictions If they do surely the day will come when they can be justly proud of what can be achieved by several hundreds of millions of educated people who have learned to use freedom intelligently and innovatively

The real gold rush winner

ERNESTLY *June 7 1989*

If you visit the Klondike Gold Rush Museum in downtown Seattle just a stone s throw from the Kingdome you will naturally view one or more of the free informational movies offered

And as you watch these movies and the story of the fabulous gold rush in Canada s Yukon Territory emerges in its several forms and versions the thought beg ins to intrude and becomes amply confirmed that the gold rush made Seattle Had it never taken place there is strong reason to believe that Seattle would never have become the unchallenged hub of the Pacific Northwest — of the United States of course We re not about to concede that it has anything over Vancouver although the two cities are similar in size and have a lot of other common qualities

The Klondike gold rush however

The depression of the 1930s evoked such a tide of self pity in North America that we began to think that t was the only depression the continent had ever seen Far from it About 1890 one of these economic disasters hit the United States for reasons with which I am not familiar Its effects however were quite far-reaching Thus when the good ship *Portland* docked in Seattle in the mid 1890s loaded to the gunwales with gold (the exaggeration is mine of course) word swept through the civilized world that gold was there for the asking in the Yukon And from all over the continent and even Europe they set out for Seattle the major U S seaport on the northwest of mainland United States

This alone would have guaranteed Seattle at least temporary prosperity but the Canadian government took action which enhanced the fortunes of that city considerably Quickly real zing the potential for major disaster and crime if improperly equipped and funded novices were allowed to trek into the gold country the Canadian government established regu lations enforced by the North West Mounted Police that required everyone entering the Klondike to have supplies for at least six months

Now where do you suppose they bought these supplies? They certainly didn't tote them all the way from Yonkers or Peoria or St. Louis No, they bought them in Seattle before taking the northbound boat, and you can be pretty sure the clerks didn t ask, "Will that be cash or charge?"

According to my tour book in the very first year following the arrival of the *Portland* with the first load of gold Seattle merchants sold $25 million worth of merchandise to prospecters and others who went to seek their fortunes on the avail of the ensuing industry

It didn t stop there either Those who found their fortunes in the Klondike obviously didn t, as a general rule stick around to spend their wealth in the Yukon They headed back for the U S — and their first stop usually was Seattle Most of the thousands who didn't find gold and were forced to give up the quest also went back to Seattle and many remained there Probably they couldn t afford to go any farther

Most of the prospecters one learns arrived in the Klondike after all the choice claims had been taken The majority found no gold several thousands probably found a bit some got modestly wealthy a hand ful became very rich and just a few of these were able to hang on to these riches So what becomes fairly obvious is that Seattle probably made more money on the gold rush than the total value of the gold found in the Yukon

It is generally agreed that what might have turned into a nightmare of anarchy and crime was avoided by the Canadian government s decision not to allow entry to inadequately provisioned people and the man ner in which law and order was maintained by the good old Mounties Makes a person feel right proud of the boys in red We were told that there were no murders (or very few) in the Klondike during the gold rush and not a single reported theft of gold Amazing if true

* * *

Seattle s underground tour is billed as "history with humor" At the outset you are warned that a New York Times travel writer took the tour and told his readers it was the tackiest tour in the United States Perhaps it is but it s more interesting to take it than to be told about it

As in many cities built at sea level problems developed when the flush toilet was invented. A fire obligingly razed the entire downtown area, and it was decreed that the streets would be raised about one storey to accommodate sewerage. Merchants weren't content to wait and built their emporia at the old level. Along came a strong willed mayor and had the streets filled in anyway. The sidewalks were left down below so shoppers coming via the street had to use ladders to get down to the sidewalk level.

Eventually new sidewalks were built at street level. Second floors became the main floors and the old main floors with large windows looking out at concrete became basements or unused subterranean areas. Someone had the bright idea of organizing daily walking tours of the underground. It worked too. There were about 50 people all visitors to Seattle, on our tour on a rainy May afternoon.

So who needs a crummy gold rush?

Good meeting, good shot

EDITORIAL *June 14, 1989*

Some things are fun for governments and the elected representatives who serve them.

When a substantial sum of money collected elsewhere in the province from another government or from royalties can be brought into a community and its use for a popular local project announced — with prayer, speeches and fanfare — that's got to be fun.

Then there are things that are downright unpleasant, such as saying no to funding for a popular local project because the money simply isn't there for such a purpose or because it opens too many cans of worms elsewhere. That's when politicians wish they had stuck to searching titles in dehorning cattle or whatever.

And then there is the in-between situation when the pols come to town to say there is no affordable solution to a local problem but are able to offer partial solutions that may or may not be sufficient that we still going to cost a lot of dollars and may still leave the community uncertain about the choice made. That's a time for crossed fingers.

This last "finistance" probably is closest to describing the department of highways presentation to a Weyburn public meeting last week on 13-39 interchange improvement possibilities.

The Review has since learned that almost immediately after the meeting the decision was made to go with the widening proposal and that work will begin soon to target a fall completion. Most Weyburn people who attended the meeting probably will welcome the decision and agree that this should provide us with the best reasonable solution for the next decade or longer. Unless there is something we are missing, the politicians at least have the right to feel they gave it their best shot.

Is it coming apart?

EDITORIAL *July 5, 1989*

During the Canada Day weekend just ended, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation aired a lengthy program on the question "Is Canada coming apart at the seams?" Some of the opinions given were those of invited personalities such as newspaper columnists and political analysts. Comments were then invited and received from listeners in every region of Canada.

It made for both interesting and disturbing listening.

Firstly, it is disturbing in itself that our national broadcasting network should choose such a topic for debate on the weekend when we ought to be proudly strutting our stuff and looking into the future through rose-colored glasses. That such soul-searching should be invoked instead is in itself a symptom of an underlying malaise that is a bit more than an upset stomach brought about by an extra slice of saskatoon pie.

What is more disturbing, almost all of the callers, from throughout the country, agreed that Canada is indeed coming apart at the seams. Some hoped for solutions, some were past caring, while others frankly looked forward to a division that would separate Quebec from Canada in west from east.

Some of the callers obviously were expressing an more than disillusionment with or opposition to the present federal government perceiving it to be the author of Canadian woes. It's also probable that this type of program would be more likely to attract comment from those dissatisfied with the national condition than from those who still see the ship of state sailing off into a beautiful sunset to be followed by a still more beautiful sunrise.

One detected also a nostalgia for a Canada that once was and can never again be in the global village. Canada can never again be a nation in which three-quarters of the population are country-oriented where people of diverse origins live in isolation from each other — the mosaic of Pierre Trudeau's rhetoric — and try to recreate as nearly as possible the ambience of an Old World past: a Canada where the Toronto Maple Leafs are naturally the good guys when it's hockey night in Canada (with an extra big hello to hockey fans in the United States and Newfoundland) where the United States, for all its physical nearness and friendly presence, does not dominate our living rooms daily with beamed-in urban violence and lifestyles of the fast lane; a Canada where the Union Jack flying over our schoolhouses reminds us of a far-away benevolent guardianship, however illusory, where the Mother of Parliaments, co-exists with an ancient monarchy.

But many of the callers were also sincere, thought-full, well-read loyal people who had examined national trends and political initiatives and were fear-

ful of what they signified

Perhaps this is because the Canada we know and cherish was not created on a drawing board except for the British North America Act which established a political reality out of diverse people living and growing independent yet gently fusing along a narrow strip of friendly border that both reassured and united us

The fabric of Canada s character and identity must flow and evolve from the loom of Canadian life and lifestyle initiative and orientation values and even prejudices as they manifest themselves in many forms from Buenavista to Vancouver Island How that composite will look no one can predict but it certainly cannot be sketched on the drawing boards of Ottawa Meech Lake or Charlottetown any more than it was ordained by the councils of Whitehall in 1867 or at any time before patriation of our constitution To attempt to do so could very well spell the death of a Canada acceptable to Canadians — and that is what some fear is happening

In the meantime is Canada coming apart at the seams?

Not if we all draw on the national pride we try so hard to hide and work toward holding it all together

Farewell and hail!

EDITORIAL *August 2 1989*

We have somewhat sudden fond and regretful adieu to Western Christian College which has moved to more suitable facilities in Dauphin Man

Weyburn folks regret Western s move for both sentimental and economic reasons In the 32 years since the college came here from Radville many human bonds have been formed between the people of Weyburn and the staff and several thousands of students who passed through the doors of the college These bonds of course are not broken completely by the college s removal but they will become badly stretched and it will be difficult for new ties to develop in the years ahead

And practically the departure of over 100 students and staff cannot help but diminish to some degree the economic base of our city It has been but one of a number of reversals Weyburn has suffered in response to drought recession low agricultural prices low prices for petroleum products and the competitive effects of a shrinking world

Several chain outlets have decided over the past year or two that they are unable to sit out an economic slump locally a few small (and some not so small) locally owned enterprises have closed their doors after many years of serving Weyburn and area and the inflammated construction industry has forced local tradesmen to seek opportunities elsewhere almost ensuring a shortage of skilled tradesmen when things begin to thicken (if you forgive the coinage)

In this life however things don t always go the same way at least they don t have to It is hail and farewell farewell and hail Thus as we witness the last phases of the Western Christian move we are seeing at the opposite end of the city the introduction of a new industry to take over the vacated Central Canadian Distillers building

The long-expected word came Monday morning when a press conference was held to announce the establishment here of Austrak Machinery Corporation bringing Australian technology here to produce a low gravity-centre industrial and agricultural tractor for which a substantial market is expected in North America The newly incorporated manufacturing company is half owned by Weyburn investors There is optimism as well about further utilization of the distillery building and grounds for other manufacturing activities

One thing to remember while hail and farewell may go together like strawberries and cream in real life "hail" is not a natural corollary of "farewell " Nebenign providence sends us the tractor plant to compensate for the loss of Western Christian College the distillery or anything else

In uncertain times the "farewell" is sometimes inevitable and irreversible The "hail" is a lot tougher and for successful communities large and small comes only when determined people and suitable resources are brought into play to make things happen

Who decides these things?

EDITORIAL *August 9 1989*

In June the world was shocked when Red Chinese authorities in Beijing killed several thousands of students demonstrating in Tiananmen Square for greater freedom and democracy

Why the world was shocked might be a valid question It would have been more surprising (if not shocking) if the Communist regime had done nothing or even acquiesced After all it has held power over roughly one billion people in the most populous nation in the world through dictatorship and suppression of any views contrary to those peddled by the party Yes there appear to have been signs according to reports received in the West that China was relaxing its grip and preparing to allow greater freedom but plainly the leadership had not reached the point where it was prepared to let a crowd of idealistic students tell the world and the rest of the country how they expected things to be run

Perhaps the Chinese government had a point in using force to put down what in the context of the regime s history and policies could only be viewed as open rebell on

What is stranger than Chinese response to protest and demonstrations is how selective Canadian

response is to perceived suppression abroad

Oh yes there have been mild protests in Ottawa but nothing on a scale that might upset the Chinese government A few weeks ago Chinese students in Regina were even denied the right according to press reports to sell T-shirts at Buffalo Days because these insides designed to commemorate the Tiananmen massacre might embarrass Chinese exhibitors taking part in the exhibition

How different our attitude toward South Africa Heck we don t even let our kids play with South African kids because of the policies of that government and its harsh enforcement of them

If sanctions and banishment work with one why not with the other? And why is it wrong, right in this country to offend one extreme of the political spectrum and not the other And who makes this decision?

Our capital: Ottawa-Hull

ERNESTLY *August 16 1989*

Annual conventions of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association are held in cities across Canada (as are national conventions of many organizations) giving delegates an opportunity to become familiar with various facets of our beautiful country

This year our convention was held in Ottawa (now referred to as Ottawa Hull to that part of the world) It wouldn t be difficult to spend a week in the Ottawa area and take in the many beauty spots in that part of the country Ottawa itself (excuse me Ottawa Hull) has many tourist attractions If as I do you sometimes worry about the federal government spending so much money with little to show for it you should be gratified to know that in Ottawa there is a lot to show for your tax dollars

Within the city there are 3 600 acres of parks which on my calculator works out to 5 ⅞ square miles All beautifully kept There are walking trails and bike trails so you could spend some hours just exploring these areas A bus tour through the city showing us some of the parks residential areas and many of the foreign embassies was one of the most pleasant I have experienced in any city

Somehow through skipping a few things I should really have been doing I took a boat cruise along the Ottawa River This was on an afternoon that saw the temperature hit the 90-degree mark or perhaps even a little higher and with Ottawa humidity that is something to experience By the time I had climbed about 50 stairs from the river bank to the street level I was fit to be wrung out

We managed again to take in the Sound and Light show on Parliament Hill Some of it may be slightly corny but by the time it closes off with everyone singing the national anthem you sort of feel like sticking out your chest just a bit more

My main point however of business or whatever takes you to the national capital try to allow yourself a few days more than the minimum

English: King's or Queen's?

ERNESTLY *August 23 1989*

Perhaps someone out there can help me I m quite prepared to have a theory of mine proved wrong or right so long as I know and on reasonable authority

This has to do with the term the K ng s English which we all understand to mean the correct official version of the English language free of slang and even new words and idioms in current use but which have not yet been seen to have provenance in the eyes and ears of the experts whoever they may be What bothers me is the increasing use of the term "Queen s English because our sovereign of the moment happens to be a female

Yes when the gender of the monarchy changes as it probably will within the next few decades the Queen s Counsel will again instantly be King s Counsel Her Majesty s Ship will be His Majesty s Ship and folks in Britain will sing "God Save the King" instead of "God Save the Queen "

But does "the King s English" — or the "Queen s" — really have any bearing on whether the throne is occupied by a male or female? Is the language the property of or under the protection of the reigning monarch and hence the term? I think not but I can t prove it

Here is how I believe the term developed

We all know that Britain like most countries was not originally one realm with all speaking the same language or d alect It evolved from several countries or kingdoms and hundreds of districts or provinces or shires or whatever each speaking a different dialect When people communicated with each other they did as best they could (according to the medium used or the dialect probably depending on who was trying to wangle a favor from whom

Lacking rapid communications or transportation who really cared what someone called a sausage in the next village? A rose by another name and Will Shakespeare would smell as sweet

Even the advent of printing did not of itself create my real need for the standardization of language Whatever dialect was locally acceptable probably crept into the pages of the journals that were published

So what demanded English uniformity?

How about the Bible?

Anyone who has ever translated anything more intimidating than *"Les femmes regardent le lac"* knows that translating anything as lengthy as the Bible into every dialect of a language — and then printing it — is simply out of the question Even a dedicated scholar doesn t say "Well I ve finished translating Scripture into London English so I ll just have me a

little snack and start on a Bristol English translation and a year next Tuesday I'll take a run at Manchester English

As a matter of fact, it is recorded that King James I of England convened a conference of high and low church representatives where he let it be known that he wasn't very happy with any existing English version of the Bible and that it would please him if a new version were produced, to be undertaken by learned men from the universities

Thus in cities and villages and hamlets throughout the land clergymen would read from this standard version of the English Bible. Since, to most people the Bible English would seem slightly strange and perhaps stilted, as it not reasonable to assume that no differentiating between their own dialect, and that used in the church they would identify the latter with the English of King James as made manifest through the Bible bearing his imprimatur so to speak?

Hence and thus, the King's English

I don't know if I'm right, but it sure makes a good story. Prove me wrong and henceforth and until history determines otherwise I shall loyally refer to the language (as she is spoke) as the Queen's English

Beauty close to home

KENNETTY *September 6 1989*

For years I have promised myself that one of these days I would get around to a trip to one of nature's beautiful surprises less than two hours' drive from Weyburn the Big Muddy. Yes I finally made it and I hope everyone in Weyburn and district takes advantage of any opportunity to do the same

Now in fairness to myself and all you thousands who also have never seen the Big Muddy, you may or may not know one doesn't simply decide on a ho-hum Sunday afternoon or a winter Saturday to hop in the car and take off for the Big Muddy

You can take a drive south of Bengough on Highway 34 almost to the United States border and east on Highway 18 for a stretch and you will see some very interesting country that you may not have guessed existed so close to home on our flat Saskatchewan prairie. Several times I've taken that golden opportunity—courtesy of postal strikes—to deliver the Review and Booster to post offices in that part of the world and I have found it interesting on every occasion but now that I've taken the Big Muddy tour, I realize a highway drive is just the appetizer

The reason you cannot do it by yourself is because the real natural wonders in the Big Muddy are mostly on private property and are not accessible except with permission. Gates bar entry to the unauthorized and a good thing too, because our species has a proclivity for leaving things — especially beautiful things — just a bit less than they were when we found them. Not all of us, but a destructive minority makes up for the rest

So what you have to do is wait until you see a bus tour of the Big Muddy advertised and then put in your reservation quickly. When we made the big decision this summer I made the mistake of putting it off for a few days and found the tour was filled. As luck would have it, last summer's single excursion had been so successful the sponsors decided to try a second tour this summer. It filled a 40-plus-passenger too, except for two or three no-shows

To give you an idea of how much there is to see and appreciate, our bus, as comfortable a bus as I have ever been privileged to ride in, left Weyburn Square parking lot at 9 a.m. on the dot on Sunday and returned within minutes of 7 p.m. That's 10 hours of adventure and with no wasted time. Even lunch — everybody brought their own packed lunches because there isn't too much as a hotdog stand in the Big Muddy — didn't take more than half an hour

Another reason you might not be too interested in visiting the Big Muddy by yourself, even if you could is that most of the beauty spots are accessible only by prairie trails. If you managed to sneak in and found yourself with a flat tire or more serious car trouble *(you would find it)* a long hike through pretty wild country to get help. In some areas, you'd be lambered along at 10 miles an hour or less, and once it was required to scale a hill so steep that all of us (except the infirm) had to get off the bus and walk up, while the driver gave the vehicle the gun and brought it over the crest

You think I'm kidding, don't you?

Try this for size. Big Muddy Lake (Big Muddy, by the way, translates from the Indian name of Bad Earth) is 2,000 feet above sea level, and the highest point in the municipality, the R.M. of Happy Valley is 2,960 feet. That's a variation of almost 1,000 feet in a pretty small chunk of country

There was another dimension to the trip to make it memorable.

Just before we arrived in Bengough driver Ken Grimm warned us that we were about to meet the best tour guide he had ever run across. I'll happily second that. I've taken tours in many many places and I have never before met anyone as interesting as knowledgeable about his subject and as genuinely satisfying as Fred Liehter. He knows every farm and ranch in the countryside, who homesteaded it, who bought it and who married whose daughter when

He came here as a youngster with his immigrant pioneer family and is a former rancher, cowboy, farmer, miner, woodsman (I bet ever in Ontario), soldier and during the depression a red riding hobo who he proudly tells you, slept in some of the finest jails in the country

He tells you enough to keep the tour interesting at all times but he is also considerate enough to leave

openings for those who would like to get in a question or a comment

I'd like to tell you more, including some of Fred's wonderful stories about the Indians and the Mounties and the ranchers and raisders, but I'll leave that for your own trip when you will see astonishing and beautiful sights such as Castle Butte, the Three Sisters, Indian effigies, the outlaws' caves and high mesas that put you to mind of cowboy movies and are just about in the condition they were in when the Boundary Commission marked the border between Canada and the U.S. You'll even see Montana from a lofty height and if you take your trip at the right time of year you may taste some excellent choke cherries, wild currants and buffalo (I think) berries.

Let's wait and see

EDITORIAL *September 20, 1989*

Karl Marx predicted in his 19th century writings that capitalism, as it channelled wealth into increasingly few hands, would self-destruct eventually and yield to the workers' paradise of international Communism.

Then the Reds surprised everyone, including themselves, by taking over the vast Russian empire after the bloody revolution near the end of, and following World War I. Those who believed a Communist government simply could not work under any circumstances expected the whole structure of that country — an idealistic concept run by amateurs and illiterates in a bankrupt war-weakened condition — to collapse within months.

It didn't happen, as everyone knows. Through repression and terror, successive regimes gained an increasingly strong stranglehold on the country, and being able, as an absolute dictatorship, to control priorities more effectively than is possible in democratic countries, the Communists were even able to make impressive advances in a number of fields including space, medicine, sports and the arts.

Although relatively few citizens of the western industrialized nations have shown much inclination to opt for the Communist way, preferring the rewards of "exploitive" capitalism, it sometimes looked as though it was just a matter of time before Communism and its premises of equality must engulf the world. At times Marx's prediction seemed to be imminent, with some outside help.

Even at the beginning of this decade, in spite of the Soviet Union's estrangement from two former allies, China and Yugoslavia, there was little to indicate that anything was about to affect significantly the political evolution of the East, or to modify the control it exerted over its citizens.

Then, in the last few years, surprising things began to happen. In Poland, authorities were unable to contain the Solidarity movement, although it was outlawed and its leaders jailed. This year, the rulers were forced to allow the first free election since the war, which resulted in the election of a government led by non-Communists.

In the Soviet Union, longtime Mikhail Gorbachev's voluntary moves toward reform and freedom produced a flood of reaction from every corner of the empire that demonstrated the degree of resentment and discontent that have been simmering.

In China, students whose optimism about promised reforms was a bit previous, demonstrated and were murdered in such numbers that even ideological allies were shocked. While the government shows no outward signs of loosening its control, and isn't likely to do so in the near future, it seems almost a foregone conclusion by now that liberalization must come eventually.

All of this shows promise, at least, that in the foreseeable future West and East will be able to join hands and fight the common foes of mankind instead of each other. Many western citizens, in fact, are critical of U.S. President George Bush for not pitching all weapons into the sea and running out to embrace our former enemies with open arms.

There is need for caution, however. In the Soviet Union there are thousands of individuals who have benefitted from the system as it has stood, both in terms of personal power and material things. Before we get too chummy, we have to wait and see who will really be in command in the long run. In the long, long run, however, the hunger for freedom will not be denied.

Emphatically, no and yes

EDITORIAL *October 25, 1989*

In response to the changing scene behind the Iron Curtain, or perhaps it would be more appropriate nowadays to say in the eastern bloc of nations, an American guru has concluded — almost sadly — that this presages the end of history. It was probably the same individual who first concluded that the world began the day he was born.

One can identify with the feelings from which the end-of-history theory sprang, particularly if expressed by anyone less than 65 years of age. Ever since the "allies" of World War 2 met, bloodied and weary, in a conquered Germany in 1945 and confrontation between the democratic capitalist countries and the Russian giant probably was averted only because they were both out of steam, it has seemed inevitable that the world as we know it must surely end in a fiery Armageddon, or some day which could only be postponed by nuclear deterrents, clandestine confrontations in remote hush fires in third-world countries and temporary stand-offs following acts of brinkmanship.

Suddenly, with *glasnost* and *perestroika* bursting out

all over. It seems as though all our fears may be put aside and that we can resign ourselves and our redeemed progeny to the boredom of living happily ever after.

We have been collectively like a person who has lived under a sentence of death from which there is no appeal and whose every hope, plan and consideration has been within that framework and who then is unexpectedly granted an unconditional pardon.

Welcome as the changes in the East and the promises for the future of the world may be, there is still a lot left undone before we can write *finis* to the chronicle of our world.

In the first place, the rumblings going on in the Soviet Union as a result of Mikhail Gorbachev's liberalizing initiatives also have ominous overtones for those who are listening. We have no guarantee that the Russian leader has got real backing to withstand the elements that have vested interests in hard line Communism. We don't even know how the Russian masses will react when they find that political and economic freedom do not automatically fill the shelves of their grocery and department stores. We do not know how the body politic will respond to demands for independence in the Baltic states, confrontation between two Soviet republics, and what amounts to declarations of independence from exile while puppet regimes.

And if it all works out in the Soviet Union there remain the challenges of such unfinished business as the war on hunger, disease and ignorance; resolution of the plight of displaced Palestinians; the holes in the ozone layer; the pollution of our planet; the exploration of space and, for heaven's sake, the completion of Rafferty to mention a few.

Yes, it was interesting and even historic to hear on the same day last week that the Hungarian parliament had ratified a new constitution rejecting the principle of a Communist dictatorship; the firing of Communist hard-liner Erich Honecker of East Germany and the Lithuanian government announcing that its people might once again openly observe Christmas.

But no, Mr. Guru, the end of history is not near and yes, Santa Claus, there is a Lithuania.

New year, new decade

EDITORIAL *December 27, 1989*

Shakespeare wrote something about tides in the affairs of men that simply cannot be contained or withstood. In the wondrous year that ends in just a few days, we have seen just such a tide—as public protest and revolt has deposed Communist-controlled governments throughout eastern Europe, culminating with the arrest of the Romanian head of state after a bloody week of demonstrations and demands for freedom and political reform.

Whatever happens on the international scene in 1990, and from now to the end of the century, 1989 will be remembered as the year when the right fist of Red authority developed arthritis (or something) and lost its grip.

Even if force is used to restore authoritarian government — and this is not impossible — 1989 will go down in history as the year when the people of the eastern bloc made it clear that they had had enough, and demanded dynamic change.

Even a year ago, concern was expressed in this space that powerful forces in both the Soviet Union and the United States with a vested interest in the continuation of an armed standoff between the superpowers would throw a monkey wrench into the wheels set in motion by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev's policies of *perestroyka* and *glasnost*. It didn't happen and the liberalization that came about in the Soviet satellite countries took the entire world by surprise.

Something to wonder about, in the new world order, is whether the United States — however right it may have been in moving into the Panama Canal Zone last week — would not have been more hesitant if the USSR still had been playing its traditional role of opposing every U.S. move.

No free soap box

EDITORIAL *January 3, 1990*

Weekly newspapers in this province and elsewhere are rallying behind publishers in Warroad and Humboldt, whose MLA has charged them with censorship for not carrying his columns free of charge and *verbatim*.

That the MLA in question [illegible] is a New Democrat is only peripherally relevant. It is not uncommon for politicians of every stripe to cede themselves even more privilege than the elective office affords. It is constantly necessary to remind them that freedom of speech does not oblige anyone to provide them with a free arena, nor free space in a newspaper, free time on radio or television, or a free billboard, nor a free soapbox.

Pretending to such privilege is in itself a serious encroachment upon the freedom of others.

Another disappointment

EDITORIAL *January 10, 1990*

To those of us who have seen the Rafferty Dam project progress from a pipedream to a dream to a hope to a possibility to a reality, to public protest to an initiative undertaken and interrupted and to hope restored, it came as a disappointment last week when a federal court judge in Winnipeg ruled once more, at least partly, in favor of individuals and an organization challenging the project on environmental grounds.

Justice Frances Muldoon has ruled that an inde-

pendent review panel must be set up by the end of January to examine environmental impacts of the Rafferty Alameda dams failing such an appointment within this time frame the license would be with drawn as happened last year when all work was suspended when a judge found that the government of Canada had failed to live up to its own regulations in granting the license in the first place

This seems like a nuisance to most of us who feel put upon when someone from afar stops us from storing spring runoff in the wet years as insurance against the dry years but we must see it in the perspective of the 21st century that is only a decade away

If we say industry in the United States ought not with impunity pump into the atmosphere chemicals that dump acid rain on our lakes and forests if we say people may not or should not use products that create holes in the ozone layer if we say Brazilian entrepreneurs have no right to destroy the rain forests which produce much of the world s supply of oxygen if we see the growth of the Sahara Desert through human mismanagement as our concern then we must accept what happens in our own back yard as a legitimate concern of others on our shrinking planet Given these circumstances however it hers

A colossal force

EDITORIAL *January 17, 1990*

When we speak and think of the moral material and social bankruptcy of the Communist systems as they have existed and which seem to have brought about the crumbling of the Soviet empire one tends to think largely about the inefficiency on the farm in the factory and marketplace because of centralization and bureaucratic corruption the inherent evil of denying people basic freedoms and political choice and the paramount need by constant life in a police state

When we consider the frustrations which new liberalizing regimes are and will be experiencing in meeting public expectations in the emerging order of consumer goods and services that have been scarce or completely lacking for decades we can sympathize with the authorities for we know that it takes time for a free or freer market to adjust to supplies and demands naturally created

We hope someone will also tell the people of the Soviets in particular who have relied on the state for about 70 years in the matter of what each person or family shall have how much can depend on the collective self help of voluntary organizations Where every so called grass roots or professional organization has long been perceived as another tendril of the state and officialdom intruding itself into the lives and initiatives of the public it may take a little while to restore trust in such things as service clubs churches charities and voluntary special interest groups

In Weyburn no one has to be told very much about the power of this social and economic force because every phase of our lives is effected and enhanced by what we do for ourselves through volunteer work and funds so generated

If our children go skating or swimming if we walk through our parks see a sports event attend church or school receive a blood transfusion suffer from disease or simply take a drive through our city evidence abounds that something is always happening that is the result of the work of volunteers banded together for the common weal

Project the effectiveness and magnitude of their work to the national level and you have a colossal force that no amount of taxation and government could invoke or begin to pay for

A 1987 survey carried out by Statistics Canada found that in a two-month period in that year five million Canadians volunteered their time and skills to groups and organizations across the country These people according to a release issued at that time accounted for 27 percent of the total population aged 15 and over

Over a one-year period over 13 million Canadian residents or over two-thirds of the country s over 15 residents volunteered "informally" — whatever that means

Sometimes champions of our free enterprise economic and political systems emphasize only the gains generated by the profit motive At least as important to our way of life is what people do together but voluntarily

A large Texas ranch

ERNESTLY *January 24 1990*

An all too-brief sweep through southeastern Texas that ended last Friday added to my growing collection of memories about that fine and enormous state among others the following suitable lines of doggerel which have I suspect been quoted many times by Texans with chests thrown out just a bit more

'The sun has rizz, the sun has set
and here we is, in Texas yet "

To most Canadians the vastness reflected in those lines is not as mind-boggling as it must be to most Americans but still the verse provides a suitable backdrop for a visit to what is billed as "one of the largest operating cattle and horse ranches in the world" — and with little fear of contradiction

The King Ranch sprawls over nearly one million acres of Texas and normally domicules 60 000 head of Santa Gertrudis cattle and 300 registered quarter horses I say "normally" because at the time of our visit about three-quarters of the cattle had been

moved because of severe drought conditions to other holdings elsewhere in the country. The Santa Gertrudis breed incidentally was developed on this ranch by crossing Indian Brahman cattle with British Shorthorns. It is the only officially recognized American breed we were told.

That the King Ranch is a popular stop for rubberneckers was attested to by the fact that on a mid January morning when tours are half filled even in southern tourist areas the hourly tour bus we caught at the ranch's visitor centre was completely full.

The bus took us on a circuit of about 12 miles and we were shown corrals branding pens the wide open range the Santa Gertrudis River from which the cattle breed's name was borrowed and the handsome home with dozens of rooms... where descendants of pioneer and patriarch Richard King still come for visits holidays reunions and we were told to entertain royalty heads of state and other friendly VIPs.

Before stopping on the ranchyard to accommodate shutterbugs we were told in terms that left no doubt about their authority that no tourist was permitted to get off the bus on the yard photos had to be taken through the bus windows or from the lowest step of the bus entrance. More flexible rules in bygone times had led to abuse as happens so often, and tour operators were given the alternative of a strict rule or eliminating that portion of the tour.

We were told that we probably would see some wildlife on the tour and the driver's own experience — as implied — was that this usually amounted to a few deer seen at a distance. Indeed most of us were gratified when we saw a few deer scooting across the road on which we were driving. So imagine our pleasant surprise when we came upon more than 100 *axis* grazing and running among the cattle. Perhaps it was part of the master plan to let modest expectations be enhanced by generous reality. If so it worked! We also saw dozens of beautiful wild turkeys — an endangered species — and more than a few sandhill cranes cousins I understand of the whooping cranes that make their twice-annual flights over Weyburn.

The ranch was founded by a sea captain Richard King travelling north to attend the Lone Star State Fair at Corpus Christi in 1853. As brochure told us that King and his party came across an oasis on the vast barren stretch created by the Santa Gertrudis Creek "the first live water they had seen in 124 miles." I found this a bit difficult to swallow but checked it later with my road map and found that while it shows another creek between Harlingen and Kingsville it might well have been dry when it was crossed by King. Give or take a few drops of live water the story provides a good rationale for establishing the core of a ranch at so hospitable a site. King picked up 50 000 acres of range for $300 (mostly abandoned Spanish land grants I gathered) then paid something like $1 500 for his first registered bull.

Buying up vast numbers of cattle in Mexico, King had we were told real zeal that he was depriving the peasants of the arm of their livelihood so he offered them rent free homes on his ranch for life as well as wages and other benefits. Fifth and sixth-generation descendants of these Mexican immigrants still live on the ranch (still rent free) and our tour guide was one of those as was the friendly elderly cowboy who was our host at a tour-stop serving coffee boiled in a huge iron kettle over a mesquite fire and hot fresh *pan del campo* (camp bread) also baked on the spot.

We learned that the ranch for all its size and assets, also came close to folding during an economic crisis at one point in history. It survived that nicely when oil was discovered on the ranch property, bringing back solvency and prosperity. I couldn't help think ing that in our part of the world the discovery of oil on a farm or ranch can also do wonders for the balance sheet.

Oldest town in Texas

ERNEST V *January 31 1990*

Four or five winters ago through sheer chance we spent a night in the small city of Natchitoches (pronounced Nickotush honestly), in Louisiana not far from the Texas border. Looking the place over in the morning mainly because we were in no hurry we discovered it had been the site of the first French fort and settlement in Louisiana Territory.

I don't remember ever hearing of the place before and it still is not exactly a household word. A year or two later however I came across it again in James Michener's novel "Texas" where the role of Natchitoches was explained in relation to Nacogdoches (pronounced Naggidochee) not far off (about 100 miles) in eastern Texas. Both had been Indian villages (accounting for the strange names) and while Natchitoches accommodated the French garrison, the Spanish then ruling Mexico and Texas established their first Texas settlement and fort in Nacogdoches. The pronunciations are the result of the two European occupying groups adapting the strange names to sounds more familiar to them.

The twin cities as they might be called served (according to Michener) as depots where the two cultures exchanged goods sometimes clandestinely as local needs took precedence over restrictions which might be going of in far-off Europe as happened more often than not.

Finding ourselves in eastern Texas earlier this month we made it a point to visit Nacogdoches and found a beautiful little city in a very scenic location. It is a university city now and the buildings of the main campus surround one of the outstanding features of early Texas history: the Old Stone Fort, which is

almost as old as the settlement itself. The "stone house" as it is referred to in early records is believed to have been built as a trading post in 1778, and subsequently served as headquarters for various generals and governors. a records office and the home of the first two Texas newspapers.

Eight flags have flown over the fort: the flag of the Magee-Gutierrez Expedition of 1813; that of Dr. James Long's Republic of 1819; the flag of the Republic of Fredonia in 1826; the Mexican flag; the Lone Star flag of the Texas Republic; the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy; and the Stars and Stripes of the United States. It is now a museum.

The Chamber of Commerce offers the loan of a cassette which takes one to various historic sites in the city, besides having some beautiful restored homes of early residents. the city seems to have been a hotbed of political activity both in the Texas war of independence and the war between the states in the 19th century.

A wealthy woman has built Millard's Crossing, a 19th century village with a school, church, log cabin, real estate office and a few other buildings typical of the period.

I was surprised that no mention was made during the tours or in any of the local literature of the Natchitoches-Nacogdoches axis of the French-Spanish trade as described in "Texas." Esther Mechener was privy to information no longer common knowledge, or he imagined something slightly at odds with history.

* * *

Cruising along the highways and byways of Texas, where advertising is a bit less restrained than it tends to be here in Saskatchewan, we ran across some interesting sales messages.

Urging residents of Texas to learn the state's second language, which is Spanish, of course, a radio commercial cited the added advantage of being able to visit Old Mexico and dicker with the locals without sounding "like a tenderfoot from Toronto."

On a religious San Antonio or Houston radio station the announcer quoted the book of Proverbs, which enjoins readers to be considerate of animals. This was a pitch for a veterinarian's services.

A signboard in suburban Houston invited passers-by to "stoop in any time" — at their friendly chiropractor's office.

A folksy little jingle for a real broker:

"Is you?
Don't want!
Don't the heat
You'll be out on the street."

Honestly, I did not invent any of these.

Rounding up Texas

ERNESTLY *February / 1990*

Visiting Fredericksburg, Texas, a city perhaps the size of Weyburn — give or take a few "y'alls" — two years ago, we missed visiting the Admiral Nimitz Museum. It was closed for renovations. Although our travel literature gave the museum full marks as an attraction, the building's grotesque shape lent an impression of something assigned to this purpose because no other use could be found for it. To me, its appearance cast doubts on the quality of the exhibits it contained.

When we dropped by again last month, we found the museum open, and the mystery of the origin of the antiquated building was revealed. Chester Nimitz's grandfather built a hotel in Fredericksburg in a shape representing a ship, reflecting a seafaring tradition in the family. At one time a portion representing the ship's superstructure (if I understand the term correctly), and this is open to question) was removed to give the building a more orthodox appearance. This was restored when the building was turned into a museum to honor the Texas-born sailor who commanded the greatest armed force ever assembled in history, and who won the battle of the Pacific for the United States and the Allies.

It would be futile to attempt to describe the museum, but one feature that added interest was a series of historic pictures unrelated to the admiral but reflective of the time frame of the exhibits below them.

A few blocks from this museum was another section covering about a city block and devoted to a collection of large wartime exhibits such as aircraft, tanks and cannons. We had no trouble spending two hours between the two museums.

We took another memory home with us from the friendly community. We stayed overnight at a motel and on the recommendation of the desk clerk dined at a restaurant a block or two down the street, specializing in German foods. Soon after returning to our room, bloated with bratwurst and boiled cabbage, we received a call from the desk clerk to tell me I had left my credit card at the restaurant.

The restaurant clerk didn't even know we were staying in town for the night, but on the chance that we might be telephoned our motel, which happened to be the nearest hostelry and also—I believe—affiliated. If you have ever gone the route of stopping a lost or misplaced credit card — as I did last year — you can appreciate the gratitude one feels for this sort of thoughtfulness.

Speaking of Texas dining, the eastern part of the state at least affords the choice of German, Mexican, Chinese, Cajun and good old Texas cuisine. What adds to the exotic atmosphere, whichever your choice, is the waiters jabbering away in their native tongue.

Spanish!

By now the southern half of Texas is predominantly populated by Latinos mostly Mexicans, thousands are already U S born and thousands more cross the border from Old Mexico every year. legally or il legally. At McAllen, I took my morning walk across the parking lot of a mall where an art symposium for children at Grade-4-to-6 level was being conducted in a tent. Two or three large school buses were just discharging their passengers and I didn't see among the little brown faces a single one that looked "Anglo."

At the chain in where we stayed overnight and ate our evening meal only one of four waiters spoke English, and that one not well enough to get my order right. But then my own accent may have been partly to blame.

In San Antonio we were told that 55 percent of the city's population of about one million is Mexican by now. Add to this the blacks who are quite abundant and you have a city in which "Anglos" are a decided minority. It is an appealing city, and I wouldn't mind returning some day for a third visit.

We arrived in San Marcos just in time for me to attend the noon Rotary meeting. Attending the luncheon was a South African exchange student who had come to bid the host club farewell after completing a year in that community. He had retained the distinctive South African accent but it was well-laced with "y all" spoken quite unself-consciously. The club presented the young man with a pair of genuine Texas leather boots as a farewell gift.

In his remarks the South African said that on his first night in Texas he had been taken out for a Mexican supper and could have gone straight home immediately afterwards and told his folks back home about his exciting Texas experience.

At one time the privilege of wealth and political control were the status quo, and it seemed that nothing could ever force justice into the system. In the west, the tides pounded the mainland with moderate intensity but were able to achieve varying measures of social justice. The Russian Revolution was a fiercer assault upon an unyielding island and as the Communist doctrine spread... it sometimes seemed almost inevitable that, for better or for worse, that was destined to be the tide of the future for all the world.

That tide however itself became the power structure, the status quo...the "city hall" of that world. And just when it seemed that this fortress would live forever...a new tide, the demand for freedom brought much of it down and imposed a new order.

A similar tide has been assaulting another rocky island for years — South Africa and its policies of white supremacy and apartheid — and last week this stronghold too showed signs of a crumbling base with the announcement that black leader Nelson Mandela was not only going to be released after three decades of incarceration, but may be offered an important government post, presumably helping to lead that nation to a more just society.

We may never know whether the South African power structure was persuaded by world opinion, by trade sanctions imposed by most of western Europe, Canada and the United States, by fears of the long term inevitability of blacks insisting upon their rights — violently if necessary — or by the workings of the national conscience which must have hinted, at least, that for all the excuses and justifications that might be used to rationalize a wrong, it was still a wrong.

The battle for justice is not over here or anywhere else, but we are being shown, perhaps more clearly than at any time in human history, that city hall can be beaten. That there are tides in the affairs of men, that the status quo is not indestructible.

Tides and city hall

EDITORIAL *February 14, 1990*

"You can't beat city hall" is an old and respected saying. "City hall" can mean just that — the centre of the municipal power structure — or much more. It can mean the whole social, political, cultural and/or financial power structure that exists, or is seen to exist, and which assures and abets its own continued supremacy and well being.

Those who feel unjustly served by that structure — also commonly referred to as the status quo — protest quietly or loudly, weep in their hearts or submit with forbearance, depending largely on their individual natures, or on the opportunity to effect change.

But just as "city hall" or the status quo seem impossible to beat, or even to wrest justice from, there is another old saying about tides in the affairs of men that simply will not be held back: that no dykes or breakwaters built are strong enough to withstand or contain them.

Do we 'still' believe?

EDITORIAL *February 21, 1990*

Premier Frank McKenna of New Brunswick was quoted last week by the Canadian Press as warning that Canada is approaching a "check hour on language." This came in response to a growing number of Ontario municipalities which have voted to declare their jurisdictions as English-only.

"We have to ask ourselves... the premier of Canada's only officially bilingual province is quoted as saying. "Do we still believe in bilingualism or will we exist as two solitudes?"

Indeed! Most Canadians ask themselves as they have repeatedly for the last 20 years or more. "Is it desirable for Canada to be bilingual? Is it fair to all for our nation to be bilingual? Is it practical for the country to become ("being" and "becoming" being horses of two different colors) bilingual?"

The Ontario communities which have seemed to declare themselves as unilingual islands in a multilingual sea although portrayed by some people in high places as redneck chauvinists have in fact asked themselves the foregoing questions and have answered most of them in a manner negative to bilingualism and have further acknowledged that they have always been unilingual and have existed in a *de facto* unilingual environment

Is it desirable for Canada to be bilingual? This is probably the question on which there is the greatest division in rank and file opinion While many of us would welcome bilingualism if for no other reason than to show good faith to our francophone compatriots in the province of Quebec admittedly there are those whose objections arise from narrow and parochial thinking In fairness the latter category fits none better than a sizable portion of Quebecers so opposed to multilingualism and so protective of their own language that they outlaw signs in any language except French

Is bilingualism fair? If one accepts the fact of a distinct and separate society in Quebec that is multilingual (French) then it hardly seems fair to expect other Canadians with a variety of ethnic backgrounds to learn or adopt a second language simply to accommodate visitors from Quebec or francophones who choose to reside elsewhere than in Quebec

Is bilingualism necessary? We think not Within living memory and before Canada was declared a bilingual nation most Canadians accepted and even appreciated the fact of Quebec being different If some cost or accommodation were indicated to protect the rights and opportunities of Quebec people within Confederation surely this would have been achieved other than through national bilingualism which does not and cannot exist

This brings us to the practicality of bilingualism If every Canadian sincerely even fervently desired bilingualism it would take half a century or more to develop the infrastructure (schools teachers text books translations signing) to make all Canadians truly bilingual and more of our tax dollars than most of us are prepared to dedicate to that purpose

If that is redneck philosophy then so be it

Welcome to the future

ERNESTLY *March 28 1990*

At Rotary last week we had as guests two prospective members

So what is so earth-shattering about that? Well lookie now if I tell you they were prospective female members might that make a difference?

This once all male bastion began to crumble a few years ago when a California Rotary Club admitted one or more females This was in conflict with Rotary International bylaws which held that Rotary was a men s service organization The California club was suspended or whatever in any case the matter went to the courts of the United States which in due course at a high level ruled that it was discriminatory to deny membership on the basis of gender

To conform with the law Rotary changed its bylaws to allow female membership where desirable allowing the old custom to stand in those parts of the world where mixed membership might be a serious problem Such places exist I am told

The Weyburn club voted almost unanimously some months ago to accept women as members So here we are on the brink of this new experience

My own position is rather ambivalent I am certain that the club will benefit from this new source of membership and from the contributions professional women will make to the activities and the very nature of the club

On the other hand I find something wrong with the idea — which precipitated the California litigation — that it has to be wrong for a club to be composed solely of members of one sex or the other

Naturally I am looking forward to the company of the fair sex at our Thursday luncheons and I am confident that it will improve the collective appearance of our membership and perhaps add to dignity and decorum

Come to think of it if we get enough female members a new Rotary initiative in the future may be an annual or even monthly bake sale

Now why did I have to go and say a chauvinistic thing like that?

Having lived in two households in which through most of my life I have been subjected to female wiles guiles and other endemic traits I feel I have the right

Embracing a good thing

EDITORIAL *May 2 1990*

The hue and cry is out again over the fact that construction is proceeding on the Rafferty and Alameda dams in spite of a court order several months ago compelling the federal government to comply with its own environmental study regulations

What is troubling this time is that serious objections are being raised by the federal environment minister Lucien Bouchard whose department originally issued the permit for the Rafferty Alameda project but who entered into an agreement with the Saskatchewan government to halt construction until a proper environmental assessment — ordered by the court — has been completed

The province now seems to be proceeding with work which it claims to be for the purpose of ensuring the integrity of work already completed

The judge who issued the order told federal authorities in effect that they ought not to resist laws and

rules written for the preservation of the environment, but should "warmly embrace them" as obstacles created to protect the goblin weal. That is a good way of putting it, and it is an injunction we ought all to heed when inconvenient laws made for our protection, but which sometimes frustrate our purposes.

But it is also reasonable for anyone who lives in this part of Saskatchewan to "warmly embrace" any initiative to bring relief from the chronic water shortages with which we must cope.

Having so embraced the Rafferty project, we find it difficult to believe that anything about it could be so monstrous as to make it totally unacceptable from an environmental point of view. The Saskatchewan authorities too must feel that the assessment panel came up with any criticism the province is not prepared to cope with.

Mr. Bouchard's concerns may be genuine, but he has no personal stake in our water system or problems, so it is okay with him if the whole thing is on hold for years. We only hope the Saskatchewan people know what they are doing, and that somewhere we don't get caught in the middle of a political power play we do not understand.

We need good faith

EDITORIAL *May 16, 1990*

Is it necessary that political entities or unions be based on traditional formats? The European Common Market had no traditional format to follow, and it seems to be doing rather well, and maybe heading for new heights with the possible entry of former Warsaw Pact nations.

In Canada we have the advantage of not having spilled each others' blood, at least not in living memory, not in the context of first-hand accounts handed down by our oldest citizens by their grandparents and great-grandparents.

Surely there are enough people of good faith on both sides of the (Quebec) issue to find common cause unity and solidarity behind some form of government acceptable to all and within a social structure that recognizes diversity of language and heritage.

The play at Oberammergau

EDITORIAL *June 7, 1990*

"For a professing Christian, the Oberammergau Passion Play is a religious experience."

Thus spake a member of our group of 38 Canadians at the Amsterdam get-acquainted evening, before we set out on a two-week trip billed as a "heart of Europe" tour, focussing on a day at the West German Alpine town of Oberammergau to witness the Passion Play enacted every 10 years by the citizens of that community.

Okay. Fair enough. The speaker was a retired missionary who had spent most of her life in China and who had witnessed the event on one past occasion a number of years ago. It would have been surprising if she had said she was there only for kicks, and that the whole thing meant nothing to her.

That's where I left it, and didn't worry much about my own reasons for being there — an excuse for an extensive tour of Europe, with a high-sounding label. To say one is simply touring Europe seems lacking in purpose—a trip to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau has the resonance of a crusade for the Holy Grail. So the invitation over a year ago from a tour company offered just the excuse I/me and I had sought for years, and we went for it.

We knew the Passion Play was an all-day affair, but we also knew that there was a break at lunch, and that if we found it all too boring, we could always fail to show up for the afternoon session.

The morning of the appointed day dawned cold and rainy, and my feet and topcoat were soaked before we reached the Amphitheatre. Right then, I would not have bet on my being around in the afternoon, and would not have accepted even odds on sticking it out until noon. I should explain that the audience, the orchestra and the backstage area (I believe) are enclosed, but the stage is exposed to the elements. And the show goes on—rain, storm or sunshine. Although protected from rain, viewers may be exposed to chilly drafts.

From the moment the performance opened, however, I had a feeling that I would hold out until the noon break, and perhaps even into the afternoon. A well-trained chain of about 50 voices slow-marches onto the stage at the opening, before each of the 14 acts, and again for the conclusion. The music is movingly beautiful, and every part of the whole performance is exhibited with professional excellence and dignity, although the entire cast is drawn from residents of the town (population minus-5 000) and district, and numbers between 1,000 and 2 000 depending on whose estimates to believe. Only a few lead roles are played by paid performers, although all participants receive—we were told—honoraria to compensate for time lost from work.

Crowd scenes are truly that, and those representing Christ's triumphal march into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and the one where the angry mob demands the life of Christ, have hundreds of people and a few animals onstage at the same time. I noticed one little girl not more than three or four years of age, holding her mother's hand, while herself-consciously sucking the thumb of her other hand and gazing wonderingly at the scene unfolding around her.

It is one thing to read about a crowd, and another altogether to see crowd scenes realistically and emotionally enacted. Whether portraying the adoration of the Palm Sunday scene, or the blood-thirsty hatred at Pontius Pilate's court, with armed soldiers restraining

the mob the clamor seems to make the viewer almost a participant.

Another striking element of the production are the tableaux, each lasting perhaps a minute or two, which tie in Old Testament events analagous or significant to the scenes in progress. Individuals are caught in dramatic, dynamic poses and seem to be cast in wax until the occasional flicker of an eye or tremor of a limb contradicts this. They combine with drama and music to keep the viewer entranced as the sequence moves toward the fanfare and biblical climax and glorious conclusion.

The Passion Play dates back to 1633 when the village was afflicted by a plague which was taking a deadly toll of its inhabitants. It was initiated in gratitude for the answering of prayers for relief. Passion Plays, according to the literature, were a "much loved and widespread" religious activity of the period and general locale.

As mentioned, the play is presented every 10 years, but no doubt there have been occasional omissions, and certainly one or more changes in the cycle.

Some of the parts require more than average physical fitness, those playing the roles of Jesus and the two criminals crucified, for example, must be prepared to hang from them crosses for about 20 minutes. Several scenes demand that players lie, scantily clothed, on the stage for periods long enough to get thoroughly chilled in weather such as we drew, many wailand barefoot or wearing only sandals on the frigid stage.

Needless to say, or perhaps necessary to say in view of my original expectations, we stayed to the end. Looking around even a few minutes before the close of the performance, I detected no empty seats although there must have been some.

A final assessment. For a professing Christian, the Oberammergau Passion Play is a religious experience."

Land of the Lorelei

ERNESTLY *June 14-1990*

One year ago — give or take a month — when we signed up for the Oberammergau tour now written into memory, we didn't look too closely at the itinerary. We were satisfied (and even slightly apprehensive) that the tour would show us a lot of Europe. The wisdom of the exact routing and mode of travel we entrusted to the expertise and imagination of those who planned the tour.

It was only when we received detailed itineraries of the adventure that we learned that the last four days would be spent on a Rhine River cruise ship which would pick us up at Basel Switzerland and drop us at Nijmegen Holland not too far from the mouth of the Rhine. For my own part, I wasn't totally sold on the idea, although I was aware of a balance of pros and cons of a cruise.

On the yes side, having enjoyed a hue trip along the beautiful Rhine valley about 20 years ago, I admitted to myself that I could think of worse ordeals than sitting back and seeing that picturesque part of the world unfold before me. Also as the overall tour evolved, with a bus or train to be caught every second day, the prospect of four nights in one cabin began to develop attractive aspects. And everyone, naturally, has heard of the luxury of shipboard life — and we are not at the point, talking about eight years before the mast.

The fear persisted, nonetheless, that a river cruise ship might not offer the comfort or cuisine of ocean going vessels and that sitting in a deck chair for hours on end, even viewing the beauty of our surroundings, would become tiresome. I consoled myself that I was becoming physically weary anyway and could probably use the rest before the overseas flight home and that I had a good book for a change from scenic splendors.

Embarking on the M S *Austria* at Basel after a long rainy bus ride from Oberammergau, West Germany via Austria and Lichtenstein — a tiny kingdom with a loose Swiss association — and languishing on deck waiting for our rooms to be readied for occupancy, I felt my enthusiasm waning. The prospects, I told myself, were not really promising.

Entering the cabin in due course, together with luggage, my heart sank. It was difficult to imagine enduring a night in this little cell, let alone "enjoying" it as a base for four nights. A tasty buffet served in the dining room that evening put a better face on it all, and given our state of fatigue we decided it would be possible to get some sleep even in our cramped quarters.

Well surprise. The bed had been prepared for us by the time we returned to the cabin, a sofa turned into one bed and another unfolded out of the wall. Our large window had an overhead transom that opened to the fresh, cool river air. We fell asleep and remained that way. Lulled by the ship's motor, until summer and — punctually — by the requested wake up call.

The wake-up call was to get us up in time for one of the shore tours scheduled to break up the days. On this first day, we were picked up by a tour bus not far from Strasbourg, France, and driven through the verdant Alsace farming country to Strasbourg, the ancient and beautiful city which has for centuries occupied the north-south and east west crossroads of European commerce. We were given an hour or so to view the centuries-old cathedral (construction began in the 11th century) and to visit the abundant shops in the area. On one of the streets of this city, storks could be seen perched on the trimmed treetops along the boulevard. Storks, we learned, have long been regarded as good luck symbols in that part of the world. To look upon them I believe enhances fertility. We quickly looked the other way but also too late. When

we returned to Weyburn we discovered that a stray cat had given birth to a litter under our front porch we also received other analagous tidings

It was on a Strasbourg street that our guide suddenly called out 'Look!' and pointed to a commercial building on the left Click, click, click went the cameras including mine Suddenly I noticed that "Look" was the name of the store and presumably because it was locally well known the guide had simply pointed it out to us

While we were touring the *Austria* had made its way to the city and was waiting for us to re-embark in time for the first luncheon sitting The regular Strasbourg tour guide had called in sick that morning and was replaced by the Heidelberg guide What the bus driver's problem was, I know not but I know we were half an hour or more locating the dock at which the *Austria* was moored An exasperated captain awaited us with arms akimbo accompanied by a *maitre d'* or chief steward not visibly happier

Shipboard meals were everything we could have wished for Breakfasts started with rolls juice and coffee set before us when we sat down and we were then permitted to select extras such as eggs meat and pancakes from the menu

Lunch was a full-course meal as was supper both permitted choices for the various courses, usually soup or salads for starters and veal or fish for the main course Waiters were faultlessly polite and attentive and the food was excellent

There was no difficulty enduring the hours spent travelling through the indescribably beautiful Rhine valley with its miles and miles of vineyards along the steep slopes ancient castles and churches every few miles and just pretty villages and bustling little cities that dotted the bank I use the adjective 'indescribable" and that says it all At least words fail me and feal any attempt at a detailed or comprehensive description

Another stop on the cruise was at Heidelberg to view the famous castle overlooking what has been called Germany's most beautiful city and for supper in a downtown restaurant We stopped also for shopping to a village whose name escapes me and at Cologne for a quick peek at the colossal ancient cathedral that lends fame to the city

Our cabin as already suggested was quite comfortable considering its diminutive size and beside the scenery there was almost constant music live or taped on the lower deck

And yes we passed and copiously photographed the fabled Loreley Rock but were not lured by any nekkid sirens I confess I made reference to it in the heading chiefly to evoke the mystery romance and beauty associated with the name and truthfully to appeal to the prurient interest

Meech Lake revisited

EDITORIAL *June 14, 1990*

Many times over the last three years thousands of Canadians have asked themselves how the Meech Lake Accord ever could have happened.

It was a bit easier to understand Saturday evening when the nation witnessed something of a repeat performance aiheit after seven long days of *in camera* negotiations and with the difference that premiers of three provinces — Newfoundland New Brunswick and Manitoba — must await a final decision of their legislatures or a referendum

Seeing their tired faces and listening to them it came through once more as it did three years ago, that it's all about Canada and whether there is hope for survival as a nation — something most of us did not seriously question until a few years ago

So what was gained by this new emotion trip if Meech Lake is to stand as originally endorsed?

For one thing, we have proved to ourselves and to the world that however flawed the document was and still remains it has stood the test of sober second thought as a political solution arrived at in good faith It also has engendered a firm commitment — not just a vague promise — that Senate reform will be seriously addressed in the near future and that some of the concerns of several provinces will be spelled out

So having poured the chorus of hoorahs are we prepared now to exult that all is well in our world and that our ship of state has now been set on a safe course? Would that it were that simple!

Some troubling doubts remain about Quebec a distinct society — a condition most Canadians have long conceded and accepted in thousands of forms — and just how distinct it can be and still be part of the Canadian fabric Perhaps we must simply trust the good faith and good sense of the people of Quebec and their concept of and dedication to those things that are fair to all and contributory to a greater Canada

The ominous rumblings of the past few weeks included disquieting warnings from high places that failing to adopt an unabridged Meech Lake Accord could give Quebec an excuse to leave confederation This makes one wonder whether the Canadian experience has really been so bad for Quebec that all that is needed is an excuse to go over the edge And if it has can one document cure all that?

Old World vignettes

PENNEY'S *June 20, 1990*

On arriving in Amsterdam we were thrown into the pool of sightseeing immediately upon arrival, without so much as testing the water with our toes Having had enough exposure to hotel routines to know

that checkout is usually around noon. I had vaguely wondered how the four folks had managed to secure available rooms early in the morning for 38 bone-weary travellers. We had lost eight hours on the overseas flight, and while we were able to catch a nap or two during the short night for most of us it was just past respectable bedtime by our biological clocks and we were looking forward to collapsing into soft beds on arrival. That's when we learned that our rooms would not be available until about 11 a.m., and that to save us from the boredom of several hours in a hotel lobby several little sightseeing tours had been arranged for us.

I have been trying ever since to figure out a reasonable way in which this might have been avoided by the tour company, but I honestly cannot. So we killed some time driving through the beautiful Dutch countryside, visiting a private cheese factory on a dairy farm, a large windmill saved as a heritage building and taking a look at a factory where wooden shoes are made.

The wooden shoes, a trademark of the Netherlands to all of the world, are fashioned in two or three minutes on lathes not unlike the devices on which keys are cut. Blocks of Canadian poplar (locally grown) are clamped into one machine to shape the exterior, and another to scoop out the interior. A bit of hand-finishing is then required, after which the shoes are shelved for several weeks of drying. Finally they are presumably varnished or whatever and decorated.

Most of these shoes are sold as souvenirs, but we are told that they are still preferred by many farm workers. Evidently they are much more comfortable than they appear to be, keep feet dry when walking through puddles and mud, and of prime importance on dairy farms leave human feet unharmed when stomped on by cows.

In fact, we didn't notice any wooden shoes worn "seriously" until our last morning—busing to Schiphol International Airport for the flight home. Driving through the farmlands we espied a young man clomping across the highway in his wooden shoes to the pasture on the other side.

Naturally, in this land of canals reclaimed from the sea hundreds of years ago, we were treated to a boat tour of Amsterdam, the country's largest city, through a network of canals that took us past many historic points of interest. We were enjoined to recite the tongue-twisting phrase "achi un tachtentig prachtigen grachten" (referring to Amsterdam's 88 beautiful or precious canals). My spelling is not necessarily correct, and tongue-twisting is not really the right word, throat twisting is more accurate. Dutch "ch" and "g" sounds resemble nothing so much as a Scotsman saying "moonlicht nicht" while gargling, and the "r's" are like those of a Frenchman.

Speaking of languages, while it is fairly easy to get by with English throughout western Europe in the Netherlands it is a cinch, for virtually everyone is fluent in English. Since the country has only 15 million inhabitants and its own language, it would be impossible to translate everything — such as magazines, books, television and radio — into Dutch. It is simpler to teach everyone a second language, which is done in Dutch schools at an early age. German or French would be logical alternatives, but when you consider that the country is almost as close to England that English has become the world's leading international language, and the amount of English language material "piped" abroad from across the ocean, English is a logical choice. In any case, I sensed that it wouldn't be all that difficult to get by with either French or German either.

Having mentioned that Holland has only 15 million people, it bears mentioning that they are squeezed into an area of 12,000 square miles in a local perspective you would be able to fit 20 Hollands into the province of Saskatchewan. Thus given it a population density 300 times greater than ours. It is not surprising that it is said of Amsterdam and only half in jest that it has a population of 600,000 and that there are 400,000 bicycles (figures from memory and possibly incorrect). They are everywhere, driven by lots to teenagers to doddering oldtimers.

Old World vignettes, Part 2

ERNESTLY *June 27, 1990*

Having torpedoed the beauties of the Rhine valley in certain parts of Germany, it is fair to add that it's beauty is surpassed by anything I have ever seen. It has to be Switzerland. Valleys, lakes, villages, highways, mountain passes, rivers and waterfalls tumbling down the slopes of the steep Alps, ancient churches and castles atop commanding promontories, electric trains darting in and out of tunnels, lumberlands, vineyards and pastures give almost every mile of landscape picture-postcard qualities.

There is more than beauty, since this dairy country — comparable in size to the Netherlands — provides a high standard of living to about eight million people, so almost every inch of space is given useful purpose. Wherever possible, mountainsides are tiered to accommodate agriculture, and every resource is carefully but extensively exploited.

Although Switzerland has for several centuries held itself aloof from European conflicts, it has done so through maintenance of a proportionately large well-trained army that stands ready to defend the nation's independence as fiercely as it was once gained. Needless to say, the rugged country provides excellent training ground for soldiers. All able-bodied Swiss men are required to serve in the military at an early age, and to serve in the reserves for some years thereafter.

Switzerland has three official languages — Ger-

main French and Italian — as well as the Schwytzerdueisch (Swiss German) spoken in most Germanic homes. This does not mean most public signs are trilingual. In the half-dozen or so of the country's 20-odd cantons (little provinces that are almost autonomous) that are French, this is the predominant language on highway, street and commercial signs. Where German and French cantons meet, signs are apt to be in both languages, but as one travels deeper into the German sections, signs are German only. In most of the country French, German or English will get the visitor by pretty well, but in the single bilingual canton one senses a stubborn attachment to the local language and some reluctance to respond to other tongues.

I was surprised near Lucerne to see my name leap out at me from a highway sign directing traffic to a suburb by the name of Neufeld. The bus driver told me there were also families in the area by the name of Neufeld. If some of my ancestors were Swiss yodelers, however, they passed along precious little musical ability to me.

In Switzerland one senses a growing awareness of its tiny resources, pollution and the need to accommodate competing needs for available space and facilities. In this country the law requires operators of vehicles to turn off their motors when stopped for traffic lights. Throughout this part of Europe, where transports make up a large proportion of highway traffic, they are not allowed on the highways on week-ends and holidays. If caught en route, truckers must pull into a holding area to wait until they may once again proceed. In many public washrooms, lights automatically turn off after a few minutes, leaving only an illuminated light switch for occupants caught in the dark.

While we in Canada, with our vast expanses, have rejected train travel in Europe it is still very much in vogue, and anywhere you look you may glimpse a high-speed train. We travelled by rail from Amsterdam to Paris, and it was quite pleasant to sit in a comfortable, spacious seat and watch the pretty (and sometimes not-so-pretty) vistas of rural and urban Holland, Belgium and France hurtling by our large window at about 100 mph. Eating lunch on the train's dining car disposed of about an hour and a half enjoyably, deliciously and fairly expensively.

Several days later we travelled from Paris to Zurich, Switzerland, on the relatively new French super-fast TGV (Tres Grande Vitesse, or "very great speed") train. This carried us across the nation at an average speed of 220 kmh, and as fast as 260 kmh. It was test-run just a few months ago at something like 500 kmh. The ride is so smooth one might as well be travelling on an air cushion.

When the Seven Wonders of the World were designated, the compiler obviously predated the building of Venice, certainly one of the world's wonders of today and for more than a millennium since it became a haven for refugees from the marauding Huns.

Built on a low delta on Italy's east coast, the city is supported by thousands of piles driven into the loose soil, and its streets, as everyone knows, are canals (almost 200 of them) except for walkways connecting the various raised public squares and accessing buildings. It is like being taken backward in time to be transported on the two-mile Grand Canal, the city's "main drag," on water taxis, or to be propelled at night by singing gondoliers along narrow canals with centuries-old buildings rising on either side. Venice, an independent city state until conquered by Napoleon about two centuries ago, also boasts the famous San Marcos Square, a huge common where people, pigeons and cats vie for supremacy as members. It is dominated by the ancient Palace of the Doges, the ancient city-state's seat of government, and is regarded by shops selling everything under the sun that will command a good price.

It is impossible, even in several columns, to mention every point of interest visited on a two-week European tour, but it would be criminal to fail to mention Versailles. France's site of the Versailles Palace from which the country was briefly ruled. It was built as a hunting lodge by Louis XIII, and was such a favorite with Louis XIV that he enlarged it, extended the grounds and moved the government there from Paris. It remained there until the French Revolution, when Louis XVI and his famous and beautiful Austrian wife Marie Antoinette were sent to the guillotine. The palace grounds are now a beautifully manicured and fountained park of hundreds of acres.

Suddenly, it's happening

EDITORIAL *June 27, 1990*

What seemed a year ago to be a remote possibility seems hardly the distant future is now moving forward at a remarkable pace. The reunification of the two Germanys.

What this signifies for the rest of Europe, and indeed for the world, remains to be seen, but it seems to offer a lesson for Canadians. While too many — in Quebec and outside — are almost looking for excuses to separate, the Germans, despite half a century of enforced separation — social, political and economic — did not even have to make a great decision about reunification, once the major impediments were removed. They simply moved toward the end that seemed to them as a natural *apfel strudel*.

Perhaps Canadians have not sheared enough adversity to recognize a national identity that transcends linguistic and cultural differences.

Say a little prayer

EDITORIAL *June 27 1990*

On Sunday we are celebrating Canada s birthday

It falls this year coincidentally just one week after we began to observe the mourn s wake We being those of us who took seriously the dire predictions of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and most of the provincial premiers that Canada as we know it would be doomed if the Meech Lake Accord were not ratified by June 23 by the hold-out provinces So millions of us were fully prepared to wake up last Sunday morning to black crepe dirges and the grief stricken faces of political leaders who had given their all but had failed

Suddenly we are faced with the fact that the end has not come and that we have simply moved from one stage of seeking accommodation with Quebec into a new one for which the script has not yet been written At least it has not been revealed to us It also becomes clear that it was by design rather than by accident that the marathon first ministers conference several weeks ago was held at the eleventh hour rather than as soon as it became apparent that under democratic ground rules the hold-out provinces — New Brunswick Newfoundland and Manitoba — were as good as committed to withholding ratification

Having failed to endorse a national blueprint which would have nine provinces committed to laws and policies to which Quebec would be co-author while living in a world of its own—unhindered by rules not to its liking we find ourselves back in the world of negotiation and political reality

One reality of course lost we be tempted to be smug is that Quebec remains a key piece in the national puzzle a piece without which much of the image is lost

Perhaps the time has come to take a serious look — something the Review has suggested before — at exactly what the people and politicians of Quebec mean by sovereignty association and if it might not offer a solution acceptable to most Canadians although not necessarily to the political establishment

And there is still our birthday come Sunday If you think of it and haven't forgotten how say a little prayer for our country

A major league presence

EDITORIAL *July 4 1990*

So many nice things have been said about Ross McMurtry in the past few weeks it is like gilding the lily to try to add to them But 30 years as pastor of one of Weyburn s largest congregations and as an outstanding member of our community deserve to be recognized upon his retirement which officially took place at the end of June

A word of credit is in order for the church committee that called Mr McMurtry to Weyburn in 1960 At the time Grace United Church had been served by a man whose sermons and input into community life although interesting intelligent and humorous were often perceived as caustic and sometimes tended to be divisive both inside and outside the church Whether or not what he said and did worked to Weyburn s benefit in the long run is not at issue here But given the number of ruffled feelings and bruised egos then extant those issuing the call for a replacement might have been forgiven for settling upon a more Milquetoastian successor

Instead they settled on Ross McMurtry also a man not afraid to make himself heard on any subject — religious or secular — and in any forum also intelligently intelligently and humorously His criticisms however have rarely been scathing as he tends to allow conscience and common sense to guide listener or perpetrator after having had fact and reason delivered in a thought provoking manner

Mr McMurtry s interests have been so wide that he has been a familiar figure at any community event and his comments and opinions on any matter concerning the public weal have been welcomed and sought after Indeed his contributions have been such that in January of 1988 the Weyburn Chamber of Commerce considered it fitting to name him as the sixth recipient of the organization s annual Golden Spike award At that time it was said of him that he had been "involved in anything that affects people and that he "has combined the knowledge of Saskatchewan's unique social cultural spiritual and political life to work for the betterment of all " It couldn t be said any better

While most clergymen leave a community after having offered their wisdom and advice for two or three years Ross has remained to reap his harvests although many must have shown the stress of rust drought and root-rot

Of course just because he has quit his job as pastor of Grace United and presumably begun to draw his pension who is to say that he has really retired? Perhaps he is only moving into the fast lane and his long-suffering wife Frances will still be hard-pressed to keep him in check As long as they remain here Weyburn certainly will continue to look to them for leadership and participation

His presence in Weyburn has certainly been of major league calibre, so perhaps one might be forgiven for capsulizing it in a major league drum roll that he is the first lefty to have pitched sliders and knuckleballs for the same team in four different decades With that final flick at the can the Review joins thousands in wishing Ross and Frances a happy retirement —or whatever

Epilogue

Chapter 13 was really intended to be in the nature of an Epilogue filling in as noted the eighteen months between the collection of reprint materials and final press deadlines So much, however, seems to be in a state of change that like the compulsive speaker who never finishes but prattles on until interrupted by the telephone the supper call or a rude listener who abruptly excuses himself I find it necessary to add this afterthought to an afterthought and acknowledge these phenomena or conditions as of July of 1990

The world is incredulous at the sight of the Soviet Union as a supplicant for economic aid after attempting for almost a century to impose its model society on a largely unreceptive planet Canada after the failure of the Meech Lake Accord appears to be moving toward a regional federation Weyburn's drought of the 1980s was brought to an abrupt and spectacular end on the 2nd of July when three and one-half inches of rain fell in one hour, followed by more heavy rains on the following night throughout the week and a month of record rainfall For one strange afternoon all manner of watercraft including a catamaran were sighted on Weyburn streets While Weyburn mops up and repairs damage, the district and the province dare to anticipate a bumper crop as a result of the bounteous moisture and possibly a turn-around in the economy that has been chronically gloomy of late

Such a reversal is probably the Progressive Conservative government's only hope for a return to power in the general election almost certain to be held before the year ends

On the personal front as this is written we have just returned from an uninterrupted Inside Passage cruise to Alaska combined with a national newspaper convention in Whitehorse Yukon The excursion ended for us with the death of Irene's sister Anna Rosenfeld bringing sadness and a reminder of life's realities Meanwhile several alternate expectations recently disclosed reaffirm life's constant renewal

As these last paragraphs are penned the pressman's tapping foot signals his impatience, and so I launch this vessel with a final toast "God bless you and all who sail in you!"

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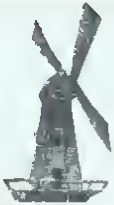

30

Ernestly!

Happy Yesterdays

ERNEST NEUFELD

Ernestly!

Happy Yesterday's

Ernestly!

Happy Yesterdays

By [redacted]

Dynamic! Happy Townships

Author: Dynamic! Happy Townships
Publisher: Dynamic! Happy Townships
Website: http://www.dynamichappytownships.com

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Star Investor

Issue Details & Specifications

Preference Shareholders

The holders of preference shares shall be entitled to receive dividends at the rate of [redacted] per annum, which shall be payable [redacted] in preference to any payment of dividend to the holders of Equity Shares. The Preference Shares shall carry a cumulative dividend, meaning that if the Company fails to declare or pay dividends in any year, the unpaid dividends shall accumulate and be paid in subsequent years before any dividend is distributed to Equity Shareholders.

In the event of the winding up of the Company, the holders of Preference Shares shall be entitled to receive the amount of their capital contribution, together with any accumulated dividends, before any distribution is made to the holders of Equity Shares. The Preference Shares shall not carry any voting rights except in matters directly affecting the rights attached to the Preference Shares, as required by law.

Foreword

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1. Accountability newspaper

Specialist Subject or Level

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[illegible]

[redacted]

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2. Standard Deviation

Standard deviation is the square root of the variance. It measures how much the values in a dataset typically deviate from the mean, in the same units as the original data.

$$\sigma = \sqrt{\frac{\sum (x_i - \bar{x})^2}{n}}$$

Example: For the dataset $2, 4, 4, 4, 5, 5, 7, 9$ with mean 5 and variance 4, the standard deviation is $\sigma = \sqrt{4} = 2$.

[redacted]

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Miscellaneous information

[redacted]

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ข้อควรระวังในการใช้งาน

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The Summer Memory

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Agreement between [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]

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Cells encapsulation

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Figure 1
Figure 2
Figure 3
Figure 4

2. Weyburn, Saskatchewan

A discharge-loading/unloading

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FIG. 1

FIG. 2

FIG. 3

FIG. 4

FIG. 5

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Journal of Applied Psychology
1977, Vol. 62, No. 2, 237-242

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Effects of Job Enrichment on Employee Perceptions, Attitudes, Absenteeism, and Turnover

Richard J. Hackman
Yale University

Edward E. Lawler III
University of Southern California

Data from 13 jobs in 3 organizations were used to test a model of the effects of job enrichment on employee perceptions, attitudes, absenteeism, and turnover. Results indicated that (a) the model was able to predict employee perceptions of the enrichment of their jobs, (b) enrichment was related to employee satisfaction and motivation, and (c) enrichment was related to absenteeism and turnover. Implications for the design of enriched jobs are discussed.

Job enrichment has become a popular approach to the design of work in organizations. Although there is considerable evidence that enriched jobs are related to employee satisfaction and motivation, there is relatively little evidence that enrichment is related to absenteeism and turnover. Moreover, there is little evidence that enrichment is related to employee perceptions of their jobs in the way that theory suggests it should be.

This paper reports the results of a study that examined the relationship between job enrichment and employee perceptions, attitudes, absenteeism, and turnover. The study was designed to test a model of the effects of job enrichment that has been presented elsewhere (Hackman & Lawler, 1971; Hackman & Oldham, 1976). The model specifies that enrichment will be related to employee perceptions of their jobs, and that these perceptions will in turn be related to employee satisfaction, motivation, absenteeism, and turnover.

Method

Sample

Data were collected from employees in 13 jobs in three organizations. The jobs were chosen to represent a wide range of enrichment, and they included clerical, technical, and managerial positions. Data were collected from a total of 208 employees, 109 men and 99 women.

Procedure

Data were collected by questionnaires administered to employees in groups of 10 to 30 persons. Absenteeism and turnover data were collected from company records.

Measures

Job enrichment was measured by the Job Diagnostic Survey (JDS), which was developed to measure the characteristics of jobs specified by the model. The JDS includes five scales that measure the following job characteristics: skill variety, task identity, task significance, autonomy, and feedback from the job itself. Each scale consists of three items, and the scale scores are obtained by averaging the responses to the items. Scale scores can range from 1 to 7.

Employee perceptions were measured by the JDS scales that measure the job characteristics. Employee satisfaction was measured by a 15-item scale that assesses satisfaction with various aspects of the job. Employee motivation was measured by a 6-item scale that assesses the degree to which employees are motivated to perform effectively on their jobs. Absenteeism was measured by the number of days absent during the 6 months before and after the questionnaires were administered. Turnover was measured by whether employees left the company during the 6 months after the questionnaires were administered.

Results

Relationship between job enrichment and employee perceptions

The model specifies that enrichment will be related to employee perceptions of their jobs. Specifically, it predicts that jobs that are enriched will be perceived as having more skill variety, task identity, task significance, autonomy, and feedback from the job itself. The results of the study supported this prediction. Enriched jobs were perceived as having more of each of the five job characteristics.

Relationship between job enrichment and employee satisfaction and motivation

The model specifies that enrichment will be related to employee satisfaction and motivation. The results of the study supported this prediction. Enriched jobs were related to higher satisfaction and motivation.

Relationship between job enrichment and absenteeism and turnover

The model specifies that enrichment will be related to absenteeism and turnover. The results of the study supported this prediction. Enriched jobs were related to lower absenteeism and turnover.

Discussion

The results of this study support the model of the effects of job enrichment that has been presented elsewhere. Enrichment was related to employee perceptions of their jobs, and these perceptions were related to employee satisfaction, motivation, absenteeism, and turnover.

The results have implications for the design of enriched jobs. They suggest that enrichment can be an effective way to improve employee satisfaction and motivation, and to reduce absenteeism and turnover. However, they also suggest that enrichment will not be effective for all employees. Employees who do not perceive their jobs as enriched will not respond to enrichment.

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1. Policies, drought and curling

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Tuesday, 1 October 1996

Tuesday, 1 October 1996

Tuesday, 1 October 1996

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Our home and native land

Outside in the sweeping periphery

[redacted]

Фиг. 1.

Фиг. 2.

Фиг. 3.

Фиг. 4.

Фиг. 5.

Фиг. 6.

Фиг. 7.

Фиг. 8.

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Фиг.

Dated: May 10, 2024.

Jeffrey Kessler,

Assistant Secretary for Export Administration.

[FR Doc. 2024-10691 Filed 5-15-24; 8:45 am]

BILLING CODE 3510-33-P

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

Bureau of Industry and Security

[Docket No. 240509-0134]

Request for Comments on Implementation of Additional Export Controls: Certain Advanced Computing Items; Supercomputer and Semiconductor End Use; Updates and Corrections

AGENCY: Bureau of Industry and Security, Department of Commerce.

ACTION: Request for comments.

SUMMARY: The Bureau of Industry and Security (BIS) is requesting comments from the public on implementation of additional export controls on certain advanced computing items, supercomputer and semiconductor end use, and updates and corrections. BIS is also requesting comments on the impact of these controls on U.S. industry and on the effectiveness of these controls in achieving their intended purposes.

DATES: Comments must be received by BIS no later than July 15, 2024.

ADDRESSES: You may submit comments by any of the following methods:

- Federal eRulemaking Portal: https://www.regulations.gov. You may search for this notice using docket number BIS-2024-0047.
- Email: publiccomments@bis.doc.gov. Include "RIN 0694-AI94" in the subject line.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT: Jeffrey Kessler, Assistant Secretary for Export Administration, Bureau of Industry and Security, Department of Commerce, at (202) 482-2440.

SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION:

Background

On October 7, 2022, BIS published in the Federal Register (87 FR 62186) a final rule titled "Implementation of Additional Export Controls: Certain Advanced Computing Items; Supercomputer and Semiconductor End Use; Updates and Corrections" (October 7 rule). The October 7 rule implemented new controls on certain advanced computing integrated circuits (ICs), computer commodities that contain such ICs, and certain semiconductor manufacturing items. The October 7 rule also implemented new controls on supercomputer and semiconductor end uses and new controls on semiconductor manufacturing end users. The October 7 rule also made updates and corrections to the Export Administration Regulations (EAR).

On October 17, 2023, BIS published in the Federal Register (88 FR 73458) a final rule titled "Implementation of Additional Export Controls: Certain Advanced Computing Items; Supercomputer and Semiconductor End Use; Updates and Corrections" (October 17 rule). The October 17 rule revised and clarified the October 7 rule's controls on certain advanced computing ICs, computer commodities that contain such ICs, and certain semiconductor manufacturing items. The October 17 rule also revised and clarified the October 7 rule's controls on supercomputer and semiconductor end uses and semiconductor manufacturing end users. The October 17 rule also made updates and corrections to the EAR.

BIS is requesting comments from the public on implementation of the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule, including comments on the impact of these controls on U.S. industry and on the effectiveness of these controls in achieving their intended purposes.

Request for Comments

BIS is requesting comments on the following topics:

1. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop advanced computing ICs, computer commodities that contain such ICs, and semiconductor manufacturing items.
2. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for military end uses and military end users.
3. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain semiconductor manufacturing end uses and end users.
4. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain supercomputer end uses and end users.
5. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain U.S. person activities.
6. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain foreign-person activities.
7. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List.
8. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
9. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
10. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
11. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
12. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
13. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
14. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
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16. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
17. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
18. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
19. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.
20. Whether the October 7 rule and the October 17 rule have had the intended effect of restricting the ability of countries of concern to develop supercomputers and semiconductors for certain activities of entities on the Entity List, Unverified List, Military End User List, and Foreign-Produced Direct Product List.

4. Scenes from our times

Figures and speculations

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Section 1

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Publication number: US6154744

Method and apparatus for searching network resources using a network form

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Application number: 08/996,677
Publication date: 11/28/2000
Filing date: 12/23/1997

Abstract

A method and apparatus for searching network resources using a network form is described. A network form is a form that is displayed by a network browser application and that includes one or more fields for receiving user input. The network form is associated with a search engine that is capable of searching network resources. The search engine is also associated with a search engine profile that specifies how to search network resources using the search engine. The search engine profile includes a search engine identifier that identifies the search engine and a search engine field identifier that identifies a field of the search engine. The search engine field identifier is associated with a field of the network form. When the network form is displayed by the network browser application, the search engine identifier is displayed in the field of the network form. When the network form is submitted to the search engine, the search engine identifier is used to identify the search engine that is to perform the search.

Claims

What is claimed is:

1. A method for searching network resources using a network form, comprising:

displaying a network form by a network browser application, the network form including a field for receiving user input, the network form being associated with a search engine that is capable of searching network resources, the search engine being associated with a search engine profile that specifies how to search network resources using the search engine, the search engine profile including a search engine identifier that identifies the search engine and a search engine field identifier that identifies a field of the search engine, the search engine field identifier being associated with the field of the network form;

displaying the search engine identifier in the field of the network form; and

submitting the network form to the search engine, the search engine identifier being used to identify the search engine that is to perform the search.

2. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form.

3. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being used to perform the search.

4. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form and being used to perform the search.

5. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form and being used to perform the search, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form before the network form is submitted to the search engine.

6. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form and being used to perform the search, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form after the network form is submitted to the search engine.

7. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form and being used to perform the search, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form before the network form is submitted to the search engine and after the network form is submitted to the search engine.

8. The method of claim 1, wherein the search engine profile includes a search engine field value that is associated with the search engine field identifier, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form and being used to perform the search, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form before the network form is submitted to the search engine and after the network form is submitted to the search engine, the search engine field value being displayed in the field of the network form after the network form is submitted to the search engine.

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Steinbach, Manitoba

A Canadian Mennonite village

[redacted]

Name

Address

Phone

Email

Date

Re: Application for Employment

Dear Hiring Manager,

I am writing to express my interest in the position of Software Engineer at your company. I have been following your company's growth and am impressed by your commitment to innovation and quality.

I have a Bachelor's degree in Computer Science and over five years of experience developing web applications using modern technologies. My skills include JavaScript, Python, and cloud infrastructure. I am confident that my background would be a valuable addition to your team.

Thank you for considering my application. I look forward to the opportunity to discuss my qualifications further.

Sincerely,

Name

Appearance of Defendant and Counsel

Defendant [redacted] appeared in person and with counsel, [redacted], Esq., of the Public Defender's Office.

Plea Agreement

Pursuant to a plea agreement, defendant pleaded guilty to Count 1 of the Information, which charges him with Possession of Methamphetamine, a violation of Health and Safety Code section 11377(a), a felony. Defendant admitted the allegation that he had suffered a prior conviction within the meaning of Penal Code section 667.5(b). Defendant waived time for sentencing.

Sentencing

Defendant was sentenced to the middle term of two years in state prison, plus one year for the prior conviction, for a total of three years. Defendant was ordered to pay a restitution fine of $300 pursuant to Penal Code section 1202.4(b), a court security fee of $40 pursuant to Penal Code section 1465.8, and a criminal conviction assessment of $30 pursuant to Government Code section 70373. Defendant was awarded 45 days of actual custody credit and 45 days of conduct credit, for a total of 90 days.

Custody Status

Defendant remanded to custody.

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Publication info: Ward's Business Directory of U.S. Private and Public Companies 2000, Volume 1: Ward's Directory of 55,000 Largest U.S. Private Companies

ProQuest Number: 3000001-1

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300 North Zeeb Road
P.O. Box 1346
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[redacted]

The message envelope

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The village banquet

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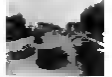

4. Introduction to printing

Footer

Toronto, Ontario

Introductory note pertaining

Subject: Software Engineering Project Management Course Assignment

Name: Kanagaraj Kumar, Ravi Shankar Gupta

Roll No: 2021CS10234, 2021CS10245

Date: 15th March 2024

Q1. Explain the Waterfall model of software development. Discuss its advantages and disadvantages. In what situations is it most appropriate to use?

Ans. The Waterfall model is a linear sequential approach to software development where progress flows steadily downward through phases like requirements, design, implementation, testing, deployment, and maintenance. Each phase must be completed before the next begins, with no overlap.

Advantages: Simple to understand and manage, clear milestones, well-documented at each stage, easy to allocate resources.

Disadvantages: Inflexible to changing requirements, late discovery of issues, long delivery time, poor for complex projects.

It is most appropriate when requirements are well-understood and unlikely to change, such as in small projects or projects with strict regulatory compliance.

Q2. Compare and contrast the Agile and Scrum methodologies. How do they differ in terms of roles, artifacts, and ceremonies?

Ans. Agile is a broad philosophy emphasizing iterative development, customer collaboration, and responding to change. Scrum is a specific framework that implements Agile principles.

Roles: Scrum defines three roles — Product Owner, Scrum Master, and Development Team. Agile does not prescribe roles.

Artifacts: Scrum uses Product Backlog, Sprint Backlog, and Increment. Agile is more flexible with artifacts.

Ceremonies: Scrum has Sprint Planning, Daily Standup, Sprint Review, and Sprint Retrospective. Agile does not mandate ceremonies.

Q3. Describe the concept of risk management in software projects. Identify and classify at least five common risks and propose mitigation strategies for each.

Ans. Risk management involves identifying, analyzing, and controlling risks that could affect project success.

1. Schedule Risk — Mitigation: Buffer time, regular tracking.
2. Budget Overrun — Mitigation: Cost estimation, contingency reserves.
3. Requirement Change — Mitigation: Change control board, prototyping.
4. Technical Risk — Mitigation: Proof of concept, expert consultation.
5. Staff Turnover — Mitigation: Knowledge sharing, documentation, cross-training.

Q4. What is the Capability Maturity Model (CMM)? Explain its five levels and discuss how an organization can move from one level to the next.

Ans. CMM is a framework for assessing and improving the maturity of an organization's software development processes.

Level 1: Initial — Ad hoc, chaotic processes.
Level 2: Repeatable — Basic project management established.
Level 3: Defined — Standardized processes across the organization.
Level 4: Managed — Quantitative process control.
Level 5: Optimizing — Continuous process improvement.

To move from one level to the next, an organization must establish the key process areas of the current level and demonstrate consistent implementation.

Q5. Explain the Function Point (FP) method of software size estimation. How is it calculated? What are its advantages over Lines of Code (LOC)?

Ans. Function Point method measures software size by quantifying the functionality provided to the user, based on logical design.

Calculation: Count the number of inputs, outputs, inquiries, files, and interfaces. Assign weights to each. Adjust for complexity factors.

Advantages over LOC: Language independent, measures functionality rather than implementation, can be estimated early in the project.

Q6. Discuss the importance of configuration management in software engineering. What tools are commonly used for version control?

Ans. Configuration management ensures that changes to software are tracked, controlled, and coordinated. It prevents conflicts when multiple developers work on the same codebase.

Common tools: Git, SVN, Mercurial, Perforce.

Q7. What is the difference between verification and validation? Explain with examples.

Ans. Verification: "Are we building the product right?" — checking that software meets its specifications. Example: code reviews, unit testing.

Validation: "Are we building the right product?" — checking that software meets user needs. Example: user acceptance testing, beta testing.

Q8. Explain the concept of software reliability. How is it measured? Discuss the relationship between reliability and availability.

Ans. Software reliability is the probability that software will operate without failure for a specified time in a specified environment.

Measured using: Mean Time Between Failures (MTBF), Mean Time To Repair (MTTR).

Availability = MTBF / (MTBF + MTTR). High reliability and high availability are both desirable but not always achievable together.

Q9. Describe the Spiral model of software development. How does it incorporate risk analysis?

Ans. The Spiral model combines iterative development with systematic risk analysis. Each spiral has four quadrants: Planning, Risk Analysis, Engineering, Evaluation.

Risk analysis is performed in every spiral, making it suitable for large, high-risk projects.

Q10. What is a Gantt chart? How is it used in project scheduling? Draw a simple Gantt chart for a project with five tasks.

Ans. A Gantt chart is a bar chart that illustrates a project schedule, showing tasks, their durations, and dependencies.

Q11. Explain the concept of software quality assurance (SQA). What activities are included in SQA?

Ans. SQA is a set of activities to ensure that software development processes and products meet quality standards.

Activities: Code reviews, testing, audits, process monitoring, defect tracking.

Q12. What is the role of documentation in software engineering? Discuss different types of documentation produced during the software development lifecycle.

Ans. Documentation is essential for communication, maintenance, and knowledge transfer.

Types: Requirements document, design document, user manual, API documentation, test plan, release notes.

Q13. Explain the concept of software maintenance. What are the different types of maintenance? Why is maintenance considered the most expensive phase?

Ans. Software maintenance is the modification of software after delivery to correct faults, improve performance, or adapt to changing environments.

Types: Corrective, adaptive, perfective, preventive.

Maintenance is expensive because it often accounts for 60–80% of total lifecycle cost.

Q14. Discuss the importance of testing in software engineering. What is the difference between unit testing, integration testing, and system testing?

Ans. Testing ensures software quality by finding defects before delivery.

Unit testing: Tests individual components in isolation.
Integration testing: Tests interactions between components.
System testing: Tests the complete system against requirements.

Q15. What is the role of a software engineer in a team? Discuss the skills required for effective collaboration.

Ans. Software engineers design, develop, test, and maintain software. They collaborate with product owners, designers, and other engineers.

Skills: Communication, problem-solving, technical expertise, adaptability, teamwork.

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Benefits: Reduced development time, lower cost, higher quality.

Challenges: Finding suitable components, integration effort, licensing issues.

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Techniques: Expert judgment, analogy, Delphi method, COCOMO, Function Point.

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Ans. Software architecture is the high-level structure of a software system, defining components and their relationships.

Styles: Layered, client-server, pipe-and-filter, event-driven, microservices.

Layered architecture: Separates concerns, easy to maintain, promotes reuse.

Q20. What is the role of metrics in software engineering? Discuss the difference between process metrics, project metrics, and product metrics.

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Ans. Traceability links requirements to design, code, and tests, ensuring all requirements are implemented and tested.

Maintained using: Traceability matrix, tools like DOORS, Jira.

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Q24. Explain the concept of software prototyping. What are the different types of prototypes? When is prototyping most useful?

Ans. Prototyping creates a working model to gather feedback.

Types: Throwaway, evolutionary, incremental.

Most useful when requirements are unclear or when user interface is critical.

Q25. Discuss the importance of ethics in software engineering. What ethical issues might arise in software development?

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The magic number

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Name

Address

Phone Number

Email Address

Objective

Education

Experience

Skills

Certifications

References

Hobbies

Volunteer Work

Publications

Awards

Languages

Interests

Professional Memberships

Portfolio

Personal Statement

Additional Information

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Ejercicio 1

Escribe un programa que pida al usuario un número entero y muestre por pantalla si es par o impar.

Ejercicio 2

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Highways and byways

A Welsh farm diversifies

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Delivery Info: 10/19/2000 Document: 1 of 1

Search Terms: "Ex Parte Hall"

Database: USPQ2D

Publication Info: 55 USPQ2d 1894

Ex Parte Hall, Bd. Pat. App. & Int. 2000

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Ordinary Shares

Authorised	1,000,000
Issued and fully paid	1,000,000

Preference Shares

Authorised	500,000
Issued and fully paid	500,000

Reserves

Revaluation reserve	1,200,000
Retained earnings	1,200,000

Loans

Secured loans	1,200,000
Unsecured loans	1,200,000

Current Liabilities

Trade creditors	1,200,000
Bank overdraft	1,200,000
Taxation	1,200,000
Dividends payable	1,200,000

Long-term Liabilities

Debentures	1,200,000
Mortgages	1,200,000

Fixed Assets

Land and buildings	1,200,000
Plant and machinery	1,200,000
Motor vehicles	1,200,000
Fixtures and fittings	1,200,000

Current Assets

Stock	1,200,000
Debtors	1,200,000
Bank balance	1,200,000
Cash in hand	1,200,000

Investments

Quoted investments	1,200,000
Unquoted investments	1,200,000

Profit and Loss Account

Turnover	1,200,000
Cost of sales	1,200,000
Gross profit	1,200,000
Operating expenses	1,200,000
Operating profit	1,200,000
Interest payable	1,200,000
Profit before tax	1,200,000
Taxation	1,200,000
Profit after tax	1,200,000
Dividends	1,200,000
Retained profit	1,200,000

Balance Sheet

Fixed assets	1,200,000
Current assets	1,200,000
Current liabilities	1,200,000
Net current assets	1,200,000
Total assets less current liabilities	1,200,000
Long-term liabilities	1,200,000
Net assets	1,200,000
Capital and reserves	1,200,000

Cash Flow Statement

Net cash inflow from operating activities	1,200,000
Returns on investments and servicing of finance	1,200,000
Taxation	1,200,000
Capital expenditure and financial investment	1,200,000
Acquisitions and disposals	1,200,000
Equity dividends paid	1,200,000
Net cash inflow before financing	1,200,000
Financing	1,200,000
Increase in cash	1,200,000

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المبحث الأول: أركان الجريمة
المطلب الأول: الركن المادي
المطلب الثاني: الركن المعنوي
المطلب الثالث: الركن الشرعي
المبحث الثاني: المساهمة الجنائية
المطلب الأول: الفاعل الأصلي
المطلب الثاني: الشريك
المطلب الثالث: الاتفاق الجنائي
المبحث الثالث: الشروع في الجريمة
المطلب الأول: البدء في التنفيذ
المطلب الثاني: العدول الاختياري
المطلب الثالث: الجريمة المستحيلة
الفصل الرابع: العقوبات
المبحث الأول: العقوبات الأصلية
المطلب الأول: الإعدام
المطلب الثاني: السجن المؤبد
المطلب الثالث: السجن المؤقت
المبحث الثاني: العقوبات التبعية
المطلب الأول: الحرمان من الحقوق
المطلب الثاني: المراقبة
المبحث الثالث: التدابير الاحترازية
المطلب الأول: الإيداع في مؤسسة علاجية
المطلب الثاني: الحجز القضائي
الفصل الخامس: الظروف المشددة والمخففة
المبحث الأول: الظروف المشددة
المطلب الأول: العود
المطلب الثاني: استعمال السلاح
المبحث الثاني: الظروف المخففة
المطلب الأول: صغر السن
المطلب الثاني: الاعتراف

الفصل الثالث: الأحكام العامة في الجرائم
المبحث الأول: أركان الجريمة
المطلب الأول: الركن المادي
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Legal Notices

Notice of Public Hearing

The Board of Adjustment will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, March 12, 2024, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a variance request for 1420 Maple Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on Wednesday, April 3, 2024, at 6:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a rezoning request for 2200 Industrial Drive. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Zoning Board will hold a public hearing on Thursday, May 9, 2024, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a conditional use permit for 310 Elm Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Historic Preservation Commission will hold a public hearing on Monday, June 17, 2024, at 5:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a certificate of appropriateness for 88 Oak Avenue. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Board of Adjustment will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, July 23, 2024, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a variance request for 1420 Maple Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on Wednesday, August 14, 2024, at 6:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a rezoning request for 2200 Industrial Drive. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Zoning Board will hold a public hearing on Thursday, September 26, 2024, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a conditional use permit for 310 Elm Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Historic Preservation Commission will hold a public hearing on Monday, October 28, 2024, at 5:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a certificate of appropriateness for 88 Oak Avenue. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Board of Adjustment will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, November 19, 2024, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a variance request for 1420 Maple Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on Wednesday, December 11, 2024, at 6:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a rezoning request for 2200 Industrial Drive. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Zoning Board will hold a public hearing on Thursday, January 23, 2025, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a conditional use permit for 310 Elm Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Historic Preservation Commission will hold a public hearing on Monday, February 24, 2025, at 5:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a certificate of appropriateness for 88 Oak Avenue. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Board of Adjustment will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, March 18, 2025, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a variance request for 1420 Maple Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on Wednesday, April 9, 2025, at 6:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a rezoning request for 2200 Industrial Drive. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Zoning Board will hold a public hearing on Thursday, May 15, 2025, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a conditional use permit for 310 Elm Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Historic Preservation Commission will hold a public hearing on Monday, June 23, 2025, at 5:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a certificate of appropriateness for 88 Oak Avenue. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Board of Adjustment will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, July 29, 2025, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a variance request for 1420 Maple Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on Wednesday, August 20, 2025, at 6:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a rezoning request for 2200 Industrial Drive. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Zoning Board will hold a public hearing on Thursday, October 2, 2025, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a conditional use permit for 310 Elm Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Historic Preservation Commission will hold a public hearing on Monday, November 3, 2025, at 5:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a certificate of appropriateness for 88 Oak Avenue. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Board of Adjustment will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, December 16, 2025, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a variance request for 1420 Maple Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on Wednesday, January 7, 2026, at 6:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a rezoning request for 2200 Industrial Drive. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Zoning Board will hold a public hearing on Thursday, February 19, 2026, at 7:00 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a conditional use permit for 310 Elm Street. All interested parties may attend.

Notice of Public Hearing

The Historic Preservation Commission will hold a public hearing on Monday, March 23, 2026, at 5:30 p.m. in the Council Chambers to consider a certificate of appropriateness for 88 Oak Avenue. All interested parties may attend.

Bestimmungen für Ein- und Ausfuhr

Importbestimmungen

Einfuhrbewilligungspflicht

Einfuhrbewilligungen werden erteilt für:

- Waffen, Munition und Sprengstoffe
- Arzneimittel, Betäubungsmittel, Heilsera, Impfstoffe
- Kernbrennstoffe, radioaktive Stoffe
- Tiere, Tierprodukte, Pflanzen, Pflanzenteile
- Kulturgüter
- Edelmetalle, Münzen, Banknoten
- Chemikalien, Gefahrgut
- Lebensmittel, Futtermittel
- Textilien, Schuhe
- Uhren, Schmuck
- Fahrzeuge, Luftfahrzeuge, Wasserfahrzeuge
- Elektronische Geräte, Telekommunikationsgeräte
- Druckerzeugnisse, Tonträger, Datenträger
- Spielwaren, Sportgeräte
- Möbel, Einrichtungsgegenstände
- Baumaterialien, Glas, Keramik
- Metalle, Metallwaren
- Maschinen, Apparate, Werkzeuge
- Kraftfahrzeuge, Motorräder, Anhänger
- Luftfahrzeuge, Drohnen
- Wasserfahrzeuge, Sportboote
- Waffen, Munition, Pyrotechnik
- Kernmaterialien, Strahlenquellen
- Lebende Tiere, Tierhäute, Felle
- Pflanzen, Saatgut, Holz
- Antiquitäten, Kunstgegenstände
- Gold, Silber, Platin, Münzen
- Arzneimittel, Medizinprodukte
- Getränke, Tabakwaren
- Kleidung, Lederwaren
- Optische Geräte, Messgeräte
- Musikinstrumente, Tonträger
- Bücher, Zeitungen, Zeitschriften
- Sportgeräte, Campingausrüstung
- Möbel, Matratzen
- Fliesen, Sanitärkeramik
- Stahl, Aluminium, Kupfer
- Werkzeugmaschinen, Pumpen
- Personenwagen, Lastwagen, Busse
- Motorräder, Roller, Quads
- Segelflugzeuge, Motorflugzeuge
- Jachten, Schlauchboote
- Munition, Feuerwerkskörper
- Radioaktive Abfälle
- Fische, Krebstiere, Weichtiere
- Getreide, Obst, Gemüse
- Münzen, Briefmarken
- Medikamente, Impfstoffe
- Spirituosen, Wein, Bier
- Bekleidung, Schuhe
- Ferngläser, Kameras
- Instrumente, Tonträger
- Zeitungen, Zeitschriften
- Fahrräder, Zelte
- Einbauküchen, Polstermöbel
- Ziegel, Rohre, Armaturen
- Rohre, Profile, Bleche
- Kompressoren, Turbinen
- Personenwagen, Lastwagen, Busse
- Motorräder, Roller, Quads
- Segelflugzeuge, Motorflugzeuge
- Jachten, Schlauchboote
- Munition, Feuerwerkskörper
- Radioaktive Abfälle
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- Zeitungen, Zeitschriften
- Fahrräder, Zelte
- Einbauküchen, Polstermöbel
- Ziegel, Rohre, Armaturen
- Rohre, Profile, Bleche
- Kompressoren, Turbinen

Exportbestimmungen

Ausfuhrbewilligungspflicht

Ausfuhrbewilligungen werden erteilt für:

- Waffen, Munition und Sprengstoffe
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- Chemikalien, Gefahrgut
- Lebensmittel, Futtermittel
- Textilien, Schuhe
- Uhren, Schmuck
- Fahrzeuge, Luftfahrzeuge, Wasserfahrzeuge
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- Ziegel, Rohre, Armaturen
- Rohre, Profile, Bleche
- Kompressoren, Turbinen

Zollverfahren

Zollanmeldung

Zollanmeldungen sind schriftlich oder elektronisch einzureichen. Die Zollanmeldung muss alle für die Zollbehandlung erforderlichen Angaben enthalten.

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11. The boiling hot sea

Abbott Handy, Midnight

Ministerio de Economía y Finanzas

Resolución Ministerial N° 0123-2026-EF/10

Lima, 15 de abril de 2026

CONSIDERANDO:

Que, mediante Resolución Ministerial N° 0123-2026-EF/10 se aprobó el Reglamento de la Ley N° 32123, Ley de Promoción de la Inversión Privada en Infraestructura Vial, y se dictaron otras disposiciones;

Que, el artículo 5 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales está integrado por tres (3) miembros designados mediante resolución del titular del sector;

Que, el artículo 12 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión técnica vinculante sobre la viabilidad de los proyectos antes de su declaratoria de interés;

Que, el artículo 18 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales debe emitir su opinión en un plazo no mayor de treinta (30) días hábiles contados desde la recepción del expediente completo;

Que, el artículo 25 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales publica sus actas en el portal institucional del Ministerio de Economía y Finanzas;

Que, el artículo 31 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar información adicional a las entidades públicas y privadas;

Que, el artículo 40 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa las modificaciones contractuales que superen el diez por ciento (10%) del valor referencial;

Que, el artículo 47 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre la extinción anticipada de los contratos;

Que, el artículo 52 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales elabora un informe anual de gestión;

Que, el artículo 60 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede proponer la modificación del Reglamento;

Que, el artículo 66 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales coordina con el Organismo Supervisor de la Inversión en Infraestructura Vial;

Que, el artículo 73 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales cuenta con una Secretaría Técnica;

Que, el artículo 80 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales aprueba su reglamento interno;

Que, el artículo 88 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede constituir grupos de trabajo;

Que, el artículo 95 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los mecanismos de solución de controversias;

Que, el artículo 102 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los estudios de preinversión;

Que, el artículo 110 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales coordina con los gobiernos regionales y locales;

Que, el artículo 118 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar auditorías externas;

Que, el artículo 125 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de financiamiento;

Que, el artículo 133 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los riesgos del proyecto;

Que, el artículo 140 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los seguros;

Que, el artículo 148 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la suspensión de procedimientos;

Que, el artículo 155 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los convenios de cooperación;

Que, el artículo 163 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los impactos ambientales;

Que, el artículo 170 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los estudios de impacto ambiental;

Que, el artículo 178 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la participación de expertos;

Que, el artículo 185 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de participación ciudadana;

Que, el artículo 193 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los impactos sociales;

Que, el artículo 200 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de reasentamiento;

Que, el artículo 208 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Contraloría General de la República;

Que, el artículo 215 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transparencia;

Que, el artículo 223 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de gestión;

Que, el artículo 230 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de contingencia;

Que, el artículo 238 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Defensoría del Pueblo;

Que, el artículo 245 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de atención de reclamos;

Que, el artículo 253 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los estándares de calidad;

Que, el artículo 260 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de mantenimiento;

Que, el artículo 268 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención del Tribunal de Contrataciones del Estado;

Que, el artículo 275 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de fiscalización;

Que, el artículo 283 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de desempeño;

Que, el artículo 290 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de capacitación;

Que, el artículo 298 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención del Ministerio Público;

Que, el artículo 305 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de rendición de cuentas;

Que, el artículo 313 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de resultados;

Que, el artículo 320 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de difusión;

Que, el artículo 328 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Procuraduría Pública;

Que, el artículo 335 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de evaluación;

Que, el artículo 343 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de impacto;

Que, el artículo 350 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de cierre;

Que, el artículo 358 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Unidad de Inteligencia Financiera;

Que, el artículo 365 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de prevención;

Que, el artículo 373 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de prevención;

Que, el artículo 380 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de prevención;

Que, el artículo 388 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia de Banca, Seguros y AFP;

Que, el artículo 395 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de supervisión;

Que, el artículo 403 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de supervisión;

Que, el artículo 410 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de supervisión;

Que, el artículo 418 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia del Mercado de Valores;

Que, el artículo 425 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de control;

Que, el artículo 433 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de control;

Que, el artículo 440 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de control;

Que, el artículo 448 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Fiscalización Laboral;

Que, el artículo 455 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de fiscalización laboral;

Que, el artículo 463 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de fiscalización laboral;

Que, el artículo 470 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de fiscalización laboral;

Que, el artículo 478 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Migraciones;

Que, el artículo 485 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de migración;

Que, el artículo 493 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de migración;

Que, el artículo 500 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de migración;

Que, el artículo 508 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Aduanas;

Que, el artículo 515 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de aduanas;

Que, el artículo 523 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de aduanas;

Que, el artículo 530 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de aduanas;

Que, el artículo 538 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Tributación;

Que, el artículo 545 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de tributación;

Que, el artículo 553 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de tributación;

Que, el artículo 560 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de tributación;

Que, el artículo 568 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Registros Públicos;

Que, el artículo 575 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de registros públicos;

Que, el artículo 583 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de registros públicos;

Que, el artículo 590 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de registros públicos;

Que, el artículo 598 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Bienes Estatales;

Que, el artículo 605 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de bienes estatales;

Que, el artículo 613 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de bienes estatales;

Que, el artículo 620 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de bienes estatales;

Que, el artículo 628 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Servicios de Saneamiento;

Que, el artículo 635 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de saneamiento;

Que, el artículo 643 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de saneamiento;

Que, el artículo 650 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de saneamiento;

Que, el artículo 658 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Terrestre;

Que, el artículo 665 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte terrestre;

Que, el artículo 673 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte terrestre;

Que, el artículo 680 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte terrestre;

Que, el artículo 688 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Aéreo;

Que, el artículo 695 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte aéreo;

Que, el artículo 703 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte aéreo;

Que, el artículo 710 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte aéreo;

Que, el artículo 718 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Marítimo;

Que, el artículo 725 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte marítimo;

Que, el artículo 733 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte marítimo;

Que, el artículo 740 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte marítimo;

Que, el artículo 748 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Fluvial;

Que, el artículo 755 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte fluvial;

Que, el artículo 763 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte fluvial;

Que, el artículo 770 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte fluvial;

Que, el artículo 778 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Ferroviario;

Que, el artículo 785 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte ferroviario;

Que, el artículo 793 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte ferroviario;

Que, el artículo 800 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte ferroviario;

Que, el artículo 808 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Urbano;

Que, el artículo 815 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte urbano;

Que, el artículo 823 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte urbano;

Que, el artículo 830 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte urbano;

Que, el artículo 838 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Interurbano;

Que, el artículo 845 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte interurbano;

Que, el artículo 853 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte interurbano;

Que, el artículo 860 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte interurbano;

Que, el artículo 868 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Rural;

Que, el artículo 875 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte rural;

Que, el artículo 883 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte rural;

Que, el artículo 890 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte rural;

Que, el artículo 898 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Turístico;

Que, el artículo 905 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte turístico;

Que, el artículo 913 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte turístico;

Que, el artículo 920 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte turístico;

Que, el artículo 928 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte de Carga;

Que, el artículo 935 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte de carga;

Que, el artículo 943 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte de carga;

Que, el artículo 950 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte de carga;

Que, el artículo 958 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte de Pasajeros;

Que, el artículo 965 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte de pasajeros;

Que, el artículo 973 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte de pasajeros;

Que, el artículo 980 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte de pasajeros;

Que, el artículo 988 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Multimodal;

Que, el artículo 995 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte multimodal;

Que, el artículo 1003 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte multimodal;

Que, el artículo 1010 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte multimodal;

Que, el artículo 1018 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Intermodal;

Que, el artículo 1025 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte intermodal;

Que, el artículo 1033 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte intermodal;

Que, el artículo 1040 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte intermodal;

Que, el artículo 1048 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Logístico;

Que, el artículo 1055 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte logístico;

Que, el artículo 1063 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte logístico;

Que, el artículo 1070 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte logístico;

Que, el artículo 1078 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Sostenible;

Que, el artículo 1085 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte sostenible;

Que, el artículo 1093 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte sostenible;

Que, el artículo 1100 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte sostenible;

Que, el artículo 1108 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Inteligente;

Que, el artículo 1115 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte inteligente;

Que, el artículo 1123 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte inteligente;

Que, el artículo 1130 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte inteligente;

Que, el artículo 1138 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Autónomo;

Que, el artículo 1145 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte autónomo;

Que, el artículo 1153 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte autónomo;

Que, el artículo 1160 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte autónomo;

Que, el artículo 1168 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Eléctrico;

Que, el artículo 1175 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte eléctrico;

Que, el artículo 1183 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte eléctrico;

Que, el artículo 1190 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte eléctrico;

Que, el artículo 1198 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Limpio;

Que, el artículo 1205 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte limpio;

Que, el artículo 1213 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte limpio;

Que, el artículo 1220 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte limpio;

Que, el artículo 1228 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Verde;

Que, el artículo 1235 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte verde;

Que, el artículo 1243 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte verde;

Que, el artículo 1250 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte verde;

Que, el artículo 1258 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Azul;

Que, el artículo 1265 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte azul;

Que, el artículo 1273 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte azul;

Que, el artículo 1280 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte azul;

Que, el artículo 1288 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Dorado;

Que, el artículo 1295 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte dorado;

Que, el artículo 1303 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte dorado;

Que, el artículo 1310 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte dorado;

Que, el artículo 1318 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Plateado;

Que, el artículo 1325 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte plateado;

Que, el artículo 1333 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte plateado;

Que, el artículo 1340 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte plateado;

Que, el artículo 1348 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1355 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1363 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1370 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1378 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1385 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1393 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1400 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1408 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1415 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1423 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1430 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1438 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1445 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1453 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1460 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1468 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1475 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1483 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1490 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1498 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1505 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1513 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1520 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1528 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1535 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1543 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1550 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1558 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1565 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1573 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1580 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1588 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1595 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1603 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1610 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1618 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1625 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1633 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1640 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1648 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1655 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1663 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1670 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1678 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1685 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1693 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1700 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1708 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1715 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1723 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1730 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1738 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1745 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1753 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1760 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1768 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1775 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1783 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1790 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1798 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1805 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1813 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1820 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1828 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1835 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1843 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1850 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1858 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1865 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1873 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1880 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1888 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1895 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1903 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1910 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1918 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1925 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1933 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1940 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1948 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1955 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1963 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1970 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 1978 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1985 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 1993 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 2000 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 2008 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2015 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2023 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2030 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2038 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 2045 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 2053 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 2060 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte cobrizo;

Que, el artículo 2068 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales puede solicitar la intervención de la Superintendencia Nacional de Transporte Bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2075 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los mecanismos de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2083 del Reglamento establece que el Comité de Inversiones Viales evalúa los indicadores de transporte bronceado;

Que, el artículo 2090 del Reglamento dispone que el Comité de Inversiones Viales emite opinión sobre los planes de transporte bronceado;

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FIG. 1

FIG. 2

FIG. 3

Ordinance 1744

Ordinance 1744

Ordinance 1744

[0021] FIG. 2 is a schematic diagram of a portion of the system of FIG. 1 in accordance with an embodiment of the present invention;

[0022] FIG. 3 is a schematic diagram of a portion of the system of FIG. 1 in accordance with an embodiment of the present invention;

[0023] FIG. 4 is a schematic diagram of a portion of the system of FIG. 1 in accordance with an embodiment of the present invention;

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Sports 50
Clubs 70
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